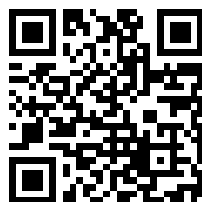

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THE
LADIES' COMPANION,
AND
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



VOL. XIX.—SECOND SERIES.—1861.

LONDON:
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J. Smith

The Fox Hunt

London: Published by Longman & Co. 1841.

RUTSON MORLEY.

BY JAMES B. STEPHENS.

CHAP. I.

READER (if I am not apostrophizing merely a phantom impersonality), allow me to present my card :—

Mr. Rutson Morley.

Such was, and still is, my season-ticket on the great Railroad of Life; but, unlike railway tickets in general, it gives you no idea of the class in which I first took my seat. If I may turn your attention to an advertisement which appears in the *Wellknownburgh Advertiser* of the —th day of the —th month of the —th year of the reign of Victoria, Dei Gratia Britanniar. Reg. F.D., it will be seen that whatever may have been my aspirations, I started as a third-class passenger.

The advertisement is as follows: "An M.A. of—, having had much experience in tuition, is desirous of entering, in the capacity of tutor, a family either about to travel or at present residing abroad. The highest references can be given. Apply to No. 353, office of this paper (353)." That is to say, in railway language—nineteenth-century language—"A third-class passenger is desirous of joining a family in the first-class, and in return for a soft-seat, elbow-cushions, and a comfortable salary, will be happy to explain to the little children whatever is to be seen on the road, as well as to keep them from falling out of the window."

The above will sufficiently account for the fact that, a few weeks after the date indicated, I found myself in a steamer with its head France-ward. What a day that was to me of new experiences! On that day I saw, for the first time, the white cliffs of England to the north of me, and gradually dying away from the "sensible horizon." On that day I became

aware—and it felt like a new consciousness—that I had once upon a time been born; had lived, and was still alive; had had friends; and was then separated from them. I became aware too that I was a patriot; had had a country and had loved it. And gradually as my mind expanded, I became aware that I wasn't quite well, that I was not on my own element, and, moreover, that I was every minute getting worse. Then I can recall a confusion of sea and sky, a generous contribution to the universal chaos, and a sad disgust with my newly-discovered existence.

After many vain attempts to fix my mind on one idea, to conjure up a pleasing landscape, and to throw my whole soul into recollections of "still life," all resulting in precisely the same mental state as that produced by shutting one's eyes and trying to see—a moving darkness full of tormenting sparks—I at length became conscious of a gradual diminution of the speed of the vessel, and lifting my cap to its proper place, on the top of my head, instead of over my face, I had my first view of a foreign land.

Everybody travels now-a-days. Distance is conquered. Space is no more. Boulogne is just over there. Take your hat and let us be off. Portmanteau! Useless encumbrance. My dear sir, we'll be back to-morrow. I have seen a Nubian sunset, a few miles farther south than Juvenal was, when he considered himself banished to the limits of the great Roman Empire. And shall I condescend to record my impressions of Boulogne?

Certainly. Who can ever forget his first day abroad? Who ever forget his delightful bewilderment in the paradox of "everything so like what we have at home, and yet everything so different from what we ever saw before?" Do future-seen wonders ever rekindle the enthusiasm of the first day? How new everything becomes! How the mind expands! How the heart opens! How nation sinks before kind! How characteristic differences surprise us! How trifling analogies delight us! I confess I was as much charmed to find grass springing from the ground, and to see mud on the gentlemen's

boots, as with the costumes of the soldiers, and the other multitude of novelties. The small accessories of foreign life had never obtained a place among my anticipations. Never had I been so forcibly impressed with the universality of gravitation as when I saw a gentleman's trunk slip from the back of a porter, and assert the omnipresent principle in Boulogne mud twenty feet below. Never had my French grammars and dictionaries—dead skeletons as they seemed to me at home—assumed such real flesh and blood and living tongue, as in the person of the proprietor of the gravitated trunk, and in the astounding variety of French imprecations drawn from his lips by this unwelcome illustration of Newton's great discovery. Nor did I fail to be struck with that which seems to surprise all travellers—the fluency with which little children were speaking the language which it costs us so much labour to acquire. Nay, even the “dogs i' the street,” when addressed by their masters, seemed perfectly to comprehend the most idiomatic expressions of their masters, making a strong nasal twang in their barks and howls. How I used to prize an hour's conversation with my French master at home, and hail the chance that threw a Frenchman in my way, that I might catch the precious idioms and accents that fell from his lips! But now it was raining French lessons on all sides—voice after voice casting forth treasures of language upon the unhoarding air, and I felt as some thrifty Gentile, resident in Jerusalem, may be supposed to have felt in the days when “the king made silver in Jerusalem as stones, and cedar-trees as the sycamores that are in the low plains in abundance.”

I will not ask you, reader, to look at my passport, or into my portmanteau, or to help me to fight my way through hosts of “touters,” or indeed to share with me in any of those minor disagreeables of travelling which have just sufficient melodramatic interest to make one thankful to get through them, without caring to store them in memory. I put up at the *Hotel de la* —, which had been previously recommended to me by the gentleman who had replied to my advertisement. I was delighted to get to a balcony to survey for a time, apart from crowds and interested offers of service, the first foreign town I had ever seen. However, as it was still early in the day, and as the *table d'hôte* was not to be served till five, I soon tired of in-door observations, and resolved upon a sentimental stroll.

Observation the first:—Half-a-dozen Frenchmen, varying in age from twenty-five to forty, playing at marbles. There they are, some on their knees, some bending down with their faces almost to the ground, watching the vicissitudes of the game with an interest and eagerness never exceeded by schoolboys. A shout, a laugh, a short dispute, settled by the interpositions of an aged spectator, and the winner shovels his spoils under his blouse into his gaping pocket, mounts a cart which has been standing by, and drives away with the air of a conquering hero. Corollary (which I never found reason to

change): The French are a nation of grown up children.

Observation the second:—A lady, evidently English and an invalid, issues from the bath house, and walks through the grounds towards a cab which is waiting outside. It is a short distance, but she is too weak even for that, and rests herself on one of the seats midway. Seeing her need of assistance, a well dressed, gentlemanlike person approaches, and, with a courtly bow, offers his arm. It is accepted. Gentleman conducts lady to cab, assists her into it, shuts the door, receives her thanks and adieus with another courtly bow, and—evidently as much to the lady's surprise as my own—mounts the box. It was *cocher* himself. Corollary (which I have found reason to modify since): The French are as polite as they are said to be.

Pleased with my observations and chuckling over my corollaries, I strolled on to the sands. Bathed, bathing, and about to bathe. Boulogne is certainly amphibious. “Pay one sou, if you please,” so chirped a little creature, delicate as Ariel, as I walked over a short pathway of planks forming a slight bridge over a tract of water left by the receding tide. I dropped her two; and as I looked at the pale genius and architect of the bridge, I felt my heart open wider than ever to France and all mankind. And I confess I walked oftener than was necessary over the little bridge that day, for the mere sake of dropping the sou. Corollary (which I have since promoted to the rank of axiom): “Channels interposed don't make enemies of nations.”

I have other observations of a more general nature, collected during that day's walk, of which the following are a few specimens:—

That every man, who has two hands, has them both in his trouser's pockets: that the older men, engaged in discourse, occasionally pull them both out, display their palms, back their elbows, and elevate their shoulders to their ears; which seems to be considered an elegant way of winding up a period: that the officer lights his cigar from the private soldier's and the private soldier his from the officer's, *sans cérémonie*: that all the fishwomen are afflicted with incipient elephantiasis. And many other inductive principles of a similar nature.

The *table d'hôte*, duly served at five, seemed to my untraveller eye the floweriest banquet ever beheld. I have since come to the conclusion that it must have been a very poor affair. A certain portly Englishman seemed to have attained to that idea from the very first, and saluted each disembodied potage and unrecognizable delicacy with a dissatisfied grunt, which the instinctive waiters knew for a negative, and so passed him by. At length, when the wine-card was handed to him, and he was requested to take his choice from a list which he could make nothing of, he seemed to consider that the imposition had reached its climax, and the grunt became transformed into English grammar, as he furiously demanded if they couldn't give him

a rump-steak instead of their [elliptical] messes, which might be frogs for aught he knew.

But it is not for this specimen's sake that I have noticed my first *table d'hôte*. It is memorable to me as being the first occasion on which I beheld an individual, in whom originated much that I am about to relate, and whom I will now take the liberty of introducing as M. Biot. I first became aware of this gentleman's existence by the uncomfortable sensation that some one's eye was fixed upon me with a scrutiny so persevering as plainly to indicate some object in view. If I raised mine to meet the gaze, his was slowly withdrawn; not as if abashed, but in a manner which seemed to say: "You are merely an item in my all-embracing observation." His was an eye that seemed to look from profundity into infinity. Even when not directly fixed upon me, I felt that I was comprehended within its circle, and could not escape it. Yet there was nothing repulsive in the expression of the countenance. It was such, on the contrary, as compelled interest. It was that of a man unsuccessful in some great object, and bravely hopeful even in defeat. It was that of a man who did not believe in a permanent obstacle to the object of his life, and who could wade deliberately to the goal of his purpose through the blood (it might be) even of the unoffending. And still, as you looked, you could discover that this was a second character—that, though not assumed, it was a character acquired; and that, as might be seen in the expression of his countenance when casually addressed, his original nature, and that which would reign triumphant were his life-purpose once securely attained, was one of singular kindness and peculiar charm. It is strange what we may read, not in individual features, but in their conjuncture and expression. Individual features tell little of what life has made a man. They may betoken natural capacities and susceptibilities. They may indicate what nature intended him to be. But who is what nature intended him to be? Who is there whose life may be traced back to the prophecy of his physical organization?

Still, as a man's appearance is not all eye and expression, and as imagination will persist in supplying a nose and a mouth—nay, more, will not be satisfied until it has dressed him from his shirt-collar to his boots, we may as well take a closer look at M. Biot; the purpose thereof being, on our part, rather corrective than suggestive. Imagine, then, the usual inducements to hero-worship—a forehead massive and white, defined by waving brown hair; the nasal outline delicately curved; a mouth large, but well-formed; eyes full and blue; throw over the face "the pale cast of thought," and you will have some idea of what nature and life had done for M. Biot. Add to this, that the eyes were so deeply ringed underneath as to make them the prevailing feature; that he was not above the middle size, though his upper figure was that of a man of commanding stature, so that when seated he appeared as one of august presence;

that he dressed invariably in black, his frock-coat buttoned to the throat, and that his whole air combined with the already noticed expression of his eye in conveying the impression of power and hidden purpose. To me, awed by his scrutiny, he seemed some historical personage, rather than a casually-met traveller—a man whose portrait might be the frontispiece to the history of a revolution—a man to be made a statue of, and placed on a pedestal of granite—a man whose image Mount Athos might be hewn into—a great man. Therefore did I feel him to be an annihilator of small pretensions—a crusher of little souls; and it was under some such feeling as this that I left the table, as soon as a few hurrying little Frenchmen had set the example.

But I dreamed that night of M. Biot. I was his slave, a machine in his hands; and a thousand times a night was he winding me up and winding me round. Many times I woke up, and asked myself what on earth he had to do with me, or I with him. He had never spoken to me, merely looked at me, thought I; and so fell asleep again. Only to be wound up anew, round, and round, and round, till the bright sunlight came streaming into the little chamber, gleaming on the polished floor, and rousing me up, to look out on the sparkling sea, beyond which lay the country that held all my soul loved. Shall I see them again?

Not till these dreams have proved prophecies. Not till I shall have been a slave in his hands. Not till the poor machine has been wound round, and round, and round. Then shall the sunlight, again streaming into that same little chamber, gleaming on that polished floor, rouse me up to look out on that sparkling sea beyond which are still all that my soul loves—all alive and well and waiting. Thank God! Thank God!

CHAP. II.

The train was on the point of starting for Paris, and I was felicitating myself on having obtained a seat in an empty carriage, glad of the seclusion for the sake of the uninterrupted cogitation on my future prospects which it would permit. There is no more utter solitude than an empty carriage in a railway train. The very motion and noise are the most effectual of all barriers against the intrusion of persons and voices. If the immaterial world is but the ghostly translation of this, surely long ere now has the soul of Zimmerman found a congenial heaven in the imagery of a special train.

The last warning was whistled, and the huge machine breathed like a monster beholding the arena and panting to be let loose. I was just resigning myself to the comfort of excommunication, when the door of the carriage opened, and, without the slightest trace of haste, and

with his stately equilibrium perfectly undisturbed by the simultaneous motion of the train, M. Biot took his seat opposite me.

As we were hurried along, I tried to look forward to the future which my calculations had spread out before me, to form plans for the effective performance of the duties I was about to undertake, and for the disposal of such time as might be my own in the intervals of duty. But somehow I felt that a new and destructive element had entered into my prospects, that the straight-forward course I had anticipated was a dream and a delusion, and that the intervening power was this same stranger, betwixt whom and myself not a word had as yet passed. I felt puzzled and disturbed, as many a man does, without knowing why. I combated the presentiment by resolving to take no notice of my companion—not even to exchange civilities.

But such states of mind do not last long. Manhood turns from them, laughs at them, and then applauds itself for an inward victory; too often has Domitian triumphed when he returned scathless from the foe he had not dared to attack. Woman fears before them and obeys them; and Josephine is wiser than Napoleon.

We reached Abbeville, and of course the old Cathedral attracted my particular attention. "That is one of the most ancient cathedrals in France," said the stranger beside me; and so began my acquaintance with M. Biot. This was said without the least intrusiveness, and as if in continuance of a previous conversation. The voice was so subdued and attractive, that I could not choose but reply. I became ashamed of my original prejudice, as well as of my resolution, and felt rather disappointed that my reply elicited no further remark.

"The Emperor left Boulogne yesterday, I understand," said I, after some pause.

"Yes."

"I am sorry I was not in time to see him," I continued.

"You are anxious to see him, then," said M. Biot; but from the tone it might have been either a question or an affirmation.

"Yes," said I; "now that I find myself in France, I will make a point of seeing all her great men."

"You consider him a great man, then," said M. Biot, in the same inexplicable tone.

"I cannot but consider *him* a great man, who has made such an impression on the age."

"The seal still covers the wax," replied M. Biot: "the age is concealed. Not till the seal is removed can we know the impression it has made. We may know it ere long."

And the last words were uttered in so strange a tone, as if part of a mysterious soliloquy, that I could not help regarding my fellow-traveller with a look of severe scrutiny, which he perceiving soon disarmed. Assuming a familiar and kindly tone, he inquired how far I was going.

"To Paris," said I.

"You intend remaining there?"

"Probably for a year," I replied, informing

him at the same time of the capacity in which I was to be employed. M. Biot then entered with all the warmth of an old friend into the circumstances of my position, depicted the beauty of Paris in such glowing colours as made me regret that the rest of the journey could not be performed by telegraph, and to my great delight presenting his card, expressed the hope that I would be a frequent visitor at No. —, Rue de la Ferme des Maturins, where he resided.

Furnished with the card of a gentleman whose appearance and conversation alike betokened a wide range of social experience, I felt as if I possessed a passport of admission to the great kingdom of Parisian life. Visions of crowded salons joyous in smiles, beauty, and wit, occupied me till we reached Amiens. Taking advantage of the short interval allowed for refreshment, I made a rush from the station with the view of getting a glimpse of the Cathedral; but no sooner had I emerged into the street than I became the object of a tumult, which the insignificance of my appearance in no way warranted. My fair English complexion and the absence of moustache, proclaiming me a stranger, were the sole crimes of which I was guilty; yet, notwithstanding the smallness of the offences, I was spitefully entreated by a mob that reminded me of the "beasts of Ephesus." It was some time ere I could make out, amid all their tuggings and the fierce jargon of tongues, that no bodily damage was intended, and that each man was pronouncing an eulogy on his own qualifications as guide to the city. Being totally unprepared in mind for such notoriety, I turned and fled in dismay.

Just as I re-entered the carriage, a man with the precise look of an official, and with the tone of authority, demanded my passport. Imagining that this was in the regular course of things, I unhesitatingly gave it up. The official-looking gentleman disappeared. I watched his return in vain. The bell gave its last alarm, and still the passport lingered. I felt as if help were at hand, when I saw M. Biot emerge from the refreshment-room; but to my disappointment he stepped into another carriage. The train moved on, and I was hurried towards Paris *sans passeport*, and therefore in the eye of the French Government, though still only in the third age of man, "*sans everything*."

To the imagination of a young traveller every incident is an adventure. Youth is universally Quixotic. My position began to assume exaggerated importance, and in the simple circumstance of the loss of my passport I foresaw all possible consequences of trouble and misfortune. I mustered all my recollections of modern French history, with the view of finding a similar instance; and failing in this, I became horribly conscious of the revolutionary meaning of the word "*suspect*." Is it possible to think of the word without conjuring up a French prison and the guillotine?

Of course I crushed that idea. Fear generally disappears when carried to its extreme. And after all, perhaps my passport might be in the

proper keeping on its way to Paris, to be returned to me on arriving there.

With this conjecture I soothed myself till we reached —, when M. Biot again joined me. I at once mentioned the circumstance to him; but instead of comforting me, he seemed to view the matter in a serious light. He had known, he said, more than one instance of the kind.

"Did you ever know such a circumstance lead to any grave consequences?" I asked, in some alarm.

"I have known persons involved in prolonged difficulty from circumstances exactly similar. The country is in so disturbed a state, and plots are so rife, that a man is often required to prove his own identity. This is sometimes a difficult matter. Do you know anyone in Paris?"

"No."

"Not even the gentleman to whose family you are going?"

"No. My acquaintance with him was commenced by a newspaper-advertisement, and has since been carried on wholly by letter."

"That is unfortunate," said M. Biot; and thereupon, to my increased alarm, he seemed to fall into profound contemplation; but whether regarding me, or merely things in general, was a question which inwardly harassed me, feeling myself, as I now did, at the mercy of his opinion. At last, after waiting through a most dismal ten minutes without receiving either consolation or advice, I vented my anxiety in the question the most natural of all in these or any other puzzling circumstances:

"What *shall* I do?"

"Will you trust yourself implicitly to me?" said M. Biot, as if he had just been waiting to be appealed to.

"Most thankfully."

"I have been in England for some time," said he; "and just before leaving I had engaged the services of a young gentleman about your own age. He was to have accompanied me to Paris, as my secretary. I obtained a passport for him at London, and he accompanied me as far as Boulogne. When there, however, he found employment of a more lucrative and permanent nature; and though I must suffer considerable inconvenience from his leaving me, I did not withhold my consent to his acceptance of the new situation. By an unaccountable oversight, his passport is still in my hands. No danger can arise from your using it, on arriving at Paris, should you be required to show it. Once there you become a member of a resident family. The police will not trouble themselves about you; and in any future movement you can easily get your name inserted in the family passports. In the mean time this one will suffice. You run no risk, and you avoid the disagreeable alternative of travelling north again to-morrow; or, it may be, after a week's detention."

I need not say I grasped at M. Biot's kind offer. With my eyes open to nothing but the contrast between his variegated experience and my own unrelieved verdure, I resigned my

identity without a struggle. The kindly interest which he seemed to take in my affairs, his captivating tones, and his commanding yet condescending manner, so completely won upon me, that even had I apprehended danger from his suggestion, I do not think I could have put it aside. Therefore did I cease, *pro tem.*, to be Mr. Rutson Morley, M.A., and assumed the appellation of John Verner.

After sundry bad jokes perpetrated by myself regarding the transmigration of souls, the dialogue took a more business-form.

"You must not think, however," said M. Biot, "that your secretaryship is a sinecure. Your duties are to begin to-day."

"I am quite at your service."

"I shall leave you at —. I do not go on to Paris myself till to-morrow. At —, if you observe a man on the platform carrying a small mahogany case, and apparently in search of some one, attract his attention and sign him to approach. If he whisper the word "Henri," you shall reply "Cinq"; on which he will deliver to you the mahogany case. On opening it you will find that it contains a pair of pistols. As the train stops ten minutes at —, you will have time to write a short note, which you will address to M. Calmet, No. —, Rue de la Ferme des Maturins, stating that you have received them. Be careful to mention their numbers, and the name of the maker. Of course I will not ask you to sign this in Verner's name. M. Calmet, who sends the pistols, merely knows that my secretary is to travel this way to-day, but is ignorant of his name. Your own name therefore will suffice. I will receive the pistols from you at Paris. They will be pledges of your appearance at No. —, Rue de la Ferme des Maturins. Now Mr. Secretary, what think you of your first duty?"

"I am only sorry it is not more difficult. I should have liked some scope for merit in the performance. Is there no one against whom I might use them, to prove my zeal in my new office?"

The question, lightly put, was not so lightly received. A cloud passed over M. Biot's countenance, and his only reply—"A la bonne heure"—was made to the scenery outside the carriage-window; after which he relapsed into his former granitic state, in which he continued till the train reached —, when he took his leave with a frigid "Au revoir," that froze up the parting thanks which were rising to my lips.

"Who and what are you?" thought I, as I found myself alone. "Whence this sudden change from mystery and silence to free and cordial kindness, and again to ice and granite? Whence this sudden interest in me, followed by so cold a parting? 'We may know ere long.' An interchange of mysterious words—pistols—'A la bonne heure'—what might be the "gross and scope" of all these? Had I not better drop the matter and resume my identity? But, then, my passport! How could I pass without one? Should I confess the want of one and be detained on that account, the false passport being

found on me might expose me to no end of trouble. Besides, would I not thereby also implicate M. Biot, who, after all, was apparently acting kindly by me? I could not destroy the false passport, as it was only a loan. It was plain that if I kept possession of it, I must use it; and if I used it, gratitude compelled me to fulfil the conditions on which I held it. I anticipated much benefit from the friendship of M. Biot, who, I was certain, was a gentleman of much experience and influence, and I thought it a pity to forfeit his favour for what might be a trifle after all. Then M. Biot was in want of a secretary, and I could not tell how I might like the situation to which I was going. The last thought decided me. I would follow his directions.

Accordingly, at —, I took a vigorous observation from the window in search of the unknown messenger. My attention was almost immediately fixed on an individual in a blouse, walking slowly past each carriage, as if without any particular object in view. I noticed, however, that his left hand was hid under his blouse, evidently holding something in concealment. The man in question, however, was of an aspect so intensely villainous, that not feeling anxious to have any dealings with such, I still kept up my observation, in the hope that my man might yet make his appearance in a physiognomy more mild and human; but I could see no other who gave me the idea of a man with a mission. I waited till the savage-looking individual passed a second time before the carriage in which I was, and as he slowly turned his eye towards me, with an assumed look of indifference, I raised my finger; on which he stopped, and, drawing nearer me, whispered the word "Henri." I made the appointed reply, and in an instant the left hand was withdrawn from under the blouse, and a small mahogany case placed in my hands, the man saying, hurriedly, in Italian:

"I will walk about till you write the letter. Give it me as privately as possible, and, on entering Paris, keep the pistols from the eye of the police. On arriving, leave them at once at Devisme's, Boulevard des Italiens, as they must be repaired first."

Struck by such mystery (and the mysterious feeling deepened into awe at the ferocious aspect of the man who thus addressed me), I yet had gone so far in the matter that the character I had assumed already sat on me like a second nature; and it was almost mechanically that I pencilled a letter to the unknown M. Calmet, acknowledging receipt of the pistols. I opened the case, and found the numbers to be "604 and 605;" and the name, "— and Co., Birmingham." I signed the note in my own name, and addressed it as M. Biot had instructed me. Meantime, the messenger passed and repassed before the carriage till the note was finished, which he absorbed into his pocket in the most stealthy manner possible, just before one of the guards, curious to discover the connection between a blouse and a first-class carriage, stepped up and inquired his business.

"You have given me a franc too much, Monsieur," said the blouse, addressing me in French, and feigning not to hear the guard; at the same time holding out the supposed extra franc. This simple ruse seemed to satisfy the guard, who, doubtless esteeming it a transaction of honesty, turned away without repeating his question, upon which Guissac (as I afterwards found his name to be) repocketed the franc, with a savage smile, and, resuming his Italian (his eyes following the guard):

"Take my advice," said he; "ask ten thousand francs. M. Biot can afford it as easily as five, addio."

I was just about to make some remark which might have drawn out a clue to the mystery; but the guard, now shouting "En voiture, Messieurs, en voiture!" stepped between us, and slamming to the carriage-door, after the manner of his kind, stopped all further private communication.

But while he is still in sight let us take another glimpse of le Sieur Guissac. The most important item in the inventory of a Frenchman's facial characteristics is generally hair; but what is hair with the majority of his countrymen, in the case of Guissac was bristle. Bristles darted from beneath his cap. They shaded, but could not conceal, the cunning ferocity of his restless eye, and the small portions of cheek which Nature had left less thickly clad on each side of his nose, were merely the purlieus of a whole "black forest" of bristle. Said forest was bounded on the south by a red neckerchief. The shape or expression of his mouth it was impossible to discover. Nose, eye, and bristle—such comprised the visible region between the cap and the neckerchief. A strange contractive motion in the copee, which protruded where there ought to have been the left corner of an upper lip, had the effect of a smile. Sound apart, a general move among the branches, from the nose downwards, indicated articulation. The general expression was, as I have said, savagely ferocious. The figure was short and broad. He was evidently a man of great muscular power. Not a bold man, however, I should say, from the cowed manner in which he holds down his head as he moves on among the crowd away from our sight.

As the train moved on I took another look of the suspicious property thus thrown into my charge. The most eagerly journalizing traveller could hardly be greedy enough to look for the commencement of adventure ere his second foreign sun had set over him. Yet verily this *did* seem a curious divergence from the tranquil, professional antecedents of my insignificant life. Why were these objects to be introduced into Paris by a route so circuitous? By whom were they to be used, and against whom? Why had this man—evidently a Frenchman—addressed me, John Verner, in Italian? What was the object or mission for which, as John Verner, I was to receive five thousand francs?

"A la bonne heure." "Meantime," thought I, "if there is anything to be discovered here,

the discovery will best be made by assumed simplicity, and by following out exactly the directions given me."

Direction the first having been to keep the pistols from the eye of the police on entering Paris, I considered that as bulk and concealment are as much opposed as Ormuzd and Ahriman, I might as well dispense with the mahogany case, which I therefore threw beyond the line of rail into a neighbouring field. I then unscrewed the barrels of the pistols, and distributed the different pieces among my pockets.

I confess it, reader, I began to feel amazingly important. Inelegant as my position was (my head was now on the seat, and my legs over one of the elbow-cushions), I began to imagine that I *had* a position, and that it was a political one. I resolved to become vastly useful, and stealing over me came the desire of adventure, the longing to see, to mingle, to do, that all youth knows—the strange influence which gilds even danger with a fascination that leads us to pursue it for its own sake. In strange contradiction to my former easily-excited alarm, I began to hope that there might be something underneath all this; some fiery element to be crushed, some scope for action and excitement. I own I would have been disappointed had it turned out a mere ordinary business transaction, menacing danger from no quarter, to no cause or individual.

Let me say this, in behalf of youthful simplicity, that my resolves were pure and right. I had no thought of risking principle for adventure's sake. Though my wish was to see the evil as well as the good, my firm determination was to swerve neither to the right hand nor to the left of the path of righteous conduct. Resolved as I was to pursue the mystery to which I imagined I had a clew, even though it should bring me now face to face with the most hidden secrets of earth's wickedness, I was as firmly resolved to keep my own garments unspotted. And thus it was that, when the police ordeal was passed, and I found myself in the long crowded streets that lead from the *Chemin de Fer du Nord*, and in the bright Boulevards, whose whole length seemed a long-drawn-out joy—and when I looked on the merry *Palais Royal* and the stately *Tuileries*, and on all the multitudes, whose gay dresses and smiling faces told the one tale of universal pleasure, my thoughts, insignificant and unknown as I was, were of conquest and triumph. All this, thought I, belongs to him who can see and sin not. Fair, imperial city! lustrous fountain of all allurements, flow on! Let thy stream be wine, thy sands be gold, o'erbrim with beauty, and well up voluptuousness—I taste not! Let the seducing eye, the mercenary smile, and the gaudy vestment be mirrored with in thee—I shall not plunge to catch the flaunting shadows. Flow on, amid pleasant groves and illumined gardens, beside imperial palaces and beneath arches of triumph—I shall see thy beauty, but the poison of thy water shall not taint me. For me, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever

things are honest, whatsoever things are just, pure, lovely, and of good report. And if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, let me live in these things.

So thought I; but alas! how little I then knew of what a difficult thing it is to extricate ourselves from the web of evil into which we wilfully stray—to walk parallel with deception, and preserve the equidistance in spite of the attractive power of evil—to tempt God and be delivered!

But I am anticipating. I was very kindly received by the family of which I was now for some short time to be a member. I saw at once, from the manner of my reception; that I was to be considered as one of themselves. Do not think, however, that I am going to trouble you with the details of my professional life. Mr. Delby and his family will be as little mentioned as the connection of my story will permit. The position I once held beside him confers on me no Asmodean right to lay open his household.

Of course my first evening was a free one. I had guessed, from the bustle in the city, and from the preparations for an illumination in the principal streets, that I had arrived on no ordinary day. Mr. Delby's family were to form part of a select number to be admitted, through the influence of some of the officials, to the upper rooms of the *Tuileries*, the windows of which commanded a fine view of the fireworks which were to be exhibited from the *Quai D'Orsay*. Unwilling to intrude on the party, I preferred to sally forth alone.

It was the *Fête Napoléon*, and Paris seemed a city of light and beauty. The *Tuileries* were outlined with fire, and the gardens sparkled from end to end with light upon light: the flowers bloomed into light: the fountains ran light; and the rich clusters that hung from the trees were lamps of golden light. Beyond, palace upon palace, and still of light, the grand approach to whose flaming portals was through lustrous ranks of fire, gleaming away into the many-coloured distance. All that wealth, taste, light could do, was there dazzling imperially.

And all Paris was out, revelling in this nocturnal paradise. And the gleam was on all faces, making the whole throng appear like a mighty brotherhood and sisterhood of pleasures. Each seemed to know and smile on the other; so that it seemed the fulness of a city's joy. I wandered through the gardens of the *Tuileries*, across the *Place de la Concorde*, and up the *Champs Elysées*, as far as the *Arc de Triomphe* (which, also, with its tribute of fire, rose glittering into heaven), and never for a moment lost the pressure of the crowd. Yet, amid that vast ocean of human faces, I saw not one unlit with happiness. Many there were among the old and the middle aged—ay, and among the young, too—whose features sorrow had moulded to its own unmistakable portraiture; yet even their souls reflected the brightness of the external light, and the expression of their countenances, more calm, but not less approving than

those which fewer tears had bleached, attested the still vital susceptibilities of happiness. But in the vast multitude the countenance of youth prevailed—joyous, unclouded, glowing in the gorgeous light.

Yes, there were two notable exceptions to this general rule of faces. I repeatedly observed a figure—evidently that of a girl just entering upon womanhood, whose face was quite an anomaly in the crowd, being thickly veiled. As she was, unlike most of her sex on such an evening, unsupported by knight or squire, I at once attributed the circumstance of the veil to the modesty and shyness of observation naturally to be looked for in unprotected females—a conjecture which her whole appearance confirmed. Unfortunately, however, the means frustrated the end; and many a head was turned round as the veiled face moved quietly past.

I kept my eye on the movement of this feminine anomaly as much as the tidal flux and reflux of the heaving multitude would permit. It is the law of Curiosity that it increases in the direct ratio of its distance from satisfaction; and therefore it is not to be wondered at that, as the veil continued unlifted, the possessor of it became invested with a gradually increasing interest, such as the veiled image of Sais itself might have inspired. The only positive results of my observation, however, for some time, were that her perambulations did not extend beyond the Rond Point on the one hand, and the Barrière de l'Etoile on the other, and that she confined herself entirely to the side farthest from the Seine.

I had momentarily lost sight of the object of my curiosity, who had been absorbed by a more than usually tempestuous movement of the crowd, which for a moment yawned and discovered the channels of the great deep, then closed again as if in obedience to some law in the constitution of crowds—if that is governed by laws which are proverbially fickle. Now I do not join with Horace in hating the "*profanum vulgus*," and far from ever attempting to "drive them away," I am ever ready to identify myself with their impulses, and resign myself to their laws. It was, therefore, with un murmuring resignation that I permitted the same tempestuous movement to sweep me violently against one of the many benches which, in the Champs Elysées, are ever ready to receive the weary, and it was in the same spirit that, finding free motion for the time impossible, I sat myself down on a vacant corner of it to await an opening in the billows. Just as I did so, a man mounted the other corner of the bench, and, raising himself against the tree, under whose shade it was placed, at once instituted a searching analysis of the multitude beneath him. There was no mistaking that grisly countenance, that cunning ferocious eye. How le Sieur Guissac had got there, and what he wanted contemplating the crowd instead of the illumination I knew not, but certainly it was he. The return of my thoughts to the more tangible mystery of the morning sent the veiled

anomaly at once into oblivion. As there were several individuals standing on the same bench, and the crowd pressing all around, I was in comparative obscurity, and being evidently unobserved by Guissac, I determined on preserving the position, taking furtive observations as often as the moving labyrinth of legs, arms, and hats allowed. As I wore a different dress from that in which I had travelled I had little fear of recognition, yet, for more effective concealment, as my curiosity had now some substantial cause, I elevated the neck of my coat, and pulled my cap as far over my head as possible. Once and again a momentary perspective of limbs terminated in the grim visage, the eyes peering impatiently from under their gloomy hedges.

Another vista of limbs, and the visage looks more impatient still. Another, and there is a glance of recognition, the object of which, however, is not myself, but some one in the crowd. I rose from my concealment just in time to see Guissac squeeze himself down from his perch, and pounce upon—the veiled anomaly.

She was at no great distance from me, so that I could hear her exclaim, in a soft girlish tone, "Est il possible! Mon père!"—which at once established their relation.

I was struck with the tone of the voice. It was not that of delighted recognition, but a low modulated surprise. It was full of filial tenderness, yet the ear could not but detect a certain mingling of apprehension. But the voice was remarkably sweet. Many a head manifested an intention to revolve on its axis, attracted by the soft utterance; but the remorseless crowd swept them on—heads, hats, and all. Guissac's only answer to the salutation was to take fast hold of his daughter's arm, staying himself and her against the tree till the waters slightly assuaged, then to dash through, bearing her along; with him, struggling "like a strong swimmer in his agony." I followed close in his wake.

"And by what right?"—

By the right which every man has to pry into the affairs of his neighbours. By the right which adapts eyes to key-holes, noses to window-panes, ears to walls. By the right which may possibly lead you, reader, to turn over a few leaves more; therefore, fellow sinner, accept the plea of—curiosity.

But I had a willing persuasion too, that I had a business to perform. If anything lurked beneath the circumstances of the morning, I was to a certain extent involved, and this led me to consider myself justified in following up any clew to the real nature of the business. Perhaps, too, presentiment had much to do with it. When the web of action which is weaving between Earth and Heaven—and of which we now see only the under-side, coarse and intricately meaningless as it often seems—shall hereafter be viewed by us from on high in all the beauty of design and execution, how many of those motives which are hid from the world, and almost from self-consciousness, shall be seen forming the deep ground of great consequences and "fine issues!"

Be the motive what it might, I followed them. They soon diverged from the Champs Elysées into the Rue de l'Oratoire, along which they had not proceeded many yards when Guissac, probably noticing my pace uniform with their own, turned suddenly round. Fortunately, I was just at the moment beside a café, outside of which was the usual complement of chairs and small round tables, and nearly the usual complement of imbibers. I dropped into a chair at once, and imitating the order which just then was issuing from between a moustache and imperial at another table, called out: "Garçon, un verre d'absinthe, si'l vous plait?" The two *absinthes* appeared almost instantaneously, but with the one came "La Patrie," and with the other "Galignani." Let John Bull muster his very best French in a café, he cannot escape "Galignani." I only waited to see how the native managed the unknown fluid, and, diluting it with water after his example, I choked down what seemed to me an infusion of fiddler's rosin, left the price of the enjoyment on the table, and set off again in pursuit.

The two figures were then just crossing the Faubourg St. Honoré, which I reached just in time to see them again diverge into the Rue Montaigne. This street, being quite out of the line of illumination, was almost deserted, so that I had to proceed very cautiously; but, on arriving at the Rue de Valois du Roule I could accelerate my pace, and observe them more nearly, the one side of the street to which I kept being dead wall, with an unpaved footpath. Guissac and his daughter kept to the other side until, arriving at a gate near the end of a street, they came to a full stop. I passed on, not however without taking the bearings of the spot. I allowed some moments to pass after I heard the bell tinkle, and the wicket open, before judging it prudent to turn round. I waited some time longer in expectation of hearing it close, but, becoming impatient, I retraced my steps as fast as possible towards the gate at which they had entered. A figure was discernible outside, but it was tall and thin, and therefore could not be Guissac. It was merely the Concierge worshipping the host of Heaven, with his hands—the position of a Frenchman's hands may be taken for granted.

Had the wicket been closed I would probably have ventured at once to the Champs Elysées, after merely marking the house for a future visit. But seeing it open, even though a Concierge stood betwixt me and admission, I could not resist the desire to pursue the research still further. Once let yourself loose upon adventure, particularly on your first evening in a strange city, and you are as little affected by compunction as a professed detective. I resolved upon bold measures, and in pursuance thereof marched straight up to the gate, and had one leg within the wicket before the star-gazer recovered sufficient consciousness to demand what I wanted. Now, when a man has one foot on incontestable right, and the other on debatable ground, his faculties become wonderfully

inventive. I was astonished even at myself when I replied, without hesitation: "Had you let me go a step farther without challenging me I would certainly have advised M. Biot to find a more trustworthy person. In the meantime, father and daughter have just entered, have they not?"

"Oui, Monsieur," replied the Concierge, in a tone of respectful humiliation: "Cette porte-la, à gauche."

This was not an accidental step on my part. Short as was the time of my cogitation I considered that if M. Biot had no connection with the establishment my business was at an end, and that, if the mention of his name proved a failure, I had nothing to do but retreat as fast as possible. On the other hand I thought, if he turned out to be the ruling-power here, then, putting the affairs of the passport, the pistols, and Guissac's advice together, I had some pretext for exploration.

I moved on, without further parley, towards the door indicated; before reaching which I caught sight, through the half-open shutters of a window on the ground-floor, of the very objects of my search. I did not, however, arrest myself at once, but stood in the doorway, awaiting the domestication of the Concierge. As soon as I heard him close the wicket, and shut himself up in his little lodge, I re-emerged, and, taking up my position as near as possible, found, to my great delight, that not only the shutter, but the window itself was partially open, and that there was no more serious acoustic impediment than a pair of frail Venetian blinds.

At that precise moment, however, nothing was to be heard but the low sobbing of the girl. She was lying on a sofa, on which she had evidently thrown herself with the sudden impulse of emotion. Her face was hid in her hands, and her hands by her hair, that streamed in long, dark, waving tresses, to the floor, where lay her bonnet and veil still entangled in them. Her figure, though slight, was yet so exquisitely proportioned that additional stature could hardly have added to its elegance, and would certainly have diminished that nameless allurements and loveableness inseparable from *mignardise*. Of course we *must* notice the delicate little foot which the careless abandonment of grief has left hanging over the sofa, and of which a beautiful white kitten is in vain attempting to take advantage in order to reach its wonted place in its mistress' lap.

Guissac sat some distance apart, with his elbow on the table, pricking the back of his hand with the bristles of his beard, and seeming to enjoy the titillation. He was contemplating the affliction of his daughter, whatever might be its cause, with wondrous indifference. He was watching it, however, but merely as a man watches the rain and waits till it is over.

Many minutes thus continued—the half-stifed weeping on the one hand, the careless titillation on the other. But there was one member of the little group more inclined to break the monotony. Like Bruce's spider, persisting in spite of

defeat, the little white kitten, by dint of a daring effort, reached the goal of its ambition, and, lightly traversing the reclining figure, sought amid the rich dark locks that covered them, the hands that were wont to feed and fondle it. To such puny efforts do I owe my first view of a face which reduced all my preconceived ideal of beauty to crude imperfection. It possessed all the statuesque regularity of the Greek type, and withal had a special and individual expression, in which its loveliness and life consisted far more than in the faultlessness of its outline. The warm blush on the cheek, and the emotional quivering of the nostril would alone have redeemed it from being the passionless revival of a dead type; but it was in the softened, starlike brightness of the eyes that the secret of her beauty lay. Lit up as they were with emotion when first I gazed upon her, they did not flash with bold brilliance, but seemed, like the stars, ever striving to subdue their own brightness. This, with the flower-like drooping of the head, and the rich *chevelure*, which with every movement brought alternate revelation and concealment, surrounded her with a far more special charm than ever attends the unclouded blaze of conscious beauty.

When she half-raised herself to repel the rather annoying advances of the unreflecting favourite, there was on her face the burning glow of shame, instead of the pallor of grief which I would have looked for, after her deep, half-stifled sobbing. Could it be that the explanation of the group before me, made up of so strangely dissimilar members, was to be found in the appearance of an erring daughter at the tribunal of a righteous father? Could the physical seeming so strangely belie the moral attribute that this hideous type of humanity should be the moral hero of the scene, and this shrine of beauty the abode of guilt? Let us hear them.

GUISSAC.—“Come, Stephanie, you are overdoing it. What are you afraid of, girl? It's the simplest thing in the world. M. Biot will tell all the lies for you, and you and I will get all the profit. And think of being a lady, if only for a time! I wish your poor mother were alive yet!

STEPHANIE.—“Would to Heaven she were alive to join with me in beseeching you to think no more of this! Oh! father, father! how can you speak of her, as if her spirit were not even at this moment calling to me to avoid this infamy! And oh, believe me—if there is any truth in all you have so often told me of your wishes for my happiness—believe that this will not promote it! If ten times the sum were offered I would cast it aside as no element of happiness. We are not in want, but if you are not satisfied with what I earn, I will work harder—harder still. I will even yield to you what I once opposed. I will sit to these horrid artists. I will do anything—anything; but save me from this infamy!”

GUISSAC.—“What infamy, child? You will be as safe with M. Biot as in your father's

house. As his daughter, the young man will show you all respect, and when M. Biot has done with him you will return to your old father again. That is easier than making gold-lace, is it not? and instead of sitting to be painted you will only have to sit and listen to compliments. Your whole work will consist in being amiable to the young gentleman—a little loving, you know. Think of having your own *boudoir* to sit in, and your own servant to wait on you, and nothing to do but look your best when he comes, and always ask him back again, when he goes away. Besides, he's very young, and very handsome too: fair hair, blue eyes, tall figure, &c., &c.

STEPHANIE [crimsoning more deeply than ever].—“You have strangely mistaken me, father. I know there is something underneath all this—some net of danger winding round him. No, father! I will have no part in this! I will not be an instrument in the hands of another to accomplish I know not what. I believe I would be secure from injury, but I virtually lay down my own character when I take up another. How shall Adrienne Biot-re-adopt the principles from which Stephanie Guissac shall have departed? Ah, father, it is myself I fear. Once in the crooked paths, who will guide me? How shall I guide myself? Oh, my mother! my mother! And he, poor victim, what may not my deception bring upon him? Though I be silent, my very silence is deceit. My every action would be deceit. Father, relieve me from the necessity of disobeying you! Say you will go no farther in this!—oh say it!”

And the beautiful creature flung herself on her knees before the hideous idol, and gazed up on the grim visage with a look of entreaty that might have charmed stubborn Baal back from a journey. Even Guissac, though he looked the part of the savage father to perfection, and might have been expected, in fulfilment of his physiognomy, to have flung her from him, hesitated long; and when he did speak, replied with a certain degree of mildness, though little sympathy.

“It *must* be done, child,” said he; “I could not unsay it if I would.”

“Why not, father?” asked Stephanie. “Am I not your child? Have you not more right to me than any other—than M. Biot? What have you done, what new necessity has come upon you that you must thus sell your daughter for gold?”

“Gold!” shouted Guissac, starting up suddenly, as if the word had excited him—“Gold! ha! ha! Do not speak of gold! Do not name the word. No—it is not for his gold. I know where—but no, do not mention that . . . Gold! If the arms were not round it, holding it thus, thus—the skeleton arms thus! . . . Who told you of that?” he shouted; and, springing at the astonished girl, he seized her by the shoulder, and shook her violently.

“Told me of what, father?” asked she, trembling.

"The gold and the skeleton arms! You know you did not see them! Who—told—you? What was that your mother was whispering to you the day she died? Only she and M. Biot—oh, would he were dead too! . . . Hush! For the love of God do not say a word! Look! look! the window—it has been left open!"

And uttering this last sentence in a succession of gasps, he moved slowly backwards towards his chair, into which he sank, still gazing fearfully at the open window.

"Oh mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" was all that Stephanie, pale and quivering from head to foot, seemed able to utter, as she stood gazing with terrible awe on the strange agitation of her father.

At length the continued fixity of his gaze towards the one spot seemed to have a mesmeric effect, as his eyes gradually closed; seeing which, as if suddenly recalled to individuality, Stephanie moved rapidly past him towards the window. But the rustling of her dress startled his slumbering consciousness. Again he started up, exclaiming, as he again seized her, but not so rudely as before, "Back! do not go there! What were you about to do?"

"Only to close the window, father," said Stephanie, gently.

"And why close the window? Can men hear our dreams? Open it—wider; and the door, too. Give me air—air! I am glad you woke me!" he added, in a subdued voice. "I have dreamed horribly! But you look pale and ill, child! Shall I take you to see the illumination? No, it will be almost over now: but you have seen it already—bold little thing, to go out alone! You didn't expect your father so soon, did you? He knew where to find you, though. He knew you would be on the side nearest home. I knew you by your veil. I knew that none but my own modest Stephanie would hide her face from the pretty light. But go to bed, child; you are weary, and do not blame your poor father. Remember, he *must* obey what M. Biot commands!"

Stephanie moved slowly towards the door, stopping several times, and looking vacantly towards her father in strange bewilderment. I withdrew from my position as soon as I saw her disappear, feeling sure that Guissac's next step would be to ascertain whether or not the open window which seemed to have so scared him had been taken advantage of. The court in which I had taken up my position was not, as is the case with most of the houses in Paris, surrounded on all sides with building; but, on the side facing the street-gate, was terminated by a garden fenced off by a low railing. This I gained by a few hasty steps, and, vaulting over the railing, found myself in the cool obscurity of a perfect thicket of laurels. From my concealment I could see Guissac thrust his head out of the window, and peer searchingly into the gloom of night. Then the head was withdrawn, and presently both head and body reappeared at the

door, and bore themselves directly toward the spot where I had deemed myself safe. Guissac pushed a small gate in the railing which I had not perceived, and entered the garden. I could see immediately that he was stealthily making the circuit of it, scrutinizing every tree and bush. Fortunately for me the direction of his orbit took him in the first instance gradually away from my place of concealment; but I felt that this was only a respite, and began to entertain serious thoughts of escape. I had observed, just before entering, a window, which, projecting from the principal roof, gave immediately upon a lower roof, which sloped down to the street-wall. I suddenly recollected it, and only waiting till I could distinguish the dark figure of Guissac at the farther end of the garden, I passed quietly through the open gate, and having reached the window which had already stood me in so good stead, pushed open the unresisting Venetian blinds, and in a moment was in the house. I threaded my way up the dark stairs and through several rooms, steering, under the unaided influence of my bump of locality for the window I had before observed. I reached it, and my escape was easy and unadventurous, save that, just as I was in the act of emerging, a faint scream, issuing from a bed which I had hurriedly passed, though scarce noticing it in the darkness of the chamber—a scream, in which I recognized the voice of Stephanie, set the final spur to my exit, and made me aware of the dreadful profanation into which my curiosity had led me. I hurried down the sloping roof, gained the street-wall, and was on the ground in an instant. Another, and I was beyond pursuit, in less deserted streets, mingling with the many now hurrying home from their brief enjoyment. At length I came again upon the scene which, but an hour ago, had been bright and beautiful as the dreams of an eastern poet. It was almost deserted by the living, and the beauty of the spectacle was gone. Most of the lights were spent, and those that remained were flickering fitfully in long, straggling, attenuated ranks, like the weary, disunited remnants of a routed host. What had been gorgeous palaces, triumphal arches, and tasteful arcades, seemed now but fire-scathed and smouldering ruins. The ingenious mottoes and devices that had been traced in living flame, were now meaningless and absurd, like the wisdom of the wise dying into the idiocy of age.

But my thoughts were busy on another and more personal subject.

What is this that has changed me so? What unaccustomed hue is this that my life and prospects have assumed? What is this, called womanhood, that it should so suddenly become to me the only desirable thing in the universe—the only thing worth struggling for, triumphing for, dying for? "What's Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba?" Can I no longer, as hitherto, live, and labour, and rejoice in my strength, without the response of loving eyes, and the

twining of soft fingers? Why should a slender thing like that, a tiny thing that I could crush with hardly an effort, sway the tide of a whole manhood, and turn so many years of heart-discipline to laughter and scorn? Is this my own infirmity, or is it indeed the culminating glory of youthful endeavour? Let me see how the daylight looks on it!

MY WAY AND THINE.

BY MERLIN.

Father, my ways are weak :
False passions fill my breast :
In vain for peace I seek,
My spirit hath no rest.

My wayward footsteps stray ;
Seeking a vain delight,
That wins me from thy way
And still beguiles my sight.

I pray at night and morn,
And feel my heart more strong ;
But, ere the day is worn,
I wander back to wrong.

O Father, give me light !
O calm my throbbing breast !
For thou alone art right—
Alone can give me rest.

O guide me unto love ;
Chasten these ways of mine ;
Father in Heaven above,
O make my footsteps thine.

LIFE'S BATTLE-FIELD.

Each has his own one path in life,
A circle small within his ken—
And a small circle, too, perchance—
We cannot all be famous men !
And duties are not truly done
By panting vainly after fame,
Or fretting for the want of chance
To quickly make a brilliant name.

A brilliant name! Too oft is this
The phantom that leads many on,
Until, too late, they wake, and find
The time for real endeavour gone !
Better to fill a lowly place,
And labour there with soul and heart,
Than dream ambitiously of wealth
Till time and youthful strength depart.

Do I speak sadly? Truth it is
That in the lowest place of life
A man can act a hero's part,
Amid the daily toil and strife!

Aye, amid hourly din and care,
E'en though within the humblest home
Can shine in virtue great and grand
As ever gilded ancient Rome!

Life's heroism does not need
A spacious or a lofty stage :
Life's greatest deeds are not all writ
Upon the flaming golden page !
Believe me, glorious work is done,
As the world's wheels still onward go,
Which ten-tongued Rumour never yet
Hath blazoned, or will ever know.

Self-conquest, self-devotion—these
Are the high gifts which give to all
Who own them that well-tempered mind
Prepared alike to win or fall—
Prepared, with fitting men, to meet
The happy good or bitter ill :
Unshaken whether Fate the cup
With nectar or with gall may fill!

Each of these words, in loftier truth,
Is a sure talisman in life
To guard and strengthen heart and brain
In time of hourly din and strife :
All stations they alike befit—
The peasant's cot or monarch's throne—
To every man a priceless gift
They bring, in Self-respect alone!

W. R.

DESOLATION.

BY BASIL KERR.

Around me is the night
Of grief and bitter sorrow ;
Without a cheering hope
Of joyful morrow.

I cannot see beyond
The wide wild sea of tears :
To rest my weary foot
No shore appears.

Where art thou fled, O Hope ?
The sweetest singing-bird,
Whose voice within my heart
Was always heard.

Where art thou, Fancy, fled ?
Who erst—a limner clever—
Didst paint upon my brain
Fair pictures ever.

And where art thou, O Love ?
Once dwelling in my heart ;
Like flame with perfume fed,
In holy shrine apart.

And thou, the worshipped one,
The idol of the shrine,
Alas! unworthy found
To dwell in place divine!

AN UNCONVENTIONAL CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY JOVEN.

Two of the greatest delusions with which I am acquainted are the May-day of the Poets and the Christmas of the illustrated papers. The former is a graceful falsehood, and nothing more. Who ever saw a troop of maidens plucking ye may? Who ever sang, in a clear tenor voice, under the windows of the beloved one,

"Awake, awake, it is the May morning?"

I speak without any meteorological tables, but my private impression is that the first of May is usually both cold and sloppy. Indeed, to the month of May I have a kind of personal dislike. It is a deceptive—a pretentious month. We have gleams of windy sunshine in March, and green grows the grass under the soft April rain: in comes May, the flowery May, with seductive smile, with wheedling promises, with artful nods and becks, so that we shout "Welcome!" in the full belief that "summer is a-coming in, heigh ho, sing cuckoo!" Miserable mistake! May does but hide her watering-pot with flowers: and, even as you are welcoming her, behold her gutta-percha tubing is in full play. Under these circumstances, the best thing one can do is to stay in doors, and read Chaucer, with the charitable belief that in his time May was somewhat different from what she is now—else was Chaucer sadly given to fibs!

The Christmas of the illustrated newspapers is equally unreal, but less poetical. It is a phantasmagoria of puddings—a ghostly galaxy of turkeys, mince-pies, snap-dragon, and holly-bushes. Every body is eating, as though eating were the crown of life—its crown? say rather, its one object: eating with an avidity, a determination, and a haste that would create a sensation even amid the Court of Aldermen. Moreover, whilst every one is eating, every one is also talking sentiment. Gormandizing and sermonizing go together. The human heart expands—the human purse scorns its strings. How well we all know the true Christmas tale! Its hero is a merchant. In illustrated papers, merchants always have dingy dirty dusty offices, with a precarious fire and one thin clerk. The merchant's name is Googe, or Boodge—anything that recalls Mr. Dickens' Scrooge. He has left his offices. 'Tis Christmas Eve. He has dined—*alone*—at his Chop-house. And has not given an extra penny to the waiter! Alas, his heart is untouched by the genial impulses of the blessed Christmas-tide. Pity him, my human brother! As he issues from his chop-house, a boy runs violently against him. When Googe (or Boodge) has recovered from the shock, he finds that his watch and chain are gone. He hurries to a policeman, and states the case.

The policeman looks him full in the face, firmly but kindly, and says, "Old man, you were once young! For you, too, a mother's heart has yearned. Old man, the street-boy hath more need of watch and chain than you! He is human, though poor. Perhaps he has a mother. At any rate, he *had* one at an earlier period of his career. Forgive him, then. It is the joyous Christmas-tide!" Googe (or Boodge) suddenly repents of all his past life, and gives the policeman a sovereign: then, hastening to the market, buys a gigantic turkey for his one thin clerk, and lives happy ever after. For it is the joyous Christmas-tide!

And where art thou, the Christmas of Dingley Dell? Didst thou, save in Pickwick the Undying, ever exist? Are men ever, I wonder, so overflowingly happy, so unbouedly genial, in real life? And Mr. Wardell, does any body know his address? Will anybody forward it to the present writer?

Be all this as it may—and apart from the grotesque exaggerations perpetrated in illustrated newspapers and elsewhere by tenth-rate imitators of Mr. Dickens—one's feelings cluster very fondly about Christmas. I leave on one side the more sacred associations of the time, for this is not the place in which to speak of them; I look only to the genialities, the broad healthy sympathies which Christmas, more than any other period, has power to evoke. I was never at a Dingley Dell kind of Christmas; and it may be that a life which, till of late, has been somewhat solitary, has unfitted me for that thorough appreciation of rollicking Christmas fun which (so to speak) *bubbles* over, rejoicingly, in many others. At any rate, instead of rhapsodizing upon a Christmas which I never saw, I will simply sketch one Christmas Eve of my own, which has at least the merit of having been passed in an eccentric—some may say, an absurd—fashion.

I cannot to this day clearly ascertain what induced me to pass my Christmas Eve in journeying, and my Christmas Day alone. I suppose I was glad enough to get away from town for a day or two, on any terms; and I must confess, not for the first time, that I am by nature a vagabond and a tramp. Let me explain. I never stole a silver spoon in my life, and I would scorn the action. I never sat in a ditch, with a fictitious broken-leg, imploring charity; I should catch cold if I did so. When I don my dress-coat, and tie my tie, and endue my gloves, I am as mournfully quiet as any other gentleman within ten miles. I smile, with due vacancy, as I remark that the weather is rather unseasonable, but that the new moon will probably change it for the better. I observe that the Colleen Bawn is a melo-drama of thrilling

interest. I state that Lord Dundonald was a warrior alike illustrious and unfortunate. I protest that I like Mauve and adore Magenta; and when a lady has terrified and tortured a piano into shrieks of complaint which are termed "variations," I join in the general verdict of "sweet indeed."

But when the fated hour arrives—when the guests depart—when I am again alone—a craving and a desire seize upon me. I wish to dance a wild *pas seul* upon the moonlit streets. I go into corners, and moan: I lean against lamp-posts, and chuckle: and when I get in sight of my own domestic gas, it is with difficulty that I repress my inclination to shout.

O! joyous life of the vagabond! O! freedom of the high roads! How, after "society," one longs again for the mile-stones and the finger-posts—for the noonday rest under the shade of the branching beeches; for the evening stroll through the village, all a-hush after the day's labour, and with only the incessant murmur of the brook, or perchance the dull distant moaning of the sea upon the shore, to break the silence that is so solemn and so deep! How one longs for the ready "hail fellow, well met:" even for the rough and rather rude questionings of the road, even for the "chaff," (*persiflage* is the drawing-room term, I believe!)—yea, even for the dust and the weariness, which you know will be followed in an hour or two—say five miles more—by cleanliness and rest! There, I am a tramp. I cannot help it. I know it's wrong; but a vagabond I am, a vagabond I have been, and a vagabond I ever shall remain.

The courteous reader will of course remember the *etymology* of vagabond, else shall I be misjudged.

One of my fits, then, having seized upon me, I am *en route* on the afternoon of Christmas Eve. Is that the right description? At any rate, on the afternoon of December 24th, year blank. I leave behind me the London markets—which really are a grand sight—and I sally forth to see how Christmas keeps itself in railway-carriages, on the tops of omnibuses and coaches, and on the Queen's highway. As an adieu to civilization, I send the following unbusiness-like note to a friend:

I am going to pass my Christmas day
In rather a vagabond, gipsy way:
Part of it under an old Cathedral,
Hearing the choristers chaunt and pray.

Part of the time, too, I hope to be
Resting under some leafless tree,
Wistfully gazing through gaps in the hedges
Seeking the gleam of the dim grey sea!

I shall see the villagers pass, all dressed
In their homely, cleanly Sunday's best,
Trooping along to the church in the distance—
Church where the bones of their fathers rest!

And wheresoever my steps may stray,
In this vagabond fashion, on Christmas day,
Surely my spirit will thrill with rapture,
Surely I shall not forget to pray!

L'homme propose: Dieu dispose. The following is an outline of my programme (I may be allowed to remark, here, on the very threshold of my journey, that it turned out to be a failure):—

I will go to Rochester. I will go to Faversham, and sleep there. I will rise early, and walk over Boughton Hill into Canterbury, in time for morning service at the Cathedral. After which, I will act according to circumstances.

All went well as far as Rochester, except that I began to feel ashamed of being alone. Every one else was speaking to somebody. Never mind my phraseology, or its confusion. What I mean to say is that people were shaking hands and chatting—that at every station people were waiting for people—and that I began to think I was guilty of a reprehensible action in going away from home, without any necessity for doing so, on Christmas Eve. So, when the train stopped at Strood, I left the station stealthily, feeling rather as if I had been guilty of sacrilege and had the church plate in the pockets of my overcoat.

Rochester has been a pet place of mine, ever since I knew it. I think Mr. Dickens made me go there first, as he has made hundreds of others go. As for its attractions, who knows them not?—Castle, Cathedral, Bridge (gone now), and Watts' Charity. Then, the grand, the gigantic old hotels, in which it is not fit nor decorous that parties of less than eighty should dine, so vast their rooms, so old and Sphinx-like their waiters. As for the walks in the neighbourhood, if there exist one lady or one gentleman who has not journeyed through Cobham Woods, or down the Medway, let such person, on reading these lines, set forth—never mind the cold—and return me her, or his, sincere thanks through the medium of a letter addressed to the Editor.

Maugre all this, I did *not* feel comfortable at Rochester. This is partly to be accounted for by the fact that the weather (which had for some time borne a doubtful character) now took to drizzling. "Then," said I, "I will try to get a bed at Watts his Charity; and to-morrow I will go home." But I could not undergo the necessary ordeal. It was easy enough for me to say that I was not a Proctor. Nobody ever said I was a Proctor—not even Barry Cornwall himself! But, the "rogue"? How could I, with my then-existent feelings, which, with the drizzle, had deepened as it were into the consciousness of some mysterious guilt, committed in some previous state of existence—how could I honestly aver that I was not a "rogue"?

By this time, it had grown dark. I looked at the Castle—I looked at the Cathedral: both seemed tacitly to disapprove of my presence in their neighbourhood on Christmas Eve. I wandered into side-streets, and wandered out of them again—not a happier, not a wiser, only a muddier man; and then, loitering on the bridge, I looked vaguely at the poor old river, which has been coming down from Tunbridge, or there-

abouts, for ever so many centuries past, and which seemed now, to me, to have grown thoroughly tired of the task!

The police? Bless you, the police never interfere with me! One member of that force did so once. It was on a lovely starry night, and I asked him if he could tell me which was Cassiopeia's Chair? Being ignorant of that constellation, he was abashed; and I have never been interfered with since. I am a privileged Tramp.

Looking at my watch, I found that, if I still intended to pursue my expedition, the time had come for decided action. The down-train was due. With a sensation of cold wet, I re-entered the station, and sat down to wait.

Looking at the matter calmly, I can now perceive that the down-train was quite justified in being late. Why, 'twas Christmas Eve. The train had hampers in it, which would even make the iron mouths of a steam-engine water! Then, at every station, was there not the bustling, and the hand-shaking, and the kissing (feminine), and the looking after parcels, and the farewells at the carriage-door? Was not every station alive, and kissing? Had not Sue come down from service to see Job? Was not Captain Shako running down to a little place in Kent, where there was a little parsonage, and a little parson, and a little parson's daughter, and a little flirtation too, good my masters all? Was not the whole of Kent going to enjoy itself, and doing so violently all along the line? The telegraphic wires themselves had given up carrying business-messages, and confined themselves entirely to transmitting invitations!

At length the down-train came, and the platform became flooded with an inundation of baskets. I crept into a carriage, and felt more ashamed of myself than ever. A military man (it was before the Volunteer movement, and you could tell a military man when you saw one) came into my carriage, with his little daughter. Guard, let me out! I will go home! I can't stand it any longer.

At that instant the whistle sounded.

Really, I felt very gloomy. Was this enjoyment? Why couldn't I feel philosophically about the matter, and be indifferent to all this Christmas gadding about? Ah! why?

I was still arguing the matter with myself—and, as is usual in such arguments, we were quarrelling fiercely—when the train reached Faversham. 'Tis a tale, gentles all, of long ago. In those primeval ages, when the train reached Faversham, the train, however reluctantly, was in the habit of stopping—because the rails were not laid down any further; so, at Faversham the train stopped.

Here, then, according to my programme, was I to pass the night—not through any stern necessity, but of my own mere free-will.

Nobody (except the Christmas painter, of Dingley Dell, of The Poor Travellers, of a hundred other delightful sketches)—nobody, I repeat, could describe that Faversham platform. To say that it was a jolly platform, a crowded

one, a platform whose boards absolutely groaned with joy as they felt the tread of so many bustling feet on Christmas Eve—all this would be feeble.

Alas! every one who alighted there had an object, and a friend! And I? Was I to sleep at Faversham or not? I tried to take a cheerful view of things. Faversham, said I, is an ancient town: its population is 7,000 (including Osprings and Davington); amongst 7,000, there must be many inn-keepers, who, for coin, will give me entertainment. Besides, Faversham has interesting associations. Athelston was entertained here, with his "witan." This speaks volumes.

Suddenly I remembered me of the association connected with Faversham, *Arden of Faversham*! How Arden was "playing a game at the tables" with Mosbye, whilst Green "stood at his maister's back, holding a candell in his hand, to shaddowe Black Will when he should come forth"; how Black Will, incited thereunto by Arden's wife, "stept forth, and cast a towell round Arden's neck, nearly strangling him"; how, when the deed was done, Mistress Alice sent for "certain Londoners" who chanced to be in the town, and after supper they "danced, and played on the virginals, and were merry"—vide "*Murray's Handbook for Kent*."

Remembering this, how was I to sleep at Faversham? As I placidly consume my supper, may not some one "step forth" and "put a towell round my neck"!

I know how very disagreeable it is, sometimes, to have a towel round the neck; for, in Sussex, I was once shaved by a village-barber who had *delirium tremens*!

Then, when I am dead and gone, imagine the landlady sending for "certain Londoners" to play upon musical instruments and be merry!! The heartless Cockneys!

I cannot sleep at Faversham. I must on.

* * * * *

And if ever anybody felt cold outside an omnibus, I did. The omnibus to Canterbury was gone—thronged inside and out with Christmas people, who all seemed to know each other, and to have bowls of punch waiting for them at Canterbury; but some travellers still remained—*quorum pars parva fui*—and an extra 'bus was started.

To say that the driver of that extra 'bus—who resided at Faversham, and thought his day's work over—was happy, would be erroneous and absurd. To me, and to all the other passengers, he conceived a dislike which I can understand and forgive. What I blame him for is this: *he took it out of the horses*! His gloom, his disappointment, his disgust, found an outlet in the "brutal lash."

Cold? Well, it had ceased raining—that was feeble comfort; but the air was as damp as air can be, without becoming water, and the night was sharp and nipping.

By making remarks about horses, and by offering the extra 'busman a quantity of tobacco,

I succeeded in somewhat mitigating his dislike for me; and, before the journey was over, we were almost on not unfriendly terms. But, as our conversation was entirely horsey, my power of continuing it was limited, and it dropped.

On the road from Faversham to Canterbury is one of the grandest views in Kent. I may be allowed to remark (not with any feelings of vexation, but simply as the statement of a fact) that the night was so dark, that of this "view" I had not a glimpse.

It is written in the chronicle of "Tom Brown," how Tom Brown found a journey, outside a coach, in cold weather, exciting and delightful. I can only state that my feelings were not of an exhilarating or a joyous nature, and that my feet seemed to have abandoned their connexion with any other part of my frame.

A blaze of light flickering in front, a wonderful noise as of many instruments disputing, and we are in a village. And now, for the first time, a faint gleam of pleasure irradiates my path. It is caused by my exercising the virtue of hospitality on entering the village-inn, and regaling the extra 'busman. The extra 'busman has a contempt for me, on seeing me drink beer; but his countenance relaxes when I suggest, in his case, spirits. He closes with the suggestion in the friendliest manner, and it evidently refreshed when it has been reduced to practice. One human being now takes an interest in me—for may we not stop elsewhere? Meanwhile, the instruments, which are of a travelling band, quarrel more fiercely than ever. The German who plays the trombone is thinking of Christmas-trees, and (let us say) Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen: what wonder if he disregards the time, and stridently bellows forth a kind of wail over things in general? The villagers are not too critical: the band is a success. Bellow, thou thunderous trombone! Cornet, complain of thy lot! O, my brothers of the great Teutonic family, go in and win! Little children, up late on Christmas Eve, are out in the road, dancing and jumping. The time for supper and high jinks is drawing near.

Off we drive again; but as I look back and listen, the lights are still flaring, and the trombone (who has just remembered that he has a brother living in Anhalt-Dessau) is shrieking in his home-sickness, "terrible to hear!"

At any rate, they will have a supper to-night, poor fellows! Feeling that the driver has now some regard for me, I get more cheerful. I begin to think I shall have a merry Christmas Eve after all. At Canterbury I will fraternize, if possible, with everybody in the hostel. I will exert those powers of passionate eloquence with which I am liberally endowed, in proposing the health of the landlord himself. I will make, in my speech, allusions to the White Horse of Kent, to the Garden of England, and to Hops. I will touch upon the former cricketing celebrities of the county—for have I not seen Felix and Fuller Pilch bat? have I not seen ever-glorious Alfred Mynn, Titan of bowlers, march up

to the wicket even as a king amongst men? Have I not seen Kent defeat the whole of England, and not think the exploit so very difficult either? Ah, there *were* giants in those days! Then will I celebrate Edgar Willsheer, our present tower of strength, our matchless left-hander, bowler, and bat; and troublesome crafty Bennett, with his teasing, provoking slows—and many another worthy. Yes, we will have a merry evening yet!

The extra 'busman knows not cricket. Horses alone hath he made acquaintance with, and specially doth he tell me stories about "that 'ere little grey"; but I cannot see the point of them; nor (I believe) can he. Nevertheless, he is thawing; and when I leave him, at Canterbury, he is thawed.

Here should I have told you what my sensations were on catching sight of the Cathedral from Harbledown Hill; but, as the driver truly observed, "It be getting a dark night, sir!" and therefore the Cathedral I did not see. Shall I then indulge in fictitious raptures? Shall I drop a tear to the memory of Thomas à Beckett? I am sure I would do so very willingly if I thought it could do him any good, poor fellow! Let me to mine hostel, and pass my Christmas Eve merrily yet.

The strongest example of jollity under difficulties, which I ever witnessed in the course of my career as a wanderer, was when, in a roadside inn, during a storm, a very dirty tramp, who had sprained his ankle, sang, "The Fine Old English Gentleman," with a cold in his head.

Thus it is possible for man to rise superior to circumstances.

Let us now contemplate the other side of the picture.

The strongest example of dulness, under circumstances directly enjoining and encouraging jollity, was at Canterbury on Christmas Eve, when there was a splendid fire, and the rain, which had now recommenced, could be just sufficiently heard to remind every one in-doors how lucky they were to be in a warm room. When I first saw the folks assembled in the hostel, I knew that the game was up, that my expedition was a failure, and my Christmas Eve a catastrophe.

George Eliot speaks of the country face, with its "slow bovine gaze." There it was.

Many of us know the Cathedral-city face—prim, precise, decorous. There it was.

Bovine slowness and Cathedral-city primness, set them down to play *whist* in silence, and there you have the Christmas Eve which I had come so far to seek!

It is not good for man to be alone.

It is not good for man to go away from home, on a speculative expedition, on Christmas Eve.

My dreams that night were but the just punishment of my error. Alfred Mynn, Titan of bowlers, bowled at my legs and broke them. As I lay on the turf, writhing in agony, the Trombone (bethinking himself of a cousin at Dusseldorf) struck me on the head; the White Horse of Kent, transformed into "that 'ere little

grey," pranced over my body; Black Will
"stept forth" and put a "towel round my neck,"
a Poet, whom I once reviewed unfavourably
recited two sonnets of his own composition; and
I woke—woke to hear the rain dripping, dripping
on the roof—woke, with the commencement of a
bad catarrh, to breakfast by myself on Christ-
mas Day!

For the future, my Christmas shall never be
spent in an unconventional manner.

MIDNIGHT, DECEMBER 31ST, 1860.

The bell in the tower is tolling the hour—
The midnight hour so hush'd and still :
The deep tones die where the shadows lie,
And fancies strange the pauses fill :
The leafless trees their branches shake,
The fitful wind the wild notes take,
And in the heart deep memories wake.

Like a sad sweet song, that has slumbered long,
It glides through the list'ning mind,
And soft and clear, still it breaks on the ear,
And dies away on the wind ;
Fades to a myth the churchyard green,
Voices are heard and forms are seen,
And years are lost that have come between.

It mingles with all, in its dying fall—
The sound from the old grey tower,
The voice of Time, with a mournful chime,
Slowly telling the year's last hour.
Shadows and silence around us speak ;
The echoes cease, the year is dead,
The voices are hush'd, and the visions fled !
J. H. C.

SONG.

BY ANNE A. FREMONT.

Maiden, what has flush'd thy cheek
With hues which eloquently speak ?
None beside thyself are near—
No form, which more than others dear,
Might stir thine heart and give thy brow
The glow of joy which lights it now.

Ah ! thy thoughts are far away,
Dreaming of a bygone day,
Whose blissful hours still can cheer ;
When a voice was in thine ear,
Whose tones are music unto thee,
Though only heard in memory.

O Thought, it is a blessed thing !
And when, upon its soaring wing,
The future's cloud-veil'd heaven we try,
Or search the Past's wide treasury :
How blest, if there for us should shine,
Such gem as decks that brow of thine !

LINES FOR A GIFT-BOOK.

BY G. F. PARDON.

On Christmas Day the shepherds knelt
Before the Sacred Infant's bed ;
And wise men came and worshipp'd there,
By one bright star unconscious led.

They brought their precious gifts, and laid
Them one by one before the Child—
Myrrh, and frankincense, gold and pearls,
In rich profusion careless piled.

So ever since that time have men,
Commemorating Jesus' birth,
Made gifts to those they loved, as if
To keep His memory green on earth.

UNTE N A N T E D.

BY ADA TREVANION.

I see behind its poplar-trees
The old, old house, so dim and grey ;
Vague whispers, like the hum of bees,
Float up, around, and die away.

I stand beneath the spreading broom
(On either hand are leafless bowers),
And gaze into the empty room,
Once warm with life and gay with flowers.

There are no pictures on the walls ;
There is no light upon the hearth :
The gilding from the cornice falls ;
The bare floor smells of damp and earth.

Hard by's the porch—how cold and drear
It looks, with cobwebs overlaid !
The creeper trails—can it be here
The maidens talked, and children played ?

O yellow leaves, so dry and dead !
My heart is with the vanished days,
When summer's light was on you shed,
And soft cheeks glowed to words of praise.

Where are the eyes which smiled content,
When June had brought the roses fair ?
Where are the forms that lightly went
Adown the lawn with wind-blown hair ?

In distant lands beyond the sea,
A more abiding home some seek ;
Two sleep beneath the churchyard tree ;
One pines 'mid stranger-halls so bleak !

O dewy orbs, like stars which shone !
O dancing feet and locks of light !
Still as I turn, and would be gone,
They rise again upon my sight.

Poor empty house ! poor lonely hearts !
Sundered so wide by land and wave :
Thus joy grows dim ; thus peace departs ;
Thus all things change this side the grave.
Ramsgate, 1860.

A WINTER'S TEARS.

(A Christmas Tale.)

BY SILVERPEN.

There is a valley in south-western Shropshire that is very lovely; there is a quaint old cottage overlooking it from the brow of an acclivity that is charming too. A brook rushes past its wide-spread garden-banks; an orchard and little croft stretch away at the rear towards fields, and these towards hills; whilst between winds down a fragment of the once mighty all-embracing Watling-street. This cottage stands solitary; its place and all around it is called Dinás, and it is occupied by an aged lady, of the name of Lucy Felder. She is much respected in that wide-spread neighbourhood: by those of education, for the noble service of her life; by those humbler, for many deeds and words of charity, as priceless as money—for of that she has none to give; and by all for her many sorrows. Alas! few know how many these have been; for she is kingly in her moral bravery, though a woman, though old!

It is Christmas Eve. The heavens are dressed in radiance, though the country for many miles round Dinás lies deeply under snow. But the highway towards it has been sufficiently traversed through the day to be just passable; and now comes tramping along it, in the sheeny light, a burly man. He smokes a short pipe; his waterproof coat is buttoned tight across his breast, and he swings a cudgel gaily in his hand. It is Roger, the postman; and he is as pleased as can be to bring the dear old lady a letter—ay, and a note, too; for the butler gave him one when he carried up the bag, an hour ago, to Lestwardine House. So he turns (still whistling) through a wide white gate, into a short winding steep road; passing the orchard-hedge, leaves the garden to his left; enters a wide paved space (in summer shaded by the leaves of an ancient walnut-tree), and knocks at a porch-door, warmly clad in ivy. When he has replied to an inquiry, and said who he is, the door is opened by an elderly woman, and he is admitted into a large old-fashioned kitchen; its ceiling crossed by great oaken beams, and these now all a-glow with the warm reflection of the bright fire. The hearth is warmly carpeted, the red-bricked floor shines like highly-glazed porcelain, and everything around betrays dainty cleanliness and order. It is a charming quaint old-fashioned place, and its mistress (for such she is) wears on her all the appearance of education and superior days.

"Sit down, Roger," she says, as she takes the note and letter, with trembling hand; "I want to speak to you; but I must look at my letter first." So saying, she comes to the little round green-baize-covered table, on which lie books

and small articles of work, and resumes her place beside it in her easy-chair. The letter is brief, and is thus quickly read; but its contents seem pleasant, though they deeply move her. She lingers over the beautiful handwriting; on the signature, and what goes before, her eyes feast as on some blessed sign, and the heavy tears roll down the furrows of her aged face, though she strives to hide them. But she is reticent as to the cause of her mingled grief and joy, and presently taking up the note, reads that too. It merely says that Mrs. Rocke, of Lestwardine House, will, with Miss Felder's permission, make a brief call on the morrow, after church.

"My neighbours are very kind to me," she says, as though to herself, "and Mrs. Rocke is a sweet young lady."

"You say true, ma'am," speaks Roger; "she and the squire have done a deal of good, and are likely to do more. I suppose you haven't heard that—"

The old lady does not hear; for she has risen, and, leaving the kitchen, presently returns with a thick slice of cake on a plate, and a glass of beer, both of which she gives to the postman. Then she resumes her seat, and says, quietly:

"It is poor Christmas cheer; but it is the best I have to offer you."

"Thank you, ma'am. I'm speaking honest truth when I say, an ounce of yours is worth a pound of some folks'; for didn't the letters you wrote to the gentry get me the place? and didn't you, when my brother fell in trouble—"

"Hush, Roger! All those thanks are said. Now, let me ask you, how are the roads from Hopton? for I am expecting Mrs. Felder and my niece Lucy."

"Desperate bad, ma'am. Smith, the carrier, who goes that way, wasn't able to get through Corr Hollow, two days ago; and things must be worse now, for it snowed all last night. They could get round by Knighton; but that's twenty miles, and a long way in such weather."

"It is, Roger, and yet I fear they will attempt it; for my niece is so fond of her old aunt, and her old aunt of her, that, like two spirits in one flesh, we have no joy apart. It is a pity; for mamma and child would have been here in the beginning of the week, but for some fidgety arrangement of the vicar, about the school-recitations which take place after Christmas. I am all the more sorry, as an uncle Lucy has never seen comes to-morrow."

The aged lady pauses here; and, after a few moments' silence, she adds, hurriedly, as the

postman, finishing his little Christmas-cheer, rises respectfully to go.

"You cannot—cannot tell me—how—how—the doctor is going on."

The man has tender feelings, though uneducated, and thus he hesitates to reply; for his answer must be so sad a one.

"Well, ma'am, to say the truth," he says, at last, "very bad indeed. He'd a sort of fit, three weeks ago, and yet it wasn't a warning; for he ain't been sober a day this past fortnight. The other day he fell off his horse, and lay in the road till a farmer came by as knowed him; and he was a helping him, when that bitter bad wife of his drove by in all her finery. Ay! Miss Felder, my old father, who remembers thy brother in his bright and handsome time, says, but for his marriage with that evil woman, the doctor would never have come to what he has. Eh, dear! many and many a one mourns it; for there's no like for his skill hereabouts."

"Poor Charles! Poor brother!" says the aged woman, mournfully, as she presses her hands one into the other, with a mute expression of woe, which is most touching. But the weakness (if weakness it be) of mingled pity and love passes in an instant away, and as she rises to follow the postman to the door, she says, firmly and with an austerity which is scarcely feminine:

"But he has been a weak man, a contemptibly weak man, to let his wife's cruel and evil nature lead him into evil of another kind. He should have morally defied her evil influence, and not suffered himself to be debased into what it is a pleasure to her to behold. Had I succumbed this way to every sorrow or disappointment, where should I have been? Certainly not here—certainly not here," she repeated, with almost iron firmness; "but where he or any of his brothers would not, through charity or justice, remove me." She says this as it were to her own breast, and prepares to close the door upon the honest fellow.

"Good night, Roger," she says, "and a happy Christmas! As you pass Martha Brown's cottage, just knock and tell her to be here as early as she can in the morning, to light the fire; for I expect a gentleman to breakfast."

The man has replied, respectfully, and is going on, when she adds (a little loudly, so that he may hear):

"Is the doctor yet living at the Northwoods Cottage?"

"Yes, ma'am. Old John sees to his horse, and the missis does for him."

"Well, as you'll be in the village in the morning, ask John to tell the doctor that his brother Will will be here; and that, if he will come sober, I shall be glad to see him."

"Be sure I will, ma'am."

And the postman, moving on, says to himself (as the white gate swings behind him):

"What a difference there be in us human creatures! Many go wrong that have fortune with 'em, and others go right that have nothing but sorrow in their path; yet she went right,

poor lady; though, in his day o' pride, the doctor would have closed the door in her face if she had needed a night's shelter, or a bit of bread. Ay! he's in some sort a bad man. They say all the t'others are. Well! she does not need 'em. God help her if she did."

When she has fastened the door after her visitor, Miss Felder resumes her seat by the fire; her dog Totty jumps up on her lap; and old Tom, the black cat, making himself up into a grand pincushion, purrs on the table by her side: and thus, alone in the sanctuary of her hardly-won yet scanty independence, and its holy peace, she takes up the letter, on which yet lie the drops of her deep tears. Again she reads it; again these deep tears flow. And, long after they have ceased, she sits quiescent and absorbed; lost amidst the memory of those days when she was young, and the hand who wrote it was so tender to his only—only—sister.

"Poor Will!" she says; "Poor Will!" (and this is all) as she rises to go to bed; for her clock is striking twelve.

Nevertheless, she rises early; and Martha (the woman who works for her) coming early too, from her cottage a little way off, all the domestic duties are over by eight o'clock, and Martha gone again. The kitchen-fire is hospitably bright; the breakfast-table is placed in front. On it stand pork-pie and eggs, and home-made bread, and other simple country-dainties; and these are set off by pretty china and choice articles of plate, the relics of a dear old aunt, most fondly loved.

Thus the poor festival ready (for the coffee is made, and the hot cake is ready buttered in the oven), the old lady puts on a bonnet and shawl which hang beside the clock, and, attended by frisking Totty, she goes forth into her charming garden. The far-away paths lie deep in snow; but those about her flower-borders having been lately swept, she can gather a few last chrysanthemums, some sprigs of hellebore and laurustinus, and, returning with these to the house, she puts them in a Wedgwood vase, and decks her table therewith. Again she goes forth, and this time, locking the door behind her, makes her way slowly through the little lane to the road; Totty frisking before; the old cat taking his path along the hedge-row bank; and her brood of ducks waddling as fast as they can behind her, for they seem to suspect that their mistress will descend the road towards the brook.

It is a divine morning, one wonderful for the season. For though the landscape far and wide is covered by a deep snow, and the air is keen and frosty, the sun gives signs of shining forth resplendently when the day is more advanced. Even now its rays paint strips of snow and pendant icicles with silvery sheen, and, dancing on the ripples of the brook, turns them into liquid silver. The road crosses the brook by a stone bridge, weather-beaten and old, and here the aged gentlewoman takes her stand, not willing to go further. She looks far away down the road, but sees no traveller coming on; she watches her ducks waddle down to the brook,

and plunge into its stream, and thus with her gaze fixed upon the lovely scene, of dipping boughs and pendant icicles and rushing waters, her thoughts are soon lost in the far past, and she is again a child, and the tiny companion of him she expects. Thus she does not see that a man comes towards her, somewhat stubby and corpulent in build; but fresh-coloured and handsome, even in old age. An old brown over-coat hangs across his arm, and he carries a wallet and stick; but his suit and hat are new, and have a holiday appearance. He sees he is unseen, and hastening his steps, for he recognizes who it is, lays his hand upon the aged lady's hand, and says cheerily,

"Well, Lucy, how are you?"

She turns in a moment, her eye glances over him with the deepest affection, and, cleaving to him, hides her face upon his breast. She cannot help it, tears will come, she must weep: in their several lives the sources of sorrow have been so many. Then comforted by his caresses, she kisses him tenderly, and hand-in-hand leads him on. She is so glad he is decently appareled: she was afraid he would come to her in unseemly shabbiness, knowing that he has nothing but the proceeds of a miserable village school to exist upon; but that he has thus respected her feelings, is a silent homage which deeply touches.

"Well, Lucy," he says, as they climb the hill together, "you look well." She is glad he thinks so, though she is quick to apprehend the old selfishness of character, that sees little but the pleasant and outward show of things.

"Yet, I am but an invalid sometimes," she says, "though mostly cheerful. But I must expect as much. Sixty years, and most of them those of hard-work and struggles with the world, will leave their impress on us, do what we may."

"Well, well, Lucy, let the past rest. This is a nice country: I used to see a good deal of it when I came fishing, years ago. Is that your cottage up there? If so, its situation is lovely."

She says it is; till thus she leads him on, and opening her house-door, ushers him into her pleasant kitchen, so bright and warm with Christmas hospitality.

"Why, Lucy," he says, "you are well-off indeed." But he says nothing to her—of what is obvious—of hours of patient labour, of days of pinching need, of self-resolves, self-struggles, deprivations, and fore-thought, to secure the little pittance of forty pounds a-year, on which the superstructure of humble independence rests; yet in the depth of his soul, though he is morally incapable of weighing it at its full worth, he does justice to her noble nature. Seeing he is so pleased, she disburthens his hands, and then leads him round her kitchen, to show him this thing and the other. At its extremity she opens a door, and ushers him into a most charming parlour, its bay window looking towards the brook and the sweet valley beyond, and a lesser window glancing far down into the depths of the rustic garden. Leaves fringe their panes,

and set the sunny-tinted landscapes in frames of winter greenness.

"You must excuse breakfasting by the kitchen fire in homely fashion, dear Will," she says, "but we will have a fire here presently, and play the part of gentility in the afternoon. I am obliged to be economical of labour amongst other things."

"You keep no servant?"

"No! not at present. Lucy, poor child, is yet partly dependent on me, and till she gets a better school, she needs a helping hand. A labourer's wife, who lives no great way off, comes daily to do the rough part of the work, and occasionally to wash; for the rest I have to rely upon myself."

"Ah, well! a little household duty is pleasant;" and he says this in oblivion of her poor hard-worked hands, her attenuated frame, the long mental labour of her life, her weight of years. He says this, who, long days before, said she should ride in his, the Lord Chancellor's carriage, and which she might have done had he been only true to himself, to his fine education, his noble opportunities. But all such were hopelessly wasted, like snow in a fierce sun. He married a woman of inexpressibly bad heart, vile nature, and narrow understanding, in all things but self and cunning. Under this woman's pernicious influence, all the good affections of his life, all his family ties were ignored. He left this sister to penury or ruin, had she been willing to have succumbed to either; but she rose above both, by cherishing duty, as the vestals did the sacred fire. Separated for years, they now stand together beneath a roof, secured by the results of this sacred sense of duty, and hollowed by the sanctity of a human affection, which on her poor part has survived injury and oblivion, and all the wrecks of time.

Childlike she leads him to the mantelpiece, and points to a pretty oil-painting above it, of a sculler's wherry on the Thames.

"There, Will," she says; "you see I have held some love in my poor heart for you; for at that sale of your last things, I commissioned a friend to purchase it."

He says no more than his habitual, "Well well, we'll say no more about it;" but she can see that he is touched, and deeply too. Then she leads him round to her well-filled bookcase, and shows him books bought at the same sale, and others the relics of those dear years, when he brought them to her with such love, and instilled into her the riches of advanced knowledge and philosophy. Amongst the former books is a valuable copy of the Greek dramatic writers, bound in vellum. In a moment he has recognized the beloved books, taken one, and has put his arm around her, with a tender gesture more expressive than words.

Returning to the kitchen, he with the beloved book in his hand, they pleasantly breakfast; and after, with pipe and book he whiles away the time, whilst his sister sees to her domestic duties. Her barnside, as was said in old times,

is the great source of her hospitality. Two fowls of her own rearing will grace the board: the pig, whose countenance will shine in crisp parsley, grunted in her sty; and the orchard and hen-roost have furnished the chief ingredients of tarts and custards already made.

It is noon; the fire in the parlour is bright; Miss Felder is in her silk gown; her brother has gone forth to look at the orchard and garden, and Martha of her own good will has come up to help with the dinner, when Mr. and Mrs. Rocke arrive. The latter brings in with her a pretty basket filled with hot-house fruit, and together they cordially greet the aged lady.

"Have you heard," asks the gentleman presently, "that our school-room is finished?"

"No; I have seen so few this past week. But it is good news. The school was much wanted."

"Yes; it will open in January, and I say, for myself as for the other landed proprietors, that if your niece will accept the post of mistress it is at her service."

"Lucy?"

"Yes; Mrs. Rocke and I are delighted to bring you the news. They will give a salary of sixty pounds a-year, with coals and residence; but they will require the mistress to live on the premises. I stated to them how desolate you were without your niece, but they were inflexible."

Miss Felder's face is at once all a-glow with tender interest, surprise, and joy. What news for Lucy! what a blessing for the dear child! She tries to speak her thanks, but cannot. Her friends are moved, to see how deeply their tenderness has touched her.

"Do not think so much of our small deed, Miss Felder," says the lady: "remember how much my husband and I would do for you, if your independence were not so proud a thing. Remember, too, how much I owe you as the enchantress of my childish days. Aye! your tales were to me like dreams of fairy-land. Thus you must take our little courtesies simply as your due. I am only sorry that our good news is clogged with a condition that will keep you desolate."

"Dear lady," replies the aged gentlewoman, "I am thankful for the blessing as it is. Life has taught me to be thankful for even half-realized expectations, and as I did not expect this Christmas sunshine, so I accept it with its only shadow. True, the school is only two miles off, and Lucy can come to and fro; but then to have had my darling near, to have had someone to speak to in these long evenings, to —"

"You shall, Miss Felder," interrupts the gentleman; "you shall have some one to cheer your hearth; you —"

A shadow at this moment crosses the panes of the bow-window, and stays before them. It is William Felder, who, perhaps unconscious that the visitors have arrived, has stooped to a flower-bed to look at some snow-drop leaves,

peeping through the snow. Mr. Rocke's enquiring glance leads the aged lady to reply:

"It is my eldest brother, William Felder," she says, "a barrister, and once in good practice. He has come this morning to see me. A joy to be sure, for he is a favourite brother, and we had not met before for fifteen years."

"Really! He must surely be the brother I have heard my father speak of. He was once his advocate in a trial of moment, and won the cause, and my father very naturally thought highly of him; he was also an Assistant Tithe Commissioner, and came into these parts to —"

"He was all this and more," she interrupts, falteringly: "he was an ambitious man, and might have realized all and more than his ambition, had he possessed steadfastness of purpose. But he did not see that the philosophy of life does not consist in being turned aside by circumstances, but in the steady pursuit of one great thread of continuance, whatever its purpose may be. He was a lawyer, but he turned aside to found Cattle and Farmers' Insurance Offices; and at last the great railway bubble caught him in its net, and foundered him. He had yet a good profession to rely on, and he might have regained all; but he had tied a clog round his own neck, of far more woful import than speculative folly—he had married a woman of the lowest and basest nature, a woman with the stature of four feet, and with the skull and passions of an ape; a miser, a sensualist, a liar, a slattern, an ignorant housewife, incapable of anything but keeping the keys, hoarding the sovereigns, of strumming with good taste on the piano-forte, or of decking herself in popinjay attire—boots uncleaned, nevertheless, to make morning calls. This woman turned his house into a hell, drove away from him every friend of intelligence or worth, till not one was left; and at last, when a succession of evil days came, she departed with all his best possessions, to live on means laid by secretly in his days of fortune, and so left him to his fate. He took, eventually, a little school, as means for bread; and now he, the finest of classical scholars, and the best read of any man I know in English literature, teaches rustic dunces at the rate of three-pence per head per week. His energy begins to fail him now, and so . . ." she falters as she speaks, the flood-gates of deep human feeling have opened unwittingly—she cannot go on.

"He has so little means to rest on?—absolutely none?" asks Mr. Rocke.

She shakes her head.

"He couldn't come here?—he couldn't render you assistance in any way?"

"I have thought of it often; but on such a pittance as mine we must both sink if he came. He likes the country, is an accomplished fisherman, and with our similar intellectual tastes we should be very happy, I am sure; for his nature is kindly, though his temper is, I fear, not what it once was. But it cannot be, hard as it is to

say it. I must still cling to duty, as the only guide through all."

"We'll see, Miss Felder. I am not fond of fishing, but many of my numerous visitors are; and, if I had a friend close at hand who knew the brooks and who would be their companion, it would be of real service to me. Then there is my large, old library sadly wants a hand to put it and to keep it in order! Miss Felder, we'll see." He looks at his young wife as he speaks, and she returns his glance, with a ready acceptance of its meaning.

"You must not, Mr. Rocks, lay me too deeply under obligation."

"We will not, Miss Felder. If your brother does me the service of a friend, it must not be without recompense. I will think it over, and let you know, before many hours are by. Now, let me see; I've something else to say. Yes, good news still. Mrs. Rocks and I saw the doctor at a distance, as we drove to church. He was on horseback, and seemingly sober; I earnestly hope that he will keep so through the day, and come to you as the man and gentleman he can be."

"I hope so too," replied the aged sister; "for William has not seen him for many years. With them and Lucy round me, I shall indeed think that life holds hours that repay by intensity of joy the many years of endurance and disappointment."

"Give my love to Lucy," says Mrs. Rocks, as she rose to go. "Tell her I shall invite her to spend an evening with us before Christmas is by."

When dinner is over, cleared away, and Martha gone, the brother and sister draw about the parlour fire. She has produced a bottle of gooseberry wine, and he has his pipe, and he talks fluently of things present and to come, for he rarely touches upon that past he served so ill. But she can scarcely listen. She has been anxious all day; and now, as it wanes, and Lucy comes not, and the absence of her drunken brother tells its own tale, this anxiety deepens into terror: she starts as the cinders drop upon the hearth; the scratch of the leaves against the window-panes, the sigh of the wind amidst the orchard trees, the roar of the brook below meet her ear with a distinctness which is painful. She waits till William sleeps, and then she steals from the room. She goes up-stairs and looks into the chamber prepared for her guest, into another where Lucy's mother always sleeps; but nowhere can she shake off her pain of expectation. In her own room, where Lucy's little bed stands out so distinctly, in its snowy whiteness, from the gathering gloom, her terror grows still more. To master it she returns down-stairs, and, in the waning shadows of the day, prepares tea. At last she thinks she hears the click of the distant gate, and even as she listens, hoping and expecting, a hand knocks at the door. Opening it, a countryman stands there: he is a stranger, but he looks at her wistfully, even, as she thinks, with a pitying eye.

"I'm sorry ma'am, but the missus o' the Lestwardine Arms bid me tell thee, as I com'd by, that the doctor's at her house, as drunk as he can be, and she'd be glad to be shut on him, if thee canst lure him to thine."

So saying, and not willing, as it seems, to be enlisted as a messenger, the man touches his hat and goes. For some moments the aged gentlewoman stands with the door in her hand, appalled by the news thus brought; till presently regaining her accustomed quiet demeanour—though the signs of fresh woe and sternness are marked upon her face—she proceeds with her household duties, and when these are accomplished she puts on her shawl and bonnet from beside the clock, and goes into the parlour.

"William," she says, awakening her sleeping brother, "I must go out a little while. That man is drunk, and to save further woe he must come here."

"Let me go—let me fetch him," he says, starting to his feet.

"No! he wouldn't, perhaps, recognize you; whilst my voice he knows, when he is dead to all other things. You must stay here and receive Lucy, if she come."

"Is it far? The night is cold, the snow is deep. I can brave both better than you."

"Perhaps so. But you forget that when he's drunk he's brutal to all but me. There, keep house for the time I shall be gone; and if Lucy comes be tender, for you will see that in her the dead lives."

So saying, and ere he can restrain her, she's gone. The shadows of the early evening have come; she is tremulous, and sixty years old, yet her sorrow and shame and fear give her, for once, the steps of youth. She knows her way; the moon rising aids her in avoiding the snow-drifts; and thus, in half-an-hour she has reached an open space beside a bridge, where stands the rustic inn. She opens the door, enters the tap-room, and there, seated on the edge of the table, his coat off, a glass in his hand, sits her brother, the lord over a dozen rustics as drunk nearly as himself. He is bawling out and tossing his glass in a drunken frenzy, even as she enters.

"Charles," she says, dying almost as she speaks—so keen is her sense of disgrace—"you must come home with me: this is Christmas Day. We have been waiting a long time for you."

"Hours were made for slaves; and not for free men like me!" he cries out, in drunken jocularly, though with thick and muffled speech. Then looking down and recognizing his sister, he lets fall the glass, with palsied fingers, and his mood is changed to one of drivelling penitence. Hastening to act whilst it lasts, she leads him tottering from the room, calls out to the woman of the house in an underbreath that she will see her on the morrow, helps him with his hat and coat, and, when these are on, guides him forth into the snowy road, on whose drifts and wreathed hedges the moon now shines divinely. Sometimes hilarious, sometimes drivelling, sometimes reeling forwards, and as oft en

sinking deep into the snowy banks, she notices, as they approach Dinâs, that his step becomes more lagging, and heavy, and, ceasing to speak, he seems neither to hear nor comprehend her. She makes him lean upon her, and leads him on, till, just as they are near the porch, he utters some inarticulate expression, staggers forward, and falls. She hurries to the door, calls William, and together they bear the prostrate man into the kitchen, and lay him on a sofa. He seems better as soon as he rests there; so they remove his boots, and cover him up warmly.

"He will be better for quietude," says William, in his tender way; "and sleep will recover him sooner than anything."

But his sister has anxieties about him that William does not share. Every now and then she steals to look at him, and, when tea is made, she lifts his head and makes him taste a little—which he does like a man only partially awakened from a heavy sleep, and yet recognizing her at least, for he utters her name with tender epithets. So they watch, so they tend, so the weary and solemn hours fly by. At midnight William asks how far off a surgeon lives.

"Not nearer than fifteen miles, and through roads deep in snow. But no good could be done—they have already said so."

They watch and watch, till he rouses himself again, and, looking Lucy in the face, lifts his head, and leans it on her shoulder."

"Dear Lucy!" he mutters—"so good to me, so faithful to me! I'm so happy to be here—so happy!"

"This is Will," she interrupts; "don't you know him, Charles?"

William has taken his brother's hand; and now he fancies its pressure is returned. If it is, it is a dying-grasp made simultaneously with a more tender leaning on the sister's breast! For a long time the kneeling watchers remain quiescent; but, when the hand grows colder and colder, the head rests more heavily, they know that the erring man is dead!

They weep their sorrowing tears, they cherish the solemn hours that, after years of separation, thus gives to them their once-beloved brother, amidst the peace, the innocence, the loveliness of death. Separated no longer by sin and suffering, by evil hearts, by narrow minds, they gather their beloved dead in spirit to themselves, and are children once more. Thus night goes by, and dawn breaks.

When Martha comes, the dead man is laid reverently to his rest upstairs, and then she hurries to and fro, and prepares breakfast. Just as it is ready, light steps are heard, the porch-door opens, and a pretty face, fresh with early rising, and so rosy with the cold, comes in like a ray of summer light; and the fond old aunt is cheered by her beloved child. Lucy's mamma is at the rear with basket and bundle, for they came their journey the previous evening, and, sleeping at a friend's house no great way off, are here thus early.

"Is not my Lucy like her dead father?" asks

the loving aunt as she puts the young girl's hand in that of William's. "One is taken from us, and another and a brighter spirit comes."

Whilst the uncle kisses his pretty trembling niece—so like a brother who was a child when he and his sister were also children—the aunt breaks out to the new comers the sorrows of the night. Of this they talk whilst she cherishes them beside the fire, and tends them with treme bling, loving hospitality. "There is no cause for grief, my Lucy," she says. "Your uncle lived only to be a source of woe to himself and others: now he is at rest. He died in our arms, and the sanctity of our love blessed his last hours."

By-and-bye the tender aunt tells her dear one the good news about the school; and even whilst they are discouraging it, Martha brings in a letter from Mr. Rooke. It was written the previous evening, and the groom was bidden to deliver it the first thing in the morning. In the simplest and kindest manner it asks William Felder to leave his sister no more; to be her companion, her tender, intellectual friend; to watch her uprising and downlying, and be the brother her life deserves. It offers a moderate yearly sum, to be an angler in summer, a bookworm for certain hours through winter days. He accepts the kindly offer; he bows his head in thankfulness, and also in contrition—for this he owes to her, whom, in his days of pride, he passed by, and left to the mercy of any hand but his.

Never more will they part again, brother, sister, and child of the dead! As the aged lady thus sits, hand in hand with her beloved, she has a festival within her soul which only those who hold straight the sublime path of duty can know—a festival higher than any connected with creeds and dogmas—a festival which all, in some one moment of their lives, may make their own; by acceptance of duty, by observance of truth, by rigidity of principle, by making the will of the Most High—as expressed through unchanging law—their own.

Her many winter's tears are dried; her peace—long-awaited for—has come!

•

THE FRIENDS OF A KING.—"One by one friends and courtiers deserted James II.: but Prince George of Denmark still remained near him during his flight to Salisbury. Whenever any fresh desertion took place, Prince George, with some diplomacy, merely exclaimed, '*Est il possible?*' At last he went too. Upon hearing of his withdrawal, James, with a degree of humour which we would rather have expected from Charles II., exclaimed—'What! is *Est il possible* gone too?' On his return, however, to his capital James found that Anne had also fled: her apartments at the Cockpit, in Westminster, were empty. 'God help me!' cried the disconsolate king; 'my own children have forsaken me.'—*The Queens of Society.*

"BOOKS IN THE RUNNING BROOKS."

SECOND PART.

The long and severe cold of last winter will not soon be forgotten: it killed my poor hydras; one and all drew themselves up into little jelly-like lumps, and after continuing so for about three days they wholly disappeared, "and I was left lamenting!" Still, though the chief objects of interest had vanished from my little aquarium, there were some left which deserve notice; amongst others were the varieties of shell-fish. These all were univalves, most of them, more or less, resembling the snail, with a well-developed head, and large foot, by means of which they glided at will over the surface of the weeds, and up and down the sides of the glass vase in which they lived; and not only so, but by contracting the margin of the foot, so as to hollow it, and thus keep it dry, they contrived to swim, shell downwards and foot upwards, upon the surface of the water, the foot acting as a little boat. In this position one of my shells, a species of *planorbis*, used to float continually, opening and shutting its large mouth in a most remarkable manner, as if drinking in the air. The *planorbises* were very amusing and very pretty. This animal, the shell of which is dark-grey mingled with black, smooth like a snail's shell, and its wheels arranged in perfectly flat coils, like a Catherine's wheel" (from which it has its name), has a power of suddenly dropping from the surface of the water in a straight line to the bottom, and again rising at will from the bottom to the top, by an equally direct and rapid course. I conclude that, to perform the former operation, it had but to expose the foot so as to get it wet, and this necessitated it to sink; and for its rising, I imagine that it ejected the water with which its shell was charged, and by filling the emptied coils with air, so lightened itself as necessarily to rise. Another variety of univalve shell was *Lymnea stagnalis*. I had many of these, of different sizes, and on the shells of the larger grew forests of small *confervæ*, giving to them a very odd shaggy appearance, as they climbed about the leaves of the valisneria. These, and the *Lymnea perëger*, of which I had plenty, all breathe by a large sac, which serves them for a lung. *Paladina vivipara* is another species. This brings forth its young alive. Swammerdam first discovered this fact, and found from 40 to 50 young, in different stages, within the mantle of the parent fish. The very young offspring of these different varieties were very pretty—such little pearly creatures, swarming about on the leaves and stems of the water-plants, or floating, by the dozen, on the water, like little boats round a fleet in harbour!

Of the different species of free animals—water-beetles (*Dytiscas*), water-fleas (*Cyclops*), the little thin leaf-like *planarias*, &c.—I must now speak. Everyone who has watched the still pools which are occasionally found in run-

ning streams, must have observed thousands of little dancing beetles, of a shining blue-black, and about the size and form of a good-sized pea cut in half. These, which are called the "whirligig beetle" (*Gyrinus natator*), are incessantly wheeling about with a life and rapidity that can scarcely be conceived, performing all sorts of evolutions, like ladies dancing the most complicated figures of quadrilles, with noiseless and most graceful gliding movement. I do not mean to say that I had them in my aquarium: they would not have lived there; but I had abundance of other species. One there was, a pretty little creature, colour brown, striped with white, that was always a delight to me. Sometimes he would creep about amongst the stones and shells at the bottom of the water, in the most animated manner, and then, as if on some sudden impulse, rise, head downwards, to the surface of the water in a direct line, and then instantly drop as rapidly to the bottom, as if for the purpose of again rising and dropping, which it would do a dozen times in succession. But what struck me as very peculiar was that the little oddity almost always had a good-sized air-bubble attached to its tail end, which, as it rose and fell in the water, had a most remarkable effect, the little glittering globe marking the position of the beetle as it rapidly moved with it. The globe of air to which my little friend thus attached himself was very nearly as large as himself, and the beetle and air-bubble conjoined looked not unlike a balloon with its boat. It was singular that the beetle should so often connect itself with an air-bubble, and yet not always do so; for it rose and swam and sank, straight or obliquely, at will, without this appendage, as easily, to all appearance, as with it.

Multitudes of water-fleas swarmed in my tank. These are odd-looking minute crustaceans, of which I had two or three species. One (*Cyclops quadricornis*) is the queerest little sprite ever seen, looking like a child in white frock and immense white trousers; these trousers are egg-bags, of which the creature carries two, one on each side of the tail. "No wonder," says a writer in *Chambers' Journal*, "that this species is abundant, for Jurine calculates that at end of one year a single female would have become the progenitor of 4,442,189,120 young! and this is probably too low an estimate. The young are produced in a state very unlike the parent, and it is some days before they assume the adult form, the time varying with the warmth of the weather and with the light admitted to them * * *

They are very active and move deftly through the water, but may be easily seen with the naked eye. Under a common magnifying-glass all their parts can be distinctly noted, and especially the peculiarity which has gained them

their name—the fact of their having only one eye. There is another species, rather larger than this (*Daphnia pulex*), which may be often seen in swarms amongst the water-plants, especially in sunny weather. All of this little being, except the head, is enclosed within the valves of a delicate shell; these valves have no hinge, but are open in front, and simply soldered together along the posterior edge; the animal possesses, however, some power of opening or shutting them at will." Of both these species I have had plenty. Of course, after the description given, everyone will see they are not of the *Ææ* tribe, and have only that name from their rapidity of motion. Donovan thus describes the *Cyclops*: "By numerous filaments which it darts forth, it causes such a motion in the water as to attract, irresistibly, the insects which float into its mouth. Thus it exists in a life of passion and destruction, enjoyed at the expense of the lives of thousands; and as the objects of its ravenous disposition are defenceless, so are they the sport of their conquerors. The few moments of intermission its craving appetite grants them are occupied equally in the spoil, first pressing them to death, and then tossing them undevoured into the fluid, but should a more powerful animal oppose him, he immediately contracts his parts, and nothing more than the external covering is open to his antagonist's violence, and he will sooner die ignobly than offer the least opposition."

The female lays two kinds of eggs: one in summer, the other just before winter. The former soon produces young; the latter, which is a case containing two eggs, lies on the back of the animal until the cold has destroyed the parent, when, being itself able to resist cold, it floats until the returning warmth of the weather hatches the two eggs which it contains. It is very noticeable that these little *cyclops*, as well as the multitudes of other minute animals which are found in either sea-water or fresh, many of which are the young of animals which are only free in their infancy, and afterwards become stationary (such as the *Serpula*, *Balanus*, &c.), will always swim towards the light; so that if you hold a candle at the side of a vase filled with water which contains them, they will congregate by thousands on the part of the glass where the beams of the candle shine strongest. There was another odd little species of crustacean that at first I was much pleased to find in my tank; but which, after a while, I began to consider as a special nuisance: this was an animal very like a wood-louse in form and habit, and about the size. There were only one or two specimens when I first discovered them; but in a few weeks the glass swarmed with them, of all sizes and ages, and they were ever in motion, running hither and thither, over stone, weed, and glass, with the utmost rapidity, and appearing to enjoy life beyond measure. I was, as I have said, well pleased with them at first, but by degrees I found that as these moving and ubiquitous creatures increased in number, so did other species decrease.

My *Lyneas* one by one vanished; my *Planorbis*, too, disappeared; and on examination these shells were found empty at the bottom of the vase, and as nicely cleansed out as if they had been boiled and scraped! I had suspected my little pets of a taste for hydra-flesh; for many of my hydras had disappeared in a most unaccountable manner, and I therefore removed all that remained, with some fine specimens of *Fontinalis*, into another vessel, and thus rescued them from destruction; but I had had no idea that the little vagabonds would seize, kill, and eat shell-fish of twenty times their own bulk. But so it was.

Some of the worms that lived and bred amongst the stones at the bottom of the water were very interesting. They were most of them minute; but there was one, much bigger than the rest, of a coral red. This fellow built himself a case, of the debris of the weeds that had been bitten or washed off, and lay *perdue* amongst the stones, often protruding his body from the orifice of the case, in search of its food, but shrinking back as often as anyone approached the glass. One day, in searching for a hydra that I had lost sight of, I hitched up the gentleman, case and all, with the weed; and in the brush the case was broken to pieces, and the worm left uncovered in all his scarlet glory. But this state of affairs lasted for but a very short time. In a few hours he had re-covered himself, and was again invested in a fresh casing of scraps, and bits of green and brown rubbish, that, quite concealing his brilliant hue, left him in his russet coat, quite undistinguishable from the dirt and weed that surrounded him. The cold, and the ravages of my destructive little crustaceans soon, however, left my tank in very low circumstances; and there was nothing to be done but to replenish it as speedily as I could. With this view I took my net, and a bottle, and set forth to a little stream connected with a somewhat dirty pond which lay just outside the premises of a house in which I was sojourning for a few days. And here let me remark on one of the great advantages of a fresh-water tank—the point, and perhaps the only one in which it has superiority over a marine-aquarium—I mean the ease with which supplies of water and animals are in most places to be obtained. The dirtiest pool, the slowest stream, the otherwise most uninteresting fish-pond, will be sure, if properly solicited, to supply endless varieties of animals: not always of the most highly ornamental description; but organized beings—creations of the Almighty "Work Master"—each one in itself wonderful enough to afford theme for admiration, as well as of high praise and thanksgiving to Him who has so curiously built and sustained its frame, and so fitly adapted the animal to the place in creation that it was destined to fill. And if every pool will supply animals, so will it water; which, if muddy when drawn, soon becomes clear and bright, leaving plenty of food for the larger animals in the sediment that it deposits.

The produce of my dredging in this pool was

varied. There were many curious little thin-bodied creatures, which progressed in a style unknown to the denizens of earth. These were of a blue-black; without legs, or wings; not ringed like leeches, not progressing by means of a foot (so called) like a slug, or snail, or other *Gasteropod*; but, wholly unlike anything else I ever saw, save some relatives of theirs, of different descriptions of size and colour, which inhabit the sea: they were *Planaria*. The nearest description I can give of them and their mode of progression is, that if you were to get a little sole, a quarter of an inch long, die it blue-black, clip off its head, tail, and fins, and endue it with a power of dilating and contracting every morsel of its body, and then set it in motion, you would perhaps see something like my strange little captives. Watch one of them for a moment, and you would see it now stretched to the length of half an inch, and narrow in proportion, then contracted to an almost circle as broad as it was long, and, after a minute, it would be long-shaped, with a hump along its back: in fact, altogether Protean in its appearance. I liked the queer little things because they reminded me (in movement, though not in size or colour) of some most exquisite creatures which I used to find at the extreme low-water on the Tor Abbey Rocks, congeners of these little fresh-water *Planaria*. They were homogeneous in texture, not thicker than a white rose-leaf, of lustrous silvery white, delicately striped with brown; and the manner in which they floated on the water, and then suddenly folded themselves over and laid themselves on the side of the glass, thence gliding, with ever-varying movement, down to the stones below, and over and round them, was exactly the same as that in which these lesser and less lovely captives from the ditch conducted themselves.

In the same vessels as that in which the *Planaria* were, I saw numerous Merry-Andrew-like creatures, with large heads and mermaid tails, always wriggling with the most eccentric motion, and seemingly performing a most involved dance amidst the other inhabitants of the vase and each other. After watching them for some time, I put them away for the night, and went to bed. To my surprise and delight, I found in the morning that one of these queer dancers had undergone its transformation, and become a winged insect, which was then very quietly *standing* on the surface of the water, as composedly and as easily as I was on the carpet of my bed-room. I approached my finger to the gentleman, who wore a full suit of black from top to toe, and off he went, still on the water, with the rapidity, and somewhat of the sharp clear action of a six-oared barge. Touch him, and he dashed about in every direction, but did not leave the surface of the water, which only the soles of his feet touched, and still stood, night and day, quite "master of the occasion." He was a species of *Hydrometra*, of which there are many larger than he; though in truth he was no pigmy, but a good-sized

fellow some quarter of an inch long, with six stiff long legs, between which his body, which is like a wherry, pointed both before and behind, rested. For many hours my black six-oar dashed vehemently hither and thither, on the surface of the water; then he disappeared, and I conclude, through the open window, and by means of wings, for I left him on the water, and when I came back to the room some hours after, he had fled. But he had left behind him in the vessel the loose discarded integument in which he had dwelt whilst a denizen of the water. The mode of transformation of these and other aquatic insects is very marvellous. One would naturally suppose that, in rising from water to air, the delicate wings of the fly, or gnat, whose pupa and larva had always lived submerged, must be wetted. But not so. He who fixed their abode under both states, and appointed that it should be of such differing nature, also appointed a means by which their transit from the one state and place to the other should be effected without loss or damage. When the larva of most water flies, especially I will instance the gnat, is ready to rise into the winged or *nymph* state, it comes to the surface of the water, raises its shoulders above the level, and begins to swell itself out. Presently the skin that covers it cracks, and a head appears, which is soon followed by a pair of shoulders and a pair of legs, or rather three pair of legs, on which the little insect raises itself, and stands securely on the floating vestment, out of which it draws itself, as a hand from its glove. As it stands, it pulls out its delicate gauze wings from this case, and resting for a moment on this extemporized boat, it gently spreads, and frees them from the moisture which has guarded them in the larva case, and then lightly springs into the sunlit air, a thing of grace and beauty beyond description. There are many other aquatic insects which follow this course, and others which pursue a mode somewhat different in some points, yet in general features nearly the same. The dragon-flies (*Libellulæ*), and the different species of *Ephemere* are amongst these. These latter, form burrows when in the pupa state in soft earths, on the banks of rivers, canals, or other water. The excavations are always proportional to the size of the inhabitant, though generally more than twice the length of its body. The hole being under the level of the water is always full, so that the gnat can swim in its native element, and whilst secure from the ravages of fish, it has its own food within reach. In this state the pupa remains until it is in readiness to assume the larva state. In the latter condition it differs but little from the adult; the shortness of its legs, the absence of wings, and a row of laminæ or plates, which it has on each side of the abdomen, being its only points of difference. When prepared to enter on the winged state, the nymph vaults suddenly from the water, and alights on some elevated spot, where it violently shakes itself until it has

freed its wings from the cases which enclose them, and then it rises into the air a lovely May-fly.

One day early in May I was driving with some friends, whose object was to see the ruins of Compton Castle, and as I had already seen them, and was disinclined for the walk over the ruin, I decided to await their return at the gate, and seeing some still water, or nearly still, close by the carriage, I got out, and amused myself by fishing. Alas! I had no suitable tackle, or I should have had great luck: my only implement was a small open-mouthed bottle, that would hold about an ounce, that I happened to have about me; but in this I contrived to secure such an amount of animal life, and in so much variety, as quite surprised me. I pinched off a little lump of wet mossy stuff from the side of the stone trough which was fed by a large pond beyond, and in it, amongst other things, I found, on my return home, that I had secured two fine caddis-worms in full life and activity. This was a real find to me. I had often wished to watch these curious creatures, the larvæ of one of the species of Ephemera, of which I have been speaking; and how I had a good opportunity of observing the structure of their abodes, and watching their curious movements and ways. The cases which they inhabited were formed of little bits of stick, or the bark of weed cut, and in nearly equal lengths, longitudinally, and arranged side by side, each piece being carefully adjusted, and cemented to that next it. The interstices seem filled, or rather covered, with minute bits of sand, shell, debris, &c., that had been gathered from the bottom of the water which my vase contained; for when I first had them, there were no stony or shelly particles attached to the case—nothing but strips of weedy substance. The cases were about three-quarters of an inch long, perhaps rather more, and about the tenth of an inch in diameter. When any movement disturbed the water and frightened the inhabitants, these cases lay still on the stalk of weed or other place where the noise had surprised them, and might by an unaccustomed eye have been taken for bits of dead stick. When, however, stillness had quieted their nerves, a curious little oblong head would protrude itself from the orifice of the case; and if nothing occurred to alarm it, this was followed by a long-shaped brown body, not in the least like that of a worm, though commonly called so, but rather resembling that of a fly; and this body, mounted on six jointed legs, just like those of a fly, only shorter, would begin to bustle about, jerking its curious case as it moved, in a very eccentric manner, and hastening from leaf to leaf with considerable rapidity. The least movement however, it instantly draws in its head, and again lies *perdu* and still, as if dead. Its stiff case as it rounded a corner, or turned itself from the upper to the under surface of a leaf, stuck out from it, just as one may have seen a faggot of wood stick out from the back of a stooping man, as he

entered a door-way. I should before have stated that in each of my specimens the little builder had placed a piece of wood larger than the rest, so as to project over its door-way—possibly as a protection to the tender part where the head and body joined. I had hoped to have been able to observe the transformation of the larvæ to the nymph state in these animals; but that gratification was not allowed me; for, though I watched day by day, I saw no move that indicated any such change. At last my caddis-worm (a species it is of *Trichoptera*) became stationary: first one, and then the other ceased to move, and I flattered myself that this stillness was indicative of a change of circumstances, when one day, urged partly by curiosity and partly by a fear that there was something amiss, I dragged out one of the cases from its hiding-place, and lo! it was empty! I examined the other, and found it likewise vacant. Then the cause of the mischief occurred to me. The crustaceans, the abominable, greedy, nimble, *hydra* and *planorbis*-eating crustaceans liked caddis-worm flesh, and had slain and eaten both my treasures!

A RETROSPECT.

I had a warm heart:

Ambition breathed on me when yet a child,
And gave me visions of a noble part
To be by me fulfilled—

When, in future days,

A man upgrown, by mine own labour I
Would make myself a name, and surely raise
My fame and glory high—

A name for ever

To be inscribed in fame's long list; to be
Held in all reverence by men, and never
Lost from their memory.

Such the thoughts of youth,

When all seemed bright: I had but just to try
And I grasped all. But soon I found, in truth,
Such thoughts absurdity.

I am old and grey;

Nought has been mine of worldly wealth or power
Yet shall I be the happier, I may say,
In my last dying hour.

So flow on, O Life!

Let thy just duties be worked out with care;
Guarded in peace from Fame's unending strife,
Its changing hope and fear.

P. L. N.

DINING ALONE.

(A Christmas Story.)

BY MRS. A B D Y.

I would advise you, my young friends, to beware of entering into a clandestine marriage; such a line of proceeding is "wrong," without being "pleasant;" it will bring heavy clouds around you which will not readily be dispersed by sunshine. It may be rather distressing to a timid girl to walk up the centre aisle of a church, encircled by a bevy of well-dressed simpering relatives, and to be aware that her movements are watched by a large party of friends and acquaintances in the galleries; but though it may be distressing, it is respectable. It may be annoying to her to know that the *Times* and other newspapers will give information to all England and a great many more countries—

"That she has taken her lover's name,
And gone to her lover's home."

Yet although annoying, it shows, at all events, that you have done nothing of which you are ashamed; you have taken a new position in society, and society has a right to be made acquainted with the fact. Remember, also, that the time may come, when you have daughters of your own, standing on the confines of matrimony. How eagerly they will interrogate you about the proceedings of your own wedding; the *trousseau*, the bridesmaids, the presents from the members of both families, the honeymoon excursion, the return home to ceremonial morning visitors, wine, and wedding-cake! Will it not be pleasant to assure them that all was done in an orthodox, satisfactory style? Would it not be exceedingly vexatious to be forced into the reluctant confession, that the only attendants at your wedding were the clerk, sexton, and pew-opener; that you were married in a merino dress and black silk bonnet, that you went away from the church in a hired fly, and that a great part of your honeymoon employment consisted in writing penitential letters, and crying over the unrelenting letters that you received in return?

Having now delivered my opinion of clandestine marriages in general, I will give my readers the details of one in particular.

Alice Denby was secretly married to Charles Mansel at a retired church in London. She was the daughter of a country gentleman of small estate and large family, and became acquainted with Mansel when he was paying a visit at the house of one of their near neighbours. Mansel was an only son; his mother was a widow; her income was an easy one, but it would expire at her death. Mansel, however, had been from childhood the protégé of an old friend of his father's, and Mr. Haddon was not contented with alluding in very plain terms to his testamen-

tary intentions, but had for some years generously allowed his young friend six hundred a-year for his private expenses. He had, however, the propensity, very common among old gentlemen, of wishing to choose a wife for his destined heir, and he chose half-a-dozen in succession, all with good pedigrees and good fortunes, but with so very sparing a portion of beauty, talent, or amiability, that Mansel was compelled to decline them all, and say in the words of Haynes Bayley—

"Your will is my law, sir; but then, do you see,
The ladies you fix upon, never please me!"

Mansel had known Alice Denby but a short time before he loved her, and truly was his affection returned. Nobody's consent was asked: Mr. Denby, though far from being worldly or ambitious, would not have allowed his daughter to marry a young man without any provision, the six hundred a-year bestowed by Mr. Haddon being merely payable "during pleasure," and it would be certainly and remorselessly withdrawn had Mansel committed the desperate act of marrying for love. The idea of a secret marriage now presented itself to the mind of Mansel; he could maintain his wife in quiet and comfort on six hundred a-year, and Mr. Haddon was in very precarious health; Mrs. Sloper, his trusty housekeeper, thought him declining fast. Alice timidly urged that they should wait at least for a few months before they decided on the course they were to pursue; but Mansel could not endure the idea of leaving one whom he considered so charming as Alice, exposed to the assiduities of several very eligible country admirers; and this inclination "to doubt yet doat" was reciprocated by Alice. The friends with whom Mansel was staying had not only told her of the wealthy and high-born ladies advocated by Mr. Haddon, but they had informed her of far more dangerous rivals: young, beautiful, and accomplished girls, who considered that in a marriage with Mansel they should combine interest and inclination. Mothers, aunts, and chaperons were also paraded before Alice in a terrible light, and she was particularly warned of two opposition manœuvring mothers, each with several pretty daughters, who lived in a fashionable part of London, and whose houses were generally known among young men by the names of "The School of Design," and "The Society of Arts!" Yet when Mansel first proposed a private marriage to Alice, she shrank from the idea with horror; how could she bear to leave in secrecy the roof so dear to her, beneath which she had passed so many peaceful hours?

The girlhood of Alice had indeed been a very happy one; her father was kind-hearted and cheerful, her mother gentle and affectionate. Alice was the eldest of the family; all loved her, all looked up to her for kindness and assistance. Isabel, the sister two years younger than herself, regarded her with admiration unmixed with envy; she was the counsellor and playmate of her schoolboy-brothers, the presiding genius of the nursery, the favourite of a large circle of pleasant friends.

And did Alice Denby consent to exchange all these advantages "for a name and for a ring," for a name, moreover, that was to be borne, and a ring that was to be worn far from the familiar scenes of her early youth? I grieve to say that she did.

Mr. Haddon, who, like most old bachelors without any legal heir, was exceedingly popular among his friends, was about to pay a series of visits to country houses, very much to the dissatisfaction of Mrs. Sloper the trusty housekeeper, who predicted that he would never live to come back again, but very much to the satisfaction of Mansel, who was secure that his company would not be required by his somewhat exacting patron for several weeks, and that a peaceful honeymoon was ready to shine forth for him and his bride. A journey to Scotland was not necessary; Alice had attained the age of discretion a short time ago, and was therefore legally privileged to make an indiscreet marriage as soon as she liked. She went out one morning for an early walk; Mansel was awaiting her in a hired carriage at the end of the lane; they drove to a neighbouring town where was a railway station, and reached London in two hours. The very quiet and simple marriage having been solemnized, Mansel took his bride to apartments which he had previously engaged in an airy, pleasant, but unfashionable part of London. They were commodious and well-furnished; the landlady was respectable and civil; and the waiting-maid, whom Mansel had engaged expressly to attend on his bride, was full of anxiety to please her young mistress, and under different circumstances Alice might have passed a very happy honeymoon. It is true it was November, and the weather was very foggy, and London was very empty; but Alice had no aversion to November, had too good a constitution to mind fogs, and considered that London had so many objects whereby visitors might be interested and amused, that she was quite contented to resign the gaieties and vanities of the season, in favour of more rational sources of attraction. Yet thorns soon began to mingle in Alice's path of roses. Her husband permitted, nay requested her to write to her father, acquainting him with her marriage; but she was prohibited from giving her address, or mentioning the name of the church at which she was married; it was important that these matters should be kept secret, lest they should reach the ear of Mr. Haddon. Mr. Denby's reply was to be sent under cover to a friend of Mansel's; and when it was received, how did the

"mourning bride" weep over its contents! It was evident that her father doubted of the reality of her marriage; she was strictly forbidden to write again to him or to any of the family, unless she was prepared to throw off all mystery; he could only accept her perfect sincerity as any proof of the penitence which she professed to feel. Alice conjured her husband with tears to allow her to write fully and circumstantially to her father, but Mansel earnestly entreated for a few weeks' silence. He had also received a letter that morning; it came from Mrs. Sloper, Mr. Haddon's trusty housekeeper. Mansel had propitiated Mrs. Sloper by honied words and presents of shawls and silk dresses, and she frequently gave him intelligence of the sayings and doings of Mr. Haddon; the present letter was to inform him that a serious attack of illness had induced Mr. Haddon to decline his country house engagements, that she was nursing him with devoted attention, that she would not advise Mansel to come down and see him, since Mr. Haddon, as he was well aware, could never bear the idea of being suspected to be ill; but that if any change for the worse took place, which she thought it very likely would soon be the case, she would give him the earliest intelligence of it. Alice, thus silenced, felt that all communication with her home must for a time be out of the question; she compelled herself to appear in good spirits before Mansel, but when he was absent, all the sorrows that she had brought on herself, arose vividly before her. A perpetual fear of discovery seemed to haunt her. She had gone, accompanied by Mansel, to the Polytechnic, and had narrowly escaped being recognized by a family of country neighbours who occasionally visited London for a few weeks; nothing but Miss Helen Hutchinson's frantic scream when the ship exploded in the water, which concentrated on her the attention of all her alarmed relatives, could have enabled the newly-married couple to make their escape. A few days afterwards, a friend of Mansel's had met them at an exhibition of pictures, joined them for some time, evidently wondering that he was not introduced to Alice, and indemnified himself for his disappointment, by averting his eyes from all the pretty faces on the walls, and fixing them intently on the still prettier Alice. The Crystal Palace at Sydenham was out of the question; even in November people are sure of meeting some of their acquaintances there. Alice, therefore, felt herself debarred from the amusements which she had anticipated with so much satisfaction. Her walks with Mansel were now only in retired places, and she never went out without a veil. It seemed melancholy to Alice to compare her situation with that of a young relative, who had become a bride a year ago, and who had written accounts to her of little annoyances in the shape of "an avalanche of morning visitors, and a mountain of letters and notes, all waiting to be attended to, and hardly giving her time to be happy." Poor Alice! she had just overheard the landlady telling a friend of the dull, moping habits of the young bride, illustrating her re-

marks by the graphic declaration that "she had never had a rap come to the door for her since her arrival at the house!" Alice read, drew, and played; but still the sense of being deserted by all the world but one, weighed heavily upon her spirits; the rose-coloured veil of delusion had fallen from her eyes, and she experienced the sad consequences which one wrong act is sure to bring in its train.

Christmas came: it had formerly been the favourite season of the year to Alice. How did she sigh, when she recalled its employments and recreations! She thought of the distribution of clothes to the poor, in the manufacture of which she had always actively assisted; she thought of the service performed in the village church by the clergyman who had christened her; of the pleasant family meeting at dinner; of the Christmas tree, which seemed like a tree in a fairy-tale to her little brothers and sisters, so much mystery was always kept up in regard to the individual presents which they were to pluck from its illumined branches. Would that joyous group still assemble, when she, who had been the beloved of all, was self-banished from the circle? Would Isabel speak of her absent sister, or would she feel humbled even by the mention of her name? Alice, however, thought with gratitude, that although she should not enjoy the Christmas evening with her parents, she should still pass it with the one whom she loved above all the rest of the world; she remembered that Mansel had sacrificed much for her, although not so much as she had sacrificed for him, and she resolved that she would not be an inanimate or sorrowful companion, but that she would look forward to happier and brighter times. Alice, however, found that she was mistaken when she believed that her husband would dine with her on Christmas Day; she had heard him say that the family of cousins with whom his mother and himself had been accustomed to spend that day, were now travelling on the continent; but Mansel's mother had just returned to her residence in London, and had requested her son to dine with her. A refusal was out of the question; even Alice could not have wished it, but how bitterly did she feel the impossibility of accompanying her husband on his visit! Alice had heard much of Mrs. Mansel from the friends with whom Mansel had been staying in the country, and was strongly prepossessed in her favour. Gentle, excellent, intellectual, devotedly attached to her son, would she not be disposed to love one, who like Alice, had given up so much for him? Mansel, however, held out no hope to Alice that he should take his mother into his confidence; he accompanied her to church, and her spirits were for a time calmed and refreshed by the appropriate service of the day; the blessings and privileges of the holy season were, she felt, extended to all, although all might not partake of its social pleasures.

The short day was beginning to close in, when Mansel took leave of Alice. "I am sorry that you should dine alone on Christmas Day,"

he said, "but you see, dear Alice, that it would be impossible for me to excuse myself to my mother."

"Dining alone!" how little that expression conveys to those to whom a solitary dinner is of frequent recurrence; but the fact must be revealed that Alice had never in her life dined alone! A member of a large family, she had, in those cases when she had not been included in the engagements of her parents, partaken of the nursery or the school-room dinner; and since her marriage, Mansel, to do him justice, had been scrupulously careful not to neglect her; he had joined a party of friends occasionally for two or three hours in the evening, but had never been absent from the dinner-table. And Alice's first experience of a solitary dinner was to be on social, cheerful Christmas Day; that day so joyfully anticipated by her on every preceding year! Everybody in the house seemed happy but herself. Mansel had gone to enjoy pleasant converse with the mother whom he loved and respected; Alice's maid had requested permission to spend the day with her father and mother, who lived on the outskirts of London; the landlady was entertaining a married daughter and her husband; but none expected Alice, none would welcome her to their home. If she could be transported into the midst of her family circle, she would cause as much consternation among them as the "White Lady" in the German story, who visited her relations in a state of semi-existence, a kind of living death! Alice did not ring for candles, but they were brought to her; the landlady was always attentive to the "poor young thing," for whom, in spite of her youth, beauty, handsome husband, and easy circumstances, she could not avoid feeling a great deal of commiseration at all times, but especially on a day like this, when her utter solitude was certainly something extraordinary as well as pitiable. Alice did not seek to employ herself in any way, but merely sat and gazed into the fire; melancholy and reproachful thoughts began to haunt her mind; how selfish, how undutiful had been her conduct! how had she violated the fifth commandment, which that very morning she had prayed to be enabled to keep! how ill had she repaid the kind care that had been bestowed on her! how had she slighted the excellent principles that had been instilled into her! She had voluntarily exiled herself from her family. Sickness and death might come among them, and she would not be informed of it. Her husband might weary of his life of monotonous seclusion: her present solitude might be a type of that which was in store for her during her future life.

The hour of six was approaching, and Alice heard the preparations for her solitary meal beginning in the adjoining room. How gladly would she have countermanded them! but she was quite aware that her good-natured landlady would consider that nothing but a serious illness could cause disinclination to a Christmas dinner, and would alarm Mansel on her account when he returned.

Only a quarter of an hour intervened between Alice and "dining alone," when she heard a knock at the street door, and the sound of a carriage stopping. She took but little notice of it, feeling quite sure that no visitor would be coming to herself; but she was mistaken. She was surprised to see her husband enter the room, but still more so, when he was followed by a lady whose great resemblance to him clearly indicated her to be his mother. Had Mrs. Mansel come with the intention of giving a lecture to her daughter-in-law, I am of opinion that she could never have had the heart to persevere in it, when she looked on her sad countenance, and eyes "washed with salt tears;" but she came with no such purpose.

"Dear Alice," she said, clasping her in her arms, "your troubles are over. I know all now; and if I had known it sooner, you should not so long have been left neglected and uncared for."

Alice returned her embrace warmly, and looked to Mansel for an explanation of the extreme promptitude and suddenness with which his confession to his mother had been made. The explanation was given with delighted eagerness. It appeared that when Mansel reached his mother's house, he found a letter awaiting him, that had arrived that morning from Mr. Haddon. It contained the announcement of his marriage with his trusty housekeeper, Mrs. Sloper, who had nursed him with such tenderness through a dangerous illness, that he could not resist the opportunity of securing to himself so tender a nurse through life. But although Mr. Haddon had committed a foolish action, he ended his letter like a sensible man. He said that he felt that Mansel had much reason to be mortified and disappointed at his marriage, as he had with justice considered himself likely to be his heir, and that he had therefore resolved not only to double the income he had hitherto allowed to him, but that he had given instructions to a solicitor to make over to him the property requisite for such a purpose.

Never did any young man receive the intelligence of his disinheritance with such amiability as Mansel! A mountain taken from his mind, his income doubled, smiles restored to the face and happiness to the heart of his lovely young bride; the "wide wide world" again opened to him, in which for several weeks, he had occupied so very insignificant a corner, what wonder that he felt and looked happy, and was very sure that not one of the people who would in a few hours be gathering gifts from the Christmas trees, would gather a gift so acceptable to them, as was Mr. Haddon's letter to himself! Mrs. Mansel saw the affair in quite a different light, and was on the point of uttering some very severe remarks touching men in their dotage suffering themselves to be victimized by deluding housekeepers, when her son put a stop to her "wise saws," by pouring forth the confession of his secret marriage.

Mrs. Mansel was hurt at the want of confidence her son had evinced towards her, but

she had never shown herself wanting in "that sweet weakness to forgive," and the account of the beauty and amiability of Alice, and the exemplary character of her family, pleaded powerfully in part of Mansel's petition for pardon. All that was kind and womanly in Mrs. Mansel's nature, now induced her to commiserate poor Alice, sitting in her dull lodging, looking forward to her comfortless dinner. She proposed to her son an immediate visit to his bride, and he joyfully accepted her offer.

Alice, within a few minutes, had the delight of telling her puzzled landlady that she should not dine at home, and of accompanying her husband and his mother to the pleasant, cheerful abode of the latter. Not only was Alice rescued from "dining alone," but her dinner and subsequent evening were peculiarly agreeable. Mrs. Mansel kindly and judiciously asked her many questions about her home, her family, and her pursuits; and the young bride talking delightedly of her parents, her brothers and sisters, her garden, her pets, and her poor pensioners, seemed to feel her heart as well as her lips unfrozen; she had rarely, since her marriage, ventured even an allusion to home, or to anything connected with it. Mansel, still kinder, promised to take her down to her father's house on the ensuing day; therefore, although Alice lamented when the happy Christmas evening came to an end, she had the pleasure of looking forward to a still more happy morrow.

And fully were Alice's expectations realized, and joyous was her reception when she returned to her father's home as the acknowledged bride of a doting husband, possessed of twelve hundred a year, and a host of other recommendations. The usual Christmas party had not taken place, on the plea of the indisposition of Mrs. Denby; but her illness was that of the mind rather than the body; the restoration of her daughter effected an immediate cure of her malady, and the party took place after all; but it was on New Year's, instead of Christmas Day, and Mansel and his bride were the objects of general attention and kindness from all the guests. Many were the conversations that Alice held with her mother and sisters about the dreary days at the lodging-house, her longing for familiar faces, her sorrows that the "postman's knock," once so interesting to her, should be converted into a strange sound, in which she could have no possible concern; but nothing seemed to make so much impression upon them as her loneliness on Christmas Day; and Isabel, after having filled four sheets of paper to an intimate friend, with an account of all the troubles and discomforts of the first few weeks of her sister's married life, considered that she had as completely crowned them, as the authoress of the ballad of "Auld Robin Gray" crowned the sorrows of her heroine by the "stealing of the cow," when she wrote, "And had it not been for the opportune marriage of that dear old foolish Mr. Haddon, poor Alice would actually, on Christmas Day, have had the trial of 'Dining Alone!'"

* * * * *

Several years have elapsed since these incidents took place, and they have been years of much happiness to Alice and her husband. For some time they felt very uncertain where to fix their residence; some of their friends advised a place in the country, and fancy-farming; but Mansel maintained that fancy-farming was so very expensive a pursuit, that his income would prove totally inadequate to its requisitions. Others advised travelling on the continent, but Alice's father very truly remarked, that those who have travelled much on the continent are seldom fit for anything else; that they return to England annoyed by the climate, dissatisfied with the dulness, and feeling that the "dwelling among their own people" is rather to be regarded as an infliction than as a privilege. About that time, Mansel made acquaintance with some persons who interested themselves warmly in the various Institutions and Societies now happily abounding in London, for the purpose of bettering the condition and instructing the minds of the working classes. Mansel inquired into these subjects, and partook in the interest his friends expressed for them; he had an easy income, good talents, and abundance of leisure; he

thought he could not employ his time more usefully and advantageously than by assisting in these good works of charity and philanthropy. Consequently he is more away from Alice than men without a business or profession are generally away from wives to whom they are devotedly attached; but perhaps this may be all for the best. Martin Farquhar Tupper says:—

"Be got always in each other's company: it is often good to be alone."

And if there be too much sameness, ye cannot but grow weary of each other."

Alice is now in the occasional habit of "dining alone;" but she is perfectly willing to do so, and glad that her husband is so well employed. Solitude is only a trial when the mind is ill at ease, especially when, as in the case of Alice on Christmas Day, the uneasiness is accompanied by the consciousness of having done wrong. Now, however, all is bright without and within. Alice receives her husband with smiles of pleasure when he returns from one of the meetings where he has been labouring to do good to his fellow-creatures, inquires eagerly into all the details of the evening, and never for a moment considers that she has undergone any hardship in "Dining Alone!"

A PILGRIMAGE TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

BY EDWIN GOADBY.

A pilgrim myself, I can readily pardon the enthusiasm of ancient palmers, wandering to sacred shrines to erase from their lives the sins of the past, and imbue them with a saintlier holiness. Carp at it as one may, there is something of a hearty sentiment beneath it all. We are still human, if we have discarded staff, wallet, and scallop-shell. We are always placing ourselves beneath certain influences, real or suppository, and hoping to catch inspiring airs after the same mediæval manner. At Mecca, why should we not be Mahometized? in Capadocia, why may we not expect to imbibe the dragon-killing vigour of Saint George? and in Stratford-on-Avon, what doth hinder that we, too, should not become writers of sonnets and dramas? All our ruin-visiting, our place-worshipping, our "Murray"-in-hand galloping abroad has something of this ancientness about it. Whenever we can, we place ourselves hopefully in the matrix of some kingly soul, and our pigmy glance wanders round, while vanity whispers to us, "Go to; why should not we also be famous?"

I stay not, after such an apologetic preamble, to refer to my own feelings in the matter. I made my pilgrimage with whatsoever intention was uppermost—I think there was reverence in

it. Here are the notes; as for the rest, see ye to it.

The morning train from Coventry to Warwick fills with the usual collection of business and pleasure travellers; and, taking our seats, we are soon whirled through shrub-planted cuttings, with here and there a primrose peering through the delicate green of newly-tressed pines, whilst occasional long sweeps of country opening to the view, besprent with flocks, relieve the dulness of an April morning. Suddenly we are startled from our pastoral reveries, by a stout porter's voice bawling out, "Kenilworth"—awakening dim remembrances of Leicester, Amy Robsart, and old Mervyn, and photographing on the mind a picture of ivied ruin. The Castle, however, is a mile distant, and hidden by a clump of trees. All we can see is part of the straggling town, with rows of houses spreading out like the combs manufactured by the inhabitants. A snort and a plunge, and we are off again, and soon all eyes are turned to the River Avon as we cross it, for the first time realizing our propinquity to the great poet's birthplace. Alighting at the station, which serves from its equidistance for both Warwick and Leamington, a walk of some two or three hundred yards brings us to the Avon, with

its quiet waters reflecting the pollard-willows on either side; and its green pleasure-boats swaying lazily to and fro, like the slaggard, whose voice still complains in song. The epithet *Koets* applies to this river one can now fully understand. In its quiet flow, and serene surface, with a sort of lonely witching influence about it, well might this fanciful poet ask—

"Did ye never cluster round
Delicious Avon, with a mournful sound,
And weep?"

The first impressions Warwick gives are pleasing ones. An old Grammar-school, built of stone, and looking as crabbed as the severest of pedagogues, and a tree impaled by the roadside, are appropriate introductions to the old city. On every side a philosophising spirit may observe an evident struggle between old and new forms—a rich and venerable past contending manfully with a plain but gigantic present. Every street is brimful of lessons and homilies, and a modern Yankee and a thirteenth-century man might each find matter for contemplation and sober conversation. Passing the "Spade and Pick-axe," a sign sacred to the memory of the first clown in the fifth act of "Hamlet," who sings

"A pick-axe and a spade—a spade!"

and where I am reminded by my companion that henceforth to quote anyone else but Shakespeare will entitle me to the stocks, we are in a street leading down beneath the castle-keep, which is the last strong-hold of bygone days. Some enterprising individual has run up a row of modern houses, with painted panework on the front to match the rest; and these, with a few smaller houses, are all that are modern in this quiet street. At the bottom of it the view is a magnificent one. Here the Avon spreads itself out triangularly, feeding a water-wheel and running over the falls. The pillars of an old stone bridge, covered with ivy, cross one of its arms, and huge trees all round, robed in the same greenery, fling their shadows athwart the water, and sway in their branches the nests of cawing rooks. A solitary chestnut-tree shakes its white catkins above the water, and, grey and grim, the donjon-keep looks down upon us with imperial pride. We cannot resist a little reverie. A voice as of an ancient grey-beard breaks on our ears, and the massive pile looks at its image in the river, while it holds converse with the ancient houses in the streets, and both exult in their strength and age, and laugh, goblin-wise, at those mean, flimsy contract-built houses. A third voice now stirs the airs dolefully, and we can recognize the modulations of the tones. Hark! "*Mis-er-ere—Dom-thee!*"

Leaving behind us the castle, with its memorials of the famous Sir Guy of Warwick—the huge punch-bowl, the terrible lance, and the

giant armour—we thread the aristocratic streets, admiring their several beauties as we pass: here a fine old mansion with armorial griffins carved in oak above the portico, and further on a quaint-looking hospital for poor men, founded by Dudley, Earl of Leicester, as we are informed by a Latin inscription over the gateway. We reach the highroad between Warwick and Stratford, with eight miles before us, and a prospect of rain from sundry jagged and sullen clouds rising up from the horizon. A few heavy drops descend upon us; but inculcating upon my companion the philosophy of a stout resistance, and of a determination to enjoy a thorough wetting as essentials in securing immunity from the angry heavens, we set forward manfully along our way.

About a mile from Warwick is Longbridge turnpike-house, which must not be passed by unnoticed. This house is indeed one of the prettiest of the kind we have ever seen. A carved gable-end fronts the road, and there is an artistic oaken porch over the door. The framework of the windows is also of oak, and adorned with exquisitely carved and laughing Sileni, whose curls unite over the window, and whose beards twine away beneath like serpent-rings. Honeysuckle, woodbine, or clematis (emulating around the porch these fantastic rings) were alone wanting to complete this admirable picture. By the roadside here and there are huge white-painted iron pumps, doubtless used in some way for draining or irrigation, but irresistibly connected in one's mind, spite of their modern air, with the giant form of the famous Sir Guy, and seemingly used to quench the immense thirst, or fill the small vat of this imbibing Briton. Further on our way, a bow-legged brewer's drayman, who seemed to have passed his whole life astride a cask, attracted our attention, and an examination of his barrels showing a portrait of the great bard affixed to each one near the bung, the well-known lines suggested themselves: "As thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth unto dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?" Shakespeare's curse, however, would have turned all the beer sour in his case; and I myself can vouch for the prime mellowness and stingo of the Stratford Brewery's "best."

The scenery in Warwickshire is eminently rich and wooded. Short gnarled oaks, the remnants of primeval forests, appear on every hand, and green rolling sand-slopes stretch for miles, with waving corn and grass. It was the month the great poet himself calls "proud-pied April," and every nook and bank was covered with violets, enabling us to comprehend the frequency with which he draws images from them, accusing this "sweet thief" of having stolen his love's breath, and dyed her veins with its purple pride. Here, too, in rich clusters the cowslip droops her delicate head, as when Ariel slept within her bell. We are in the very

centre and store-house of Shakspearian imagery, and our conception is increased by the scenery around us; not bleak, barren, nor gorgeous; but rich, calm and varied in aspect, with an indefinite primeval quaintness about it, at once charming and suggestive. There are no cloudy eminences, whence all the tints of the landscape blend into haze, and the scenery is extended, but diminutive; each view is a near-lying picture, an harmonious semblance of passive and active life. Yonder are the Edge Hills, with their memories of Cavalier and Round-head; that of Bow Beacon, near Birmingham, whence British and Roman bale-fires have leapt in flames; and nearer at hand are the thick-leafy groves of Charlecote, the shallow brawling brook and deep and peaceful river. A mile or two over Black Hill, and bosomed in the valley, the thin spire of Stratford Church fixes our wandering gaze; whilst the river, conspicuous by its row of pollard willows on either side, which had never been very distant, now comes closer up to the highway, winding about like the fabulous sea-serpent. It now commences raining, deluding not only ourselves, but creation generally it would seem. Daisies are only half-folded, lambs still skip in the meadows, and larks go up aloft, having evidently with us made the most erroneous meteorological observations, and determined to be jolly notwithstanding.

The entry into Stratford is very modern. A row of clean genteel houses with modern pointed roofs introduces you to the main street. To your left is the memorable stone bridge of fourteen arches, built—so Sir Richard Baker tells us in his Chronicle, than which I know few quainter—by Sir Hugh Clopton in the seventh year of Henry the Seventh's reign, he being then Lord Mayor of London. Partly destroyed in the Parliamentary war, it was rebuilt in 1652, and has since undergone some improvements. A turn to our right, and we are in one of the main streets of the town, broad, open, and well-studded with shops and inns. Here in particular we see the Red Horse, where Washington Irving stayed on his memorable visit. The rain comes down thick and fast, but cannot quench our glowing enthusiasm. One's eyes run on before, galloping up every ancient house-front for the well-known signs. I forbore to ask my companion, who had been here more than once, as to the locality of the house we were making for, wishing to discover it myself, and receive a vivid impression. At last, we get into a narrower street, and are confronted by a very ancient house. This cannot be it; but he may have looked on it many times in passing, and a pathetic melancholy prevails in its aspect.

The veritable house is at length before us. Standing back from the rest, with its nearest end new-beamed by the committee, who have pulled down the contiguous houses, to restore it to its original form as it stood in the fields, an angular sign records, in dingy yellow letters, that "the Immortal Shakspeare was born in

this house." The window of the bottom room, used in the late Mrs. Hornby's husband's days to exhibit butchers' meat, is now filled with a pane of ground glass, and the whole house exteriorly has that black grim look which books have, when they have survived the ups and downs and thumbings of centuries. The room once used as a shop has lost the stains upon the floor formerly noticeable by travellers, but its slabs of slate are broken and worn by the feet of pilgrims. Its whitewashed walls are covered with strange names and verses, and its sunken chimney corners give to the imagination the vision of a boy Shakspeare in the jambs by the fire. The second room on the ground-floor is a larger one, and has the fire-place to your left immediately you enter. And here we behold a sad memorial of curious bickering in the shape of a board, which reads thus:—

"About the year 1810, Lucien Buonaparte, brother of Napoleon, passing through Stratford, visited this house, and inscribed where this frame now hangs four lines in honour of the poet. These, the then owner of the house, a silly and capricious person, ordered to be whitewashed over. As they are the composition of one of the most distinguished foreigners who have done homage to Shakspeare, a copy is here subjoined:—"

"The eye of genius glistens to admire
How memory hails the sound of Shakspeare's lyre.
One tear I'll shed, to form a crystal shrine,
Of all that's grand, immortal, and divine."

This silly and capricious person was no less an individual than the garrulous frosty-faced Mrs. Hornby, who, pretending to a portion of Shakspearian inspiration both by descent and locality, wrote grotesque tragedies and poems. When she was ejected from the house, she had all the walls whitewashed over, but fortunately without any glue in the liquid, so that most of it was easily brushed off again.

Looking on the right hand wall as you pass to the stairs, you observe the neat signature of Harriet Beecher Stowe, already dim and indistinct. A dozen or so broad oaken and worm-eaten stairs lead you to the chambers. You ascend and turn in to the left, and from an opposite corner is a bust you know full well, looking calmly at you from out its dim shadows. All is at first disenchantment and disillusion, a melting of waxen wings, and a coming down with a thump and thud against the solid common earth. It is impossible at first to realize that so great a man was born in so humble a chamber, and you listen to the remarks of the cicerone with a sort of dubious delight, a kind of "I

* As a singular coincidence I may mention that deeply-carved on one of the topmost stones in Mervyn's tower at Kenilworth, and almost worn illegible, is the name of Jerome Buonaparte. There is no date.

would it were all true." But that dubiousness will subside. Go into the shadows of that dim corner, face-to-face with that eloquent bust, lay your hand on that manly brow, and fill your mind with a living form and soul like his, and the thickly written walls shall gradually possess an irresistible witchery. Run over the names. On the low window opposite the door are the diamond-written ones of Sir Walter Scott and his friend Lockhart; on the ceiling above, the neat autograph of Thackeray; on the chimney to the left, in entering, is the dashing signature of Emerson; and at one corner, but undistinguishable, those of Washington Irving and Lord Byron. By the side of the fire-place is a list of actors, foremost in which you recognize the round hand-writing of Edmund Kean, the father of the present actor. There are also observable the names of G. G. Norman, Thomas Brindley, G. V. Brooke, J. C. Pope, and Eliza Vestris. Here are the names of enthusiastic Germans, forgetting their Goëthe and Schiller, and there those of volatile Frenchmen, equally oblivious to Corneille and Racine; here a soldier, and there a clergyman some after-comer has denominated the "gibbet-parson;" names written in drooping womanly lines, in bold manly dash, in boyish fullness, and in clerk-like firmness and precision. A verse here and there attracts your attention, the writers hovering unsteadily between the sublime and the ridiculous. One says:—

"Thy praise, O Shakespeare, vain the attempt to write,
Till angel minds with mortal pens unite."

Another does not forget himself; but is anxious to leave an echo behind:

"Would I, great bard, like thee to thoughts
Sublime were given,
And could with words of fire the mind
Exalt to Heaven!
But since no pen can do thee justice but thine
I'll simply write—
Ventriloquist James Flemington."

Again, as a climax:

"Though Shakespeare's bones (?) in *this* *here* place
do lie,
Yet *that* *there* fame of his shall never die."

You pore amongst the books lying about to find what the room was years gone by, whilst its interest and reality are visibly deepening. The light illumines a thousand names, until they glimmer strangely and half-phosphorescently, and a meditative word falls upon you like a twilight veil. The source of the Nile, and the centre of the earth, are nothing to this world-omphalos. The dim outflowing and the broad inflowing tides lap around, and you seem to stand in what Carlyle calls "the conflux of the eternities." Here, in this dim low room, was born a power which has radiated to the ends of

the earth, interpreting alike the silence of primeval forests, and the mystery of magic islands in the sea; speaking audibly amid the ruined palaces of Carnac, and the whirling streets of London. Blind thought gropes for an analogy, and finds in the rays of the sun, reflected in the flaunting tulip, the rich rhododendron, the delicate hyacinth, the enamelled rose, and the modest violet, and in all the flowers that mimic the colours of morn, and noon, and even, the aptest illustration of that mind which has inspired so many others, and brought them here, in silent eloquence to own his wisdom and power, and their gratitude and veneration. Our reverie is at length broken by the melancholy drip and patter of the rain upon the window, and, after a stay of two hours or more, we thread our way towards the Church of the Holy Trinity.

A sign over a house we pass upon our way informs us that certain relics are exhibited there; but having no inclination to fritter away our enthusiasm upon the stock of the identical matchlock with which young Shakespeare shot the deer, his tobacco-box, Toledo blade, spy-glass, and other things, we do not yield to the temptation. Three very interesting memorials are passed in proceeding to the church. First, there is the Tuscan Town Hall, with a figure of the poet, in a niche, in front, leaning upon a pillar, and pointing to a scroll inscribed with the lines commencing:

"The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling."

Within this hall, the first year of its erection, the memorable Jubilee was held, in 1769. Next we come upon the Chapel of the Guild of Holy Cross, a fine old building, with much of its Gothic beauty rendered more conspicuous by age. Above the clock in the tower the sign of the Cross still exists, in all its quaint and venerable suggestiveness. It was ancient in Shakespeare's time, having been built in 1443. Contiguous to this, and of plain and modest exterior, is the Town Guildhall, built in the thirteenth century, and originally possessed by the same fraternity. It consists of two long rooms, each rich with associations of our bard. In the lesser one the business of the Corporation is generally transacted. Here, as High-Bailiff, in 1568, having previously passed through the offices of court-leet juryman, ale-taster, burgess, constable, and chamberlain, and in 1571 as chief alderman, the father of the poet sat in full civic dignity. In this room, also, Shakspeare probably saw his first theatrical entertainment. It was customary for the companies of players (mostly noblemen's servants) to go through their first performance before the chief dignitary of the town, and there are entries in the Stratford Borough accounts for payments to players during Master John Shakespeare's official term. The end of the room seems conveniently elevated for a stage, and has a small room at

hand for a tiring-room. Here the youthful poet no doubt saw, in 1579 (being then about sixteen), the performance of "my Lord Strange's men," on the 11th of February, for which five shillings was paid, "at the comandement of Mr. Bayliffe;" and in the same year the "Countys of Essex plears," for which was awarded the liberal sum of fourteen shillings and sixpence. In the next year the Earl of Derby's players were paid eight shillings and fourpence for their performance. In this hall, too, an entry was made in the Town Books, in 1579, of the election of William Smythe and Richard Courte, to supersede Mr. John Wheeler and the poet's father; "for that Mr. Wheeler doth desyer to be put out of the companie, and Mr. Shaxspere doth not come to the hall when they be warned, nor hath not done of long tyme."

The upper room of this building is the Grammar-school, where, as a *grammaticus* under the instructions of Thomas Hunt and Thomas Jenkins, the young Shakespeare must have greedily imbibed not only "a little Latin and less Greek," but a great deal more than we wot of, with all our rummaging amongst possible and impossible authors.

The aspect of the church is a pleasant one. The tower has the appearance of great age, and is reported to be coeval with the Norman Conquest; while the mixed Norman and Saxon styles indicate it to have been built upon the site, and with part of the materials of the old Saxon monastery standing in the time of St. Egwin, third bishop of Worcester. Its graveyard is quiet and solemn, with the Avon murmuring a mellow dirge by its side. An avenue of fine limes leads up to the porch; and, once within the grim old walls, the reverie broken in his birth-chamber is resumed. We have exulted in his fame and universality, and now we must be hushed and humbled to learn, even from him, life's last sad and sorrowful lesson. We had deamed him before exhaled around us, like a Narcissus; but every echoing footfall and every monument around proclaims a truth we cannot escape from.

Our attention is first called to the Clopton monuments. An uninscribed tomb is supposed to be that of the famous Sir Hugh Clopton; and on a second one are the recumbent effigies of William Clopton, Esq., and Anne his wife. Above them, in the wall, are the bas-reliefs of their children; one or two of them swathed and bound, to denote their death in infancy. A third monument, beneath an arch, is that of George Carew, Earl of Totnes, Master of Ordnance in Queen Elizabeth's time, and Joyce, his Countess, daughter of William and Anne Clopton. Over them all is suspended a rusty and dinted helmet, and the rotten tattered remains of some gay banner that once perhaps streamed before the gaze of the warrior-queen herself. There is a legend which records that during the sweating-sickness, in some unknown period, when the Clopton vault was opened to admit a second victim to its virulence, the form

of the first one (that of a fair golden-tressed girl in her grave-clothes) was found drooping against the wall, but seemingly asleep. The glimmer of the torch, however, revealed a small wound she had bitten in her own white shoulder, and the fact that she was dead, and had been buried alive. A dusty, cobwebby room is still shown in Clopton Hall, said to have belonged to this fair-haired but unfortunate Charlotte. However such a legend might have disposed me to have remained in piteous contemplation in this chapel had the sexton told it us, as I did not hear it until afterwards, I passed impatiently onwards to the chancel.

The marble bust of the bard looks from its niche of black marble Corinthian pillars, above the front of the altar-railing, over the remains of himself, his wife, and "wittie Mistress Hall." A pen is in his right hand, and his left rests on a scroll upon which he is supposed to be writing those grand lines of *Prospero's*:

"The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces."

The countenance is calm and thoughtful, the lips slightly parted, the elevation of the whole above the spectator giving the open brow more height and massiveness. A close-fitting doublet envelopes his broad chest like a cuirass. When coloured, to represent life, the eyes were hazel, the hair and beard of a fine auburn. Sculptured about seven years after his death, it may be regarded as representing him in the prime of life, a few years prior to his decease, although it has not the repose of age about it visible in the Earl of Ellesmere's Chandos picture. As I stood underneath it, I ran over, mentally, all the portraits I had seen of him, and all their phases were traceable in his countenance. There was that of Martin Droeshout's famous print, with its horse-shoe collar and contemplative cast; also that of Wivell, and the one prefixed to the 1640 edition of the Poems—all seemingly taken one from the other. The head is bald, but more cliff-like than in his bust; the hair is long and lanky, and the upper lids drop languidly over the dreamy eyes. A slight moustache and imperial adorn the lips; and the broad and rather massive chin is well thrown out by the large and rather awkward-looking collar. The countenance is that of an amiable and intelligent youth of about twenty-five; and from this one can easily go back and imagine that of the ingenious school-boy, emerging from his father's house, or sitting amongst his companions in that long upper-room. The second class of portraits picture him in about his thirty-fifth year—I mean the Roubiliac bust and the designs taken therefrom. He there approaches nearest the human ideal of manly and vigorous intelligence. A slight beard curls from his chin; his eyes have lost their languor, and beam softly bright, and his whole aspect is kingly and inspired. The words of Aubrey are upon my tongue: "He was a handsome, well-shap't man"; and we can easily believe the

sequel, that he was "very good company, and of a very ready and smooth witt." The third series of portraits—as the picture of Cornelius Jansen, the Chandos picture, and the one in the possession of Mr. Charles Knight—are much later ones. A sweet serene aspect pervades them all; but, in aiming at repose, the lofty forehead that marked the earlier pictures is lost in the general breadth. Looking upwards to his niche, and passing before me these visions, I seemed to have secured a newer and more human interest in his life and works, and to see him as he moved and mused in that retirement and fellowship with Nature so congenial to his mind, not long ere he lay beneath that heavy slab.

Of the inscriptions underneath the bust, the Latin one is much to be preferred, and may be roughly translated thus:

"He had the wisdom of Nestor, the wit of Socrates,
and the polish of Virgil.
The earth hides him; the people mourn him;
Olympus has him."

The other, however, must be given, although it does no one credit:

"Stay, Passenger! Why goest thou by so fast?
Read, if thou canst, whom envious Death has plast
Within this monument—Shakspeare, with whom
Quick nature dide; whose name doth deck y^e tomb
Far more than cost; such all y^e he hath writ
Leaves living art but page to save his wit.
Obliit Ano. Doi. 1616, ætatis 63, die 23 Ap."

A plain sandstone slab, with the memorable exhortation and curse written across the middle, rests above his remains. The stones of his wife and daughter, beside him, are of slate, with a much primmer and preciser look about them. Beneath the niche, I should also mention, is the door of the *carnarie*, or charnel-house, into which loose bones were cast, and to the propinquity of which many attribute the poet's curse. This, of course, makes him the selector of his own burial-place. The monument to my "Johnny o'Combe," and the gorgeous chancel-window, representing scenes in the life of Christ, are passed over with very little interest, and we shape our course to the vestry, to write our names. The sexton we find has prepared a rough index to his book, whereby the names of several living celebrities are seen at a glance. An ancient brass-embossed Bible, with its steel altar-chain attached, also lies upon the table. Its interior is imperfect; but its binding will stand for centuries to come. An engraved brass-plate on the cover reads:

"William Wrights & John Noble,
Churchwardens for y^e Borough.
Stephen Borman & Rich. Gibes,
Churchwardens for y^e Parish.

Anno Dom. 1695."

In the parish register I find the entry of the poet's baptism, in the Court-hand of the period:

"1564.

April 26. Gulielmus filius Johannes Shakspere."

This, however, is not the original entry. About 1600, orders were issued for the better preservation of parish registers, which, up to then, had been kept in loose leaves; and as the whole character is in the same hand, up and subsequent to that time, it has evidently been copied from a more ancient one. I did not stay to look at the baptismal entries of his children, or the sorrowful one that records the death of his little son Hamnet, but passed to that of his own burial—and plain and common-place enough it seemed to read—

"1616.

April 23. Wm. Shakspeare, Gent."

I closed the volume with a sweet sense of pleasure that his closing days were spent in placid ease and rural retirement, with the dignity of well-won honours to surround his noble brow. I rejoiced, too, as an Englishman, that I could pay him the modest tribute of a passionate pilgrim.

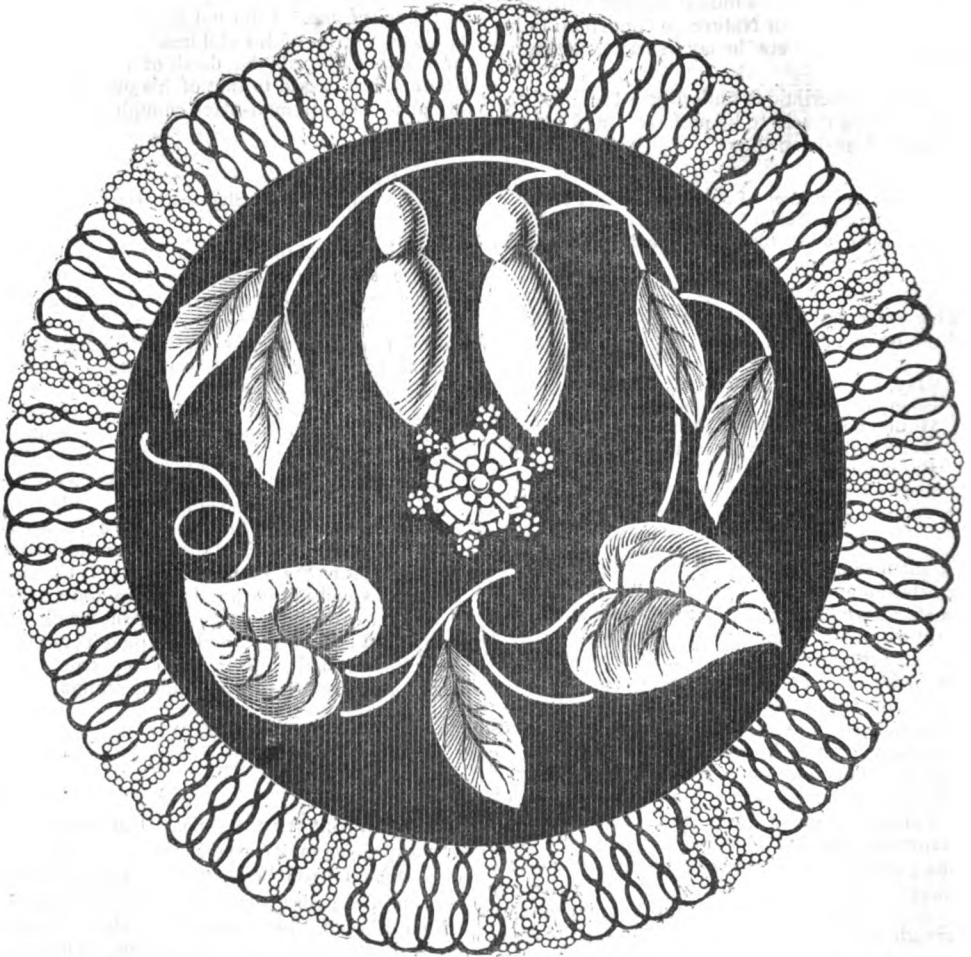
The clouds still shook down upon us their tears, as, emerging from the church (our ramble back by Charlecote now impossible), we sought refreshment in one of the many inns with which Stratford abounds. An eight miles trudge in the drizzling rain and dark might have been enough to have discomfited the most enthusiastic pilgrim; but as the train rattled towards Coventry, I still stood in that humble room and above that sacred dust, and only when the bustle of arrival had shaken me, and Peeping Tom was looking waggishly down upon me from his corner, did I return to surrounding things.

A NOBLE SENTIMENT.—Some true heart has given expression to its generous nature in the following beautiful sentiment: "Never desert a friend when enemies gather round him. When sickness falls on the heart, when the world is dark and cheerless, is the time to try a true friend. They who turn from a scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest moves them. If you have a friend who loves you and studies your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love is not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its powers? They deny its worth who never loved a friend, or laboured to make a friend happy."

THE WORK - TABLE.

PENWIPER, IN GERMAN APPLIQUE.

MATERIALS.—Gold Thread ; small Gold and Black Beads.

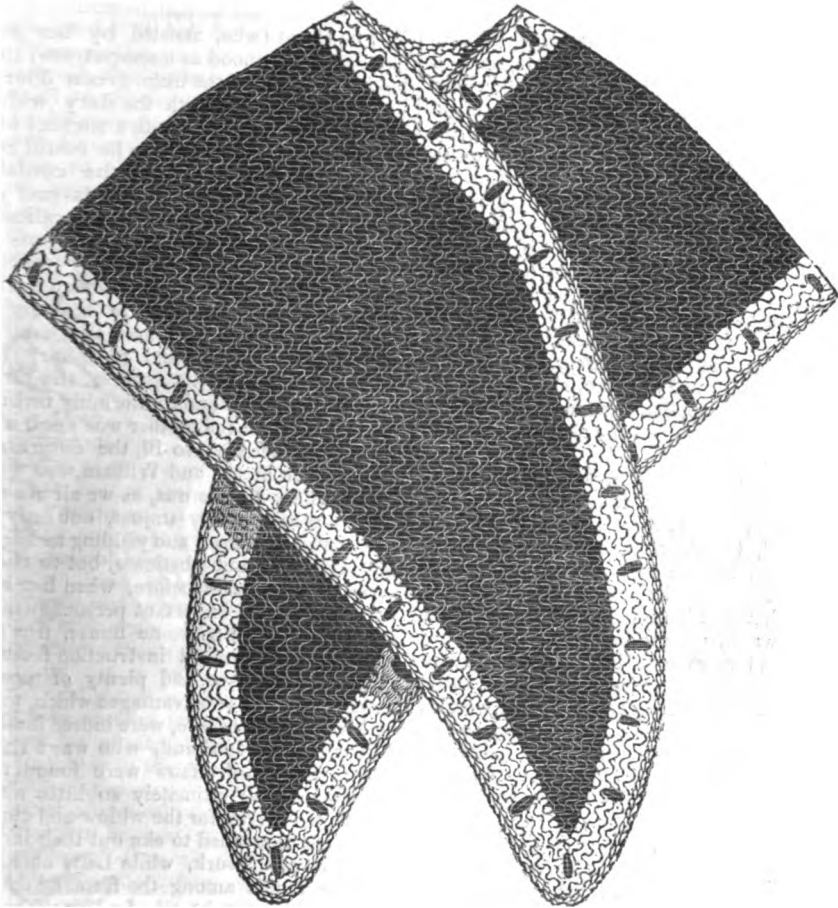


This new and extremely beautiful kind of work has just been imported from Germany. The pattern now given consists of fuchsia buds and leaves in velvet, shaded from very dark grey to white. The leaves and buds are simply worked round with gold thread ; then a fringe about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch deep is worked all round, by forming a succession of loops in gold and black beads. Make four loops black and two gold ; line with black silk ; cut three or four rounds of black cloth, tack them to the penwiper, screw in the ornament, and the article is complete.

AIGUILLETTE.

SONTAG, OR WOOLLEN HABIT-SHIRT.

MATERIALS—2 ounces of Double Berlin Wool, of any dark colour, and 1 ounce of white ditto. Knitting Needles No. 10.



This very pretty and comfortable habit-shirt is intended to be worn under a mantle or cloak; and as it gives great additional warmth, without making the figure at all clumsy, it has many advantages over shawls and other wraps. I do not know why it has received the name of the lamented cantatrice Sontag, but such is the name by which this sort of garment is generally known.

With the dark wool cast on five stitches, and knit, increasing one stitch at the end of every row, until 80 stitches are on the needles. This is the back. Then knit only half the stitches, the others being left on the needle (which will be found much more convenient than slipping them on a separate one). Still increase one at

the outer edge, in every alternate row, but decrease one at the inner edge, in the intermediate rows, so that 40 remain on the needle, until you have done 70 rows, when cast off loosely. Do the other half the same. Then take up on one needle the stitches round the neck, and along these cast off ends. Knit, with white wool, 10 rows, increasing one at the end of every row. Cast off loosely. Take up the stitches along the outer edge, and do the same, increasing, and joining to the inner border at the ends, and increasing also at each side of the five original stitches, that it may set square. Cast off loosely, and work small spots at intervals with the dark wool. The ends cross over the bosom.

AIGUILLETTE.

VILLAGE QUARRELS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ETHEL."

Feuds almost as deadly as that which of yore divided the noble Houses of Montague and Capulet are not, unfortunately, confined either to lordly families or busy cities. All the world over, people seem to have a natural talent for being 'good haters;' and in this same quiet, out-of-the-way village of Mapleton, within my experience, it would be tiresome to reckon up the number of individuals who, for some cause or other (generally a ridiculously trivial one), hate other individuals with an inveterate bitterness that is to me quite puzzling; so persevering as they are, too, in gradually adding fuel to the fire of their own dislike. From the nebula of some petty misunderstanding gradually rises a little world of rancour and ill feeling, which, with fatal rapidity, becomes a settled and determined hatred that nothing short of a miracle can dissolve.

When the Widow Grant quarrelled with Farmer Atwood it was a sad thing for their respective children; for Letty Grant and William Atwood had, till their parents' disagreement, been engaged lovers; and now all that was at an end of course. Farmer Atwood declared solemnly that if his son dared to marry poor Letty, he would utterly discard him, and leave all his broad acres and broad pieces to the county hospital; and Mrs. Grant, at all hours of the day, and on all occasions, never wearied of lecturing her daughter with regard to her excessive undutifulness and bad behaviour in not ceasing to love William Atwood at a moment's notice. The good woman never considered that love, like an acorn, is easily enough planted, but once suffer it to grow to perfection, and it is a very difficult matter to root it up again. Letty was a gentle, timid girl, very fond of her mother, and with no firmness or energy of character to resist her authority, even when arbitrarily exercised; and so she only wept and turned pale when she found that her love must be given up, that her life's happiness must be sacrificed; but she never dreamed of disobedience—she bowed her head in meek submission, grieved silently, and suffered uncomplainingly.

Not so William. He braved everything—his father's threats and anger—rather than give up his promised wife. He scorned the idea of promising to think no more of Letty; he frankly told the infuriated farmer, that if she would consent to marry him in his altered circumstances, and become the helpmate not of the wealthy farmer's heir, but of one who had to labour for his living, nothing should prevent his marrying her. Farmer Atwood was wellnigh wild with wrath, and vowed he would make his disobedient son repent; he took his hat and stick, and marched off to the cottage where the

Widow Grant (who, assisted by her daughter, gained her livelihood as a sempstress) lived, and boldly knocked at the little green door. Here he came in contact with the fiery widow, who fairly overwhelmed him with a torrent of abuse, so that it was some time ere he could edge in a single word. Stormy was the confabulation that ensued; but though the farmer gained a great many of what Mrs. Grant called 'pieces of her mind,' and numberless opinions of himself, which were all considerably more candid than complimentary, he also obtained his object—that is, he succeeded in making her so furious that he was convinced she would rather die than suffer her child to marry his son. Quite satisfied with his success, the farmer departed, thoroughly and comfortably imbued with the idea that as the mother was such a terrible vixen, and behaved so ill, the daughter could not be much better, and William was well rid of such a wife. But he was, as we all are when we are in a passion, very unjust, not only to poor Letty, who was meek and yielding as her mother was impetuous and obstinate, but to the widow herself. Five years before, when her husband lived, she was an important personage in Mapleton; she had a handsome house, fine dresses, her daughter received instruction from a daily governess, and she had plenty of money and nothing to do—two advantages which, to women of Mrs. Grant's calibre, were indeed inestimable. But when her husband, who was a rich corn-factor, died, his affairs were found in great confusion; and ultimately so little was saved out of the wreck for the widow and child, that they were compelled to eke out their income by taking in needlework, while Letty obtained two or three pupils among the farmers' daughters, to whom she taught all she herself knew. It was a dreadful downfall for poor Mrs. Grant, and made her temper, naturally somewhat quick, more fiery than ever. She imagined that the farmer slighted her, and she reproached him angrily; he, also irritable, replied in anything but a conciliatory tone; and from this trifling beginning sprang the mighty quarrel which was to mar the happiness of two young people who really loved each other deeply and truly. The farmer ought to have made allowances for the natural sensitiveness to slight, real or fancied, which always characterises those who have "seen better days." As it was, he only felt wrathful at the widow's shrewishness to him, and the ingratitude with which she now repaid all his many kindnesses to her—the foremost among which was his ever having consented to the marriage of his son and heir with the almost portionless Letty Grant.

People in the village watched the progress of

this quarrel with considerable interest, from the first little coolness till the time when the widow passed the farmer in the street without noticing him save by a portentous frown, and when William in vain tried to obtain a moment's interview with Letty—being always repulsed by Mrs. Grant, and informed that he was not wanted in her cottage, and that her daughter was determined to have nothing whatever to do with any of the Atwood family, and was as indignant with them all as she herself was. This last was, as may be imagined, a fiction; and William knew Letty too well to believe it; but he gave up his visits to the cottage, well knowing that the widow was indefatigable in keeping her daughter out of the way. There was but one opinion in Mapleton with regard to the Grant and Atwood feud. If it ever *were* reconciled, it would be by some extraordinary chance little short of a miracle; and for once the good gossips were right.

Although William ceased to visit the cottage in the hope of seeing Letty, he did not give up his attempts to obtain an interview with her elsewhere. About a mile from Mapleton is a wood of some extent, and in a certain dingle of this wood Letty was wont to spend a great portion of her leisure with her books or work. Under the shadow of a giant oak was her favourite seat; and in happier days William had trained the graceful boughs of two young birch trees to form a kind of bower, and had constructed a rustic seat, which was now overgrown with ivy and wild roses, so that a fairer haunt for a young maiden than this same dingle should not be found in a summer-day's ramble. William had delighted in beautifying the spot. A shallow stream that intersected the entire wood, just at this point, fell down a steep bank into a little pool, with the pleasantest and most lulling sound in the world; and around this pool the fairest of the wild-flowers raised their heads. Here might be seen tall trumpet-flowers, cunning foxgloves (or, to call them by their far prettier Irish cognomen, fairy caps), meadow-sweet, corn-flowers, forget-me-nots, and most lovely of them all, the snowy water-lily, whose classic blossoms floated on the surface of the still and clear waters like elfin gondolas. In this place poor William spent half his days, in the hope of sometime catching a glimpse of Letty. For a long, long time every day beheld his disappointment, and at length he began to fear that the young girl had really given him up—was resolved never to see him again—and that he should indeed be compelled to fulfil his father's wish, and go to London on some business of his, without obtaining an interview with her. The farmer was very anxious to get him away from Mapleton; he thought that if he were to be placed among new scenes and faces for a little while, he would soon forget his affection for the widow's daughter; and with this view he continually adjured him to proceed to London, and William continually postponed his departure, till at length the presence of either his father or himself became indispensable, and as

he was now in a state of calm despair with regard to Letty, he agreed to go. On the day which he had appointed for his journey something prevented him from setting off, and he was obliged to wait till the following day. In the evening, as usual, he walked forth on a solitary ramble, and, as usual, proceeded to the dingle in Hilford Wood. But, *not* as usual, he there found Letty, pale and tearful, and looking "the shadow of her former self" indeed, seated at the foot of the huge oak tree.

Poor William! he very nearly wept too, as he beheld her altered face, and read there all she had suffered. He started to her side in a moment, seized her hand, and had poured forth a torrent of questions, reproaches, hopes and fears, long before the frightened girl could find voice to speak a word.

"I thought—I thought that you were gone to London," she faltered at length.

"I understand—else you would not have been here?" said William, half-reproachfully, "Ah, Letty, how *could* you keep away from me so long? Every day for more than two months I have loitered about this place, hoping to see you only once, before I left Mapleton; and you would not grant me even that poor consolation."

"What use would it have been?" said Letty, weeping, and trying to release her hand from her lover's clasp: "what use is it *now*, that we do see each other, except that it will make us more unhappy than we were before? It is best to keep apart. William, everything is at an end now, and we must try to forget each other: it is our only chance of peace."

"Forget each other?" echoed William, in dismay and astonishment. "What do you mean, Letty? Do you mean to say you no longer care for me? Is it really true what they said? And do you hate me?"

"No, no—oh no!" exclaimed the girl, passionately; and then, as if afraid of her own earnestness, she averted her face, and was silent. William looked scrutinizingly at her for a few moments, and then, as if satisfied that she really did love him still, took her hand again, which in his surprise he had suffered her to withdraw, and said: "We shall always love each other as long as we live, Letty; I know it. Don't talk of forgetting, for it is no use; and to hear you speak so breaks my heart. And listen to me now: it is most unjust and unreasonable that because your mother and my father choose to quarrel on some stupid matter, our happiness and peace of mind should be sacrificed. If they obstinately persist in refusing their consent to our marriage, we must marry without it. After all is over they will be more reasonable, and will be glad enough to forgive us and be reconciled. And so, Letty, only consent to let me make the necessary arrangements, and a month hence we can be married at Sandhurst Church. If they are still unreasonable we can go to London; and once there, I have no fear of our welfare. I am sure I could get employment, and then how happy we should be, in a little home of our

own, not caring for anybody except each other! Should we not be happy, Letty?"

"No, William," replied the young girl firmly; "we should not be happy, for we should not be doing right: we should not be happy, for our consciences would not be easy. Although you are blinded now by anger and disappointment, I am sure that you love your father dearly still; and if you found his displeasure continue—if you found yourself estranged from him and from your own old home for ever! Think, William, what it would be to feel that you had seen for the last time the house you were born in—your native village; and, more than that, your mother—your mother who dotes upon you as the only child left to her. Could you bear, do you think—your sad thoughts and regrets? Worse still, to reflect that your disobedience had caused sorrow and wretchedness to your parents. Could you know and feel all that, and be happy, William?"

She looked earnestly in his face; her dark, truthful eyes dimmed with the tears her own fervency had called forth. She even placed her hand upon his arm, but William turned away his head.

"I see, I see," he said in a choked voice, and gently putting aside her light touch; "they were right after all! You don't love me, Letty—I know it now. You could not stand there preaching to me upon duty with that calm voice of yours, and bringing forward reason after reason against our marriage: such good reasons," he added, bitterly, "that it is a thousand pities my father or your mother is not within hearing, to profit by them, and learn of you how to place obstacles in the way of our happiness! Our happiness! I beg your pardon—I am well aware that to wed the penniless, almost friendless being I now am, would not, could not cause you any happiness. Don't fancy that I blame you, Letty; it is only natural that a young creature like you, who has always been protected from positive neediness, should fear to come in contact with poverty—to fight with the cold, hard world—even with one beside you who loves you better than his life—than anything in the whole world—father, mother, home, friends! Yes, Letty, I'd sacrifice them all for you. But if you love such ties better than me, I have no more to say—not a word, Let us part, Letty, for ever! Farewell!"

He cast his eyes upon her for the last time, as he thought; but there was such a look of anguish in the pale face, so much of hopeless agony exhibited in the unconsciously clasped hands and eyes turned to heaven, as though for comfort and help in this worst grief of all, that he moved towards her once more, took her hand, and murmured "Letty, Letty! one word! Say that you will consent to what I ask, and I will never doubt your love for another moment while I live!"

"God help me, and guide me, and support me!" gasped forth the poor girl, as she tottered to the little seat beneath the tree, and sunk helplessly down; and then she proceeded in an

incoherent manner, "I am sorely tried. Oh, William, if you only knew—this last, worst pang you have caused me; and I have suffered so ever since—you cannot—I know you cannot really believe what you say—I who have loved you so long—so truly, and shall love you still till I die."

"Then why not yield to me, Letty, and come?"

"There is no happiness for the disobedient and selfish," cried Letty energetically, and speaking rapidly, as if she feared her own firmness and resolution; "and if we were to act as you propose, we should be both—Don't look at me in that cold, doubtful, displeased manner, dear William—my heart is so full—I have been so unhappy! But I *must* tell you, although you persist in misjudging me. You must think of your father and mother, whose every hope is bound up in you, who are so proud of their son—who look forward to seeing him in his father's place—at the head of the farm. You would break their hearts if you were to leave them as you say. And I, William, I must not forget my mother—who is poor and old and lonely—who has no one in the world to care for her and work for her but me. She has loved me, and cared for me, and toiled for me ever since I was born; and I will not now forsake her, and leave her to die in loneliness and poverty! I will not leave my mother though my heart break in the struggle. It is hard, it is cruel; but do not you make my lot harder. Rest content—I shall always love you, and only you; and when your father gives his consent to our marriage, then, *and not till then*, I will be your wife!"

There was a pause, only broken by a slight rustling among the trees as if some bird were startled from its nest by the unwonted sound of voices heard in the evening in that retired spot. And then William turned round, took Letty's hand, and kissed it fondly.

"You have conquered," he said in a low voice, while the young girl gazed in his face with a look of sudden joy—"you have conquered! You are right, Letty, and I was wrong, and hasty, and passionate. I shall not easily forgive myself for the bitter things I have said to you in the heat of my anger and disappointment; but you will forgive me for all! Yes, I see you are right; I will submit patiently to my father's wishes: perhaps if he sees me prepared to bend to his commands, he will grow less arbitrary. Ah, my own Letty, if he only knew you as I know you: if he could only hear you as you spoke but now, bearing with my brutal injustice—nay, let me speak?—and remaining gentle and calm and unreproachful amid all my blind passion—if he could only have seen and heard you, then my life for it he could not then refuse to make his son happy by giving him such a wife!"

"You are quite right, Will, he could not!" exclaimed a hoarse voice. And straightway from amid the tangled branches of the young trees of the wood, emerged the tall, stout form of Farmer Atwood, whose face was rather red,

and whose eyes betrayed the presence of some description of moisture; but that might be from coughing, for as he presented himself before the amazed lovers he coughed most violently.

"I've heard it all," said he, lifting Letty in his arms, and bestowing upon her a most Herculean embrace, "and I've come to two conclusions—first, that Will knows better what he is about in choosing a wife than I gave him credit for; secondly, that if he, a provoking, tempting, young rascal, don't marry you within this same month of May, why I will, that's all!" with another kiss; "although there is an objection to that last certainly, in the shape of my good, kind, dear old wife at home!"

"Father!" cried William, half believing he was in a dream, half wild with joy at the idea of the reality of it all.

"William—dear William!" sobbed Letty, never doubting the reality of the sudden delight, but weeping from the revulsion of feeling.

"Don't cry, don't cry, my lamb!" said Mr. Atwood, stroking her chestnut hair caressingly; "and don't be frightened of me, though I have behaved very ill to you and—to your mother too, I believe (though she is really very provoking, very aggravating). I mean to make up for my past mistakes. I never knew you, Letty, till within this half-hour. Very likely your mother may not be so bad as I thought she was. Don't say a word—don't cry—don't speak to her, Will, you young dog! Let us go—let us come," continued the good yeoman, getting incoherent in his excitement; "let us make haste to Mrs.—to your mother's cottage, and very

likely I have misjudged her too. Let us make haste and get to her, and be all reconciled and happy before night. I daresay I've been unjust to Mrs. Grant; I was unjust to you I know, Letty; and, after all, women are all aggravating, more or less! So come along."

And he drew Letty's arm within his; bade William (who had strong doubts as to whether he trod upon earth or air) walk on before; and talking with affectionate unintelligibility to his daughter-in-law in anticipation, all the way, they reached the widow's cottage.

Doubtless they settled their quarrel very satisfactorily, for in three weeks from this eventful evening Letty and William were married in Mapleton church in the presence of a numerous party of relatives and friends. Mrs. Grant and Mr. Atwood walked arm-in-arm to and from the church; and the faces of both these worthy individuals were perfectly resplendent with good-humour and happiness. It is recorded that there has not been the shadow of a misunderstanding between them since; and even if such a disaster were to occur, I believe that Letty, gentle peacemaker that she is, would succeed in adjusting it before it reached to any serious importance.

Would that all our village quarrels could be settled as amicably, and that all those petty feuds which take their rise in irritability, and flourish with the aid of prejudice and hastiness till they attain to a false and sometimes a fatal influence—would that they all reached as happy a termination as this grand quarrel between Farmer Atwood and the Widow Grant!

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

(Being the Sequel to "A Merry Christmas.")

BY MERLIN.

The frost continues. The earth and water are still bound in iron chains, and the old year is dying. One more Merry Christmas is well nigh gathered to its fathers; and the year, that shone so brightly on our hope and joy—that looked so coldly on our struggles and griefs—that brought love and pleasure to many, and long-suffering and death to many more—is dying. Slowly, surely, the clock-hands move toward the stroke when it shall be no more. May its successor look upon less suffering! and O may it bring us greater strength to meet the trials and privations that inevitably come to all—more trust in God's wisdom and love—a higher, truer aim in life, and a readier willingness, by self-denial, to benefit others; for by these, and these alone, may we hope to enjoy a Happy New Year.

I am discursive again, dear reader; but for

the last time. Let us proceed to our story, and the actors therein, whom we left, in the glimmering morning light, planning for the morrow, and discussing the events of a merry Christmas Day; and now it is New Year's Eve. The intervening days have flown by with winged speed. Life at Aspen Hall opened a new joyous existence to Ashlowe, and not less so to Avon that it was only the resumption of an old one shared by a new friend. Shooting-excursions on the moor; cutting rights upon the ice; long rambles with Jennie and Kate, and uproarious mirth by night, filled their time and bestowed

—"the sweetest sleep
And fairest boding dreams that ever
Entered in a drowsy head."

As we not unfrequently see, between the

nearest of friends, or even sisters, a total difference of character marked the actions of Jennie and Kate. In friendship, as in love, the law is, not like to like, but opposite to opposite. So was it between our joint heroines—the one, demonstrative, mischievous, pretty, and rather given to coquetry; the other, quiet, acquiescent, and thoughtful. While Jennie bore you irresistibly along, with merry mischief and boisterous mirth, Kate won her way more readily and directly to the heart by a genial truthful earnestness.

Mention was made, in the previous part, of a certain awkward Squire, between whom and Jean there had been some "love passages"; and his chagrin at the intrusion of that "Lunun chap" was, I also believe, indicated. But this was not sufficient to prevent Jean from making him invite the new-comer to accompany the Aspen Hall people to Hurdington Grange, whither, accordingly, we follow over the cold moorland road on New Year's Eve.

Life in the country falls upon the thorough Londoner, on account of its monotonous routine. People of more artificial habits long for the theatres and the constant whirl of different scenes, while the tenants of broad acres and wayside cottages are content to laugh at the jokes and play the games their fathers did before them; and do it with a zest which is, to say the least, astonishing to the placid character of town festivities. Let us mingle in the game at the Grange. It will show you more fully than a long paragraph of tedious narrative the altered position our actors have assumed.

"I protest it isn't fair, Miss Avon," cried the young host, making a dash at the trencher, and failing to catch it; "here you've been calling on me all night, and never give it a chance of standing while I cum up."

"A forfeit! a fair forfeit!" shouted half a score of the players. "Pay the forfeit."

"Well you've a'most emptied my pockets," said he, fumbling for something to add to a heap of handkerchiefs, keys, knives, brooches, and other miscellanies, the properties of the players, to be redeemed by extravagant doings; and after several offers of commodities already in store, the game was allowed to proceed by his depositing with his mother (who was pawnbroker for the company) a ring from his finger.

"Rob—Mr. Ashlowe—that's not fair."

"Nay! if ladies will sit under the mistletoe, they must expect to be kissed."

"There is none over here."

"There was; and here it is," said Ashlowe, holding it up.

"Number nine!" called the Squire.

And the possessor of that number being the lady engaged in the above dialogue, darted forward, and upset the trencher, amidst the acclamations of the whole party.

"Twilight!"

And away went the players, struggling for new seats, which were so contrived that one must be left standing and pay a forfeit.

"Hoorah! Caught at last! That's one for

Kate," said Avon, who had been trying in vain to make her forfeit.

"Sixteen!"

And up jumped the last speaker, contriving to meet Kate in the centre of the room, where he held her while the hoop-like trencher settled itself on the floor.

"Under the kissing bush."

"You've a forfeit to pay, sir, and I'll cry it."

"Don't care. I'll purchase another at the same cost, if you like."

"Be off, Mr. Impudence!" said Kate, blushing, and very impolitically boxing his ear; upon which he (being in this particular matter a thorough Christian) kissed her again for the blow.

"Number one!" shouted Avon, in even a louder voice than the other players had; and it is always an object in this game to call those who appear most absorbed in conversation; and, acting upon this rule, our ex-hero—for such we may term him—selected number one; a dumpling-shaped girl, with rosy cheeks and broad red arms, who, rousing herself from a *tête-à-tête* with her neighbour, came up just in time, and having hitherto taken but little part in the game, called the neighbour before mentioned, and kept the company laughing at their grotesque efforts, and the frequent repetition of "one" and "five."

It was a source of great annoyance to the host, that he was never for a moment allowed to sit by Miss Avon's side, though, be it said to the credit of his ingenuity, he had frequently called out her next neighbour for the express purpose of being near to her. Nor did his mother, who, in common with other maternal ladies, was keenly alive to the merits of her son, witness this proceeding with any feeling of satisfaction; but thus it was; and while the dumpling and her admirer—for such he evidently was—were keeping the game to themselves, the inheritor of Hurdington Grange and his mother looked with jealousy upon the whispers of Jennie and Ashlowe, while similar proceedings on the part of others had no part of their attention.

"I suppose you are horribly tired of our stupid parties," said Jennie: "they are so slow to you, who are used to the fast life of London."

"I should never tire of them with you by my side; nor could they be stupid while you enlivened them with such conversation and played upon so good-natured a host's susceptibilities," was the rejoinder.

"How do you know I play upon him? I am sure his remarks upon dairies and cheeses are more interesting than your flattery: I abominate flattery."

"Did I flatter?"

"Yes. But I believe you are so used to it that it has become a matter of course, and you don't even know you do it. London must be a horrid place, where everybody goes about saying things they don't believe."

"London is a glorious place, as some day I hope to show you; and if I flatter, it is you who

have taught me," Ashlowe replied. "At least it is long since I did it before," he afterwards added, in a changed tone.

Whenever—and it had been often—in the long walks and quiet conversations with her, he had spoken as other than an acquaintance, a shade had come across his brow, his manner had changed, and he would lead the talk back again to general topics.

"Number, Kate," cried a little one of our party, and knocked down the trencher before it was caught; chuckling at her ingenuity.

"There you flatter again," said Jennie: "no one else ever told me I made them flatter, and I'll go and talk to Hurdy about his acres and cows."

Here there was a general twilight and a cry for forfeits, which was only silenced by the announcement of supper, so it was decided to have them after, and the interval before the meal was filled with jokes, kisses, and other Christmas pleasantries, till Hurdy (as Jennie playfully called their host), made happy by the fulfilment of her threat to Ashlowe, led the way to a table spread with a banquet such as our ancient Barons might have presented to their retainers before leading them against an enemy.

"It is best," thought Ashlowe, as he watched Jennie's face change from red to white, and white to red again, while the ponderous farming squire lent over and whispered to her—"best that it should be so." How often do we deceive ourselves and wrong our friends by a hasty interpretation of trivial actions, and dwell upon a vague surmise till it shows all the plausibility of fact, and we admit it as such! How wrongly did Ashlowe read the changing colour on her cheeks, whose every action was becoming of deeper interest to him than aught else in the world, and deceive himself with the repetition of the above sentence!

Little indeed did he, or any of the merry guests, who were not too personally occupied to note these changing colours, attribute them to their true cause. Hurdy had, in fewer minutes than have been occupied by the recital, proposed for Jennie's heart and hand, and received an unqualified negative, candid and kindly as might be, for a positive answer, and was now quietly proceeding with his beef and pudding.

There are not very many of us who could, under such circumstances, resume a meal, stayed by such an interruption, with zest and appetite; but he did, and ate heartily too. It had been for a long time settled between him and his mother that it should be on this particular night, and, till the advent of Robert, not a doubt of his acceptance was entertained; but the progress which that gay young bachelor had made in the society of Jennie, only urged Hurdy on; so, taking an opportunity when it was least to be expected, he surprised Jennie, had his answer, and resumed his supper.

"You won't mention it or think of it again to-night, please, but just make your game of me as usual."

"Oh, certainly not, never to anybody."

"Thank you, thank you [much! it won't matter after to-night, and all my hope is that you'll be happy."

And this was the last allusion to the subject, he thinking it was for Ashlowe she had refused him; while Robert vainly strove to think it was for the best that her cheeks should change colour when he whispered in her ear.

We may not here stay to chronicle the consumption of huge sirloins of beef, and the rapid disappearance of pie, tart, pudding, and such small deer. If you, kind reader, are desirous to know, let me advise a ten-miles' drive, a six-hours' fast, occupied as we have seen our actors occupy them, and then multiply your appetite by a score, and the wonder will cease to exist!

Neither may we repeat all the extravagant penalties exacted for forfeits on the games, and dances that followed; let it suffice to say that Hurdy bore them all with so excellent a grace that none could even dream how momentous a question had been settled for ever, and a verdict returned which upset the plannings of more New Years than one. But let not the reader suppose he did not feel it. He did, and keenly too; but there was, under a somewhat rough exterior, a sense of courtesy and knowledge of what was due to his guests, that forbade him to show it, as many a more refined man would not fail to have done. Jennie, shy at first, relaxed again, and made game of him as much as ever, imposing upon him the most ridiculous sentences, all of which were imperative: such as standing on a bench, with a lighted candle in his hand, till some fair lady should be graciously pleased to kiss him, and which office she eventually performed, though not till he had undergone many pinchings and twittings, amidst the laughter of old and young. Then Ashlowe was blindfolded and left to grope his way after the others, who did not fail to assail him from every side; and thus the hours wore on, till, far over the frozen fields, they heard the village bells ring out the old year and, changing, welcome the new one. Then, again, there were dances and games, forfeits and kisses, and shaking of hands and wishing "good night," and "may it be a happy one," in the keen, frosty air, while our party settled themselves under the warm wrappers, and drove away under the leafless beechen woods.

"Good night, Hurdy; and be sure you come to see us soon," said Jennie, as they whirled away, and heard another response from him they addressed:

"Good night, and may-be I'll come to-morrow."

"Really, Jane, you are too bad; it's shameful the way you treat him, that it is," said Kate.

"Oh, it's only in jest, and he knows it," replied the other, lightly.

"I don't believe he thinks it jest, Jennie; and there is nothing in the world so much to be dreaded as the reproach of—" and Kate paused, not for want of words, but fearing to hurt the other's feelings—"at least in these

delicate matters, dear Jennie, we cannot be too careful."

"Well, I am sure, Kate, it's quite a pity you broke down in that pretty little homily; come, don't lecture us to-night; wait till to-morrow, do now, there's a dear Kate."

"There is no time like this," said Kate, in an injured tone, "and for the matter of my homily there were but a few words wanting to complete it. I should have said, but that I feared to speak too earnestly, that there are no pangs so keen as those inflicted by conscience upon such as encourage hopes that can never be realized."

"I have never given reasonable cause for any hope I do not mean to fulfil; and Mr. Hurdington knows it—none better."

They were speeding along through the snow, in the faint light of a half-moon; but it lent them little assistance, for their way lay between dark woods, till anon they entered upon the broad moor that lay below them, glittering in the moonlight, one-unbroken surface of snow; and here they passed a solitary horseman, to whom Robert called out, in order to break the discourse of Kate and Jennie:

"A happy New Year, friend."

"Same to you, sir, and mony on em."

But the effort was vain, and Jennie, though, at the moment of her cousin's attack accusing herself, was unwilling to submit to a word of rebuke on the subject, though she felt herself certainly not free from blame, and had requested Hurdy to come early, that she might more fully explain and break the seeming harshness of her refusal.

"Oh, if the wind sets that way I have done, and ask your pardon," said Kate.

"Are you determined never to understand me—you, Kate, who, at least, ought to know me better?" said Jennie, with a struggle against her desire to record the occurrence of the evening, and justify herself; but would it be maidenly? and before him too! Ah, that was the trouble! If it had been Kate alone, she might have told her all; but what might not he think of its repetition, made in his own ears; yet it was hard to let him think her capable of so trifling with the holiest passions, and she tried (need I say vainly?) to persuade herself she did not care what he thought; but, failing in this also, she set about justifying her actions another way. It would certainly have saved many hours of trouble had she chosen the other course; but, then, had she not given her promise to him? and, mentally exclaiming "I will keep it!" continued—"Can you think so meanly of me as to think me capable of such a crime? for assuredly it is one."

"Not wilfully, Jennie; though, perhaps, thoughtlessly, and they are alike in consequences. But here are the aspens. Let us kiss each other, and say no more about it."

And she leant over the back till their lips met, as they drove under the old archway. Vainly had Robert kept his ears intent upon every word, that he might catch only an allusion

upon which he might believe she was free; but she made none. Did she regard him only as a friend of her brother's? Did she love Mr. Hurdington? O if there were but some secret portal through which he might look upon her heart! Should he, while she was yet holding his hand, draw her apart, and speak to her? No! it would pain her to refuse him.

"Good night, Mr. Ashlowe. You, at least, musn't think I play with men's hearts. We shall miss you to-morrow."

"Good night, Miss Avon. I fear you have spoiled me for London; and the room I thought so pleasant, will be very dull. Good night, Katie."

And she was gone. "O why did he not boldly speak to her? If she were but here again!"

And, lo! as the thought passed into his brain, she descended the stairs, and sent the determination of a moment before far, far away! He sat where, upon the first morning after his arrival, he had sat and smoked with Avon, and thought how pleasanter than he anticipated his Christmas had become; and then, solemnly puffing out the smoke, thought of that other gentle being he had loved, and fancied—now in feature, then in thought—a resemblance between Miss Avon and her. Ah! but he could not love another as he had her! and now again sitting smoking there, with his friend's last question unanswered, all his thought was how to tell her of his love. He would have a week in London, and write. No, he could not leave in this uncertainty. To-morrow he would speak!—and then the memory of the changing colour rose again and scattered his resolutions. "She does not love me; and, as I have foreseen, my path must, as it ever has been, still be solitary." Yet again would recur a look, a tone, or a little nothing she had said, and whisper of hope, and bid him happiness in the years to be. "Does she love me? Could I love her as she should be loved, or is it but the echo of that other earlier passion called from the chambers of the Past by a resemblance." These, and a thousand other busy thoughts, ran through Ashlowe's brain. Mechanically he drew on his slippers, and followed Avon up the stone stairway, still repeating: "Does she love me? Do I love her?" Mechanically he held his friend's hand, saying Good night; and found, instead of prayers, these ever-recurring words: "Does she love me?"

"As when we dwell upon a word we know,
Repeating, till the word we know so well
Becomes a wonder and we know not why;"*

so ran they through his brain, and, still echoing in his mind, shaped dreams of doubtful love; when, after long waiting, sleep fell upon him.

* * * * *

The frost is breaking up. The newness of the year has ceased to excite comment. The artisan is back again at work, hard as ever; but

* Tennyson's "Enid."

lighter at heart for the holiday. The faded, dusty sprigs of holly are fast disappearing from the corners of dingy windows. The snow, so white and diamond-like before, is blackened and melting. The streets, so hard and bright, are wet and dull. Ashlowe is back again in busy London, pushing his way through the weary, cheerless streets, back to his lodgings (that one week have made to seem so lonely); and that all-absorbing question, still unanswered, is gnawing at his heart—taking away the energy of his life—stealing his pleasant thoughts, and re-vivifying the old love that ended so sadly in the grave, calling back again, the face that looked fondly up to his own, night after night, in years gone by; when each succeeding night bore it further—further—from him, till the grave set up its everlasting barrier, and Death closed to him the happiness of Love. Wild and bitter were the succeeding years to him. Then had he said a thousand times that love was henceforth to him a closed world, and now again—unsought-for, almost underived—a new, strong passion had arisen, unlike the former save in its hopelessness; for hopeless did it seem to him, and wearily did he dwell again upon that old love, and strive by it to stay the pleadings of his later one, but vainly.

Did she not love another? Had he not, even in the hour he sought her to speak of love, found her alone with him—talking as only those between whom there are no hidden feelings can talk? And the frankness of her farewells, the hearty and reiterated desires that he would come down again in spring, the warm pressure of his hand in parting—what were these, only the emotions of a warm friendship? And where Love is sought, how great a bane is Friendship!

Alone in his lodgings sat Robert Ashlowe, musing after the fashion set down above. Scattered over the table by his side lay a number of letters, thumb-marked and faded from frequent reading, and there lay the little silken string that held them together; and the sweet curl of hair he had taken from her head on that sad day when he looked, for the last time, on the fair face and placid brow of her whose love had seemed his all.

Little griefs disturb our dreams of happiness tenfold more than great ones. Why is it so? And why, when sorrow waxes strongest, do we reject all consolation except that of Nature? Who, that has known a great grief, has been unselfish, and not withdrawn himself from the world to sit alone and weep, and indulge a sorrow he dare not show the world? But few: and these only the master-minds of Nature. Thus it was with Ashlowe: and he had invoked the spirit of that earlier disappointment to drown the poignancy of his present trouble. So sat he alone, and buried his face in his hands.

"Shall I write to her?" thought he, "and at least know from herself that my hopes may never be realized! But what have I to offer her? In life am I not alone?—a workman in the world, who must earn the bread I eat? Must not the woman who consents to share my

fate, submit to toil and privation? Yet, where she loves, a woman would brave more than this!"

It was one feature worthy of remark—he did not, in all his gloominess, malign the character of Hurdington, as too many of us do malign our more successful rivals.

It was in work Ashlowe found the greatest oblivion. By a strong effort he forced himself into a manly resolution—he would be silent, would work, would save money; and, being skilled in engraving, his services were always in demand, and while thus engaged, he regained something of his wonted cheerfulness. Early in the spring of our New Year came intelligence from Aspen—from Jennie too, a brief, kindly, characteristic note, which ran thus:

DEAR MR. ASHLOWE,—Having, by "long and laboursome petition," as the poet of Avon says, won from my father his "slew leave," we are coming to London for a whole week; and, having a north-country horror of your hotels, will be glad if you can get us a place in—Pentonville-square I think you call your place. Kitty and Ned are to be married on our return, and of course you will come along, and dance at the wedding.—Yours till then,
JEAN AVON.

P.S.—I shall expect you to be my cavalier during the whole visit. "Two's company—" You know our proverb. Why have you never written to us? I daresay Kate and brother would send their love, only I know they want it all themselves just now; so you must be content with what I can spare of mine.—J. A.

What trembling hands held the sheet upon which these brief lines were traced! How much of lost hope did they not conjure up, and how they were read and read again, long after he had learnt them all by heart, can only be hinted at—never described. . . . "Be content with what I can spare?" Ah! would not even a moiety be a treasure worth more than all the mines of Golconda? It would, too, be hopeless to attempt description of the emotions they produced, the number of letters written and destroyed before the answer was despatched, the zeal with which he made the arrangements desired, and worked late at night, that he might be ready for the holiday which promised so much pleasure, and seemed so long in coming. But it came at last; and, an hour before the train was due, Robert might have been seen pacing the railway platform.

They visited everywhere—Museum, Picture Gallery, Parliament, Palace, and theatre. But the descriptions of these have no place in this story, although the dialogue about to be recorded did occur among a crowd of visitors, and while the air was rent with the music of the monstre bands at Sydenham—and not, as is usual, in a room, of which they (the speakers) were the only occupants, or in a lonely wood-walk, as more poetic narrators of this somewhat romantic conversation would doubtless have thought a befitting scene than among congregated thousands. But circumstance—that mighty master of men—so ordained it.

"I am tired of wonders and fine sights,

Robert," said Jennie, looping her arm in his. "Let us walk through the transept, and look at nothing. I've been saying beautiful! beautiful! till my tongue is weary of the word."

"I cannot be surprised at that," said he, moving, as opportunity offered, into the less crowded portion of the place. One can't go a-head in a London crowd. "You have scarce said another word," he resumed, "since we entered an hour or two ago!"

"O, look what a sad, pale face— there, leaning on yonder gentleman with the white hair!"

"It is, indeed, a sad face, and looks more fit for heaven than earth," said Robert. "I never saw but one other so sad, and that is lost now."

"How could they bring her here?" said Jennie. "A crush might kill her, I am sure! Did you observe her, when yonder gentleman bowed, how her colour changed? I am as little given to romancing or poetry as anybody, but I could almost make a tale from that sad face and changing colour. It seems to speak so plainly and sadly of a disappointed life and slow disease."

"I shall not be able to believe your assertion, if you talk so, Miss Avon," said Robert; and then forgetting time, place, and circumstances, out welled the story of that early love, and then the later one. Kate and Edwin were at the antipodes for them. The sweet pale face was forgotten, the crowd was unheeded. They were alone, as much as though the thousands were converted into trees, and the music changed to gentle whispers of the wind: alone and together, mechanically away with the persons, passing and pushing between them, yet alone. It was the most natural thing in the world, yet the strangest: in a moment the words he had dwelt upon and written and burned were wiped away and scattered for ever, their places being filled by the truest of all speeches and thoughts—those the moment suggested and the feeling gave utterance to.

"When you were with us at Christmas you once spake of that sad face, and cheeked yourself again directly. Tell me its history now, Robert," said Jennie; "it will be a relief to all this sight-seeing, for which I have not much liking."

"It is a sad one, Jennie; for with it is bound the history of my earliest and, as I once believed, my only love. Its possessor was the playmate of my earliest years, and long, long before I knew what love was, she had mine. I am not a Londoner, though I always live here. My father, of whom you are surprised I never speak, lived on the coast, and belonged to a class which have happily well-nigh ceased to exist in England. He died one night in the endeavour to escape from officers who came to take him for smuggling. It is the first thing I remember—his dead face, as I saw it in the morning, left by the tide among the rocks."

"How very dreadful!" said Jennie, with a shudder, and clinging closer to his arm.

"There was a gentleman who'd always been kind to us, fetched me to live with him next

day. He was our parson, a man who never tired of doing good, and was to me the only friend or father I knew. His daughter was my playmate and my love. Ah! I remember how bitterly we cried the day I came away. Her father brought me, and bound me an apprentice here in London, and found me a home, and had me at his house once every year. He knew, from the first, Alice was not for this world, and I often heard him say she inherited her mother's gentle loving nature and diseased frame—who let her indulge the affection she had for me, and write; but every time I saw her she was wanner and paler than before, and there was that strange light in her eye that struck you in the passer-by just now; and every time we parted it was as if to meet no more. At her request I was fetched once upon a sudden, and came only to find her dead. I only went once more to her father's, to whom I owe everything I possess, except my life; and but for him how valueless that would have been! This is the history of the pale face I can never cease to remember, and which till now I thought made love in me impossible. It gave me many bitter hours."

"It was indeed sad," said Jennie, looking wistfully into his face, that showed the marks of emotion; "but does not the poet say—

"'Tis better to have lov'd and lost
Than never to have lov'd at all'?"

and yet has love many a dark hour of despair, and even sin, to answer for."

"Not love, Jennie. True love can only lead to worthy ends, and prompt us to noble deeds; and they who are too weak to master their propensity for evil in this world would be equally so under other strong passions. Have you never loved? Could you, Jennie—and trust me, you know not with what fear and diffidence it is offered—could you accept from me a love even such as I gave that other one—more matured and less passionate, yet fervent as that first wild boyhood love?"

"Mr. Ashlowe, I am bewildered—I never loved another! But—"

"Jennie, I have known dark hours not a few since Christmas. I did not write to you, nor mean to come again. I thought you were betrothed to Hurdy, and the thought was madness!"

"Mr. Ashlowe—"

"Call me Robert: I hate 'Mister'!"

"Well, Robert, then, it is just that I explain, both for him and myself. You remember the conversation with Kate in the gig, coming from the Grange?"

"Yes, perfectly."

"That night he had asked me, as you have done now, at supper—strangely, suddenly; and I refused him, though it pained me; for he is a worthy, honest, manly fellow."

"So I always—"

"Don't interrupt me, please. And that visit, when you saw us alone, was at my request, that I might soften my rejection; for I thought perhaps Kate was right, and could not endure

the reproach of giving cause for such a hope, and then using harshness or unkindness to him. However, it is all right now; and we are just as good friends as ever—only his mother, who has pride enough for as many acres as they have inches, hasn't got over it yet: but it'll come right in time."

"Why keep me in this painful suspense, Jennie? You neither accept nor reject, though I offer you my all—my life, and love. These, and the willing work of my hands, are all I have to bestow."

"In love these are all; and there is nothing more I cannot supply. But for your answer—it's so sudden! Be content to know I never loved another!"

"Beg pardon, sir!"

"Nay, the fault was mine!" said Robert, making way for the speaker to pass, who, perhaps from being somewhat similarly engaged, ran against, and brought our Ganymede and Corydon back to the Crystal Palace.

And where were Kate and Avon? Where, too, was the pale-faced girl, who brought all this so happily about? And whither had the visitors flown, too?—for they were nearly all gone. They did not know; and, as I fear much, did not trouble themselves to inquire, but kept up a rambling talk, rambling home through the crowded streets, where Kate and her companion had been an hour or more, and the former of whom improved the occasion by a little homily on losing people on purpose. She did it very good-naturedly, though; and I doubt much whether, among all that vast city, four more favoured or happier people could be found.

A word more, and our story is complete—but for that word we must advance matters, and once again beg the dear reader, who has travelled thus far with us, to return to Aspen Hall, and so far make over her belief to us that she

can (even though the snow is falling while she reads this) imagine a soft spring day, such as follows an early morning rain; a dark old church, where, through diamond panes, the little rays of sunlight steal, like angels from heaven, and light upon two sweet faces, ranged before the altar, and two beaming, manly countenances by their side; a red-faced, comely rector, in his surplice; and beyond these a group of friends and villagers, who, as the happy lovers issue from the old stone-porch, throw early flowers in their path, and give them kindly greeting and wishes for prosperity, amid the shoutings of the school-children released, in honour of the occasion, for a holiday; and the ringing of sweet bells, and all the softening influences of such a morning. When I am married, may it be as sweet! and my friends as earnest in their emulation, as those who strive which should first call Kate—Kate of the Hall—"Mrs. Avon."

It was but a little way down to the Hall from the church, where were assembled all who could come together to do the new bride honour.

"Jennie," said Ashlowe, while Kate and Edwin walked on a few paces before them—"Jennie, when shall you and I come forth as they have done now?"

"When," she replied—looking fondly up into his face—"when the bells that ring now shall have tolled for Mr. Floodstone's death, and the farm my father kept is mine, then, Robert, you may turn farmer, and I shall be bride."

As the doctor said, with a wise shake of the head, poor Floodstone couldn't last much longer: there is prospect that ere the green corn was gold those two would again stand by the altar side.

Thus is it ever in life—the sands of one run out, but not before another waits to fill the place.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

HOME LIFE OF ENGLISH LADIES IN THE XVII. CENTURY. By the Author of "Magdalen Stafford." (London: Bell and Daldy.)—It has been said by a great artist in the power of depicting human life and character, that "the happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history." How much truth is involved in this epigrammatic sentence only the bitterly experienced can tell. Of the majority of the fair and good examples of their sex, whom our author has chosen to illustrate a class and period in the history of English womanhood, there is little story to relate. The period is that of the Commonwealth, or immediately subsequent to the Restoration, when something purer, higher, and more real than fanaticism or puritanism were born of them, and passed into the religion

of those grave wives and mothers, whose piety entered into and made the law of their daily lives. There is an almost rigid purity and gravity in the saintly outlines of their characters, their straight and orderly walk through life, and the peace (not of the world) that seems to brood about them, even when the vicissitudes of fortune, the loss of friends or children, and other domestic troubles, fall upon them. Secluded in their country homes, and occupied in household duties, the education of their children, the management of their servants, and the care of the poor—for, after the worship of God, these made the circle of their daily occupations—there was not much space left for outer interests, and certainly little time in which to be concerned by them. All these home-duties pro-

ceeded in almost rhythmical succession, so that, but for the reception of friends (informal visits with seventeenth-century roads, and appliances for locomotion, were out of the question), one day must have passed with very little variation from another. These were times in which, besides plain and curious needlework, cookery, &c., &c., the knowledge and practice of medicine and even surgery were accounted necessary on the part of educated women, and in country places, this skill was made available to the sick poor, to an extent that would have been a serious hindrance to the local practice of a qualified country practitioner. One lady (the Countess of Arundel) turned her house into an hospital in order to receive the invalids who came to her from a distance, some of whom remained three months under her roof. Some idea may be gathered of the special character of the diseases the skill of this lady most affected, from the fact that, in some years, as many as "three score dozen sheep-skins were spent merely in making the plaisters she gave." Indeed, all the Countess's charities and good deeds appear to have been bounteous in the extreme. Daily alms were given at her gate, and three times a week food was prepared for upwards of a hundred poor people in the parish. She pensioned widows, released prisoners, portioned poor maidens, and supported schools. After her husband's death she never wore any but a dress of cheap black stuff. She, however, belonged to the earlier half of the century. Foremost in this series of feminine worthies we find Mrs. Evelyn, with her Parisian accomplishments and natural wit, amiability, and refinement, making Sayes Court the centre of happiness to her husband and his friends; "indeed," he tells us, "there was nothing proof against the abundance of her wit and piety: she made virtue and holiness a cheerful thing, lovely as herself." Amongst the most charming of these memorials are the pages devoted to Mrs. Walker, the wife of the Rector of Fyfield, because they leave with us the most natural picture imaginable of a loving, clear-brained, clever little woman, full of simple piety, a thrifty manager, and neat-handed housewife, whose married life, as her husband wrote forty years after their union, "was like the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even as a morning without clouds, and as clear shining after rain." How amiable even are the superstitions of both, touching their marriage—the auspicious posy on the wedding-ring, which made the good doctor take it without searching further, and which fitted the lady's finger as exactly as the motto coincided with his taste. Then the bride's trouble about the lowering morning, and the joy when, before she had got to the waterside and into the boat (they were married at Hammersmith), the sun broke forth, dispelling the clouds, and shining with vigour and splendour.

They appear [says the author] to have been entirely happy in each other. Where they differed, they never disagreed; and, though he sometimes reproved her for maintaining her own opinion too

tenaciously, he had the candour to confess that she was generally in the right, and this, though her conclusions were not always based on the orderly chain of reasoning upon which his own proceeded, as in one instance he relates:

"She would often come into my study to me, and when I have asked her what she would have, she would reply: 'Nothing, my dear, but to ask how thou doest, and see if thou wantest anything,' and then, with an endearing smile, would say: 'Dost thou love me?' to which, when I had replied 'Most dearly,' 'I know it abundantly,' she would answer, 'to my comfort; but I love to hear thee tell me so.' And once, when I was adding the reason of my love, and began first for conscience, she stopt before I could proceed, as she was very quick: 'Ah! my dear, I allow conscience to be an excellent principle in all we do, but like it worst in conjugal affections. I would have thee love me not because thou must, but because thou wilt; not as a duty, but delight. We are prone to reluctate against what is imposed, but take pleasure in what we choose.'

Who can read this passage without thoroughly comprehending the largely-loving nature of the woman? Yet there is no maudlin sentimentality in Elizabeth Walker: it is out of her own great love and faith that she puts these questions to that other self; she knows as well as he does that he loves her wholly, tenderly; but it is so sweet to her to hear him say it, to go about all day with the renewal, as it were, of his bygone words to her, in her heart, making the numerous duties of it light work indeed; and yet they were no ordinary duties that Madam Walker, of Fyfield Rectory, undertook. She not only had wool spun on the premises, to give away in garments to the poor, and a blanket to every needy woman on the birth of a child; but she was also skilled both as physician and surgeon, as well as in the making of distilled waters, salves, ointments, oils, and syrups; and not only were her remedies at the service of everyone who needed them, but she would rise herself in the middle of the night to assist a sick neighbour. And then to see her instructing her maids "in cookery, brewing, baking, dairy, ordering linen, in which her neatness was curious, and such like," no wonder there was no lack of good servants in those days, when mistresses superintended their labours; for though, in the quaint phrase of the times, "she was neither cook nor dairy-maid, yet was she always clerk of her little kitchen." Here is a glimpse of her—a genial natural glimpse, for what good housekeeper does not plume herself a little on those virtues that add so much to the economy and comfort of home?

She rivalled Mrs. Primrose herself in her gooseberry wine, reserved for the entertainment of her friends of higher rank; and for the cider, which won such high encomiums from their acquaintance. She would never allow her husband the slightest credit. "His cider!" she would, between jest and earnest, reply—"tis my cider. I have all the pails and care, and he hath all the praise who never meddles with it!"

Indeed, Mrs. Walker appears to have rather jealously guarded her housewifely prerogative;

and if, when they entertained friends, he alluded to the preparations for their reception, she used to quietly dismiss his counsels, saying, "I pray thee let me alone; trouble not thyself; let me but know whom thou invitest, and leave the rest to me." She evidently regarded her husband's study as his proper place; and if there were any "family affairs that gave more trouble and bustle," she availed herself of his absence from home to accomplish them. As a mother we get some characteristic sketches of her, showing that mixture of tenderness, and firm good sense, which makes the happiest household. She herself taught her children to read as soon as they could speak, devoting much care to make good readers of them. She also composed an easy "First Catechism" for them, and used to

give them little rewards in money for any psalms or chapters out of the Bible which they committed to memory, less to incite them to learn, than that they might, by their diligence, have something of their own to bestow in charity, and that the practice of Benevolence might abide in them with the force of early habit. The beggar at the door was invariably relieved by the hand of one or other of the children.

As her daughters grew up, they assisted her in her still-room preparations, as well as in the after-distribution of them; and though a foreign master taught them languages, and occasional teachers the arts of singing and writing, some portion of the day was devoted to needlework; and in the evening they always accompanied their mother to their father's study for religious instruction; and, when they were dismissed (after prayer with her husband), "she herself would bring him his evening meal"—a service which she never allowed a domestic to perform for her, "because she would not lose the pleasure and satisfaction of expressing her tender and endearing affection." The anniversary of their wedding-day was a great day—as well it might be, with this truly united pair. On it they entertained their neighbours of high degree, and the Earl of Warwick's family was generally included amongst their guests. One dish on these occasions, conspicuously placed, consisted of a dish of pies, one for every married year of the hostess's life, made by herself. On the last anniversary they made quite a large pyramid, and numbered thirty-nine. Hitherto we have only seen the worldly side of Mrs. Walker's character: her piety appears to have been just as unaffected and as practical.

The early dawn found her engaged in prayer, and after this dedication of the day to God, at six o'clock she called her maids, heard them read a chapter in the Bible, and then herself superintended their labours.

She afterwards occupied herself with her needle until the hour of family prayer, at which all the labourers on the farm, as well as the household servants, were assembled, and if any of them worked by the piece instead of the day, she made up to

them by increase of payment what they had lost in time.

We confess to a strong sympathy with Mrs. Walker. We like her pithy sayings, and multitudinous maxims, her good housewifery, and loving, faithful heart. Even the fact that her husband had sometimes to reprove her for maintaining too tenaciously her own opinions, only brings her a little nearer to woman-nature in the nineteenth century. Just as Baxter's implied censure of his wife's "much ado about cleanliness and trifles"—which he held "a sinful curiosity and expense of servant's time, who might that while have been reading a good book"—gives us a little characteristic peep at everyday life in the great nonconformist's family, and shows that some small alloy of feminine weakness found a place even in the home-life of ladies in the seventeenth century. The memoir of the Evelyn family, though perhaps the best known of the series, is very charmingly described, and introduces the clever, handsome, devout Margaret Blagge (afterwards Mrs. Godolphin), one of the few ladies who passed through the fiery ordeal of the Court life of the Restoration, undefiled by contact with it. The life of Mrs. Basire is another most interesting memoir, and one over which the author has lingered with evident sympathy. But the whole work abounds with interest, giving us, at one view, not only the social and domestic manners of a past century, but much of the inner life of those "memorable women," whose deeds still shine with a calm religious light upon the turbid years that separate their era from our own. Very sorrowful it is to contrast their quiet home-life, with the toil and struggle of modern women to make and maintain a home. Yet, let it be remembered that, in spite of the great social changes that have brought about this contrast—the virtues that the condition of society at that period rendered almost imperative on women of fortune and position, are still practised by women of their own free-will. We have real pleasure in recommending the "Home-life of English Ladies of the 17th Century," as not only a very carefully compiled and well-written work, but as a very seasonable and charming gift-book.

SCATTERED SEEDS. By Y. S. N. (London: Batten S.; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—Under this title, we have a very pleasing collection of pure thoughts in verse, the composition of a lady whose signature is familiar to our readers, and is in itself a guarantee for the high tone and moral purpose of this pretty volume. The majority of the poems are on religious subjects, and a vein of earnest piety pervades the whole. Occasionally themes of a secular character are introduced, and of these we may particularize "Elsie Lee," and "The Book of the Clouds." The authoress has a true ear, and command of rhyme, which render her verse smooth and graceful. We cull at random one of the shorter poems, in proof of this; and, as a gift-book to

young girls, have much pleasure in recommending it:—

A VALEDICTION.

My hopes go with thee! Let them not be wreck'd,
Or idly ventur'd on a treach'rous sea;
But let them serve as ballast to thy bark,
Till they bring back a goodly argosy!

My heart goes with thee! Let it nerve thine own
To gullant feats, and deeds of high emprise,
Not wrought to win the fleeting fame of earth,
But to abide in angel-memories.

My thoughts go with thee! Thoughts of trustful
love—
Of patient faith, and gentle tenderness,
That shall go with thee through the desert world,
When sterner thoughts would have no strength to
bless!

My prayers go with thee! Prayers of lonely hours—
Of midnight wrastlings when e'en faith is dim;
And prayers of ecstasy that wing their flight
In the full rapture of the choral hymn—

And God goes with thee! Go thou forth in peace;
His Word thy sword—His Providence thy guide.
Go thou to HIM, and then my hopes and prayers
Shall find fulfilment, whatsoever betide.

ANNIE MAITLAND; OR, THE LESSON OF LIFE. By D. Richmond. (London: Routledge, Warne, and Co., Farringdon-street.)—We have read with much pleasure this pretty story, evidently written by one who knows children well, and who has studied their dispositions and trials. Annie Maitland is an orphan, only child, who has been brought up with great care and tenderness to the time of her mother's death; and is then, through the infirm health of her grandmother, consigned to the care of an aunt—Lady Katherine Wilmott—who has a large family of children; where Annie finds the selfishness, and vanity, and self-consciousness which have unconsciously been nurtured in her by her solitary education, and companionless life, very much in the way of her happiness. Even her bright little cousin Katie, with her truthful, loving, cheerful nature, is sometimes offended with her; and with all her cleverness, and neatness, and industry, she is frequently in disgrace with her governess; for self-consciousness, as it has been truly said, is but another form of vanity, which craves for adulation and admiration at every step, or else feels wronged and wounded at the omission which it construes into neglect. Instead of thinking and feeling for others, Annie was always thinking of herself. Herein was the contrast of the two characters—the difference between Katie and Annie:

Annie thought a great deal about her duty, and was sincere in the wish to do well. She read good books, and thought good thoughts, and said good words; but she stopped short before she came to do good works. She was not practical. She planned great schemes of all she would do by-and-bye. Kate sighed because her opportunities were so small, but went on with her little efforts striving to correct her bad tempers and make those around her hap-

pier. Knowing far less of holy things and goodness, she acted up to the light given her.

Which do you think did the best work?—was the most pleasing in God's sight?

There is a very exciting scene at Elmastone Castle, where the cousins are on a visit to their uncle, Lord Lytterton; and where, in their play, they hide from their companions in a ruinous part of the castle, and, finding a door open, venture into the dungeons, and are locked in for a day and night. The description of the children's conduct under this terror (there are four of them—Cousin Robert, Annie, Katie, and the little Lucy) is very touching, and will interest many young hearts:

"Can we get out any way from here?" asked Lucy, plaintively, after she had looked all round, and laid a timid finger on the damp oozing from the stones, and the thick green mould. She hardly waited to be exhorted to further exercise of patience ere she clung to Katie's frock and burst into tears, sobbing out something very bitter about going to *Mamma*. "*Mamma!*" It was a magic word to all those young hearts. Not a word was spoken, but with one consent they crouched down on the broken stones, and cried long and heavily. Even the bluff schoolboy covered his face with his hands, while his frame shook with great sobs. Never was he at home for the holidays, but his mother looked into his room at night, to kiss him and say "Good night!" How often that blessing had been received thoughtlessly, and without being valued! Oh! if he could hear it now—feel her warm kiss on his forehead—it would be joy untold! He put his arms right round his little sister, and she nestled to him, and hid her wet face on his breast. She, too, was thinking of *Mamma*—breathing the name quite low and softly, as if it were a holy spell. Oh! the weight that fell on the boy's heart, as he felt that the blame of all this lay with him—that his urging them to go down those steps to the dungeons had brought them to this evil plight! He ground his teeth in agony, and thought of his mother's tears and anxiety—of the dreary watching and waiting for their return.

All the misery of their situation dawned upon him now. He felt that they were wandering without a hope of escape, or even the power of retracing their steps—they were lost! Oh! why had he been so self-willed as to resist Katie's entreaties, and leave the station by the door? Their friends might have sought for them there; but *here*—why they might call and seek in vain, and never find them! He moaned aloud in anguish as the evil became more apparent to his mind.

Lividly the lightning flared and flashed over the walls, in strangely fantastic shapes. Little Lucy closed her eyes, and shook like an aspen; and the thunder crashed and roared louder and louder.

Annie had hardly uttered a sound for the last few hours. She was fairly stunned by terror; her eyes were widely dilated, and a white ring had gathered round her mouth. Often, in her idle moments of security, she had fancied herself in scenes of danger, and planned to herself how, in such cases, she would act with unexampled heroism. Now an opportunity presented itself; but, instead of acting, she was overcome by the awefulness of her position, cast down, and overwhelmed; needing aid and comfort, rather than assisting and saving others. She

was growing faint, too—faint from terror and exhaustion. She could hardly realize the whole horror of the moment, and leant heavily against Katie's shoulder.

And poor Katie—that murmur about *Mamma* overcame her too; set her off thinking of home, and Nurse, and little Eva, and Walter, and all of them.

How they were rescued from these great perils, and how, for the sake of her dead mother (whom he had once loved), Lord Lytton talks with Annie, and shows her the selfishness and perverseness of her own heart; and how, though a long time after, she learned to trample upon self, and to find pleasure and interest in the love, and hopes, and joys of others, and put away the great barrier between her heart and its Maker, I must leave the little book to tell. It is one that will well repay our young friends for its perusal; and will often, on their return to school, away from home and amongst strangers, teach them some useful lessons, and be to them like the restraining voice of a friend.

BRIGHT GEMS. (London: James Blackwood, Paternoster Row.)—We rather suspect this pretty little volume of a transatlantic origin; nevertheless, we give it hearty welcome for the sake of the excellent quality and practical nature of its contents. Out of the hundred and twenty-five stories (think of this, my young masters and little misses!) with which it is crammed, there is not one we could wish left out. All are amusing and instructive, and calculated to sow the germs of much that is good and noble in the hearts of youthful readers.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S JOURNAL.—19, Langham Place, Regent Street. (*W. Kent & Co., Paternoster Row*).—The December part of our contemporary opens with an elaborate article "on the education of girls with reference to their future position;" and proposes a system of education that will qualify them to engage in business, and earn their own living hereafter. To this end arithmetic, and book-

keeping are to be prevailing features, with a view to their becoming cashiers in houses of business. 30,000 men, it is stated, are employed in England in the sale of articles of feminine attire; and it is very pertinently urged that no one can desire to see a fresh generation of boys brought up and sacrificed to this feminine occupation. Yet such must be the case unless a sufficient number of girls are educated to undertake the work—in this case we need not say that a knowledge of mental arithmetic is indispensable. Other situations, such as clerks in Savings'-banks, &c., are proposed; a great deal of good common sense is exhibited in this article, which is the substance of a paper read at the Glasgow Social Science Congress, by Miss Jessie Boucherett. This paper is followed by the first part of a memoir of Madame Recamier, the third annual report of the Ladies' Sanitary Association, and an account of a Roman villa in the Weald of Sussex. The very charming series of papers, "Fruits in their Season," is continued, and we only regret that want of space precludes our quoting from it. Altogether this is a very capital number of the Journal.

FAIRY TALES AND ALLEGORIES, IN VERSE. By Edith E. Pym.—(*Hamilton & Co., Paternoster Row*).—We presume this to be the first attempt of a very young author, and as such spare it our criticism. Alas for the fairy tales of our own early days, with their wondrous adventures, and happy endings, ever teaching that the pearls, and diamonds, and enchanted princess were only to be gained by him who dared unflinchingly the perils of the path! Really, to save children from becoming hypocrites, and sanctimonious pretenders, we must protest against this use of a time-honoured title, to smuggle into their hands ill-written rhymes upon religious subjects.

Books received too late for review this month—"The Worn Wedding-ring, and other Poems," by W. C. Bennett; "The Intellectual Severance of Men and Women."

NEW MUSIC.

DAVIDSON'S BOOK OF ANTHEMS. Containing Twenty-seven Anthems, in Vocal Score. (London: *The Music-publishing Company [Limited]*, 19, St. Peter's Hill, St. Paul's, E.C.)—An exceedingly cheap, well-chosen, and carefully-arranged collection of anthems; with accompaniments suitable alike for organ, harmonium, and piano-forte. The size renders it sufficiently portable to be available either at places of worship or on occasions of family or friendly concerts of sacred music. Amongst the composers of the twenty-seven anthems which the book contains, we find the names of Handel, Philip Hayes, Cecil, Weldon, Nares, Rogers, and others; and it has, besides the virtue of being easily rolled up and carried in the pocket, the advantage of a clean clear type.

As a shilling's worth it almost surpasses Novello's cheap issue of sacred music.

ENGLAND'S GALLANT DEFENDERS. Words by W. Day, Esq.; Music by W. Winn. (*Locke and Lindridge, Hastings; Duff and Hodgson, 65, Oxford-street, London.*)—

"Our Army, and Navy, and brave Volunteers," is at once the burden and inspiration of this spirited and manly composition, of which the air is as effective as the words are appropriate; and we have no doubt that with the public generally, as well as with the members of the patriotic services it lauds, the song will become a favourite. It is of easy compass, in cheerful six-eight time, and the accompaniment carries the air throughout.

T H E T O I L E T.

(Especially from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—Toilet for an evening party or theatre : A dress of French *moire*, white, with *mauve* stripes. On the front of the skirt are three rows of trimming, set on full, composed of plain *mauve* silk, cut in scallops, and bordered by a narrow black blond. The head of each of these demi-flounces is decorated by a narrow black velvet, and tufts of black lace at the sides. The body, plain, and round at the waist, is covered with a *bertha* to match the trimmings on the skirt. The sleeves are covered by four frills, alternately of the material of the dress and plain *mauve* silk. *Chemisette*, cut square in front, made of *tulle*, and trimmed with lace and pearl. Under-sleeves of *tulle*, trimmed with lace. *Coiffure* of blond, with barbs hanging down behind ornamented with Parma violets in front. White gloves : rich bracelets.

SECOND FIGURE.—Robe of Isly-green *moire*. The skirt is trimmed with a deep plaiting, loose at the bottom like a flounce, and has on the left a large bow of green ribbon with long ends. *Corsage* open, over a *chemisette* of lace, or richly embroidered muslin. Sleeves with five puffs, and a cuff slit up behind, the whole trimmed with plaitings to correspond with that on the skirt. Under-sleeves of *tulle*, with a turned-back cuff, trimmed with lace and purl. Bonnet of spotted white *tulle* and *groselle* velvet. Inside the front—white blond down the cheeks, and velvet flowers to correspond with those on the outside of the bonnet. Bonnets are very generally made of two colours—white and black have very much prevailed; but the newest black velvet models are simply piped with white satin, or quilted with white silk. I have seen a very pretty bonnet for *negligée*, composed of white satin on a soft foundation, covered with black *tulle*, the front of emerald green velvet. The interior is trimmed with a *ruche* of white satin, in the shape of a *bandeau*, and a knot of emerald velvet ribbon : the *brides* are also of emerald green

velvet. Another of black velvet, blue silk, and black lace, is very pretty; its only ornament a puff of black lace and ribbon, a *bandeau* of blue silk *rucheing*, and black velvet strings. But the most distinguished is the *chapeau Impératrice*. It is of black velvet, with a crown of white satin and black lace, almost covered with two flat white feathers, the curled ends of which fall on the *bavolet* of black velvet, which is piped, and lined with white satin. In the interior of the bonnet, a knot of black velvet, attached to a coronet of pearl or golden grapes.

The last novelty in robes, I may represent as a dress of black *moire antique*, cut all in one, buttoned to the waist with buttons of chased gold, and ornamented on the shoulders by a *ruche* of black lace, terminated by a bow and ends.

I by no means recommend the robes *tout usie*: the effect is far from elegant, and, although their novelty gives a certain air of distinction to this style of dress, I do not think that it will ever be popular. Flounces are as much worn as ever on silk dresses; but, for heavier materials, *moire antique*, velvet, reps &c., *macarones* of velvet or *guipure*, are the most appropriate ornament.

Velvet shawls, trimmed with rich lace, are much worn for visits of ceremony in walking dress; black cloth mantles, chiefly of the *paletot* form, long and ample, are the most in favour; indeed, black and dark colours prevail in dress this winter; and light colours are ignored for out-door wear. Bodies are made with round waists or pointed; and are equally in good taste, either high or open: in the latter case, a handsome *chemisette* adds very much to the effect for evening wear, and especially if the body be made open to the waist, with straps across. Sometimes they are only open half-way down, and are made with a little falling collar and *reverse*.

A M U S E M E N T S O F T H E M O N T H.

By the time these lines see the light (of our readers' eyes) Fichter himself will have yielded to the pantomime season, and the ancient Lord of Misrule have taken legitimate possession of the stage. By this time, also, our readers will be as wise as ourselves, touching the subjects and merits of the Christmas pieces at the various houses, and all the boys and girls, home for the holidays, equally efficient judges of their attractions. Moreover, all the newspapers, from "The Thunderer" downwards, will have given six columns at least to the description of them;

and therefore we leave them to the great proprietors of general information, not very sorry that the remaining performances continue very much as we left them a month since, accepting the stationary condition of a piece, like that of prime minister, as a proof of its excellence, and popularity. At

T H E P R I N C E S S ' S

the only change has been the substitution of the "Corsican Brothers" for "Ruy Blas;" a change which has afforded the audience an

opportunity of testing the performance of M. Fechter in the twin brothers, by their past impression of another great artist in the same character, upon the same boards—a severe test, considering the force of first impressions, and that the alterations in the drama from Boucicault's charmingly condensed version to a compromise with the original five acts, lengthens the piece (by one act), but does not add especially to the interest. The result is, that M. Fechter's impersonation of the double character has been such as to stamp indelibly the genius and originality of his acting, upon the large audiences which have nightly borne witness to the power of his performance. Nothing can be finer than the delicate limning of the passion-pale Fabian in contrast with the stronger natured, and more athletic Louis. In personating the first, the whole action is from within, the depth of sentiment expressed in every line and variation of the handsome, intellectual face, and which at first might seem too opposed to the reserve of English feeling to be appreciated, appeals too nearly to those feelings with the mask off, to be otherwise than natural, and their intensity atones for their exhibition, even to the colder nature of an English audience. The questionable scene in the second act, and which appeared to us more coarsely coloured than when we last witnessed it, was only redeemed from absolute repulsiveness, by the purity and exquisite delicacy of M. Fechter's acting. In the third act, all the resources of his art are brought into play. The strong will, the almost feminine tenderness, and manly grace with which he invests the character of Louis di Franchi are beautifully because most naturally displayed. In the Corsican home, M. Fechter realises in the most charming manner the most trifling bits of by-play: the hanging up of a garment, the handling of a chair, the lighting of a cigar, shows you a man at home, but not a vestige of the player; and it is not till the crowd come in, that we are reminded of the melodrama. Indeed, the acting in this scene is, on the whole, excellent, Messrs. Meadows and Graham throwing themselves into their respective parts

with infinite spirit. The duel scene, always impressive, acquired yet greater intensity from the æsthetic acting of M. Fechter. We have written in the present tense, because we think it most likely that this actor, who has gradually made his way to the appreciations of a London audience, may be induced to renew his engagement. At

THE ADELPHI,

Mr. Watts Phillip's drama of the 45, the only novelty of the past month, failed, it is said, in consequence of the indisposition of Mr. Webster, and the "Colleen Bawn" has since resumed possession of the stage as the chief attraction in addition to the pantomime.

THE HAYMARKET

presents the same dearth of novelty. Mr. Tom Taylor's amusing comedy of the "Babes in the Wood" has been withdrawn, in consequence of the close of Miss Amy Sedgwick's engagement. But, with the holidays, a new actress is promised in Miss Fanny Stirling, who will make her first appearance at this house in a standard comedy. A new provincial actress (Miss Nason) is also engaged; and we see with pleasure that Mrs. Stirling is to give the charm of her intelligent and clever acting to this stage.

BURFORD'S PANORAMA,

LEICESTER SQUARE.

The proprietors of this favourite exhibition have removed the "Picture of Rome" for that of Messina, which city is just now especially interesting. We need scarcely say that it is exceedingly well worthy of a visit, in a pictorial as well as historical point of view.

PASSING EVENTS RE-EDITED.

Long before the choral prelude to Christianity sounded in shepherds' ears "keeping watch over their flocks by night," from the time when the old Romans wrapped figs in gold-leaf, and sent them as types of peace and good-will and all sweet wishes to their friends and neighbours, at the season of the December Saturnalia, gifts of love or charity have obtained amongst nations at this period of the year, and since the introduction of Christianity have been regarded almost as a part of the religious service of Christmas—a speciality of the season, to

which, in the very depths of cold, and want, and nakedness, the most wretched look forward with some glimmering of hope, and which, if sometimes vain in individual cases, is, let us thank God, largely responded to, where numbers are concerned. Few men surrounded by personal comforts can fully enjoy them, knowing that 10,000 or 12,000 men and women and their children are starving in a given town within a few hours reach of them—starving, not from any want of industry, but from a mere caprice of fashion, which sets up one

article of *lux* in the place of another, and destroys in a few weeks the homes and hopes and absolute means of life of thousands. At this moment, with the snow filling up the streets, and their breath freezing on their garments, there are men, and women, and tender children sitting by fireless hearths in Coventry, and in many cases without food, in order to save that old friend and companion, and means of support, the rude old hand-loom, or more modern *A-la-bar*, whose sound has been to them all the years of their lives, as the cheerful song of a living creature, and which, shabby and clumsy as it looks, is all they have to show for their life's labour. First the little sums put by in the saving's bank against the day of sickness, or old age has been withdrawn; then, the furniture of their poor homes has been parted with, piece by piece; and now, nothing remains to them in the shape of property, but their looms; and to part with these is to part with every hope of ever retrieving their circumstances. Great efforts have, and are being made by the wealthy inhabitants, not only of Coventry, but throughout Warwickshire (for the distress extends as far as Nuneaton), to afford relief to the suffering families; but as the last report (still incomplete as to two important districts) gives the number of adults (including children over twelve) as 18,145, and the children under twelve at 10,862, it is evident that no merely local efforts can supply more than a temporary mitigation of the distress. As I pass along Oxford-street and Regent-street, glittering and lustrous with richer displays of dress-fabrics, and ornaments, than at any other period of the year, I am struck by the appearance of what are set forth as the *new trimmings*, in the shape of bands of quilted coloured silk—heavy and meaningless attempts at novelty—which very inelegantly supply the place of the graceful ribbons which Coventry sent forth:

even the waist-bands and sash *à la Duchesse* are made of this new-fangled quilted silk, and are alike tasteless and ridiculous. And even, supposing it to be otherwise, and this to be the last Paris fashion, are there not Englishwomen resolute enough to do good, to set their faces against this fashion, and to fall back upon the simple waist-bands, and graceful-flowing ribbon, to deck their hair, their bonnets, and their dresses for this festive season, not so much for ornament, as for charity sake, with a few extra yards of ribbon? They will have, not only grace and poetry on their side, but the merit of setting the ribbon-weavers to their work, of helping to revive prosperity in the old town which the compassion of a woman has made famous, and of bringing back hope to many a heart which sees in this holiday-season only an aggravation of its own, and children's misery. Without some such resolve, as well as the introduction of new, yet analogous manufactures, subscriptions however generously supplied must fail to afford any permanent relief. Yet for the present, and, till other means are organized, there is no other mode of affording succour to these starving thousands. A fund has been opened for them in London, and subscriptions will be received by Jones Loyd and Co., Glynn, Mills, and Co., Smith, Payne, and Co., and Messrs. Drummond.

Amongst the events of the past month, we see with regret that the committee of the Royal British Life-Boat Institution have been obliged to sell out £1,000 of their small principal, to meet the increasing calls upon their noble and inestimable charity. Surely this ought not to be, in a country where almost every family has some relation at sea, and where the interest in saving life upon our coasts should be national.

C. A. W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to pressure of matter, *LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES* is unavoidably postponed till next month.

POETRY received, with thanks: "Mother and Child;" "Moonlight."

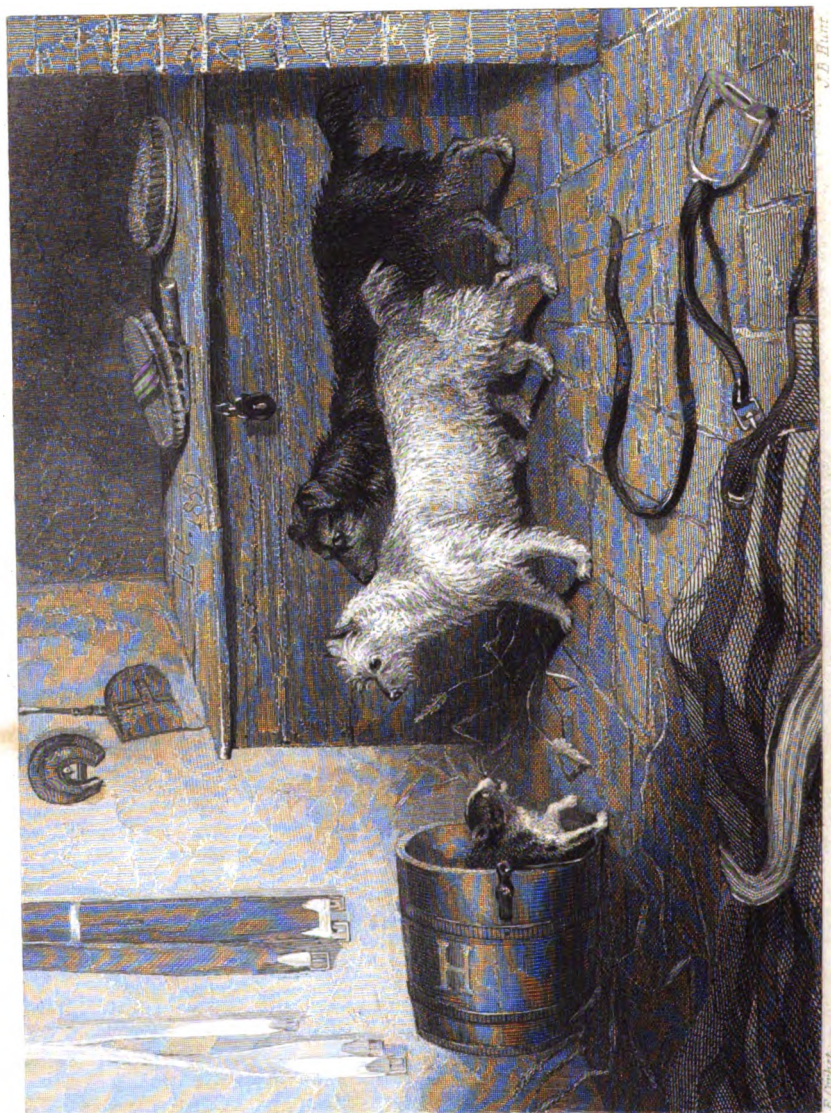
POETRY declined, with thanks: "The Holiday." Too long for our pages. The alteration in a former poem was necessary to make the line perfect in quantity. We cannot undertake to send proofs of short articles. We can only promise to give them our utmost care.

PROSE received and accepted: "The Amusements of our Forefathers;" "Waring's Courtship;" "Shakespeare on the Stage;" "Salt." Will the author permit of our condensing this paper?

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—We cannot take leave

of the old year, nor enter upon the new one, without thanking our friends and contributors for their pleasant and valuable aid, which we trust may be for many years continued to us.

LADY ORGANISTS.—The notice in our last number on this subject has called forth a reply from the churchwarden of a suburban district, who states that he has always preferred lady organists:—"They may not perform in so masterly a style as a man, but they play with a great deal more feeling and delicacy, and also they are more ready to oblige, and to meet the views of their employers." He adds, that he does not know upon what principle clergymen can discharge an organist against the wishes of the churchwardens and congregation, an organist being paid by the churchwardens.



Two Dogs at the Grooming
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RUTSON MORLEY.

BY JAMES B. STEPHENS.

CHAP. III.

Steam-engines, pistols, palaces of light, and one—one face only, ever re-appearing, in all the changeful moods of beauty; such was the stuff my dreams were made of. But they were of short duration. The morning light found me in the midst of a controversy—divided against myself. “Devisme’s, or no Devisme’s?” Such was the first question. It was easily decided in favour of Devisme’s, inasmuch as it was evident I could not, in common honesty, retain the property of another. But plainly two courses now lay before me. I might learn M. Biot’s address, and order the pistols to be sent to him when repaired; and thus might my name disappear altogether from the *dramatis personæ* of the play, of which a part had already been rehearsed—save and except as it stood in perishable plum-bago as my signature to M. Calmet’s note; or I might continue to play the part I had undertaken through the whole of Act I.—perhaps even as far as Act V., and then, disregarding cues and prompter’s suggestions, upset the plot, and wind up my affairs as walking-gentleman, by walking off the stage. It was the old, old question, that all have debated; the old alternative on which all have vibrated; the old choice which comes to us in many forms, but comes to us all—the straight path or the crooked. The last had many powers; the “great and strong wind” of Inclination, the earthquake element of Passion, the burning fire of Youth. For the first there was only a still small voice. Sometimes it seemed to assume a mother’s, a sister’s tone; and now it would come yet nearer as the voice of one more tender and more holy still. But when I closed my eyes to think of Stephanie, and let my thoughts loose upon a thousand bright possibilities all circling around her, the voice grew still and small indeed. To meet her, to converse with her, to have frequent opportunities of familiar intimacy with her purposely created for me—above all, knowing the secret, to have a silent power over her—even over all that wealth of beauty! The voice grew more still and more feeble; till, away in

the faint distance, it was as the voice of a stranger, and I heeded it not. Surely my mind was made up; yet somehow the morning light was now shining so happily, so peacefully into my room—the same light that was filling the loving hearts at home with new treasures of love, and awaking many holy ones to be holy still—so tender was the light, so akin to the voice that had whispered of ways of pleasantness and paths of peace, that when I rose from my inward controversy, I had not dared to name, even to myself, the answer that my soul had but too surely made.

In spite of passports, Paris is so well known to us English that it is almost superfluous to put the paradox in writing, that there every house is a whole square of houses. Thus it is that when you pull up your blind of a morning, if your window look (as mine did) into the court, the secrets of many households are revealed. There is no reserve, no concealment here. Look, for instance, at that bi-valve window opposite. In spite of the fact that there is a young lady dressing in the room, both valves are thrown open, and the summer air is not more free to enter than the stranger’s glance. To be sure she is in a tolerably advanced stage of investiture, but all the mysteries of hair-dressing may yet be witnessed. First of all, sundry hair-pins are removed from somewhere away in the occipital region, and suddenly a whole flood of raven tresses fall over breast and shoulders in beautiful disorder. Beautiful as it is, however, disorder hath no chapter in the institutes of capillary economy, and soon that leveller of levellers common to men, women, cocks, and mermoids, is sweeping down all opposition; and, having made an equal distribution to north, south, east, and west, sails lightly down the middle, tracing the meridian for the day in a wake of dazzling white. New distribution and more levelling. Further subdivision on either side. Introduction of artificial bodies resembling rats deprived of head, legs, and tail, one on either side. Back division wound up, and all ends finally made to meet under cover of a back knot. Nor concludes the divine

operation here. You may next observe the lady advance to the window, put her comb five or six times through her brush, thereby collecting what a few minutes ago had been parts of herself, and then, as lax, heretical and schismatic, give them to the winds. Such interesting spectacles you may publicly witness, any fine morning (as I did on this particular one), from any window looking into any court, in any house in France—and, I opine, nowhere else.

As I said before, I will exclude, as much as possible, any detail of my professional life: suffice it to say I performed my duties conscientiously, and, I think, well. They were light and easy; and from an early hour in the evening my time was at my own disposal. Saturday was always my own, as my pupil (a fine boy about thirteen years of age) invariably spent that day at Enghien, with the family of his uncle, who resided there.

As soon as my first day's work was over, I found my way from the Rue di Rivoli, where we lived, to the Boulevard des Italiens, taking with me the pistols which now seemed charged with my happiness. At Devisme's I was told that there was seemingly nothing wrong with the pistols; but that if I would leave them, they would be tested in the shooting-gallery next morning. I promised to return at the same hour next evening, and hear the decision regarding them.

I did so, found that the fault had been very slight, received the pistols, and, thus armed, proceeded to No. —, Rue de la Ferme des Maturins. But the old presentiments returned as soon as I saw the house I was in search of. All the suspicions that that scene on the night of the Fête Napoléon had given rise to, and a thousand more—dark thoughts of M. Biot's possible private history, and of the connection between him and the villain-faced Guissac—involuntary and unuttered citations of old familiar texts, about "the counsel of the ungodly, and the way of sinners;" these, though but half-acknowledged, scared me, and I passed by the house whispering to myself that, after all, perhaps M. Biot had not dined, and it would be much better to call later in the evening.

So I strolled for an hour or two about the city, reaping "the harvest of a quiet eye;" and truly is there no city on earth where such a harvest is more abundant. Every street is crowded with incident and amusement. Here it is a juggler, performing such marvels with the simple apparatus of two yard-long rods; such eccentricities of revolution and counter-revolution; such miracles of tossing, catching, balancing, whirling, intercepting, as might satisfy a generation seeking after a sign. Here it is a man, framed in the mould of Hercules, shivering blocks of unmistakeable stone with a blow of his fist. Here it is a man with one leg and no arms, who, natthless, loads and discharges a gun, threads needles, writes his name, and then goes through the ceremony of shaving himself with a dexterity that the oldest shaver amongst us had better forbear to imitate. Here

it is a fancifully-dressed individual haranguing from a phaeton on the virtues and cheapness of a certain drug in his possession, which can cure all the diseases that French flesh is heir to. And here is a whole colony of Marionette theatres, wherein, in the course of a five minutes' walk, by merely bestowing a glance upon each (which you may do for nothing) you will see, in grotesque miniature, the various stages and phases of human life, including love, murder, imprisonment, death; ay, and a step or two farther down sometimes. And each of these has its crowd, and it is especially in watching them that the quiet harvest above-mentioned is to be reaped. But now there is a general sensation, and the little detached crowds deploy into line; for the green and gold are seen in the distance, and anon the Imperial cortège sweeps by, and every Frank doffs his hat; for even the staunchest Orleanist among them feels that Despotism out an-aiing savours of the Constitution.

But into what have we been betrayed by the recollection of our two hours' stroll? Actually into the commencement of a description of the general aspect of Paris! And as yet we have only got a slice of the grotesque, and a flavour of the Imperial. We have got all the heavy moral to do yet, as read in the faces of the crowds just hinted at; and all the architectural, as yet untouched; and all the peculiarly Parisian, as it is to be seen in these four miles or so of Boulevards, and in that great Palais Royal (a Paris within Paris), and in the Gardens of the Tuileries—no; fortunately it is eight o'clock, and the public are just being drummed out of them by the Municipal Guard. So we will leave them out of account; as indeed, on second thoughts, we had better leave the rest too. In the first place, because we could not properly dispose in a few pages of material abundant enough and worthy enough for an epic poem; and, secondly (and more powerfully), because many times during many months have our eyes been greeted with the conspicuous information that no railway-station seems to have escaped:—

 PARIS, from LONDON BRIDGE, 20s.

Again I found myself before the house of M. Biot; and this time, giving myself not a moment to reflect, I rapidly entered, and having been favoured by the Concierge with the concise instruction, "premier, a droite," I hurried upstairs, rang the bell, and felt myself irrevocably committed. A domestic, about whom nothing impressed me except the evident fact that he was an Italian, appeared at the summons, and in a few seconds more, I was in the presence of M. Biot.

I was shown into a large, handsomely furnished room, which was brilliantly lighted up. Under the first dazzling effect of the sudden transition from the soft twilight without to this artificial noonday, I seemed to be entering a crowded *salon*; but imagination and a profusion of mirrors had squared and cubed the real num-

ber of four to a high arithmetical power. Near one end of the room, and seated at a table, fronting each other in the manner of partners at whist, were the four original substances in the mould of gentlemen. M. Biot's face was towards the door as I entered, and immediately on perceiving me—I might almost say immediately before perceiving me—he rose with an air of fulfilled foreknowledge which seemed to betoken that he had been perfectly aware that the course of my circumstances and volitions would infallibly bring me to that exact spot at that exact time. Once again I knew the power of the calm, unimpassioned presence—a sense of greatness, and a desire to be something to it, which made me feel, as he took my hand in his, and welcomed me in few, but kindly words, that I could be proud even to be his victim. I was presented to each of the strangers in succession. M. Auguste Tartas, a middle-aged, and not very good-looking Frenchman, wearing the cordon of the Legion of Honour, and seemingly inseparably attached to a *fidus Achates*, in the shape of a thick, gold-headed cane, which, it struck me at the time, he might as well have left outside; Signor Pierotti, a young and decidedly good-looking Italian; and Count Gagini, an old and very yellow-looking Sicilian.

This last particularly arrested my attention. I may state (what I afterwards learned) that he was of noble birth and great wealth, derived his revenue from brimstone—and apparently his complexion too. All three were remarkably deferential to M. Biot; Gagini in particular. In fact, I was not ten minutes in the room before I discovered that he was the mere reflection of M. Biot—a very awkward and distorted one, certainly; a little more, perhaps, than his reflection—his echo too, being greatly given to repeating M. Biot's words. M. Biot's oracular responses, however, often shrunk into strange distortion whilst passing through this utterly contra-Delphic process. Sometimes the repetitions were characterized by such Pythian incoherence that nothing but the noble bearing and gentlemanly dignity, which, in spite of the brimstone complexion, was so evidently the grand hereditary possession of the Count, could have prevented their being received with laughter.

I felt curious to fathom the connexion between M. Biot and this unmistakeably weak-minded individual. Whatever might be the link, the connection was evidently a close one. The patience with which M. Biot watched these fitting spectres of his own remarks, the rebuking glance with which he checked the slightest indication of risibility on the part of any of the listeners, and (if the two ideas be compatible) a certain deferential patronage towards the old Count—the paradoxical heritage of noble imbecility; all these might simply be attributed to gentlemanly feeling. Not so, however, the following interchange of (to me) mysterious exclamations betwixt the two, just as I had passed successfully through the triple introduction:

Old Count [looking earnestly at me; the

tears streaming down his yellow cheeks].—“Would have been just about that age, Biot! Yes, and as fine looking too, no doubt. O had he been spared! Biot! Biot! You can do all things, why couldn't you have saved him?”

M. Biot [quietly laying his hand on the arm of the Count].—“My dear Count: I deeply sympathize with you; but do not give way to your old grief. Do not speak as if all were lost. I have not yet given up the search. Nay, I am persuaded we are at last steering in the right track. Through the papers I find that the unknown person I mentioned to you yesterday was seen lately in the Louvre, sketching the Venus of Milo. I will follow this up. Do hope, my dear Count, and be comforted!”

COUNT [rhapsodical, and on the Delphic tripod]: “Ah, you are right. Hope! Yes. We are steering at last..... Through the papers..... Yes, and the Venus of Milo too..... sketching in the Louvre. Ah, yes [taking M. Biot's hand in both his], you are always right. Hope!—Comfort!”

And then the poor Count wiped his tears, and, seeing that M. Biot had placed his hand (as soon as it was released) in his bosom, he copied the attitude, and seemed to find great relief in it.

M. Tartas and Sig. Pierotti, with instinctive politeness, had started a conversation, in which I was supposed to be included, concerning things in general, as soon as they perceived that the old Count's exclamations were for M. Biot alone, and not for the company collectively. I know I said something too, in answer to a question from one of them, about being delighted with Paris; but I was in reality busy translating into English thought the colloquy just given, which I should have said was spoken in Italian. When the Count subsided, however, I allowed myself to become more sociable with those two lively and encouraging talkers. Of course Paris was the staple article of the colloquial traffic—what I had seen, and what I had not seen; what I admired, and what I didn't admire; what I thought superior to the same thing of its kind in England, and what I thought inferior; what I ought to see, and—no, it seemed there was nothing which in their opinion I ought *not* to see. We had no need of the miserable refuge of the weather topic. Paris—Paris, seemed to contain the centre, and coincide with the utmost circumference of talkable subjects. To every Parisian it is the “great Babylon which he [that is, France] has built.” To every foreign visitor it is the miniature of the universe.

M. Biot, who had been sitting for some time in thought, interrupted our polioliatry, by asking me if I understood Italian. Surely the demon of deception had entered into me when I answered “No.” It flashed across my mind that it might be displeasing to him to know that I had understood what had passed betwixt the Count and himself. It flashed across my mind, all but simultaneously, that here also I might gain by assuming ignorance, and somehow I

felt that there was a connection between assumed ignorance and my prospects of seeing and being with Stephanie: in short, I felt as an actor, and (as I said to Rutson Morley immediately afterwards) I spoke artificially.—N.B.—Ignatius Loyola did not *invent* Jesuitry.

Who did?—he who was watching his time when the young and simple student left that quiet home in that quiet land to live in a world no longer composed of letter-press and maternal smiles, but of intricate deceit and damning beauty—he who had now entered into him that he might sift him as wheat. But there was one above praying for him that his strength might not fail utterly.

But that is in the hidden depth of things. Let us to the upper surface again. I thought I could see something like satisfaction in M. Biot's face when he heard that the conversation between the Count and himself could not have had any significance for me. At the same time I dare say he thought it necessary to give me some explanation of the ecstasy of tears into which my appearance had thrown the Count, as he added immediately in English: "Your age and appearance were associated in Count Gagini's mind with those of a friend he has not seen for many years."

I professed satisfaction with this explanation, and we immediately relapsed into French, conversing long and freely. It seemed strange to me that Stephanie did not appear. I began to think that she must have triumphed over her father. In the purity of her uncorrupted soul, she must have finally refused to act as the tool of deception. I hated this thought. I was now myself in the crooked path, and having gone, thus far, I could not bear to think that she whom I had hoped to meet should leave me in it, without a motive, without claim upon her, without power over her. Then I passed to thoughts less selfish, and feared what might be her fate in the hands of such a father. Oh, should his hands deface that beauty—the beauty that now seemed my own rightful possession, since it had entered into me, and with a wonder-stroke of power had changed my youth to manhood! Or she may have fled! And ah! the breadth of this great world, and the winding intricacy of the social labyrinth, and the shortness of life!

Farther and farther our paths may diverge—farther and farther, till the great gulf be fixed between us! Ah, rather than this, come even as a deceiver! But a few steps farther in the crooked path, and we will turn back and flee together; only let us meet and love!

But still she came not, and finally I resolved to take my leave, as the only method of bringing matters to a crisis. I was in doubt, however, as to how to introduce the subject of the pistols, not knowing whether or not M. Biot might wish the transaction to be mentioned before the other visitors. But he relieved me himself from the dilemma.

"You found that I had been prophetic the other day," said he, in the same tone which I had noticed on the first day of my acquaintance

with him—a tone which might indicate either question or affirmation.

"Yes," I answered, "and I have executed my commission."

"You were quite right," returned he, to my astonishment, "to throw away the case. It might have led to detection, and it can easily be replaced."

At this rate, thought I, he may know precisely where I stood, and what I saw on the night of the *fête*. He must have noticed my puzzled look, but ventured no explanation.

At this point coffee was brought in by the Italian domestic, of whom M. Biot laconically inquired "Arrivata?" and was laconically answered: "Non ancora arrivata, Signore."

"You have brought the pistols with you?" he continued in the same ambiguous tone.

"Yes," said I, at the same time producing them.

"Ah! I owe you many thanks. What think you of these, gentlemen?"

Each in turn examined them; each in turn took aim, above the horizontal, at some imaginary object; each in turn pronounced them admirable; and I even heard M. Tartas say, in a low voice in Italian, to Signor Pierotti, that these would one day fetch a fabulous price at Madame Tussaud's. But of course I didn't understand this: as little was I expected to understand M. Biot, when he said to Count Gagini: "These are small weapons, my dear count; yet what changes destiny shall accomplish with them! These shall work the glory of your house, the liberty of Sicily and of Europe. From these shall speed the death-blow of tyranny. These shall wake the world from its slumber to gaze on the morning-light of a new and more glorious age! Nothing now is wanting but a steady hand, and that, too, shall come ere long."

"Ah, yes," said the Count, rubbing his hands, small weapons to work changes destiny yes wants nothing but a steady hand Yes, Biot, these shall wake tyranny from its slumber to gaze on the morning light Yes, these are very small weapons, indeed, Biot!"

As soon as Count Gagini had given this lucid abridgment of M. Biot's sentiments I rose to take my leave. I had several times eyed the table at which the four gentlemen had been seated, with a view to ascertain the nature of four documents lying thereupon, of which each gentleman had had one before him when I entered. As I rose, I moved hastily towards the table in question with my empty cup, and, placing it down, I saw at a glance that to the body of writing on each were affixed four signatures, the first and second of which I read at once as Count Gagini's and M. Biot's; the others could be guessed.

I received a hearty "au revoir" from my three new acquaintances. M. Biot touched the bell, but, notwithstanding, accompanied me to the hall-door himself.

"And now, my dear Mr. Morley," said he on

reaching it, "let me beg that you make my house one of your evening resorts. You will find more attraction to-morrow evening. I expect that my daughter will arrive here to-night. She has been for some time with her friends in the south. Now, tell me, shall I be able to promise her the pleasure of your company to-morrow evening?"

"I am delighted to promise the company," said I; "but in the matter of pleasure, I expect I shall but play the part of a recipient. I am extremely obliged by the honour you permit me to look forward to."

And, delighted to find that my hold upon Stephanie was not gone, I bade good-night to M. Biot, and knowing that Mr. Delby's family were gone to the opera, and would not yet be home, I strolled along the Boulevards, revolving in my mind how I was to conduct myself towards the mistress of my thoughts. Her position towards me would be a false one. So would mine towards her. Her course of deception and mine would run parallel to one another. Yet, strange as the circumstances were, I determined to do my utmost to make these two paths meet in real and sincere love. She has agreed to deceive me, thought I, from which one of two things may be concluded: either some stern necessity, resting on the connection between M. Biot and her father, compels her to act according to their wishes; or, she has consented to do this just in order to have some power which she may use for the good of him whom they seem determined, in some way or other, to victimise. I dwelt lovingly on the latter conclusion, and turned into one of the hundred cafés that shine along the Boulevards, to ponder its probability still more deeply. Having ordered café noir, and having been again, as usual, insulted with Galignani, and having wondered why the garçons always exaggerate the capacity of the cups, and invariably pour on till the saucer is flooded; and having admired the brilliant array of flowers on the counter, and the pretty face behind them presiding over the financial department, and ever and anon acknowledging the salutes of comers and goers; and having perplexed myself beyond measure as to what particular object of charity the silver vase at the end of the counter might belong, into which the goers were perpetually dropping sous, I was about to surrender myself to sipping and meditation, when I became aware of a sudden and violent increase of the number of customers, a furious and universal demand upon café noir, and unmistakable evidences of madness on the part of the garçons. Perfect composure, however, on the face of the financial department behind the flowers.

Among the rest came Herr Dulcken, to whom by the way, I had been introduced the day before, when he came to Mr. Delby's, as he did thrice a week, to give my pupil an hour's excursion into German. Herr Dulcken was a little old man, with a shining bald head, and a ruddy, benevolent countenance. His silver spectacles formed one of the most conspicuous

features of his face, and had caught the prevailing contagion of benevolence. Herr Dulcken was very shabby, though, in all the more perishable constituents of personal appearance. A snuff-coloured cap, with long ears tied up over the crown; a snuff-coloured coat, with incredible pockets and visionary cuffs; a waistcoat of the same, with button number one inserted in button-hole number three, and the error consistently sustained; trousers of the same, badly braced up, so that the legs appeared of unequal length; shoes profoundly Gibeonitish: these, though not constituting Herr Dulcken, could not be entirely separated from his good old personality. Nor was snuff a mere colouring, the substance itself was plainly distinguishable on the tips of his nose, the ends of his fingers, and the bosom of his shirt. In fact, Herr Dulcken was preeminently snuffy. As an element in his general expression it was all but co-equal with benevolence itself. I have mentioned the ends of his fingers with all the more confidence from the fact that they were never hid by gloves; the reason assigned for which by Herr Dulcken being, that, from long lying in his pocket, the said gloves had got too full of snuff to be wearable.

Such was Herr Dulcken, who, on this occasion, turned his spectacles in my direction, and bore down upon me in an ecstasy of delighted recognition.

"My dear Mithter . . . Mithter . . . but no matter for your name, thir—it's your fathe I have taken to!"

So began Herr Dulcken, who had mastered everything in English but the letter s, a rather un-German weakness, which followed him in all his philological "thucthetheth."

"Morley is my name," I suggested—Rutson Morley."

"Very good, Mr. Morley; but ath I thaid, your name ith of very little conthequenth compared with yourthelf; and ath for yourthelf, that ith a thubject I made up my mind upon ath soon ath I thaw your phythiognomy. Don't bluth my boy; you know ath well ath I do you're devilith good-looking. You penth at leath half an hour thith morning on thethe fair curlth of yourth. Thlight want of determination about the mouth—a little thenthuality about the chin; but bleth you, thethe are small blemitheth in the general comlineth. Well, then, my dear Mithter . . . Mithter . . .

"Morley," I again suggested, "Rutson Morley."

"Very good, Mithther Morley; but ath I thaid, the name ith no matter. How ith yourthelf, Mithther Morley?"

I informed him of the state of my health, and having likewise ascertained the state of his (which was thus reported upon—"Gout, thir, gout—not at prethent, egthactly, but coming thoon"), I asked him the meaning of the sudden increase of the customers, who had now almost entirely disappeared.

"They came from the theatre. The Variétés ith clothe by. The thecond play ith jutht over.

(Garthon ! une bouteille de la bière de Thtrath-bourg !)—I have been in the Variétés mythelf to-night."

"Indeed ! I hope you enjoyed it ?"

"Enjoyed it, thir ! What do you mean, thir ? Do you imagine that a perthon at my time of life goeth to the theatre for enjoyment ? I thit all the time under the thertain conviction that I will have gout nektht day. Ath for the play, I theldom look at it."

"You don't go often, then, I presume," said I, wondering why he ever went at all.

"Dont go often ! Don't I, though ? There'th not a perthon of my age in Parith, thir, who goeth half tho often."

"May I take the liberty of asking what attraction the theatre has for you ?"

"The jewellery, thir ; I go to thee the jewellery. There ith not a thirclat, neck-lathe, brooch, or brathelet that hath been worn in that houthe to-night that I have not egthamined with the aid of thith optical inthtrument," he replied, pulling out a huge snuff canister from an abyss of pocket in his left coat-tail. "No, not that one egthactly," he added, "but thith," bringing up an enormous operaglass, from a fabulous depth in the right tail.

"Indeed !" said I, wondering as much as ever, "I never heard of such a passion for jewellery."

"Paththion for jewellery, thir ! What do you mean, thir ! Do I look like a perthon with a paththion for jewellery ? Conthider my appearanth, and correct yourthelf, thir. Do I wear any ringth on my fingerth ? Do you call thith a handthome tchain ?"—pulling out from his waistcoat pocket, and holding by the ring, a watch of the clock species, to which was attached neither chain, guard, nor ribbon.

"Paththion for jewellery !" continued he ; "I thappothe you ecthpect to thee me to-morrow at Mithther Delby'th, in a necklathe and bratheleth, eh ! No, thir, if there ith anything I hate worth than the devil, it'th jewellery. I wouldn't give thith pinch of thnuff for the Ko-hi-noor." [It was a huge one, certainly, but not to be compared in value to the jewel in question.] "Indeed, thir, with the ectheption of the thlight want of determinathion about the mouth, and the approach to thenthuality about the chin, that ring on your finger ith the only thing I don't admire about you."

Herr Dulcken always spoke as if he were in a violent rage, but his face, beaming with kindness, prevented any such impression being formed from his tones ; yet I thought it necessary to beg pardon for this second misconception as to the nature of his likings ; but, at the same time I ventured to suggest the necessity of reconciling the apparent contradictions into which he had fallen.

"Now, Mithter Morley, I mutht make you aware in the firth plathe, that I am a very thingular man."

I hinted my perfect readiness to believe it.

"Very good, thir ; then look here. Here ith what hath made me a frequenter of theatreth in

thpите of gout, and a connitheur in jewelh in thpите of my unornamental tendenthiet. Here it ith, thir."

He introduced his hand into his bosom, and from an inner pocket of his waistcoat, produced a small leather bag. Untying it, he took out a small Maltese cross, about an inch and a half in length, which he placed in my hand for examination. It was of lapis lazuli, set in a frame of delicately-wrought gold ; at each of the extremities a small pearl, set in a calyx of filigree gold, hung, loosely attached ; in the centre was a very large and valuable diamond, surrounded with minute pearls. It was certainly a beautiful object ; but, though I turned it round and round, I could not by any means discover its aptitude to explain the difference between Herr Dulcken's habits and Herr Dulcken's speeches.

"It is very pretty, really," I said, after mature but ineffectual examination, "and the Duke of Brunswick might be proud of that diamond. It is a very valuable one."

"Ith it, indeed ?" replied my incomprehensible friend ; "it never thtruck me that it wath either valuable or pretty."

"Is it antique, then ?"

"I don't know ; but that it's a quality I should be dithpothed to admire," said he, surveying his clothes.

"Excuse my curiosity, then, if I ask you why you prize this, or what connection it has with your spending so many evenings at the theatre ?"

"Will you promithe me, thir, that if ever you thee the fellow of thith—the counterpar of thith—you will immediately communicate with me, and let me know where, when, and under what thircumthantheth you may have theen it ? Will you promithe thith ?"

"With pleasure."

"You promithe it ath a friend ?"

"I do."

Herr Dulcken looked serious, took a pinch of snuff, and then passed the box to me. This was intended as a solemn ratification of the treaty.

"Well, thir, thuffithe it to thay, for the prethent, that to find the counterpart of thith croth hath been the object of my life for therveral yearth. It doeth egthitht thomewhere or other—thomewhere or other. I have been told that it lieth at the bottom of the thea. I don't altogether believe that mythelf. I may tell you a long thtory thome day. Meantime, thir, I am tho throngly thet upon thith, that, should I die without athertaining that it ith above-ground, the very firth thing that I thall do in my emanthipated thathe will be to go down amongst the mermaidth, and advertithe the reward of twelve lethonth in the German language for the mithing article. With my prethent conformathion, however, that would be followed by thuffocathion, if not gout ; tho I confine mythelf to the thurfathe of the earth. At prethent I conthider it probable that the object of my thearth ith in Parith. Now, it mutht be either thold or unthold, and therefore do I frequent all

platheth where jewellery ith for thale, and all platheth where jewellery thold ith dithplayed. I find the theatre very convenient for thith. I don't theek it in the idea that it will be found entire, I theek it even piethe-meal. I never thee a fragment of lapith lathuli, but I theek out ith hithtory. I never thee a diamond of thith thithe, but I theek out *ith* history. And many a queer thtory I have found out, thir."

"But bleth my thoul," cried he, looking up at the clock in the café, "it 'ith half-path; eleven! Now that ith very late for a perthon whothe thleep ith thircumthcribed, thinth he knowth that he will wake up to-morrow morning egthactly at eight o'clock with the gout! But let me thee if that ith correct time."

Here he pulled out the watch already mentioned, looked at it, put it to his ear, and returned it to its place.

"Thame thtory," said he; "but I mutht have further evidenthe."

So saying, he dug out another watch—equally clock-like, and equally left to itself—from a fob in his trowsers. This confirmed the preceding, but was not yet accepted as decision.

"Now for the highest appeal," said the eccentric old man, producing from a pocket in the inner breast of his coat an immense snuff-box, with a watch set in the lid—not the box we had ratified the treaty with. This one, it seemed, was only displayed on state occasions, or, as at present, to settle chronological disputes.

"Thettled!" he exclaimed—"11.32. Good-night, Mither Morley, good-night! I've thaid more to you to-night than I would thay to any other man—it'th in confidenhe, you know. Now we're friendth for life. It ith your fathes that hath done it. Garthon! voilà! Good-night, Mr. Morley. Au revoir!"

CHAP. IV.

"Time and the hour *run* through the roughest day;" but they *walk* through a smooth one, and that with slow, pendulum pace. On this particular day, which was to end with Stephanie, Time dragged himself along, slowly and stubbornly—sixty dead beats to every minute, sixty disobliging minutes to every hour! In fact, the hours seemed to have laid by their wings, and to have mounted themselves on mules, or to have borrowed, expressly for this day, certain lazy old pads accustomed to farmers' wives on market mornings. Click, click, click; it seemed, moreover, that the said mules or pads required regular and uniform beating to stimulate them even to their ordinary progress:

It was a relief to have fixed duties to perform. For a time I forgot myself luxuriously in etymology, orthography, syntax, and prosody. It is true that *In*, signifying motion *to*, contracted a mé-salliance with the ablative, and that *Æneas*, after having reached Carthage, found great difficulty in construing his way to Dido; but these were

crimes of which Stephanie was wholly guiltless, and for which Master Delby alone was responsible. Verbs governed, and nouns submitted; petty prepositions ambitiously followed their example; adjectives sometimes attempted it too, though they generally found a more congenial sphere in concord; in short, the whole grammatical conspiracy against substantives was enacted in such a proper, business-like style, that even the mules or pads (whichever they might be) abovementioned absolutely found it necessary to amble, in order to keep up with the course of events. But Herr Dulcken arrived, smiling and snuffy. My duties ended as his commenced, and again the unaccommodating animals subsided into the market-morning pace.

Yet is there a fearful solemnity in the departing light of a day spent in impatient waiting. If we allow the slightest opening to reflection, the thought inevitably bursts upon us that not all the powers of earth nor all the powers of heaven can ever recal, so much as one of these little moments! Happy he who catches every winged moment as it passes, nor frees it till, in ransom, it has dropped a ringing stroke upon the golden task of life!

Stephanie was my answer to every serious reflection. Every quarter of an hour the clock of the Tuileries struck new force into that answer, making her image more and more vivid, bringing the reality nearer and nearer. It was between eight and nine when I called on M. Biot the evening before: as soon as eight struck on this evening I hailed it as the legitimate hour, and hurried to the Rue de la Ferme des Maturins; I inquired at the Conciergerie if M. Biot was at home, and, being answered in the affirmative, made my way up the handsome staircase. I was met by the Italian domestic, who was standing with the door open, looking expectant. Without giving me time for a single word of inquiry, he led the way past the drawing-room where I had spent the previous evening, opened the door of a room adjoining it, and, announcing Monsieur Morley, ushered me into the presence of —. Work up your imagination, and conceive my amazement, when, instead of M. Biot, I saw seated before me the girl whose beauty had brought me so many new joys!

Reader, you have surely felt it—you have been dreaming of her all night, and thinking of her all day, and yet, when the fair reality appears before you, even if you meet her at the trusted time, how you are startled and surprised! How different, oh, how startlingly, how rapturously different, the image and the substance, the floating expectation, and the bodied fulfilment! Who would give one sensuous look, one yielding touch of the living, breathing woman, for the vapoury beauty of a thousand cherished dreams!

The elegance and simplicity of her style and manner surpassed anything I had ever met with. Her dress was of white tarlatane, looped up at one side with a small bouquet of roses, thereby showing the under-skirt of white silk; the body and sleeves, corresponding with the skirt, ex-

actly suited her beautifully rounded figure, and carefully avoided the display so often made in the present fashion of young ladies' costume. Her dark hair was dressed à l' *Imperatrice*, but without those plastered rings on the cheeks which have so pretentiously usurped the name of "fasciators!"

May my millinery be excused, as would be that of the portrait-painter who, with pre-Raphaelite precision, should give the very texture of her dress.

The room was quite in keeping with its beautiful mistress. The clearly-burnished oak floor was nearly hidden by alternate pieces of Indian matting, and squares of tapestry edged with fringes: the couches and chairs were neatly arranged; the large mirror on the chimney-piece reflected the brilliant lustre of the gasolier; different styles of paintings, disposed on panels, alternated gaily with numerous smaller mirrors, which multiplied the general brilliance. The harp and piano, which occupied very prominent places, showed that music would enhance the charms that so ravished the eye; while the profusion of flowers in vases, on every available table, gave such a finish to the *tout ensemble*, that, for a moment, I was bewildered with beauty. But immediately came to my rescue the thought that my position was one of power, from my knowledge of the deception that for some reason or other was now being practised upon me. Stephanie had risen as I entered, and was moving towards me with such an air of cordiality as might have been sufficient welcome to an old familiar friend, when I recovered myself sufficiently to say, after an obeisance that would have become an Oriental, "I beg pardon, Mademoiselle, but I was given to understand that M. Biot was at home."

"He is at home," said Stephanie, in the kindest and sweetest of tones; "but being engaged just now with another gentleman on private and important business, he has resigned to me the pleasure of receiving you. I am delighted to see the friend of my— my father!"

She had given me her hand while she said this, and in spite of her cordial air and kind words I felt that she was quivering with agitation. I replied with some rapid conventionalism, as, setting the example, she motioned me to a seat. I saw that she was struggling violently against herself, her mouth firmly set, and one little foot that protruded from under her dress, pressed violently against the floor as if to stay her trembling. She had appeared flushed as I entered: she was now deadly pale. I could almost curse myself now, when I think how selfishly my sense of power over her increased in proportion as I saw her inability to act the part she had undertaken. I ought to have rejoiced to see how unnatural deception was to her pure nature; yet, in the desperate contradiction of a fallen heart, I was really rejoicing in the possession of a power of pain over the being I was so passionately loving. I did not perceive this then. I look back, and know it now. I have rebelled at the thought

that the "ploughing of the wicked is sin;" yet have I learned that there may even be a love "without a relish of salvation in it."

There was a short but embarrassing pause—all the more embarrassing as Stephanie several times made faint, but perceptible efforts to speak, and as often restrained herself, evidently fearing to betray her agitation. I scanned the painted panels, in the vain hope that they might suggest a topic of conversation; but the subjects were either too general or too particular. I scanned the flowers, but their innocence and freshness served only to reproach me, and alas! her too. I scanned the mirrors, but they merely repeated the painted panels and the flowers. I lifted my eyes to the ivory crucifix on the wall, which, fixed on a background of ebony, terminated in a small silver oystershell, for the reception of holy-water; and I felt that, of all subjects, that had better be left untouched. At length, turning again to Stephanie herself, I ventured to hope that she had recovered the fatigue of yesterday's journey.

"I have not yet recovered the removal," replied the poor girl, struggling to preserve truth in the midst of falsehood.

"In what part of the country have you been, may I ask?"

"At— at Marseilles."

She looked imploringly at the crucifix, and I knew that, in her inmost heart, she was praying the prayer of him whose image was before her—praying that this cup might pass from her. And yet I, who loved her, held it again to her lips.

"I am sorry," said I, "that you were not here a day or two sooner, to have seen the *fête*. I am told that this one was more magnificent than that of any previous year. But I doubt not Madlle. Biot has been so *fêted* in the south as not to regret Paris."

"No, Monsieur, you are not right there. Paris has far more attraction for me than the south."

And she said this so simply and naturally, that I knew she meant it; and then for the first time entered into me the horrible thought that perhaps I was forestalled; that all this beauty before me, which I so ardently longed to possess, might already be covenanted to another! Attraction! It could not be that brutal, exacting, guilty father! It could not, surely, be M. Biot; for had I not myself heard her speak of him as having no right to her? What attraction, then, if not some one occupying that place in her heart which I had resolved should be mine? But for this thought I might have waited, and worked patiently, content to see each day adding one new link to the chain I would throw around her. But all my former resolutions seemed now cold and spiritless. Her presence was sending the blood through my veins like currents of fire. A new design whirled madly through my brain. I had heard enough on the night of the *Fête Napoléon* to convince me that there was some heavy burden of secret guilt resting on the head of Guissac. Vague and incoherent as his frantic exclamations had

been, they were sufficiently strong, when linked one to another, to hang a tale upon. I felt securely possessed of the one-half of a secret; a little address was all that was wanting to make my knowledge of it appear complete. I had but to work a little more upon her feelings, that, taking advantage of the civil war in her heart, I might the more easily enter it in triumph. Yet again she shall drink the cup till the inward conflict shall end in tears of helplessness. It shall be the first moment of my power.

Scarce a moment's delay had been caused by these workings of my mind. I replied before any perceptible pause in the conversation had taken place. "It is strange," I said, "how the attractions of home triumph over all others! Though enraptured with all I have seen since I arrived in this city—and I find new cause for rapture as I remain—I yet feel that nowhere can I enjoy the same sense of security—security of body and soul, as under the homestead roof. I am sure that your experience of to-day must be a sweet sense of safety under the protection of your father from the many dangers of the world, which must make you pity those who are far from such protection, or destitute of home influence. In that case I may be happy enough to provoke your sympathy."

It was as I anticipated. I had made her feel the full falsehood of her position. I had placed her true self and her assumed character in the most conflicting contrast, and had thus brought her agony of conscience to a crisis. Her bosom heaved violently. She made a convulsive effort to speak, and then, aware that her agitation had been so glaringly betrayed, she rose in an agony of shame, and, hurrying past me, would have rushed from the room, had I not sprung up to intercept her. I threw myself between her and the door. She struck her open hand upon her forehead, and gazed upon me with a look of terror and astonishment, and moving it convulsively over her head, unconsciously freed her beautiful dark hair from the bondage of art, so that it fell flooding around her, and maddened me with the glory of its abundant loveliness. Yet I calmed myself, and lifting my hand with slow precision, pointed to the crucifix on the wall. "Stephanie Guissac!" I said, "can you look upon that sign?"

She flung up her arms wildly as I pronounced her name; and when I put the question that searched so deeply into her wounded conscience, she clasped her hands before her eyes. A long sigh, that might have been the reluctant departure of her very soul, and the sudden whitening of her lips, alarmed me. She staggered back, and would have fallen, but hastening towards her, I caught her in my arms. For a few moments she seemed lifeless; her head lay on my breast, and her hands, unclasping of themselves, slid gently down on my arms. I might have called aloud for assistance, yet I would not for worlds break the spell that held her to my breast. I was equally chained by fear and terrible enjoyment. My utmost hope, when I had anticipated this evening, had been to see

her, and to touch her hand: yet now my heart was beating against her brow, and my arms were hid in the dark-flowing treasures of her hair. I could not choose but weep; but whether with joy or sorrow I cannot tell. I bent back her unresisting head, and my tears flowed down upon her face as I kissed her forehead. It startled her to life and consciousness, and her first movement was a faint struggle to release herself from me: and again I caught the moment.

"Stephanie! Stephanie! you may yet look upon that sign! You have not deceived me! You do not know me. Look upon me! Surely some good angel has sent me to love and protect you! To meet you thus I have thrown myself fearlessly into the midst of a deep and deadly plot that points at my very life. Stephanie! I adjure you, by our common knowledge of the deceiver, by your love for your father, by the blessed memory of your mother, and by the secret never yet revealed by me—the secret she whispered into your ear on her dying day—look upon me, trust me, and love me!"

As I held her in my arms, I knew by her ever-increasing tremor that each word was telling upon her sensitive soul. But, as I uttered the last appeal, she seemed suddenly gifted with supernatural strength. Breaking from me, she threw herself at my feet, and never while memory casts its light over the buried past, shall that entreaty pass away from me—the wringing hands, and the prayerful, tearful eyes.

"Oh, do not betray my father!" she uttered, in a voice subdued by terror; "do not betray him! Whatever you are, or however you may have gained this knowledge, have pity on him! I know I cannot claim your mercy. You have found me on the side of your enemies; but, believe me I knew not your life was concerned. I knew nothing, nothing except that my father was in danger; and oh, sir, think—he is my father! I am poor, and cannot buy your mercy, and perhaps you would scorn my offering if I could, for surely your knowledge is beyond that of common man! Oh, if you are above our kind, and if your sphere is nearer than ours to the throne that is set in Mercy, in the name of the All-merciful have pity on my father and on me! Or, if you are sent as a minister of vengeance, seeking life for life, let mine be the sacrifice: but let my father go down to the grave in peace! This night, if you will, you yourself shall lead me, and you shall see the waters close over me! Tell me—tell me, will you have pity on him?"

I raised her gently from the floor, held her two hands within my own, and looked full into her deep, sad eyes.

"Listen to me, Stephanie. How I obtained this knowledge is not for you to know; yet do not think me more than an ordinary man, earth-born, and earthly-affectioned. Still, it is in my power to be either a minister of vengeance, or a minister of love. It lies with you to determine which. You are willing to give your life for the life of your father. It is well. I

claim it. But oh, Stephanie, not in anger—not in anger! Look up on me. I am not hateful to look at, and my heart is full of love to you. I claim your life, but only that I may be admitted into the joy of all your beauty and goodness. . . . I do not ask your answer now. One thing I require; you must play out this rôle. For your father's sake we must deceive the deceiver. Tell M. Biot I was hurried, and could stay no longer. To-morrow evening I shall see you again. Stephanie, Adieu!"

And without giving her time to reply, I left her, looking, oh, so wildly beautiful! I hurried from the house, passing at the bottom of the staircase the Italian domestic and the Concierge enjoying a gossip, which, so far as I could hear, was *de la pluie et du beau temps*. Stephanie as well as myself had been deceived as to M. Biot's whereabouts on that evening; for as I took my way through the place Vendôme, I saw him emerge from the Hotel Bristol, and step into a carriage in which were already seated Count Gagini, M. Tartas, and Sig. Pierotti. I passed close enough to hear the Count give the order to drive to the Opéra Comique, and not caring to follow in their track, I continued my way to Mr. Delby's, strongly inclined to establish in my own mind as a general principle that no man, resting on his natural goodness alone, can form anything like a secure judgment regarding his own character, until he finds himself in scenes and circumstances on which his upbringing forecast no anticipation.

CHAP. V.

It is difficult indeed to tell how I felt when again shut up alone. I had taken a step which had severed me from my former self, and had made me something new, something worse than I had been before, a step which had transformed me into a living paradox of tormenting perplexity and feverish pleasure. The little leaven of good that had made my former resolutions digestible to conscience—the amiable motive of rescuing Stephanie from the path of deception, was utterly gone. I had gone deeper into the toils than ever, and had borne her along with me. Yet I had so far gained my end. I had exercised my power. I had rooted her thoughts upon me. But then it was by assuming the complete knowledge of a secret regarding which I knew nothing but the fact of its existence; a monstrous equivocation which any one of a thousand little circumstances might trip up. It could not but happen that in our future intercourse I should in some way or other be called upon to substantiate my assumed possession of the family secret. Yet I could not now draw back. A thousand reasons urged me on; and high above them all, call it the love, call it the passion, call it what you will, the incense flame of mingled intellect and heart which woman's

beauty kindles, and which man madly waves before the idol-altar! And what ought I to do?

Ought! Was it the absolute ought? The ought of conscience? Hush. Lay that aside. Away in the remote recesses of the soul's labyrinth, buried beside old metaphysical speculations, forgotten dreams of fairy-land, and vague memories of things that seem once to have been—there let it rest. And there I laid it.

But no power of resolution, no force of will, could lay the ghost of it. Daily and nightly, week after week, the ghastly disembodiment of buried duty hung, shapeless and dark over all my thoughts, over all my joys—unacknowledged but undeniable. Like a horizon of cloud, the gloomy consciousness of forsaken rectitude compassed all my ways; ever deepening around me, darker and darker; ever closing in on me, nearer and nearer; till it only needed some startling projection from the upland of life to burst the vapoury volume, and flood me with the billows of a great moral Cataclysm.

Let these revelations suffice for what was passing in my "heart of hearts." They belong to those arcana of soul, which we seldom speak of, but which, nevertheless, form the true story of our lives. Is it not so, you who are merriest among the merry, brightest among the brilliant? Ask yourself, when the pleasure party is over, in which you have been the cynosure of all observation, if there is not an inner depth of soul which the pleasure has never reached—a portion of your nature far more truly yourself than that which a few moments ago bore your name and reputation—the isolated self whose identity none other can share, the self whose very existence must be a curse through all eternity, unless it be hid in the life of life. Once more alone, and again thrown in upon yourself, do you not feel that the real history of your life lies in the unexpressed secrets of your immortal soul?

"Something too much of this." Let us up once again to more visible regions of thought and issue. My chief fear regarding the position I had assumed towards Stephanie arose from the thought that importunate claims founded on the mere accidental possession of a secret might be far from provocative of love. I had no desire to be the gaoler of an unwilling—captive heart. I wished that I should fill her thoughts as she was filling mine—that our circles of life should coincide, and together revolve around the same sunny centre of love—that her soul should hang lovingly and trustfully on mine, as the vine upon the olive. I felt therefore how necessary it was that the chain I had already thrown around her should be held as loosely as possible, and that in the mean time I should draw her towards me with other and more silken cords. The secret had supplied the opportunity, but it was not to be the means. I trusted to the natural effects of ardent love and frequent intercourse.

I saw her next night. We were again alone, and she was beautiful as ever. I had been won-

dering all day how she would receive me. I had feared that when the excitement of our first interview was over, her clearer sense, penetrating the thin veil of imposture, might have revolted against the power I had assumed over her. I had entertained the thought of other possible shades of feeling on her part, but truly nothing like the dark shade of despair which was resting on her features when I entered. There was no trace of weeping in her eyes; her sorrow had been too deep for tears; but such a marble rigidity of grief as even then forced upon me the idea that had the fate of Niobe overtaken her at that moment she would have remained the perfect embodiment of the disconsolate.

On seeing me she made a slight movement of salutation. Advancing towards her, I took her hand, but there was no returning pressure, and she dropt it passively as soon as I withdrew mine. I seated myself on the couch beside her, at a loss what method of treatment to adopt, or what character to assume. I addressed her, pronouncing her name, but she made no reply.

"Have you nothing to say to me," I asked, "regarding the subject of our former conversation? Are you less careful now for the fate of your father? Why do you not speak to me, Stephanie?"

After several ineffectual attempts to speak, she at length exclaimed hurriedly, "For heaven's sake, sir, have pity on me!" and then bursting into tears, rapidly crossed the room and flung herself on her knees beneath the ivory crucifix. I followed, and kneeling beside her, spoke to her with all the earnestness with which my heart was so full.

"Do not mistake me, Stephanie," I said. "I ask nothing from you, but that you will try to love me; that so long as I am here you will permit me to come to you often; that you will tell me all your thoughts, all your hopes, and all your sorrows; that when I return to my country, I may know that I carry your heart along with me; that when I work hard there, as I shall, I may ever say to myself that it is for Stephanie; and that one day, if heaven prosper me, I may return to claim you as the reward of all my labour. Think no more of me in connection with the hateful secret. Think of me only as one who loves you deeply, purely; as one who, since he has seen you, has sprung at once from the instinctive existence of boyhood to the higher being of an earnest, loving man; one who sees nothing but yourself in all the crowd and circumstance of life. Here, as we kneel, I ask you to promise to try to think well of me for my own sake. Will you try, Stephanie? I only say, try."

I raised her—placed her on a couch, and waited some moments for her reply. "Give me time to think of the meaning of this," she said at length. "It is all so new and strange to me; I know so little of why I am here. I know so little of who or what you are, I am all darkness together. I seem to see no meaning anywhere. I have no friend to tell me whether I am doing

right or wrong! no friend! Oh sir, if it is in your power, let me go home to my father."

"Will he tell you, Stephanie, whether you are doing right or wrong? Does he care for the difference? Is there any right or wrong for him beyond the will of M. Biot? You feel yourself without a friend. Think then of what I have just said to you."

"But what do you know of me?"

"That you are beautiful."

"Oh, I have heard it a hundred times, but what of that! It is nothing—absolutely nothing. I am but a poor, uneducated girl; and, were my face the fairest that God ever made, could you look on me without seeing the stain of blood? Ah, you know too much of it! Did I ask what you knew of me! Ah, sir, you know too much—too much!"

"I know that you are good."

"How can you know that? When you first met me last night, did you not find me acting deceitfully towards you? No no, sir, you cannot—you ought not to esteem me. . . . I remember you said last night that you had thrown yourself into the midst of a dangerous plot in order that you might meet me. Well, you have met me. You have seen how weak—how little estimable I am. I have no virtues—no accomplishments that could disclose themselves to you upon further acquaintance with me. Make arrangements then, if you have the power, for my leaving this. And oh, Mr. Morley, let me beseech you, extricate yourself from any connection you may have formed with M. Biot. I dare not even guess what the object of it may be, but of this I am sure that it cannot come to good."

"Your reasoning may be strong, Stephanie, but how weak it is before the love I bear to you! I have told you that I love you; what matters it to me then how great your own self-depreciation may be? It only makes me esteem you the more. . . . You have acknowledged yourself friendless. I offer you friendship, and much more. You say you are poor. So am I. You speak of your father's guilt. That is his, not yours."

"Another thing, Mr. Morley, let me say, to dispel this capricious illusion. You see me now in the midst of all the luxury of wealth. Remember these surroundings are none of mine. Even this dress is not my own. If you saw me in my own humble sphere and in my own plain dress, you might think"

"I would think simply what I thought of you when I first loved you in your own humble sphere and in your own plain dress."

"This is strange! How—when had you seen me before last night?"

"No matter how or when. But, Stephanie, my patience is on the rack. I have told you I love you, I have asked you if you will try to love me in return. Will you answer me—yes, or no?"

"If you were aware, Mr. Morley," she replied slowly, "of how new a thing it is to me to hear of true friendship, much less of pure love, you

would know that I am not listening indifferently to your protestations. But oh, if I were only sure—if I only knew that I had any real or lasting influence over you —.”

“What would you do?”

“I would make you swear me a solemn oath.”

“And if I swear it?”

“Then you may command me in everything that will not blot a good name. You may bind me to any length of engagement; and, what is more, you yourself shall be free to cast me off when distance and the faces of your own fair countrywomen, of whom I have heard so much, shall have made you forget the little French girl whom you fancied for a day or two that you loved. Will this be sufficient reward?”

“No.”

“What farther do you require of me?”

“That you will try to think well of me for my own sake—that you will try to bring yourself to love me.”

“It is past trying, I cannot promise that.”

“Why? Are you then pledged to some other?”

“No.”

“Then why in the name of reason, Stephanie, will you not even promise to try to return the love of one who if he chose might abuse his power over you, and who proves the truth of his affection by the delicate regard he has for your honour? How is it that you can bind yourself to cast in your lot with me for life, and yet will not promise even to try to return the love I have proved to you?”

“Swear my oath, Mr. Morley, and I will tell you why.”

“Let me hear it.”

“That you will never say or do anything that would lead either directly or indirectly to the betrayal of my father; but that, on the contrary, you will do everything short of perjury to shield him from punishment.”

“I will swear it—I do swear it.”

“Put this crucifix to your lips.”

“There! Now then why will you not make that little promise?”

“Because.....forgive me.....”

“Nay, Stephanie, fulfil your words!”

“Because.....Mr. Morley.....it.....it needs no trying!”

* * * *

There are moments into which the rapture of a lifetime is crowded, but which cannot be told; when past and future, purposes and consequences, with all the details and appurtenance of life, are utterly forgotten, and nothing realized but the soul-filling joy of love. Such moments should have no third witness. The embracements of affection, the long silent gaze, the incoherent protestations, these are the outpourings of one heart to another, to whom the thought would be unwelcome that they are not alone in the universe save with one to bless their love. What must that love be, of which earth's best affection is but a distant type!

The sudden dawning of friendship upon her

who for years had known no friend seemed only to show her in her true light. I found hers a heart tremblingly responsive to the slightest manifestation of affection, childlike in its trustfulness, womanlike in its deep sensibility. True, I could not but see that in her fine-strung nature there was all the frailty of tenderness; but who of Adam's race would have loved her the less for this?

After some time we found ourselves relating to each other all that we could remember of our past history. Mine was a tale of peace. Family, books, friendships—these were the titles of its short, monotonous chapters. But Stephanie drank it in with breathless interest, evidently regarding me as intellectually some great, polyglot, encyclopedic what-not. Hers, poor girl, was a more chequered tale. Even hunger and want sometimes cast their dark shadow over it. So far back as she could clearly remember she had lived in Paris with her mother. Her father had often left them suddenly, and his absence had often been prolonged for months. Sometimes he had left them a little to live upon, sometimes nothing whatever. Her mother had been employed as a maker of gold lace, and Stephanie herself from her ninth year had been initiated in the same art, which she had continued to practise ever since. The harp and piano had been mere ornaments extemporised by M. Biot. She, poor girl, possessed no other accomplishment save that of expressing well her own simple thoughts.

Every French girl possesses this faculty, or acquirement, whichever it may be. If the reader doubt it, it only proves that he has never been in France. If ever he do find himself there long enough to incur a washing-bill, let him just by way of experiment intimate to his washerwoman (she is sure to be neat and pretty—almost ladylike) that he thinks she has made a mistake in the charge, and if he be not immediately treated to an elocutionary and perfectly grammatical display of persuasive eloquence, or indignant rebuke, enacted by the *blanchisseuse* in question, it can only be because she has been pre-informed that he travels with a French phrase-book in his hand. In that case if there be any rhetoric in gesticulation, he will get at her opinion without the use of a dictionary.

Being only employed, however, when the regular hands belonging to the warehouse were found too few to meet demands, their gains had been fitful indeed, and her mother had often been reduced to more menial occupations. Since her mother's death, which she could not mention without weeping, her father had never till the other day left Paris. How he lived she knew not, but she believed he was dependent on the capriciously administered aid of M. Biot. This at least she knew, that the house in which they lived belonged to M. Biot, who had himself sometimes lived in concealment for months at a time in the upper apartments, only venturing out under cover of night. Sometimes, however, her father was entirely without money, and then

her earnings were their sole support. At such times he had often urged her to try to gain a little by sitting as a model for artists, but she had always managed to turn him from this idea, having been always on these occasions fortunately, or providentially, pretty well supplied with work from the warehouse. But there was one part of her conversation which sank deep into my mind, though at the time it might not seem to have possessed a significance proportioned to the impression it produced.

"Yet I seem to remember somewhere or other that is not Paris," said she, after bringing her story up to the time of our meeting. "It may be some dream of early childhood, or an idea drawn from some picture I may have seen long long ago; but sometimes when I am at work I sit trying and trying to distinguish between the real and the unreal in my early recollections. I try to find a beginning to these flitting visions—I try to find an end to them, but all in vain. There is something that I cannot understand. But stay!.....there it is.....gone again! How clearly it came upon me just now! It is many years since I have seen it so clearly."

"Seen what, Stephanie?"

"That face. I have sometimes asked my mother if I ever had a brother, but she always wept so at such times, that I never pressed the question. I have sometimes asked my father, but he has always met the question with such angry words and looks, thanking heaven for giving him no more than one burden, that I have never been able to pursue the inquiry with him either. But there is a face in my early recollections that I cannot account for. It comes back upon me most fitfully, but ever as I grow older it seems to grow older too, till as I saw it but this moment it seemed looking on me with the matured love of a manly brother."

"What other recollections haunt you besides this?"

"None very striking certainly, and yet I often wonder where it can have been that I have seen so many oranges growing, and so many little green lizards creeping, or basking in a brighter sunlight than I ever see in Paris. Then too, there is a rolling river, and yet it is not the Seine; and then I remember a little chapel among the oranges—a very little one, and an altar in it, and some one holding me up to kiss the picture of a beautiful saint over the altar; at least it seems to me that I recollect all this; and yet sometimes it is all so dim and unreal that perhaps it is only the lingering impression of some story that my mother may have told me when I was very young. Are you haunted by any such memories?"

"None that I cannot account for."

"What is your earliest recollection?"

"My first sight of the sea."

"That reminds me too," cried Stephanie, "I am sure I have seen the sea. When I am unhappy my dreams are full of great mountains of waters moving onwards for ever; and when I am happy, I sometimes dream of a great plain of crystal, with no pathway upon it, and a bright

blue sky over it without a speck of cloud: I am sure I have seen something of this somewhere or other."

THE LAST NIGHT.

Within the old familiar room,
While twilight deepened on the flowers,
We sat, and grasped the waning hours
Swift-sliding into gathering gloom.

We sped the wine from hand to hand,
And strove to speak of common things,
And forced our tongues from whisperings
Which might have left us all unmanned.

Broad jest and merry tale went round—
Old jests, old tales, but hailed by shout
Of loud-voiced laughter shrilling out,
And hushed in sudden lapse of sound.

We dreaded lest our talk should fail,
And silence close upon the room—
Close with the ever-gathering gloom
Which clung about our faces pale.

We dreaded lest a pause should change
Our tones into a minor key,
A dirge succeed our boisterous glee
With solemn music sad and strange.

The darkness deepened; filling all
The empty spaces where had been
The dead man's chair, the ancient screen;
And veiled the blankness of the wall.

Night settled: silence fell at last.
Our thoughts at freedom backward flew;
And memory on the darkness drew
A glimmering picture of the past.

A dead voice filled the void of sound,
And through the dreary void of space
Rose from the dead a reverend face,
And dead eyes glanced on us around.

Kind words, kind glances, as of old;
The kindly heart and look and tone,
The courtesy that was his own,
Sole pattern of the antique mould.

Each other's shadowy hands we pressed;
We could not see each other's eyes;
Our voices trembled into sighs
Long-pent, that would not be repressed.

A shimmering radiance swept the lawn
With waving shadows, quivering light;
And momentarily the eastern night
Grew pallid towards a moonlight-dawn.

Through open windows crept a sound
Of low-breathed trebles: side by side
We watched two sombre figures glide
Like ghosts athwart the dappled ground.

We rose and joined them. Cold and still
The large moon lightened half the sky,
Slant-silvering the elm-trees by,
And bringing near the white-sailed mill.

The dreamful murmur of the sea
Came to us, and the vagrant wind,
Seeking for that it could not find,
Whispered about us lingeringly.

We paced the lawn with silent feet,
And spake in tones of quiet sorrow
The loss, the parting of to-morrow;
And promised vaguely we would meet

In other places, and would hold
Our friendship closer than before,
That swift reunion should restore
Heart-treasure richer than of old.

She lingered fondly round her flowers,
And wondered who would tend them now,
And pressed to loving lips a bough
O'erblown which scattered rose-leaf showers;

Remorseful that her thoughts had strayed
From them of late. We slowly drew
To where a spreading chestnut grew,
And hid the garden seat in shade.

Here he had sat on summer-days—
The father she had nursed so long.
From heart to lips there rushed a throng
Of recollections in a maze

Of love and sorrow: "She had been
A careless daughter, oft had spoke
A hasty word, and felt the yoke
A burden on her; she had been

"Unthankful. Oh! the days gone by!
Could they come back, come back again!
And all this night-mare woe and pain,
This bitter, bitter misery

"Prove a wild dream! Oh! she would learn
A deathless lesson—know the worth
Of heavenly blessings upon earth!
Oh! could they but return, return!"

Her passion sank in sobs: a calm
Lulled its strong billows, as she talked
Of Him who on the sea had walked,
And stilled the tempest. There *is* balm

In Gilead. Thus the night drew on;
Towards the hushed house the shadows turned;
In white moonlight the casements burned,
Like funeral tapers pale and wan.

The night slid by; the shadows fell
O'er all the garden, as the moon
Sank slowly from her highest noon;
And so in shade we said "Farewell."

J. A.

"MOTHER AND CHILD ARE DOING WELL."

BY MRS. ABDY.

'Tis a simple phrase, yet methinks 'tis fraught
With an ample store for earnest thought.
My mind to the shadowy future strays;
I view the world and its troubled ways:

Will those, now claiming our tender care,
Safely escape from the perils there?
And will eager friends hereafter tell
That Mother and Child are doing well?

The love of a Mother is not shown
By gentle, endearing words alone:
Nay, precept may not to good persuade,
If example fail to lend its aid;
'Tis sad when a Mother's wishes roam
From her quiet hearth and her peaceful home:
'Tis sad on the lot of a child to dwell,
Whose Mother wearies in doing well.

But a Mother loving, and firm, and kind,
Winning to wisdom the infant mind,
Softly controlling with patient skill
The roving thoughts, and the wayward will—
How do I honour her anxious care!
Truly I seem in her hopes to share
That the child in virtue may excel
So early guided in doing well!

But I could not thus my praise bestow,
Were her care confined to a world below:
May she strive in Christian faith and love
To train her child for a world above;
And may each pursue the narrow way,
Till the good and wise unite to say
"We have watched their course, and gladly tell
That Mother and Child are doing well."

MOONLIGHT.

BY ADA TREVANION.

The misty landscape fades upon the sight,
The daylight slowly dies, but not too soon;
Over the heavens fall the robes of night,
And through blue darkness floats the regal moon.

Across the level ocean in the East
The pearl hues grow; and the dark mountain
side
And solemn woods, whose birds their songs have
ceased,
Rise from the dusk, bathed in an argent tide.

And now a gentle vision comes to me,
While all is hushed, and witching dreams have
power;
I see a form that I may never see
At any time but at the moonlight hour.

She hath a mournful face most angel fair,
Her loose hair sinks along her snowy breast;
Her lorn voice sings a lay of love and care,
Softly enough to lull a child to rest.

I sit with half-closed eyes, and dream, and dream
Of the calm summer nights of long ago,
When we two floated down the deep broad stream,
Besilvered by the mild moon's tender glow.

All things which are around me and above
Combine to make the illusion more complete;
But suddenly my dream of joy and love
Is at an end, and thou art vanished, sweet!

Ramsgate, 1860.

THE CHARTER HOUSE;

(A Sketch of Historical London).

BY GODFREY TURNER.

The pensioners on the bounty of Thomas Sutton of pious memory, are subject to strict sumptuary laws, whereof the following will speak in instance—"None to wear weapon, long hair, coloured boots, spurs, or coloured shoes, feathers in their hats, or any ruffianlike or unseemly apparel, but such as becomes hospital-men to wear." It is painfully difficult to imagine what might be the consequence if one of those old gentleman should turn out some fine morning in the garb of an ancient swaggerer. There is extant among the heirlooms of my family, a portrait of a Poor Brother of the Charter House, before he came to be a Poor Brother. His appearance in effigy is what might be called dandified; though certainly not in the least like that described above. He wears no weapon, though attired in the uniform of the City Artillery Company. As to his hair, it is in the fashion attributed to Brutus, on the hypothesis that any noble Roman of that name wore his hair in the fashion of a haycock; and as to my relation's boots, they do not appear at all in this portrait, which is a half-length, but I think there can be no reasonable doubt of their being well blacked and polished; and as to his hat, it is a cocked one, and is tucked, like a waiter's napkin, under my relation's left-arm, and is as innocent of feathers as a newly-hatched alligator; and as to his apparel generally, it is not by any means ruffianlike, according to the conventional ideas of integumentary ruffianism, but is rather calculated to impress a beholder with the belief that my relation would just as soon have clad himself in the airy costume of a South Sea Islander, as in the quaintly truculent fancy-dress interdicted by the authorities of the Charter House.

You know as much, very likely, of that honoured precinct as I can pretend to tell you. You have a sort of impression that Nicholas Hopkins was "a monk of the Chartreux," and you care to settle the point in your mind for the sake only of a fine scene of Shakespeare's. You know that the existing charity is a mere child in arms, compared with the original Charter House, though it has maintained its present condition for two centuries and a half; that the place was a princely residence formerly, and a convent before that, and a plague-pit before that, coming to be an almshouse and school in the reign of King James the First; that it was founded as such by Thomas Sutton, citizen and girdler; that by the benevolent founder's direction, the eighty pensioners *ought to be* (and, let me add, in defiance of those injurious italics, which I find repeated by so many London historians, *are*) decayed

gentlemen, merchants, and soldiers; that of the forty-four youths who are lodged, boarded, and taught, under provisions of the same endowment, twenty-nine are sent to the Universities, with each an allowance of twenty pounds a year for eight years, while the rest are apprenticed to suitable trades; * that there are nine ecclesiastical preferments in the patronage of this hospital, all to be bestowed on Carthusian scholars; and that it may possibly be a good thing to be acquainted with a governor whose appointment of a pensioner or a pupil is next in rotation. You know, too, that the closing chapters of "The New-comers" owe very much of their charm to the author's love of the locality and to his characteristic appreciation of its assemblage of boyhood and old age. You recollect how the simple hearted Christian soldier and gentleman answered to the Spectre's call, amid the scenes of his rosy youth, and said, as he had said in that fresh morning time, "I am here." And you have, alas for me! read Washington Irving, You, good reader, Whig or Tory, English or American, have felt it a pleasure and a privilege to be admitted to the recesses of that gracefully conservative mind. In short, I can tell you no new facts about the Charter House, nor moralize the old ones into any new similes.

Why should I? What in the whole wide world of births, deaths, and marriages—what in the annals of politics and prize-fights—what in the name of novelty is new? Tell me where is Fancy bred now-a-days? Where is the fountain of new and interesting fact? I have looked into Noorthonck, on the earnest recommendation of Mr. William Hone, who tells me, in that perennially interesting "Year Book" of his, that Noorthonck "may be deemed the best historian of London," and I have certainly found nothing whatever in Noorthonck that is either new or suggestive anent the Charter House. It may be that Hone was thinking of Maitland, who has something more to say, but not much, on the subject; or of Stow who has a good deal, and of the right sort. There are plates in Stow and Maitland both, which represent the whole of the Charter House in a bird's-eye view. Perhaps the picture thus afforded us is quite singular, in that it represents so large an extent of buildings in London at a distant date, exactly as the pile would be represented now; for, though much has been re-

* It appears on the records of the Charter House that Henry Siddons was bound over to his uncle, John Phillip Kemble, "to learn the histrionic art and mystery."

moved, nothing has been changed since the earliest of these two historians made his famous "Survey."

But there is no need to be beholden to Noorthonck, or to Stow or Maitland either. The exhaustive volumes of Charles Knight have appeared since Hone paid his gratuitous compliment to the dry and meagre historian of 1773. Nay, there is yet a work which will be found to excel any and all of these, in the information it contains respecting the Charter House. That work is no other than the Charter House itself. As a discriminative critic would say, "it will repay perusal." Divided into three books, each relating to a distinct epoch, the history is writ in solid brick and stone, which all who choose may study. It is thrown freely open by its custodians; and there are few such records worthies to be read and re-read by the city peripatetic.

Of all the odd angles of London, that north-west angle of Charter House Square, in which the entrance to the Charter House is situate, is the oddest on the map of my cockney experience; and of all the trim oases in the dirty deserts of metropolitan slum-life, Charter House Square itself is the very trimmest. The quaint houses which bound it on three sides bespeak a wise accommodation of old-fashioned ways and modern improvements. They resemble old people who have cheerfully kept pace with the time, but have not sacrificed their prescriptive venerableness. It is a hale old age; a lusty winter, frosty but kindly. Those carved doorways are youthful in the brightness of their paint; those curtained windows tell of a quiet, well-to-do air of youthfulness within. Youthful too, and something beside, are the faces which now and then come to those windows, and peep out upon the green enclosure of the squares.

It is the story of the Charter House, as written in its walls and chambers, that I now propose to glance at; and albeit I can promise to supply no learned annotations, I will ask the reader to accompany me: The gates by which we enter the domain of the Charter House is in the architecture, I observe, of Henry VIII. There is the badge of the Dukes of Norfolk on either post. Alas! "the Howard's lion fell," in a succeeding reign, less gloriously than at Flodden; and it was by an act of more than Royal grace, and more than Elizabethan clemency, that the Virgin Queen forbore to seize the estates of the traitor whose life was justly forfeited.

The gate beyond, which was the outer gate of the monastery, stands in remembrance of the last monastic days. Prior Houghton and other ecclesiastics, who refused to acknowledge the Protestant King's supremacy, were executed at Tyburn, and their quarters set over divers gates of the city, one part of Houghton's body being left to putrefy above the gate of his own convent. The end of religious houses in England was then at hand. When this one sank, Sir Edward North, afterwards Lord North, "a famous lawyer," obtained the land so cheaply

that his fame in the law seems a thing scarcely to be wondered at. A grant of the property had been made to the yeoman and the groom of the King's "hails and tents;" and Sir Edward prevailed on these very simple persons to give up their right to him for an annuity of £10 a piece. From my Lord North, the Charter House and its lands passed to Sir Thomas Audley—not exactly on the same terms, we may imagine, as those above named. With Sir Thomas Audley's daughter the whole went to Thomas Duke of Norfolk, the same that was beheaded by Queen Elizabeth, for treasons manifold and dire. The confiscation of the ducal estates being remitted, as we have seen, this ground of the Charter House, and all the edifices thereon, remained in possession of the Howard family; and in the service of that family was a young man of great intellectual promise, named Thomas Sutton. It was not by a hidden course of money-grubbing, but by the exercise of the highest mental power, and by a career of conspicuous brightness, that this gentleman advanced himself to be unquestionably the richest merchant of his time. I like to believe the best of some men, and the worst of others; and I make a point of believing that this Sutton was offered a peerage by James on condition that he would make Prince Charles his sole heir; and that he chose rather to leave his worldly wealth in a righteous and charitable cause, and to remain till death, and after death in the hearts of many grateful generations, plain Thomas Sutton. It is a strange circumstance that he should be dubbed "Sir" Thomas, in Washington Irving's delightful essay, "London Antiques." I can find nowhere the authority for thus entitling him, and must conclude that the genial American was paying too courtly a deference to English institutions. One would think that on Sutton's tomb, at all events, the monosyllabic dignity would find place, were there warrant for it, knightly or baronetial. But on that highly decorated mausoleum, with all its Dutch display of symbolical devices, the honest name of Thomas Sutton appears, without so much as the plainest handle of any sort or kind. Sir Walter Manny, Lord of Hainault, who founded the monastery of the Chartreux as early as 1371, was a very different gentleman. He, like Sutton, however, personified all that was noble and generous in the spirit of his age; and perhaps, after all, it is not so much between the natures of the men, as between the characters of a warlike and a peaceful time, that the true contrast lies. In Froissart there is a very glowing account of Sir Walter, who came to England in the train of Philippa of Hainault, and liked the country so well that he stayed in it. Very few of his countrymen who attended the fair princess did the like, or remained long after her marriage with Edward III. Let us think kindly of the chivalric, pious, and tender Lord of Hainault, who abode long in our land, to do brave and virtuous deeds, and whose bones rest peaceably under these cloisters.

Before Sir Walter Manny built the Chartreux,

this part of London was open ground. In the middle of the fourteenth century, a plague spread itself over great part of England, and raged in London with such fury that, according to Stow, "scarce the tenth person of all sorts was left alive." Ralph Stratford, Bishop of London, purchased a plot of ground near Smithfield, that was known as "no man's land." For no man, nor woman either, was this ground bought by good Bishop Stratford; but for those who had been men and women once, and, rest their souls, were dead of the plague. Fifty thousand of them were buried here in the course of a twelvemonth. The Friary cart of St. John's had little rest of its wheels in all that time. Twenty years or more after the pestilence, Sir Walter, in conjunction with Simon Ludbury, who had then succeeded Ralph Stratford as Bishop of London, founded a convent for monks of the Carthusian order, a branch of the Benedictine. Perhaps the site was chosen because of its peculiarly happy and convenient associations, the monks being enabled to gratify their holy desires by becoming a set of living tombstones. Here for two centuries, or nearly, did they continue to mortify, leaving a blank for the history of their monastic establishment, until called into sudden and disagreeable prominence by the Protestant bluntness of the Tudor Bluebeard.

The buildings which are now inhabited by the Poor Brethren are, as may be supposed, the latest architectural branch of the Charter House. Our guide (one of the servants of the hospital) informs us that they were refaced in 1842. But the old form was preserved intact. This portion belongs purely to the time of James; and the school, chapel, dining-hall, and kitchen, together with sundry chambers attached to them, are a mixture of the earlier periods, that of Henry VIII. or Edward VI. predominating largely over the Gothic remains. These are to be traced in some interior portions, but are more conspicuous in the outer walls and cloisters. The dining-hall is Gothic, and the kitchen is yet more primitive in its features. There is a fixed dietary for the Poor Brethren. It is a Tuesday that we have chosen for our visit, and five shoulders of mutton, you observe, are revolving on two spits, whence it will at once appear that Tuesday is roast mutton day. The kitchen does not lack the homely old axiom, "Waste not, want not"—plainly inscribed for the perpetual edification of cooks. But it will strike the visitor as a rather odd circumstance that this exhortation to thrift appears on a gilt turtle-shell.

The little chapel, which contains the monument of the founder, Thomas Sutton, is picturesque in its old panelling, carving, and rich colours. Before quitting it, we will take note of a monument erected by the scholars to a beloved second-master, whose sculptured profile betokens a fine mind and a gentle disposition. *Cari desiderio capituli Oliveri Walford, etc.*; in truth, the face of that mild teacher seems one to be held in affectionate remembrance. And

thou, too, Elizabeth Jeffkins, who wast matron of the school, and wast called "Mother," light lie the earth upon thee, and be thy familiar title written as the choicest of epitaphs on hearts that shall yet wax old.

A grave, full-length portrait of Sutton adorns the refectory, and shows the good man to have been the very being we should have chosen to fancy him. If I were so well off as to be a Poor Brother, I would not wish to accept my bounty in the presence of a nobler benefactor. As we have already noticed, this dining-hall belongs partly to the ancient remains of the Chartreux. It is just such a chamber as Mr. Louis Haghe would reproduce to admiration in one of his richly-shadowed pictures. The aspect of the hall, on this occasion of our viewing it, is interesting. The event of the day is at hand. Five snow-white cloths are spread on five long tables, and, by a slight anticipative reach of imagination, we already see the five shoulders of mutton, safely dished and smoking, in the ample hall. Some of the Poor Brothers are too old and weak to take their places at the board which is here spread for their entertainment; but the majority will meet at commons, and will talk, perhaps, of more than one cmony, whose infirmities have so increased as to compel his absence. It is to be observed, by the way, that a wise rule, fixing the lowest term of years at which a pensioner shall be admitted, is not without its wiser exception—None under fifty shall enter, "unless maimed in war."

Let us leave the ancient brotherhood to their thankful enjoyment of creature comforts, in a retreat hallowed by the venerable presence of age and of sacred poverty.

WINTER.

BY JAMES EDMESTON.

Beyond the icy northern deep
A stern Enchantress dwells,
Surrounded by eternal sleep,
Arm'd by resistless spells.

The bright but powerless sun from far
Lights up her palaces of ice,
Glittering with many a boreal star
And silvery crown of rare device.

She waves her mighty wand, and, lo!
Nature suspends her genial breath:
Wrapt in a winding-sheet of snow
She sinks to utter death.

The mad, ungovernable sea
Shrinks from her gaze, and turns to stone;
While in her silent majesty
She sits and reigns alone.

Homerton.

G

SKETCHES BY SEVERN'S SIDE FROM ITS SOURCE.

SECOND PART.

BY JOHN RANDALL.

Llandinam is a quiet little group of cottages close upon the river, with a comfortable inn, where, after rambling over the hills, and thoroughly tired and hungry, the reader may get capital accommodation. If he wishes tea, (and there is nothing better for an evening meal when tired), we promise him accompaniments, such as ham, eggs, butter, and cream—all home-manufactured—as nice, and set out upon a cloth as white, as the most fastidious can desire. If he has been fishing, and drops in with a full creel, so much the better; the fish will eat the sweeter, and he can stretch his legs, have a cosy chat with the landlord, or walk about the village, while they are cooking. If he happen to be here when it is moonlight, let him view bill and river bathed in liquid lunar-light. We well remember such a scene, on a balmy quiet eve in June. No sound but that of the rippling river; all else mute. The moon full-orbed, seemed pillowed on broad-shouldered hills, that dipped their feet in the deep dark shadows of the vale. As she rose higher, and looked fully down upon the shining river, these moss-strewn mountains, wrinkled by giant Time into curious and fantastic forms, stood clearly out; while others more distant displayed a shadowy, silent, but imposing grandeur. No clouds chequered or obscured the scene, but stars studded thick an over-arching patch of sky, that seemed upheld by the rocky pyramids on either side. It was “a season and a scene for thought.”

We rose early the following morn, to feast on the quiet beauty of the hills, and to see the dimly-outlined picture filled in by touches such as early sunlight gives. A few wild fowl lingered on the stream; and a long-legged crane, with neck outstretched, was commencing his flight in the direction of the hills. White mists yet lay upon the brow of Cefn Carnedd; but a flood of clear resplendent sunlight brought out the heather tints, and the many-coloured greens of woods on other hills. The deep, shadowed, broken amphitheatre—amid which the pyramidal Llandinam hills appeared conspicuous—with glens, glades, and dimpled indentations, all green, dotted with sheep, and shepherds' cots, and threaded by winding shepherd paths, looked sweetly beautiful. The blithe warblers of the woods, and an endless number of larks, soaring above the meadows, mingled their many voices, and seemed to rejoice in the returning sunshine.

Ten years have passed since then, but the village is still the same—the same half-dozen half-timbered, white-washed cottages in the foreground, and the same half-dozen more than half-concealed in the glen, by the grassy knoll

where stands the venerable village church with its aged wooden tower, and peal of silvery bells.

“Crowning a flowery slope, it stood alone
In gracious sanctity. A bright rill wound,
Caressingly, about the holy ground;
And warbled with a never-dying tone
Amidst the tombs. A hue of ages gone
Seem'd from that ivied porch, that solemn gleam,
Of tower and cross, pale-quivering on the stream,
O'er all th' ancestral woodlands to be thrown—
And something yet more deep. The air was
fraught
With noble memories, whispering many a thought
Of England's fathers; loftily serene,
They that had toil'd, watch'd, struggled to secure,
Within such fabrics, worship free and pure,
Reign'd there, the o'er shadowing spirit of the
scene.”

The brook that thus winds round it, first does duty at the mill, supplying the motive-power that converts the village grain into flour. Near the church, and by this brook, we witnessed a striking instance of the folly of being led by men who set at defiance the tried laws and deductions of science.

At the time we speak of, mineral fuel was imported at high rates, and the vision of great profits resulting from a speedy find of coal acted like magic upon a number of small Welsh farmers. These worthies clubbed their capital and staked their all. There are some men you cannot persuade, if they are under the impression that they are in the right; there are others you cannot change, if they once feel confident they are in the wrong. There is what they call here the mochte twist, or pig pertinacity of doing contrary to others; and these wise-acres living near, it is supposed, had caught it from their neighbours. At any rate, at the time of which we speak, they had gone stark mad after coal, and would have sunk through to the antipodes, rather than give in, if they had had the means. Indeed, finding it on the other side, was their only chance. Our knowledge of geology enabled us to point out the absurdity: we showed them Silurian fossils brought up the shaft, and endeavoured to convince them that they might as well look for the weather-cock of the church under its foundation, as look for coal five hundred feet below where it had ever been found; they had sent specimens of their sinkings, however, to South Wales, to Dudley, and Wolverhampton, and practical men there, and in other mining districts had told them to go on. Bits of coal were found which, it was said, were equally as good as Ruabon coal; which is very probable, seeing nothat they had, doubt, come from there, and

were probably dropped in by the very men who afterwards found them, and bargained for them in almost their weight of silver, for the "squire's inspection," or for the purpose of getting others to spend their spare cash. One of these bits of coal dropped in over-night would be found next day. At such times the church bells were set to ring, the bands to play, and the men were feasted. Farmers right merrily sold off their stock from their farms; and we knew some who came down to live in cottages, after having disposed of the whole of their farm stock — one man having but one old bony horse left, with which he drew stones for the roads. He emigrated to America, and died on the passage. Professor Sedgwick, who came by while they were engaged at their hopeless task, bargained with them that he would eat all the coal they ever found—but they never got enough for a single meal!

There is the old pit; it is boarded over, and close by, with one or two formidable pieces of timber, large stones, memorials of Llandinam folly.

Leaving Llandinam we crossed the river to Caersws, and found the hilly range on our left, called Coed-Mawr, soon terminates, affording a peep of copse and cot dotted uplands, from the point where a little stream comes down to join the Severn. Cefn Carnedd, which next advances, and as suddenly terminates, also has its fortress. This elegantly formed hill is the terminating member of a group that intervenes between the valleys of Trefegilws and the Severn, where the twin rivers of the former descend to join the latter, and on which the reader,

"If master of a vacant hour,
May linger, willingly detained."

The Carno, next advancing, pays the same compliment to the queen of rivers, and nearly at the same point. These upland-winding vales, each full of interest in itself, converge with their respective streams upon a verdant plain, a fine, rich, open centre, surrounded in the distance by a magnificent amphitheatre of hills. To the early disciples of an esoteric faith, a place so favoured would seem designed for rites to which the midnight horn was wont to summon them—

"Rites of such strange portending
As, done in open day, would dim the sun,
Though enthroned in noontide's brightest glare."

The place is rich in tales, and traditions of scenes and deeds on which history sheds no light. Each hill has its Carn or Carnedd, its Giant's grave, its camp, its fortress, or its legend. Words sometimes outlive the stoutest fabric, and names endure beyond the hardest stone. It is only by means of these, and by earth-covered relics to which they cling, that the earlier social phases of this romantic spot are traced. A spot so favoured would be coveted by successive masters of the island, and we need scarcely be surprised to learn that when the Roman wave of conquest rolled over Britain—bringing tribe after tribe of warlike

men into submission—that one yet unconquered tribe stood forth to defend Caersws, and oppose the invading army. The acclivity of the hill, and its relative position with regard to the river, answer to the geography the Roman historian gives of the stronghold of Caractacus. The learned author of "*Salopia Antiqua*," who laboriously instituted inquiries relative to places assigned as the one where the last great struggle between Ostorius and the British general took place, says—"Several circumstances concur in leading me to think that, after all, this place, which is called Cefn Carnedd, may be the true position of Caractacus's final battle. The geography, which has created so great a difficulty in solving the question heretofore, is now free from any objections. As far as it is possible to ascertain from the few data we possess what formed the country of the Ordovices, there is every argument in favour of considering the whole of the district north of this part of the Severn as being theirs. The river is sufficiently large to have arrested the progress of an army—and it must have been crossed before an attack could be made on the spot under notice. There are numerous British entrenchments in the vicinity, such as Dinas, Pen-y-Gaer, Pen-y-Castell, Pen-y-Glyn, Cefn-y-Cloddia, &c., besides the Roman one of Caersws, a mile from the base of Cefn Carnedd."

That the Romans did colonise the place—that the wretched cottages of Caersws now occupy positions where Roman buildings stood—seems certain. Roman bricks, of composite and of clay, and having Roman letters stamped on them, have been built into chimneys, now going to decay. Roman capitals and columns of red sandstone—like those of Wroxeter, wrought probably in the same quarries—may be seen in the walls of churches and other buildings, and are often used as horseblocks at village inns, or pounded up for scouring-sand for floors and milkpans. Horn hair-pins that Roman maidens wore are found, and used as toothpicks by Caersws village swains. We bought a Roman silver coin of Adrian's reign for a shilling, at "The Bush," where we also saw a granite quern, behind the house. The Machynlleth railway has recently cut through a Roman mound, and the embankments between it and the river are, in part, made up of the debris of fallen buildings. The cutting has exposed beds of clay and charcoal, where we found Roman tiles, Roman pottery, glass, and bits of rusty iron. Excavations recently made brought to light foundations of buildings, Samian ware, and several other kinds of Roman pottery. A brick with a Roman stamp-mark, with letters in relief—one with three letters of the word "Legion"—and other articles, were found on the floor of a room provided with a hypocaust; and which stood next to one having a tessalated pavement, and apparently provided with a bath. A bronze amulet, a drinking-cup marked with Roman letters, and coins bearing the following inscriptions:—"Titus Vespasian,

Domitian Postumus, Valerianus, Vespasian, Trojan, Julia Mammia, Marcus Aurelius, Victorianus, Severus, Augustus Cæsar, Trajan have been found.

But traditions hang about the place that indicate an earlier history—that point to Caersws not only as a city, but the residence of a British Queen, before even Rome itself was founded. Early British chronicles lend to these legends the weight of their authority; Spenser deemed them worthy of his muse; Milton gave them a place in his "*British Rivers*," and made still greater use of them in his "*Comus*." These tell us that Caersws stands second to London for antiquity; that it was founded by a Trojan (Locrinus), grandson of Æneas, who, at the fall of Troy, landed on our island, conquered it, and peopled it with his followers. Passing over the evidence of Oliver Matthew, ancestor of a solicitor of that name, now of Newtown, who had access to these old chronicles, and who quotes from them, in a letter "*To the Mayor and Magistrates and Commonalties of Bristol*," written in 1615, as well as the almost similar account of Geoffrey of Monmouth, it is certain that in the Roman period it had risen to the position of a powerful and flourishing city, extending westward to Ystrad Vaelog, and eastward along the river as far as Aberhavesp. The ruins themselves have long since mouldered into dust, but the natural beauty of the situation and of the surrounding scenery remains unaffected by the vicissitudes of ages.

We quit Caersws with regret. It is a place whose history lies beyond the written record; and is to be unravelled only as we spell out epochs of the old world's history. A day among these verdant hills and pleasant vales takes one back into the primitive and mediæval past. An air of antiquity hangs about the place; and names and memorials meet you, redolent of "olden times." One need scarcely wonder that where the staple topics of fire-side chat consist of fierce fights and deadly feuds—of fields where no quarter was given to the vanquished foe—of murdered queens, and other dark deeds of yore—that men of pigmy intellectual stature shrink back into an easy credulity—a vague belief in the supernatural. It is the land of fairies, of midnight ghosts, of subterranean knockers, and of every-day spells. A farmer, living in the valley on the other side Cefn Carnedd, at Trefegllws, has not, we are told, been beyond the boundary of his farm for twenty years, from the belief that he is under a spell, and restrained by supernatural agency. He was about to be married, but, having set out for that purpose, turned back upon reaching the boundary of his farm, under the impression that it would kill him to go beyond, and is a bachelor still.

Men, and women too, are readily imposed upon by those with a little more knowledge than themselves. Farmers and farmers' wives

deal with fortune-tellers, and trust money to their hands, under a promise that it will be doubled by the fairies. The usual device is to induce the victim to trust them with one or five pounds, which is to be hidden in some old oak-tree. The owner is privileged, a day or two afterwards, with a peep; and finds that an addition has really been made to the number of coins. It now needs little to persuade him to hazard his whole available cash, as he is told that the fairies, having begun, will actually double every coin, if time only be given them; during which time, of course, the impostor decamps with the money.

The devil seems an important personage in Wales, and, at times, a very useful one; but liable to be over-reached in a bargain, the Welsh being too much for him.

"Do you know how the Devil's-bridge was built?" said an old lady, whose eyes quite brightened as she found us disposed to listen to her stories.

Of course we did not.

"Well," said she, "it baffled the attempts of the cleverest men in Wales to bridge the Rheidol. No one could bridge the chasm; and David ap Griffith undertook the task. David had dealings with the devil, and could master him in everything."

David, according to the old lady, having represented the wants of the neighbourhood to his sable majesty, bargained that if he would bridge the chasm, he should have the first that went over it. The devil agreed. He completed his task in a single night; and David, having provided himself with a loaf of bread and a dog, proceeded next morning to the place.

"Here is your bargain," said the devil.

"Here is your's," said David, as he pulled the loaf from his pocket and rolled it over the bridge, the dog running after it.

The old woman was equally earnest and eloquent in other stories of David's achievements; his death, and burial (according to his instructions) half in and half out of Lentwardine churchyard. Also, of supposed instances of persons who had been bewitched; of spells cast on dairies and farms, where the milk in the former, and the dough in the meal-trough of the latter, had become corrupt, and, upon being buried, defied bell, book, and candle to stay the contagion. It generally turned out, upon inquiry, that persons supposed to have been thus injured were unpopular: perhaps had turned away a servant for some trifling fault.

The absurdity of Welsh fairies was proverbial in Shakespeare's time. "Heaven defend me," *Falstaff* is made to say, "from a Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!" Sprites and knockers—not of tables, in carpeted rooms (such as William Howit has taken under his protection), but of the mines—driven from other places by education and enterprise, appear

to have taken refuge under the hills and language of Wales :

"There in the stocks of trees white fays do dwell,
And span-long elves that dance about a pool,
With each a little changeling in their arms;
The airy spirits play with falling stars,
And mount the spheres of fire."

If Caersws, like the Sphinx of old, presents an enigma to the passer-by, the origin and etymology of its neighbour Newtown is obvious. In one sense, it is the Phoenix, risen from the ashes of this Romanized British station. Camden says—"Caersws was at one time a market-town and borough, privileged; but having fallen into decay, Newtown was built, about four miles further down the river, and was called by the Welsh, "Y Tre Newydd." The site of each is similar; both stand within the foldings of the river; both seem to be

"By circling mountains severed from the world."

Between the two is still traced the old Roman road to Rowton and Uriconium. The river between the two becomes of greater interest. It winds its devious way 'tis true, for the greater distance, through the same gravel-heaps, the bed of the same lake that, at some former time, extended the whole distance back to Llanidloes; and of which the mound marked on the Ordnance map as a tumulus, is only a memorial.

At the quiet spot near Milford House it becomes a smooth lake, reflecting rocks and meads and trees; but beyond the weir, where an ancient mill keeps up the dreary march of its wheels—the same it has done for ages—it is a shallow, brawling stream. Upon entering the town, however, it assumes a greater majesty, and is at once pressed into the service of its mills. With the advantages afforded by its river, and the excellency of the raw materials supplied by its surrounding sheep-walks, together with the recent introduction of steam and improved machinery, Newtown, as regards its staple product, may justly be regarded as the Leeds of Wales. A clue to its growth is found in the fact that a house in one extremity of the town is described, in old writings, as an elegant mansion, *opposite to Newtown Hall*, which now lies at the other, and before which stands the trunk of a giant oak, which appears to have been designed to check encroachments upon the domain. This old blighted tree must have put forth its first brown acorns at least five centuries since, and is a fitting emblem of the estate. Its founder was descended from a royal tribe, that ruled the country from the Severn to the Wye. Its later owners were distinguished for little but their wealth, and their eccentricity. One is said to have hunted for years after he was blind. Another, who had had two wives, kept them embalmed, one on each side his bed, till the third lady of his choice insisted upon their interment. A copy of a letter written by this worthy, requesting one Bridget Bostick to come and restore the deceased to life, is a curious relic in its way.

The wide street running down from this patriarchal tree, terminates at the cross. Here,

in a house now occupied as a stationer's shop, Robert Owen was born.

Not the least curious incident in the life of this distinguished man, was his return to Newtown, after an absence of 40 years, inspired by the wish to die in the room in which he first drew breath.

There is something touching, too, in the visit of the old man to the grave-yard of his kindred—in his seeking amongst the long, rank grass the slab that covered his father's dust, and by the side of which his own reposes, in a tomb at present uninscribed.

In the same churchyard is the "Lovers' Grave," a grave with which is associated a story illustrative of the adage which assigns to faithful love a course the reverse of smooth. They died together, and by their own hands; and they lie side by side. At the head of the grave is a bower of evergreens and flowers, trimmed and kept by sentimental swains and maidens, more fortunate in their loves. Owen gave a guinea for the improvement of the bower, just before his death. The popular belief is that shrubs refuse to grow on the maiden's side—it is quite certain that it is bare—the reason assigned being that it was she who first suggested the deed which terminated their career.

A CURE FOR MENDICANCY. — On the day fixed, orders being previously given, the police of Munich seized every beggar of every kind that could be found in the streets, and conveyed them, bodily, to a large manufactory, the character of which was, in fact, that of a workhouse, with, however, the valuable addition of military discipline. Once secured within the New Military Workhouse, the beggars were washed, dressed, and fed; they were given free permission to stay or go, as they pleased; but a decree was soon issued making mendicancy a breach of the law, and ordering the gendarmes, throughout the capital, to arrest any one proved to have been begging. Othello's occupation was gone; the beggar, who dared no longer beg, was only too glad to eat the excellent dinner provided at the workhouse, and to do the work for which alone that dinner was the recompence. The work of classification was, of course, difficult. There were some genuine cripples, who were too weak for any work, and such were sent to the infirmary; others there were, who, afflicted with some permanent complaint, were capable of but little exertion, and for these light work was provided; but the majority were 'sturdy beggars,' who could work well enough if made to do so. No restraint was set on any of them. They were only warned that they would be taken up if they begged; and the only alternative was to accept the work offered them. Wages were paid to really worthy workers, and the dress and board was common to all. As a proof of the success of the system, it may be mentioned, that in five years' time the institution was realising nearly a thousand per annum. But what was that? The real glory lay in the fact, that a vicious, idle race of beings, who were numbered by thousands, even in so small a city as Munich, were gradually converted into honest workmen; were instructed in religion, and raised in moral character; while the citizens were relieved of what had been a tax on their purses and tempers alike.—*The Art of Doing our Best.*

THURNS MOOR.

(A Fire-side Tale).

BY DERRY RICHMOND.

For generations it has been the custom to hold a fair at Aislabeck on the last day of the old year.

Christmas brought some added warmth and plenty to the countryside hearths and cupboards. In haytime and harvest the thrifty housewives stored by a trifle in the old stocking heel or leathern purse: what was over and above the rent would be handy for the *bairns' schuling*, or in case of sickness, and Patty 'ud want a petticoat at the New Year, and there was the Christmas dinner to fend* for. All the great purchases of the year were referred to the Aislabeck fair: it was the setting up of the families for the twelvemonth forward.

The little town presented a throng,† rarely gay appearance, with its busy market-place, crowded stalls, and the smart array in its shopwindows, and there was more general happiness and contentment in the faces of the purchasers than perhaps could be traced there all the year round. Young Jenny liked to meet her friends and sweethearts; father had got a great packet of gingerbread for the little ones at home, and mother was thinking how nice those boots would be for Richard's chilblainy feet—and poor little Richard was a cripple, the youngest, and the darling.

It was the last day of 1853; the weather was intensely cold, and the heavy snow of the preceding week lay in drifts on moor and upland. The roads had to be cut for the passage of the market-carts, and on either side of the tracks were high walls of snow, hard and compact, growing yet more firm and crisp in the frosty air. Every article of clothing available for warmth or shelter was heaped on the market-goers. Jim had a comforter under his cap, tied about his ears like a nightcap, and Joan had put on the maister's big coat, and its heavy drab cape flapped over her basket. What little ones were brought (and the careful parents left the bairns behind them in the warm ingle nook) were muffled up in shawls and petticoats, and showed miserable little pinched blue faces and red-rimmed eyes peering between the coverings. And all the odds and ends of list had been begged from the tailors far and near, to fasten round the thick boots, and preserve the travellers' footing on the slippery roads.

The sun had come out for a moment at noon-day: a watery weakhearted sun, which only melted a few feathery snowflakes on the crested

evergreens, and lighted the long icicles under the house roofs with prismatic colours. Now it had gone in for good in 1853, and the sky wore a threatening grey colour, and the wind rose, whistling under the closed doors, blustering round the corners, searching out every alley and crevice; and the little children's faces grew more and more red and purple, and the men dusted their whiskers with many-coloured handkerchiefs; and the dames' hands were chapped and crimson, aching or benumbed, as they drew the last shilling from the old purses.

One of the earliest comers and the busiest purchasers at the fair was a stout short cherry-cheeked woman, whose scarlet cloak rendered her a conspicuous object in the crowd. She had come a long way across the moor that morning, picking her road between the heavy drifts, and guided by old landmarks, making many a short cut towards her destination. If any one knew that Thurns Moor, Eunice Dixon did; she had been born and reared in a cottage on its outskirts; during a twelve years' married life she had been settled down in its very centre. Her husband was the shepherd who had charge of the hillside sheep which cropped the stunted grass of the common, and their little homestead supplied a choice store of eggs and poultry, with which she Saturday by Saturday journeyed to the Aislabeck market, and from the proceeds of which came the heaviest portion of the savings that she was now converting into warm clothing and winter comforts. She had left a tribe of little ones at home; from tall Susie, who was her mother's right hand, down to the baby of two months, who was to be comforted for her absence by a lump of bacon and a well-filled bottle.

Her husband was left in charge of them to-day, for a slip on the ice had sprained his ankle, and in the fear of being put past work in the winter season, she had persuaded him to abstain from the long five miles' walk to Aislabeck. She could manage all the purchases, she said. So she and the market basket had set out, and were to bring home a hundred needfuls and certain unnecessary lollipops which the father had pleaded for, and of which the bairns talked all day as they awaited her return.

She had bought everything before the town clock struck three; her basket was filled with white parcels; her purse was empty but for a few halfpence. She had just one visit to pay to a bedridden old aunt of hers, who lived in one of the back-streets, and was supported by the industry of a good-hearted stepdaughter.

* Fend for—provide for.

† Throng—busy.

Eunice had a word of New Year greeting for old Jane Dawson, and she threaded her way up an alley which opened from the market-place, under the massive stone arch which still retained the ancient nomenclature of "Bar," and she was in a narrow street paved with cobble-stones, a strip of flagging on either side, and a gutter beyond; while towering gauntly above, and shutting out the cold, leaden sky, were high grey stone houses, with curious projections on the upper storeys, quaint casements perched here and there, dormer windows higher still, and twisted chimneys from which issued heavy volleys of black smoke, or fell showers of smuts on the caked snow of window-sill and porch.

One house, a little back from the street, was more regular in its construction: its narrow prison-like windows were crossed with iron bars, the lower ones shrouded with patchwork curtains, sprays of red-berried holly glistening against the frosted glass. It was a square, well-built house, with an air of respectability about it which was foreign to the neighbourhood. Once it had been an alms-house, built and endowed by some pious burgher in the days of Aislabeck's past importance, and even now a large cut stone over the porch told how this *Maison Dieu* (House of God) had been erected by W. T. in A.D. 1637. But the good intention of its founder had not been well carried out; the funds he had provided had been alienated from the charity; the very building had passed into other hands. At the present time it was apportioned to several small but poor families in the parish, and the Dawsons had the rooms on the lower floor.

Eunice made her way towards it, pausing for a moment, however, by the entrance, as she saw that it had an occupant.

On the stone seat in the wide old porch, which was still suffered to stand open and inviting for the wanderer, as in the days when the good old burgher's bounty provided the loaf and broken meat, was a poor, meanly clad woman with a babe at her breast. The pinched blue features spoke sorrowfully of the cold and hunger—silently endured (as one might guess from the stamp of careworn resignation on her drawn face); her lips were contracted, as in the habitual effort to restrain a groan; the bones showed plainly under the parched tight skin, and her eyes had that yearning, plaintive expression about them, which tells so unerringly of care and sorrow in the heart.

At her feet was a large open basket filled with a gaily-coloured assortment of small wares, beads and looking-glasses, small fancy boxes and pincushions, mats, crochet-work, and indifferent outlery; while over the sides hung long laces of different colours, tapea and bobbins. She was one of the travelling pedlar-women who journey up and down the Dales, finding a scanty market amongst the scattered villages and hamlets, tempting the untutored servant-maids with their worthless trifles, and extracting from them in exchange the hardly-earned wages of a long service.

Eunice looked with pitying eyes from the mother to babe; the day was raw and inclement, even for the season, and they seemed thinly and poorly clad. The wind sifted up the alley, and the stranger drew her faded tartan shawl tighter round herself and tighter round her child, while with a shudder she cowered further into the corner.

An upward glance showed her that Eunice wished to pass into the house, and she started hastily from her seat, and with one hand supporting the baby, bent down to remove her basket: and at the same moment over the patchwork curtain in the near window appeared a woman's head. Ruth Dawson had recognized her visitor on the door-step, and in another second the door was flung open, and a clear hearty voice was bidding her welcome.

In the first greeting, busied as she was in answering questions about children and husband at home, Eunice forgot the pale-faced woman who had humbly moved herself to one side and was wrapping the child up as warmly as she could, preparatory to setting forth again on her journey. Only when she was warming her chilled hands in the glow of the small coal fire, while Ruth set her a chair and disposed of her packages, and the old bedridden woman spoke kind words to her in a quivering voice, she recalled the hungry expression on the stranger's face with a softened feeling, and spoke of her to Ruth.

Eunice was a kind-hearted creature, with a fund of true womanliness in her character, which had been fully matured in the genial atmosphere of her home and the love shared and excited by her tribe of little ones. She had struggled too during her life, and so acquired a sure sympathy with the struggling. She had a dim consciousness of what want, and cold, and hunger, and thirst really are—she had come very near them at times, and could pity and feel for those who were called to face and overcome their realities. And Ruth was not one to pass a sorrowful heart without striving to comfort it. She was the first to go and open the door, and seeing the woman still standing in the chill porch, to invite her to step in and warm herself before she went on her way. She had a clear cordial voice in which to press her invitation; a soft motherly breast whereon to pillow the sleeping babe, while its mother rested herself on the settle, and answered Eunice's questions respecting her history and destination.

There was not much to tell. It was a simple, everyday tale, with a moral woven amid it, in that skilful untraceable fashion in which a wiser Hand than ours writes holy lessons upon the commonest incidents of our lives; and it was simply and truthfully told, with little of the story-teller's art, but much of that touching pathos which is naturally excited by a recital of feelings and sufferings with which we have sympathy.

She had been a wild and wayward daughter, and had married in opposition to the wishes of an infirm father. The unsteady habits of her

husband had involved poverty on them both, and the misery of her present state was enhanced, by the fact that he who ought to have relieved it, was expending her paltry gains at the nearest ale-house, while she and the child were on the brink of starvation. He had asked for the few pence she had made during the day, and though she well guessed the worthless purpose for which they were demanded, she uttered no remonstrance, and gave them up in silence; all saving the one halfpenny which had purchased the crust for the baby, that was now clenched, a greasy, crumbling fragment in its clawlike hand.

Once upon a time she had been a spirited damsel; but ill-usage and trouble had broken down her energies, and while with a desperate instinctive love she still followed her husband, and clung to and tended his child, his voice had power to pale her cheek and quicken her pulses; and the shrinking timidity of her manner, even now, proved how painful and troubled must have been the experience of the Past, which rendered this ever-present and apprehensive terror so predominant. She said that they were going further up the dale that afternoon, and mentioned as their probable halting-place a small village on the other side of Thurns Moor, where her husband fancied he might find purchasers for his bale of winter woollens.

He had told her to wait in the porch for his return, and her eyes glanced restlessly to the corner of the street just visible through the window. But Ruth was making her a cup of tea, and with kind words urging her to partake of it and the thick slices of bread-and-butter on the platter.

She ate hungrily, but with an evident feeling of modest shame, over and over again declined to help herself afresh, and as thankfully submitted when Ruth heaped her plate and pressed her to go on. It was long since she had tasted such a full meal, and a slight flush stole to her face, and the drawn muscles so far relaxed that when her warmed and comforted baby spread out its little arms to her, and uttered low tender cooings, she answered it with faint smiles and stealthy caresses.

Once she spoke in a happy tone of voice. It was when she had glanced round the small, but neatly-furnished chamber; the firelight was catching the tins against the yellow-washed walls, and the cat purred before the fender. She looked up with a brightened countenance, and said softly that it made her think of what home used to be. Poor friendless, homeless wanderer!

But at last she grew restless, and thought her husband would be wanting her; and Ruth, seeing that she was really uneasy, helped her to put on her things, found an old shawl of her own wherein to wrap up the baby more warmly, and bade her Godspeed.

Eunice had been searching the contents of her leathern purse, and accompanied her to the door. Better than the cold money she gave her at parting, was the warm shake of her hand, and

the cordial kindness which told hospitably of her home on Thurns Moor, and the shelter which it was always ready to afford to the needy.

The stranger's weak eyes filled with grateful tears, and she said something about "meeting again" and "next summer." Ay, and they did meet again—but not next summer.

The door closed upon her. They watched her going down the street, the hard snow crunching under her footsteps. They saw the companion whom she met at the corner, a powerful-looking packman, with a heavy bundle done up in a crimson kerchief. He was standing talking to the woman; he seemed excited and angry, and pointed with his hand towards the road which led from the town. The weight of the unwieldy basket was too heavy for his poor wife's frame, but he did not offer to relieve her of it. She walked on at his side with lagging footsteps, and he went on too; his gait unsteady, his hat slouched down over his eyes, bearing on feature and countenance, in leer and stagger, the dark impress of the vice which he had so recently been indulging in the alehouse.

Eunice thought to herself of that commandment about honouring our father and mother, and the blessing or curse dependent on its observance or neglect. She looked round at Ruth and her bed-ridden stepmother with a softened heart.

She loved Ruth—no one could help doing so—but even she was unable to probe the depth and beauty of her friend's character. Reader, are you a believer in physiognomy? I am. It seems to me that truth and faith and goodness must needs be recognized in the fearlessness and confidence and honesty of a glance; the mind's purity in the modesty of a countenance. No matter how coarse and ordinary the features, how stolid the expression, the inner soul speaks through all with a spell of its own, felt and understood by those who look deeply; recognized by a natural free-masonry—by fellow-feeling and sympathy.

Ruth Dawson was neither young nor fair; in years and sorrow she was older than her cousin Eunice. Hers had been a very hard-working life; not for one year or two had she supported that old rheumatic woman, and tended her with a daughter's devotion. She had been a mere girl when her father died, and left his delicate wife without the means of support, and with no alternative but the workhouse; but the mere girl had possession of more than a woman's heart, and unwearied devotion and courage; and by the labour of her hands and the sweat of her brow, had kept and maintained that sick woman, year after year, with sweet patience and filial tenderness. Now—a little sharp-featured old maid, with a faded complexion, and wiry red hair turned back under a close-bordered cap—she sat talking to rosy-faced Eunice on the settle; and the old mother, peering at them both from her freshened pillow, in her love and gratitude found Ruth the comelier of the two. She had not only traced, but through long years learned

the beauty on that plain face; she knew that there was an angel in that childless heart, only waiting for the doors of heaven to be opened, and meanwhile doing a work of blessing for the world.

Ruth had many friends and interests around her. Anyone can have such by searching them out! There was an old widow down the alley, to whom she read on the Sunday nights; a little child came for a share of her breakfast before school-time; she taught a lame boy to weave baskets and make nets; but dearer than all to her were Eunice Dixon and her bright-faced children—dearer because of the unknown, secret love which she had once bestowed upon Eunice's husband. No one knew or suspected such a thing; least of all Eunice herself. It had all happened years ago, when they were girls together, friends even in those days, both good and honest and well-principled; but one the comeliest damsel on the moorside, the other only a coarse-featured, red-haired drudge in a farm-house. And in the natural order of things Joe Dixon married the country *belle*, and found in her a good wife and the loving mother of his children; and Ruth, whose life was too active and mind too healthy to admit morbid repinings, went on with her duties, and scarcely understood how time was soothing and healing her disappointment, till at last there was no wound at all, only a keener interest in one homestead because of its associations with the brightest period of her past.

This Christmas she had little gifts for each of Eunice's children, trifles which had cost her many an hour's work after midnight, or been obtained at the price of her personal self-denial; and smilingly she brought the things and spread them out on Eunice's lap; the warm comforter for Joe himself, the box of reels for the mother's sewing, the knitted hood for the baby—there was no one forgotten or overlooked.

Eunice put her stout kind arms round the little old maid, and, while she kissed her lips, said truly that she was the best friend that she had; and very sweet music to Ruth's heart were those grateful words from Joe Dixon's wife, telling how she was the best friend that he and his possessed!

After all, her conduct was but consistent with a true woman's nature. I believe that many a one makes such a cheerful sacrifice, and the world knows nothing about it; only God has it written down in his Book of Remembrance: but a real worthy love will not be bounded by self-interest. Because our personal share in the happiness is denied, it does not probably detract from its importance and desirableness to the object, and we may still work and pray for it, and thank God for the answer to our prayer which comes through other instruments. There is a vast difference between a true and a selfish affection: the one exalts us to Heaven, the other casts us down to the earth, either to worship there or to die.

The mist had gathered round, chill and

heavily, the sky lowered, and one by one the heavy snowflakes floated down through the air, more and more thick and densely, till the whole atmosphere was whitened as with smoke. It was growing dusk too, and the blending sleet and snow made it difficult for the market-people to find their way across the open country, and the tracks were gradually assuming a white covering, and the familiar landmarks fading away in the obscurity.

Breasting the storm with courageous determination, Eunice Dixon made her way along the high road. The storm beat against her face and almost blinded her, and it was heavy walking over that crusted ground; the snow clogged her feet and gathered around her petticoats, which in turn clung cold and saturated around her ankles.

She had been later in starting than she intended, and the storm had surprised her and prevented her making her usually quick progress. But the thought of her husband and the children who would be watching for her coming, hastened her steps, and the warmth at her heart cheered her in spite of the cold, while her own happy fortune, as contrasted with the fate of the poor woman she had so lately encountered, made her feel thankful and contented. Nothing so much as the performance of a kind action contributes to our own peace and happiness, and Eunice was glad to feel the leathern purse light and empty, when she remembered the comfort which those few pence might ensure to the stranger.

It was the last day of the old year, and she had wound it up with a good deed: each year is like a life in itself, and we have good reason to feel thankful if we can remember that each one as it passes is dedicated and sanctified, restored to its First Giver by a faithful steward. We should each make a yearly instalment of our life's debts, so that at last it be paid off—at least in repentance.

When Eunice reached the beginning of the Moor, and went through the narrow stile in the low unmortared wall, resting her market-basket on the summit, while she glanced over the wide white track on which it was impossible to trace a landmark, her heart misgave her a little, and she was tempted to wish that at least the old sheep dog had been her guide and companion. For stock and stone, tree and bush, were alike enveloped, and it was growing dusk, and the snow fell more heavily than ever; and well as she knew her direction in daylight and open weather, the general whiteness confused her now, while the cold chilled and benumbed her limbs. "A mile straight forward," she told herself, "and then a turn to the right," and she thought of the children in the ingle nook, and the restless baby, and set forth boldly. And thicker and thicker fell the snow, and chilly swept the wind; and the night gathered in—a starless night!

"I tell ye, Bill, I can't go a step further, I can't indeed." The speaker was the poor pedlar woman of the morning, but her voice was lower

and weaker, and, overcome with fatigue, she had sunk down on the snow-covered ground.

They had lost their way, and been wandering about for hours, the husband at length sobered by cold and exposure, and the poor infant breaking the stillness with plaintive wailings; and now fairly overcome, the mother's strength had given way, and she could go no further. Vainly her husband coaxed and scolded and persuaded: her limbs refused their duty, and her head drooped down on her bosom. To wait there in the cold and darkness was to die, as the man knew well, and after his efforts to rouse her proved futile, he pointed out a faint glimmer of red light in the distance, and asked if she would remain there till he went for assistance. She acquiesced faintly, and he prepared to leave her and the child. He had never been a kind husband or a fond father; but some impulse, over which he had no control, was touching his heart now, and involuntarily he bent down and kissed her before he went away.

She had hardly realized that he was going till he had gone, and then fear and terror overcame her, and she strove to recall him. But the wind deadened the sound of her weak voice, and he never knew that she was calling.

He went on, and she waited; fear had roused her, and she was standing up, holding the child. She dare not remain alone, she would follow; and she hurried across the moor with hasty steps.

Where was she going now? forward there was snow, snow around her, snow touching her face, snow everywhere—she was in a *drift*—sinking.

Backwards—forwards—all the same—and the dense snow stifled her cries—then she was ceasing to struggle—she was pulling Ruth Dawson's shawl tighter round the baby.

It was the ruddy firelight glistening through Joe Dixon's cottage window which had attracted the packman's attention, and towards which he was hastening to ask for assistance.

Those within heard the click of the garden wicket as he opened it, and in a second the house door was ajar, and the children's faces peered out, looking for mother and the fairings. She was late in coming, but the father had not grown anxious yet. Eunice had lived all her life on the moors, and knew them well. But when he heard the stranger's story, a trembling of fear came over him, and he brought out his thick coat and lighted the lantern. "And I'll go a step along the road and look for the mother," he told the children. "And Susie, make the fire up, to be handy for this poor critter when she gets in, and put the tea ready for your mother."

So they went out, the rude shepherd and the snow-covered packman, and at their heels followed the old colie which had been for so many years a pet in the family. The children bustled round the fire within; and the men toiled along the moor, looking here and there, gaining the spot where Bill affirmed to have left his wife, yet finding nothing!

But the dog's sagacity was not at fault; it was

sniffing the snow, it was bounding across it right on and on. And they followed through the deep heavy snow, with the wind icing the very breath on their whiskers.

They had found some one now, a woman's figure in a drift, there was her basket overturned, and she seemed to have fought hard to extricate herself before she sank down in that rigid mass. Bring the lantern nearer, fling its light on that uncovered face. Oh God! help that poor shepherd when he looks on his dead wife! . . . She had lost her way and so perished, even within sight of her own casement, and the fire that was warming her little children.

And not very far off they found the pedlar-woman, also dead. But even in death she had thought of her child, and sought to save it; its little lips were pressed to her cold breast, and her stiff arm was yet under its sleeping head, when they lifted the body from its position.*

Dead as living, Eunice Dixon had good reason to bless Ruth Dawson; for she filled a mother's place to her helpless children, guarding and tending them as though they had been her own, and looking well to the home arrangements which were so needful for Joe's comfort.

She is living at the Moor cottage now, and Sunday after Sunday goes with Joe and the children round the grey stone church, to look at those two graves under the chancel window where rest Eunice and the stranger who shared her fate.

There is another child in the *ingle-nook*, a little black-eyed girl to whom Joe Dixon offered a charitable shelter after that storm on the moors, and who with little Samuel knows no other mother than Ruth, and loves her before all the world. The packman sometimes comes round this way in the summer time to see his child, and leave her a gown piece or some other trifle; but since he has found another wife he comes more rarely, and has given up talking of her removal. So she gathers harebells and whortleberries on the moor side, with the little Dixons, and calls Joe and old-maidish Ruth *father* and *mother*.

THE FIRST EXHIBITION OF HANDEL'S MESSIAH. — When Handel's *Messiah* was first performed, the audience were exceedingly struck and affected by the music in general; but when the chorus struck up, 'For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth,' they were so transported, that they all, together with the king (who happened to be present), started up, and remained standing till the chorus ended: and hence it became the fashion in England for the audience to stand while that part of the music is performing. Some days after the first exhibition of the same divine oratorio, Mr. Handel came to pay his respects to Lord Kinross, with whom he was particularly acquainted. His lordship, as was natural, paid him some compliments on the noble entertainment which he had lately given the town. "My Lord," said Handel, "I should be sorry if I only entertained them—I wish to make them better."—*The Queens of Society*.

* This is a true story, of which I have merely given the facts.—D. R.

OUR HOBBIES.

BY W. E. W.

Every Englishman who stands in the respectable and responsible position of "pater-familias" must be delighted when he observes a disposition in his family to improve their minds. I stand in that position, and am what the light young writers of the day are pleased to call of the "heavy British father" cast of character, and am consequently fond of quiet comfort after my day's business—a comfort which consists of dinner, with the post-prandial accompaniments of a nap, and a couple of hours' conversation and music in the drawing-room. Such, I say, is my idea of leading a comfortable life, and such had been for the first twenty years of my married life my habits, with few variations; but, for the last few years since my elder children have grown up, my comfort has been much disturbed, and my quiet rudely broken into, by their constantly varying plans for the improvement and opening of their minds. These plans, estimable in theory, and consequently appealing in such a manner to my paternal feelings that I am able to venture only the feeblest remonstrances to those of them which are more particularly disagreeable to me, have latterly become so great a nuisance to me, that I am compelled, for consolation, to open my mind to the great and generous public through the medium of the columns of this periodical. As long as my children ran in the ordinary grooves of an English education there was not much cause for complaint, indeed the troubles then fell almost entirely on the devoted head of their mother, as her wearied expression when I came home from business often told me; and this also was modified by being only the result of the gradual improvement of our daughters' minds, which, if it did not entirely fall upon her shoulders, yet required constant supervision, but which, notwithstanding, is straight-sailing compared with the hauling boys through the rudiments of Greek and the Latin Grammar. This latter laborious work was, of course, put into proper scholastic hands, and it was only when they finished their school education, and went into the various branches of life, that these hobbies, or, rather manias for new and varied accomplishments, came into full force; and a hard thing it was to bear, especially the bird stuffing, and Mr. Hullah's system of music. But I will not anticipate, but will make my complaints in the order of their occurrence.

The first thing that I particularly remember, as being a source of annoyance to us, was the art of potichomanie. This was the especial work of my daughters, for my sons merely offered suggestions as to design and ornament, and did not take any active part in the manual

labour. The result was, however, of such a character, that at this present time scarcely a week passes which does not witness the breaking of an Egyptian urn, or a Sevres jar, articles which do not differ from their less aristocratic brethren in constantly coming to pieces in the servants' hands. There is no room for them in the various tables and chiffoniers in the drawing-room, and they are consequently placed upon the tops of book-cases, or on the floor against the wall; and when the mania was at its height, every visitor who was unfortunate enough to choose that time for calling upon us, generally left the house with a stiff neck, or lumbago, brought on from attempts to see the beauties of these articles of *vertu*. However, this died out, and another reigned in its stead, and this was photography.

Now some of these family hobbies of ours were only negatively disagreeable, but photography was positively obnoxious. I did not so much object to the hideous likeness of myself, for which I was foolish enough to pose myself according to my son's wishes, and which was largely circulated throughout the family, because my friends knew perfectly well, that it was not my custom to stand with my hand upon my hip; nor was it at all likely that I should suddenly have started up from the perusal of Smith's "Wealth of Nations," to have my picture taken; nor was there any architectural building about the premises which I could have had behind me at the time; nor have I, I believe, at any time, the expression of a convicted felon. The picture, therefore, resolved itself into a rather absurd and foolish fiction, remotely founded upon fact, which might possibly amuse my friends, but which would not alter their present favourable opinion of me; I did not so much object to this, but I did object to the lilywhite hands of my daughters presenting an unpleasant piebald appearance, and I did object to having to run in scanty clothing at two o'clock one morning to fetch a doctor to my youngest child, who had secretly supped upon developing fluid, the consequences of which developed themselves some hours afterwards; and I did, and do object to the large stain which will disfigure our morning-room carpet, until I can afford to buy another. Such were the main results of the photographic hobby in my house. The camera is now resting from its labours in the lumber-room up-stairs, the pictures still remain scattered about the country; gloomy-looking men and women are to be found in the albums of most of my young lady relations; here and there, framed and glazed, they scowl at you from above the mantel-pieces, of bed-rooms, or lurk in the dark corners of libraries

but wherever they are, they invariably have the same fixed expression of utter ill-humour and remorse, and the only consolation that I have, when I catch their disagreeable eyes, is, that owing to the universal failure of my family in the art, the pictures are fast-fading away, and another generation will not have to look back upon their forefathers with feelings of gratitude that they no longer exist.

The photographic hobby having been generally of rather an exciting nature, my family took a period of repose; a lull, however, which, to my prophetic mind, heralded stormy weather; and I prophesied truly, for this time my sons took up the running, and far outstripped their sisters in the race, and they called their particular and peculiar hobby taxidermy—a name of dignified sound and learned extraction, which meant nothing more or less, in my family, than the laying violent hands on, depriving of its body, and fitting it with another, of every animal or bird they could procure for the purpose. It began with a restless, unsatiable inclination to skin: all the interest seemed to be over, when body and skin lay side by side, and both were then consigned together to oblivion; this went on for some little time, when the elders thought they might be able to do something in the way of stuffing, and the results, like those of photography, are to be found all over the house, hideous parodies on nature. Although a town-bred man, and not at all one who has studied natural history, I cannot be mistaken when I venture to believe that the position of the polecat in the case over there, on the book-shelf, is a libel on that disagreeable race, and is, perhaps, partly owing to the case being too small for it; nor do I expect to be attacked by Professor Owen or Mr. Francis Buckland for hypercriticism, when I confidently and unhesitatingly pronounce our group of hawks to be one and all impossible. But this hobby, like photography, had another and a darker side than mere misrepresentation; and when the skinless corpse of a mole had been mislaid, and a week afterwards was found only too easily behind a chest of drawers; and further, when specimens of natural history were being constantly brought to the house by individuals of doubtful cast of countenance, who carried on bargains in the hall, and carried off a coat or two and some umbrellas, I thought it was high time that taxidermy should cease, and accordingly took care that it did so.

The female branch having been unrepresented in the latter hobby, it was, of course, their turn next, and they chose one of a very different description to any of those that had gone before. The younger branches of the clergy are, generally speaking, pleasant members of society, and are to be found at most dinner and tea parties in their parishes, and few of their parishioners ought to complain at having occasionally to entertain them; but when mild young gentlemen are constantly to be found running very tame about a man's house, and are dropping in at any and all hours of the day, and, further,

when it is found that those intervals that are passed without benefit of clergy are unmistakably the dullest to the women-kind, who employ them mostly in expatiating on their virtues and talents, it begins gradually to dawn upon a man's mind that it is possible to have too much of a good thing, and his feelings towards curates begin to assume a decidedly uncharitable and unchristian character. It was so with me; they were always in on some pretext or the other: either the Clothing Club, or the District Visiting, or the Schools, or to borrow a book, or to lend the *Guardian*; and so it came to pass that my house was seldom without a clergyman, and I was therefore not very much surprised when one morning brought one of these young gentlemen on a visit to me personally, who immediately becoming red and incoherent, said a good deal about "daughter"—"happiness"—"cherish"—&c., &c., from which *disjecta membra* I gathered that he wished to marry my second girl, and his character and prospects being good, I gave him leave, and wished him good morning.

Music was of course more than once a hobby of ours; but with one exception the training necessary to obtain perfection was not of a character which would justify objection. Practising at any time is not pleasant, and when the scales, seldom done correctly, are heard in the early hours of the morning, just when every moment lost from sleep is lost indeed, it is hard; but pianoforte-playing is so necessary a part of education, that everything must give way to it. Still, when one of my sons, a youth of romantic and poetical temperament, spent, one unfortunate morning, all his pocket money upon a second-hand cornet, upon which he at all hours practised with vigour, it was rather too much of a good thing, and I therefore gently hinted to him that the open face of nature was the appropriate place for an instrument like his; and away he went, poor fellow, next morning into the country, and having stayed away most of the day, returned in the evening, gloomy, and left off cornet-playing from that time.

Such were some of the many fancies and hobbies that have, from time to time, turned our peaceful home into a domestic battle-field, and but one of any importance remains for me to comment upon, and that is the one that is now agitating this household, and which, I must console myself with, is agitating many homes in this country: I allude to the Volunteer movement. No father, conscious of his being an Englishman, and proud of his birthright, could fail to be otherwise than gratified when his sons came forward with their friends and neighbours to join in the great national movement; and therefore when my lads were among the first to enrol themselves in our local corps, I confess to feelings of great satisfaction. But I did not then foresee the drawbacks—drawbacks which I am perfectly ready to undergo, and do cheerfully bear, but which still are sometimes trying. Going to the right-about face according to correct military fashion, is not calculated to improve a

dining-room carpet, which room in my house is nightly turned into a drill-ground; and the lungs belonging to the sergeant in H.M. foot, who instructs my sons, is so extremely powerful, that there is no nook or corner in my house where his stentorian word of command cannot be heard. Further, the conversation at meal times and other family gatherings is a trifle too much of the military character, and as my sons always seem to have totally different opinions as to the execution of every manœuvre, and to illustrate their meaning on the table with knives, forks, crumbs, &c., and as I, in the anxious desire for information, pay much attention to these discussions, my mind, owing to the stretch my imagination is constantly kept at, is generally, at the end of a meal, in a state of tolerable confusion. Besides this, the terms and words used in drill, from their different meanings, cause much confusion to unmilitary people; for instance, some nights ago, the conversation having turned into its usual channel, the question was asked, "When a column is in line, who dresses the supernumeraries?" Halloa, thought I, here was I, in innocent ignorance, about to take the girls to see the drill, and there actually appears to be a certain number of men undressed! I waited for the answer, which again

to my astonishment was, "The sergeant-major of course." What! our old friend Jones, about whose appointment there was so much fuss made, after all nothing more than a description of dry-nurse to the regiment! I immediately demanded an explanation, and of course found that I had made a ridiculous mistake.

This, then, is the last upon my list of our hobbies; what time may bring forth, I cannot say: it cannot do worse for me than it has done with some of these fancies, it may do better. I suppose it is the fate of most paterfamilias to undergo troubles similar to mine, and it is a small penalty for holding that position; still I cannot help sometimes envying such a man as, for instance, Robinson Crusoe, who was out of all danger of the sort, unless indeed Friday was of an inventive turn of mind, and I can then imagine that a savage's fancies might probably exceed any that we have dreamt of. Perhaps, upon the whole, my complaints are unreasonable and uncalled for. Let my readers, comparing their experiences with mine, be my judges; and let my brethren, who are as yet free men, consider whether it is worth while to throw away their freedom for a life where they will be subjected to chances similar to those that I have endeavoured to describe.

THE FURNITURE OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

Having in a recent paper traced the history of the *cuisine*, and shown the influence of the art of cookery in the progress of civilization, it will not be out of place to proceed a step further, and consider some of those applications of skill and industry which assist in constituting the foundation on which national civilization stands, adorning and elevating the social condition of man; for the fine or ornamental arts are to the necessary or useful arts only what the pillars, sculptures, domes, and pinnacles of a building are to the apartments within: to which, indeed, they may be made to serve for something more than mere decorations, but without which they would never have appeared.

As to the domestic habits of the ancient Britons, our knowledge is very limited and imperfect. No written records have come down to us: a few scattered notices in the Greek or Roman writers make up all our direct information; whilst other light is to be extracted from the few ruined monuments and relics which the waste of time has spared; fragments of a wreck which scarcely tell us anything distinctly, and only afford some mystic hints for fancy and conjecture to work upon.

In some of the coins of Cunobeline we find the interior of their hovels (which were formed of wood and straw) furnished with seats resem-

bling our modern chairs, stools like those of our peasants, and others composed of a round block of wood; while the arms of the family are ranged along the wall. The floor probably served for a bed, and the mantle of the sleeper for a blanket; in winter they might have recourse to the shaggy skins of the wolf and the boar. Their manufacture of osier baskets was very celebrated, and they were used to contain their provisions and other necessities; wooden bowls and platters were common, as also articles of coarse pottery, caps, and furs. According to Strabo, they also possessed vessels of glass; but as these were imported, it is probable they were confined to the houses of the chiefs. Though well acquainted with the value of coal in their cold climate, and gathering it near the surface, they yet were indebted to their conquerors the Romans for the luxury of a brazier.

When we reach the Anglo-Saxon period our materials enlarge; and authentic, though only incidental notices may be gathered in many ways; the richest source of all being furnished to us by the illuminated manuscripts. Originally intended for embellishment, they have now acquired a new value, preserving distinct representations of many things of which no verbal description has come down to us, and being literally a pictorial history. We now find

that the dwellings of the higher classes were completely and sometimes splendidly furnished; the walls were hung with silk, richly embroidered with gold or colours. The needlework for which the English ladies were so celebrated was here displayed to great advantage. Ingulphus mentions some hangings ornamented with golden birds in needlework, and a veil (or curtain) on which was represented in embroidery the destruction of Troy. In the Anglo-Saxon poem of *Beowulf* we read that in the great wine-chamber—

“There shone, variegated with gold,
The web on the walls;
Many wonders to the sight
Of each of the warriors
That would gaze on it became visible.”

In the will of Wynflæda we find the bequest of a long *beall-wah rift* (curtain) and a short one; also three coverings for benches, or long-settles (as they are still called in the north of England). *Pedalia* (or footstools) are mentioned, the larger ones covered with woven lions, and the smaller sprinkled with flowers.

These ornaments were chiefly designed for the churches, or for vestments of the clergy during the performance of their sacred duties. We are told that a religious lady, desirous to embroider a sacred robe, got St. Dunstan, then a young man, to draw the pattern for her, which she formed with threads of gold. The four daughters of King Edward the Elder were highly praised for their great industry and skill in spinning, weaving, and needle-work; whilst the work of Matilda, the wife of William the Conqueror, and the ladies of her court, in embroidering the history of the Norman conquest in the Bayeux tapestry, is so well-known as scarcely to require mentioning. Edelfæda, the widow of the Duke of Northumberland, presented to the church of Ely a curtain on which was depicted the history of her deceased lord's valiant actions, to preserve the memory of his virtues: so Witlaf, King of Mercia, gave to the Abbey of Croyland the purple mantle which he wore on the day of his coronation, to be made into a cope for the use of the monk who ministered at the altar, and his veil embroidered with the siege of Troy, to be hung up in the church.

We find the tables and chairs of this period occasionally made of most costly materials—gold and silver, or carved wood, highly ornamented with these precious metals. In the reign of Edgar a table is said to have been made of silver, by an artist named Ethelwold, which was valued at £300. The commonest form of the Saxon chair or bench appears to resemble our modern camp stool, consisting of a seat with two or more cross-bars; and these, somewhat modernized, with stuffed seats, were the only ones allowed at the French court up to the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, excepting to the members of the Royal family, who were permitted to enjoy the comfort of a back. Occasionally we meet in the illuminations with

seats with backs of a most painful uprightness; and in the Louvre may now be seen one of the time of Dagobert, carved in substantial oak, with the cross-bars for the seat of wood; the arms and feet ornamented at their extremities with lion's feet. The pictures of tables are both oblong and oval in form, covered with table-cloths and furnished with knives, spoons, drinking horns, and cups, bowls, and dishes, but no forks. That they had gold and silver plate in abundance we have evidence in the wills of many distinguished persons. “There is no doubt,” says Mr. Macpherson, “that the English jewellers and workers of gold and silver were eminent in their profession, and that, probably as early as the beginning of the seventh century. So great was the demand for highly-finished trinkets of gold and silver that the most capital artists of Germany resorted to England, and moreover the most precious specimens of foreign workmanship were imported by the merchants.” There is still preserved in the *Musée des Rois* at the Louvre, the crown of Charlemagne; it consists of eight broad bands of gold an inch-and-a-half in width, set into a similar band to encircle the head, and uniting in a point at the top; each band is ornamented with four large cameos. A king in the ninth century is recorded to have made a present of his gilt cup, engraved on the outside with vine-dressers fighting with dragons, which he called his cross bowl, because it had a cross marked within it: and in other places we read of golden and silver dishes. Those used by the commonalty were of brass, wood, horn, and bone; but the sacramental cup and plate were especially forbidden by the canons to be made of bone: they were to be of something molten—gold, silver, glass, or tin. Drinking horns were much used at table, and some were richly carved and ornamented. Witlaf, King of Mercia, gave the horn of his table to the monastery of Croyland, “that the elder monks might drink thereout on festivals, and in their benedictions remember sometimes the soul of the donor.”

The delivery of a drinking-horn was a mode of conveying property under the Danish kings. The estate of Pusey, in Berkshire, is still held by the possession of a horn which Canute presented to an officer of his army who, according to tradition, had made his way in disguise into the camp of the Saxon enemy, and there obtained information of a plot laid to surprise the Danes. The Pusey-horn was most probably the drinking-horn of Canute. It is an oxhorn of a dark brown colour, about two feet in length, and a foot in circumference at the rim. At the small end is a hound's head of silver gilt, made to screw in as a stopper; and, by taking out this, it may be made to serve as a hunting-horn—a use of it which appears to be indicated by two rings—one at the mouth and another at the middle, as if for a strap or belt to go through: Upon a broad silver ring surrounding the middle of the horn, and by which

it is supported on a stand, is the following inscription, which, however, is comparatively modern :

" King Knowde geve Wylyam Pewse
This horse to hold by thy lond."

(See "ARCHÆOLOGIA.")

Glass vessels were rarities in the early periods, but became more common towards the Roman Conquest. A disciple of Bede inquired of Lullus, in France, if there were any man in his parish who could make glass-vessels well ; and desired, in such case, that he might be persuaded to go to England, as its people were ignorant and helpless in the art. Bede, however, mentions glass-vessels and lamps.

The comfort of the best-furnished dwellings would have been very incompatible without fuel, which was obtained from a portion of each estate set apart for the growth of wood. Turf also appears to have been used, and probably coals. Candles made of wax were used in the palace of Alfred, and to him is inscribed the invention of lanterns. They seem to have come soon afterwards into common use, and, from the representations, to have been often highly ornamented, and made of horn. Silver candleabra and candlesticks of various descriptions are to be found. The early substitute for our glass-mirrors, in which beauty loves to see her charms reflected, those of silver, are mentioned by Dugdale, and hand-bells were in use to summon the domestics.

In one of the manuscripts we have a representation of an Anglo-Saxon bed : it has a roof like that of a house, and is furnished with curtains, pillow, &c. Skins of animals, especially goat-skins, were used as coverlids. In the poem of "Beowulf," we are told that, when the evening came on, the tables were taken away, and the place spread with beds and bolsters, by which it would appear that the warriors slept in the same halls in which they had feasted : "the servants," continues the bard,

" Speedy and joyful,
Prepared the chamber of rest ;
They fixed over their heads
The shields of Hilda,
The boards of bright wood :
There, high over the Etheling on his bench,
The helmet of the noble one was seen—
His ringed coat of mail—
His glorious sword of strength !"

Thus were the arms of the warrior ever at hand to be grasped at the first alarm.

The Norman conquest does not seem to have introduced many improvements or increased refinement into the English mode of furnishing. The fowls and roast meat are still handed to the guests on the spit ; but in the reign of King John we find a mention of saltcellars—an article which afterwards became so important in the division of ranks at table ; the knights and ladies sitting above the salt, the retainers below it. We find twenty-nine and sixpence was paid for a silver one, gilt within and without, for the king's use. The chairs of state

are only improved by the superior carving and elaborate ornament, and a set of chessmen of the twelfth century are preserved in the British Museum, and may be seen there by those who are curious to know in what rudely-shaped seats our forefathers rested. They were found in the isle of Lewis in 1831, and the kings and bishops are seated in richly-carved chairs, but the exact shape of a box, with the lid open for a back. The hangings of embroidery were partially superseded by the fashion of painting on the walls or wainscot the same historical fabulous subjects that had been portrayed in threads of gold and silk ; for, in the reign of Henry the Third, the Sheriff of Hampshire is commanded to see that the wainscoted chamber of the king in Winchester Castle be painted.

At Goodrich Castle a pair of candlesticks of the twelfth century are preserved, made of copper, engraved and gilt, and ornamented with enamel of seven colours, let into the metal, displaying figures of men, women, and animals. They have spikes at the top, on which the candle was fixed, the socket being an innovation of much later date. The mention of enamel brings us to that beautiful art for which Limoges, in France, became so celebrated. It appears to have originated as early as 1187, and was brought there by the Greeks, from Byzantium. Boxes, cups, and dishes, ornamented with beautiful paintings, are still occasionally met with belonging to this period ; but it did not reach its *acme* until the reign of Francis the First, when a series of artists (Laudin, Noel, Leonard, and Courtois) made it still more celebrated, and the pieces are now valued all over Europe at inconceivable prices. Wayllier, the last master of the art, died in 1765, and the art died with him.

Previously to the year 1200, we find the town of Ypres, in Flanders, equally famous for its manufactures of fine linen, and from hence the name diaper (D'Ypres—i.e. of Ypres) which has been since applied to that particular cloth wherever manufactured ; and we may presume that the napkins and cloths of the Anglo-Normans were scarcely inferior to those of the present day. That great refinement, linen-sheets, came into vogue at this period. There is an order to the Sheriff of Southampton to deliver to Norman Esturing (the king's valet), amongst other gifts, because he had become a knight, a couch or bed, and a pair of linen-sheets.

"Yet the improvements were only comparative, and the style of living sordid and poor, when compared to the present standard. The stately palaces and castles of those days had no better carpets than a litter of straw or rushes, and no better beds than a rug laid upon a wooden bench, or spread upon the floor. The kingly or noble banquet, although it blazed with a profusion of gold and silver plate, could not even furnish the necessary accommodation of a fork. The fingers of the eaters were thrust into the rich dishes, or employed in tearing the flesh into morsels ; and the luxuries that were

collected at the greatest expense, were laid upon a huge table of plain oak; while the princes and lords sat upon clumsy benches, and partook of the good cheer. Several English estates were held upon the condition of supplying fresh straw for the royal beds, and litter for the apartments of the palaces. And Fitz-Stephen, describing the splendid hospitalities of Beckett while Chancellor, adds, as a special proof of his munificence, that he caused his servants to cover the floor of his dining-room with clean straw or hay every morning in winter, and green branches of trees in summer; that those guests who could not find room at table might sit on the ground without spoiling their fine clothes. It is a curious fact, that the official situation of rush-strewer remained to a very late period on the list of the royal household."

The Normans were an active out-of-door people, and therefore cared nothing for domestic comfort. They liked large retinues, splendid castles, rich armour, and horses. In the register of the Priory of St. Andrew's, Scotland, it is recorded that Alexander the First presented to the Prior an Arabian horse, with his bridle, saddle, shield, and silver lance; a magnificent pall or horse-cloth, and other Turkish arms of various descriptions. He had the horse, thus splendidly arrayed, led up to the high altar, and the arms were preserved there, and shewn to all the country-people.

Some inquiry seems to have been made in the reign of Henry the Third (1245) about sea-coals, which are mentioned as being brought to London from Berwick, and much used in the suburbs of London by brewers and dyers. "The nobility and gentry resorting thither complained thereof to the king as a public nuisance, whereby they said the air was infested with a noisome smell and a thick cloud, to the great endangering of the health of the inhabitants, wherefore a proclamation was issued forbidding its use." What would these sensitive alarmists say now, when London has constantly ten or twelve tons of coal dust suspended over it?

As we approach the fifteenth century, the ever-changing goddess Fashion had driven out the custom of painting the walls of sitting-rooms, and there was a return to the warmer and more comfortable style of decoration by drapery, which being fabricated chiefly at Arras, generally went by the name of that town; but is still better known by that of tapestry, a manufacture invented by the Flemings. Its peculiarity consists in the warp being vertical, and the workman stands behind the canvas, with his picture or copy at his back, weaving in the threads of various shades and colours, so as to form a work of art little inferior to an oil-painting. The only remaining manufactory of this kind is that of the Gobelins, Paris; a single piece requiring from two to six years to finish, and the cost of which amounts sometimes to seven or eight hundred pounds. The earliest specimen of arras is preserved in the church of St. Sebald, at Nuremberg, being of the time of our Henry the Fourth, and portraying the life of the saint to

whom the edifice is dedicated. A very ancient piece may be seen at Berkeley Castle. In 1447 John Holland, Duke of Exeter, gives to his son, Sir Henry, all the stuff of his wardrobe and of his arras by will. The newly-introduced work soon formed a part of every bedchamber. In 1434 we have a detailed account of bed-furniture in the will of Joan, Lady Bergavenny: "A bed of gold swans, with tapeter of green tapestry, with branches and flowers of divers colours, and two pairs of sheets of Raynes (Rennes); a pair of fustians, six pairs of other sheets, six pairs of blankets, six mattresses, six pillows, and with cushions and pillows that longen to the bed aforesaid: a bed of cloth of gold with lebardes, with those cushions and tapettes of my best red worsted that belong to the same bed, and bancoures and formes that belong to the same bed; a bed of velvet, white and black, padded with cushions, tapettes, and formes that belong to it. . . . My bed of silk, black and red, embroidered with woodbined flowers of silver, and all the costers and apparel that belongeth thereto; twelve pairs of sheets of the best cloth I have, save Raynes, six pairs of blankets, and a pane of minever." This pane of fur was succeeded by the counterpane, *i.e.*, one that was *contrepointe*, or having knotted threads stitched through. Sir S. Meyrick derives the word *pane* from the Latin *pannus*; but we read of paned shoes and paned hose, and the former are described by Chaucer as appearing to have Paul's windows carved on them—by which we must understand lattice-work; so that the word would rather seem to be from the French *panneau*, a square of glass. The well-known diamond pattern is in favour of this etymology.

There are many curious illuminations of bedrooms, where the lady and her baby are lying in state, and fire is blazing on the hearthstone with large andirons (as the stands for the wood were called) on each side, such as may still be seen at Haddon Hall: a long settle is before the fire, on which sits the nurse, with the poor little baby, tightly strapped up in swaddling-clothes, and looking like a mummy: a buffet is at one side, with a caudle-cup, and vessels similar to our modern coffee-pots upon it. The floor is in squares of tessellated pavement, the chimney-piece adorned with a clock and vases, and attendants stand round the bed, offering cups and basins to their mistress. We have the bedroom of Henry the Seventh's queen, described as "hanged and sceyled with rich clothe of Arras of blew, with flour-de-lis of gold, without any other clothe of Arras of ymagerye, and in that chamber was a rich bedde and palliet, the which palliet had a marvellous rich canopie of clothe of gold, with velvet paly of divers colours garneshyd with rede roses, embrodered with two rich pannes of crymson couvered with raynes of lande; also ther was a riche auter (altar), well furnyshed with reliques, and a riche cupborde, well and richly garnyshed."

The "awndirons" were usually curved, with a large knob at the top, and often extremely grand,

enriched with carved work and gilding; so that they formed part of the furniture not only in the houses of the nobles, but in the palaces of kings. One pair, still in existence, is of copper, highly gilt, with beautiful flowers enamelled in various colours, arranged with much art and elegance. In the inventories of the time we find very few seats mentioned; seldom more than one chair in the bedrooms, and in the "perler" (or best sitting-room) "one Flemishe chaire, four joyned stooles, a joyned forme, two joyned foote-stooles," such as at this time would only be found in the houses of the poor; but we must remember that they were made costly by the exquisite carving in oak, specimens of which still remain. We find no mention made of looking-glasses before the time of Henry the Eighth; they were always made of steel, and kept in cases, that they might be carried in the ladies' pockets, or locked-up with other trinkets for fear of damage. Large mirrors were never used for ornament and hung up in the rooms uncovered, as at the present time; but confined to dressing-closets and bedrooms. In an inventory of the "secret stuff" at Westminster, we find, "a faire greate lookinge steel glass, sett in crymson velvete richly embrowdered with damaske pirles, with knots of blew; and a curtain to the same of blew tafata, embrowdered with Venice gold and cordiautes of the same gold."

The period when clocks were first introduced into England is doubtful. Alfred had candles made, and divided into twenty-four parts, each burning exactly an hour; but in the reign of Henry the Second, we are told that Fair Rosamond had a coffer wherein were represented various figures moving like life, as giants, beasts, and birds flying to and fro; which seems as if clockwork were understood. In 1328, Richard de Wallingford, Abbot of St. Albans, gave a clock to the church, greatly exceeding any in the kingdom; and in the following century the vast number of clocks in the inventories becomes remarkable. At Westminster was one "shewing the course of the planets, also the dayes of the year; this was very elegant, being gilt and enamelled, and richly ornamented with the King's coat of arms, having a chime;" and in the manuscripts we see them with strings and weights like the Dutch clocks hung against the wall. The frequenters of Hampton Court will remember the one which is still to be seen there, bearing the date of 1540; which is said to go tolerably after so long a period of ease. Horace Walpole, among his curiosities at Strawberry Hill, possessed one which was a present from Henry the Eighth to Anne Boleyn, and had been given to him by Lady Elizabeth Germaine. It was silver gilt, richly chased, engraved and ornamented with *fleurs de lys*, little heads, &c. At Goodrich Court is a curious table-clock, of German manufacture; the engravings of costume upon it mark it to be of the period of Queen Elizabeth. It is about fourteen inches in height, of metal partly gilt and partly silvered;

it has two bells and a double set of hours—that is, from one to twenty-four—illustrating Shakespeare's lines:

"He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle."—*Othello*.

Having noticed the furniture in use at this period among the higher classes only, we will give a few lines from an old song of Warner's describing the poor man's house. It speaks of an earl who had lost his way. He

"Did house him in a peakish graunge within a forest great,
Where knownen and welcomed (as the place and persons might afforde),
Browne bread, whig*, bacon, curds and milk were set him on the borde;

A cushion made of lists, a stooles half-backed with a hoope,
Were brought him, and he sitteth down beside a sorry coupet.

The poor old couple wished their breade were wheat, their whig were perry,
Their bacon cheese, their milk and curds were creame, to make him merry."

When we reach the Elizabethan age we find a considerable improvement in the forms of the tables and chairs. The former are changed from the long square, with straight legs, to round, mounted on a pillar and claws. One with a folding top of Henry the Eighth's time is engraved in Shaw's splendid work on furniture, and the original of another, very handsomely carved, is preserved at Leeds Castle, bearing the date of 1600. Chairs belonging to this period are still to be met with, in noble houses. Among the most splendid are those at Penshurst Place, Kent, the residence of the noble and gallant Sir Philip Sidney. The one in which Queen Mary was crowned and married is preserved in Winchester Cathedral: His Holiness the Pope had sent it to her as a present; but we must feel that his benediction was of little value in procuring happiness for her, in either event of her life. Straight, high-backed, arm-chairs, with the centre and bottom stuffed, and covered with velvet, belong to this century. Mary, Queen of Scots, is represented as leaning on one, in a missal. The richly-carved buffets also make a grand appearance, showing the last style of Gothic architecture, and when loaded with gold and silver plate, of which every nobleman had an immense quantity, they must have been a more elegant ornament than our modern substitutes of sideboard and cheffonier. Mary, Queen of Scots, made her favourite Rou-sard a present of a buffet of silver.

The great bed of Ware is a fine specimen of this century; and the one in which Lord Darnley, Mary's ill-fated husband, was born, is still to be seen at the old mansion of Temple Newsam,

* Butter milk.

† Hen coop, or pen for poultry.

a place interesting in itself as being the scene where Sir Walter Scott draws the Templar's home, in "Ivanhoe."

We now begin to hear of "carpets of English work, with arms in the centre; a square board carpet cloth for the table, with arms in the midst of it; one large carpet for a *coop-bord*; carpets fringed with crewell." Turkey carpets are mentioned in Edward the Sixth's time, and frequently alluded to in the reign of of Elizabeth; but they were used more for covering tables than floors. The latter, in rooms of state, were generally matted, and other apartments strewn with rushes. A rich carpet or green cloth was spread before the throne, from which circumstance knights dubbed upon it at coronations, &c., were called carpet knights, in distinction to those that were made in the field and for military service.

Knives were first made in England in 1563. One of Queen Elizabeth's is mentioned in Nicholas's "Progresses," having "a handle of white bone and a conceyte in it." In the same work we read of "a dozen of horn spoons in a bunch, as the instruments meetest to eat furmenty pottage withal;" also a folding spoon of gold, and a pair of small snuffers silver gilt. We find among the Queen's presents a standish of ebony garnished with silver, with two boxes for ink and dust, with a looking-glass in the inside of the cover; also a desk to write on, with divers devices, a pair of tables, and chess-board with silver compters."

But the furniture of our palaces and mansions received an immense impetus in splendour and taste during the seventeenth century, scarcely surpassed by our present style. The luxury of the French court during the reign of Louis the Fourteenth greatly influenced that of England, owing to the frequent intermarriages; and as many of the houses of our nobility, especially in the country, still contain rooms which have remained untouched from the days of the Jameses and the Charleses, we can be ourselves eye-witnesses of their elegance; whilst the elaborate paintings of the Dutch and Flemish artists, who revelled in interiors, pour-tray the dwellings of the humbler classes.

Paper and leather hangings were invented early in this century: the latter were chiefly manufactured in Flanders, and consist of yellow leather stamped in a pattern: they are more curious and durable than pretty, and are not common in England. At the Hotel de Ville, Paris, there is a room hung with them. The walls of the wealthier classes were now enriched with the magnificent paintings of Rubens, Vandyke, Teniers, Rembrandt, added to the earlier ones of Holbein and Jansen and the ceilings with allegorical or historical subjects; for England has long been remarkable for the generous manner in which art is patronized by private collectors, whilst in other countries it is left to the reward of Government. Neither was Italian art neglected; but the *chef-d'œuvres* were displayed in gorgeous frames and amidst

objects of *certis* worthy of their companionship. Curious china-ware came by way of Italy from the East, in the time of Queen Elizabeth; but in 1631 it was a regular article of importation by the East India Company's ships, and the collection of which has ever since been a weakness with the fairer part of creation, as unaccountable as that of buying old, musty books, with the lords of creation.

In a warrant to the great wardrobe, issued by King James in 1613, on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth with the Elector Palatine, we have a copious list of furniture. "Item, to our embroiderer, William Brothericke, for embroidering a suit of hangings upon crimson velvet, richly garnished with cloth of gold and cloth of silver, laces of gold, partly with plates, and chain lace of gold without plates, Venice twists, and gold and silver and Naples silk. For embroidering a sparvar bed of crimson velvet, double-valance and curtains of velvet and satin, carpet and screen cloth, chair, stools, and cushions, all very richly-garnished with cloth of gold, cloth of silver, and coloured satin, &c."

There is a curious letter addressed to Lord Compton, afterwards Earl of Northampton, by his wife, unfolding the domestic economy of the period, which we present to our readers, somewhat abridged:

"MY SWEET LIFE,—Now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your state, it were best for me to bethink what allowance were meetest for me. I pray and beseech you to grant me the sum of £2,600 quarterly to be paid; also £600 quarterly for the performance of charitable works and those things that I would not, neither will be, accountable for. Also I will have three horses for mine own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow; none lend but I, none borrow but you. Also I would have two gentlewomen, lest one be sick or have some other let; for it is an undecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate. Also I will have six or eight gentlemen, and my two coaches, one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fair horses; and a coach for my women, lined with cloth and laced with gold, otherwise with scarlet and laced with silver, and four good horses. Also at any time when I travel, caroches and horses for me and my women; orderly, not pestering my things with my women's, nor theirs with either chambermaid's, nor theirs with washmaid's: and the laundresses shall go before, to see all safe; and the chambermaids, that the chamber be ready, sweet, and clean. And I must have a gentleman-usher, and two footmen: and my desire is that you defray all the charges for them. And for myself, beside my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight for the country, and six others of them very excellent. Also I would have to put in my purse £2,000, and £300, and so you to pay my debts.

Also I would have £6,000 to buy me jewels, and £4,000 to buy me a pearl chain. Also I will have all my houses furnished, and my lodging chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit: as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such like. So for my drawing chamber in all houses: I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging. Also my desire is that you would pay your debts, build up Ashley House, and purchase lands, and lend no money, as you love God, to my Lord Chamberlain, who would have all, perhaps your life from you. So now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what it is that I would not have, I pray you when you be an earl to allow me £2,000 more than I now desire, and double attendance."

Very modest demands truly! and we may hope that her lord granted them all.*

That useful invention for floors—oilcloth—was known and made in England in this century, and destined to supersede the rushes and matting which covered our ancestor's halls. In the "*Mercurius Politicus*," for February 2nd, 1660, is the following advertisement:

"Upon Ludgate Hill, at the Sun and Rainbow, dwelleth one Richard Bailey, who maketh oilcloth the German way, and is also very skilful in the art of oiling of linen, cloth, taffeta, woollen, &c., so as to make it impenetrable, that no wet or weather can enter."

The form of chairs remained much the same, but the backs rather higher, and the seats are sometimes made of cane. Not the least valued piece of furniture at the splendid seat of the Earl of Derby, Knowsley Park, is a chair of this period, in which the gallant Earl was beheaded, in the town of Bolton, when flying from the Parliamentary army after the battle of Worcester; which Cromwell was accustomed to call his "crowning mercy." It is of black oak, plain and strong, with a very low back, and arms, having a silver plate inserted in the back, with an inscription.

The commencement of the eighteenth century may be said to have completed the furnishing of English mansions, and supplied them with every luxury and convenience they at present possess. Tables, cabinets, clock-cases, began to exhibit that beautiful workmanship known by the name of "marqueterie," from the inventor M. Marquet, and the magnificent carved and gilt furniture *à la Louis Quatorze* and *à la Louis Quinze*, became the rage. In 1703 one of the earliest works on furniture was published by the *Sieur Marot*, architect to William the Third, and contains most exquisite designs for *fautails*, *canapés*, mirrors, girandoles, beds, tables, &c. The passion for porcelain is par-

ticularly illustrated by the engraving of a room fitted up *à la Chinoise*, with numbers of small brackets following the outlines of the panels, mantel-piece, &c.; on each of which stands a cup, jar, or other china ornament. The plays of this date have continual allusions to the purchase of jars, monsters, and mandarins, by ladies of rank. Japanned folding-screens and cabinets were also much in vogue.

The principal novelty was, however, the introduction of mahogany; a block of it was sent to Dr. Gibbons, a physician in London, and its beauty when wrought up attracted universal attention, which increasing rather than diminishing with use and age, caused it rapidly to supersede other woods for the general purposes of cabinet-making and embellishment of churches and other edifices, as the carved pulpits, galleries, bannisters, doors, &c., sufficiently testify.

In addition to the Chinese porcelain, the manufactures of Holland, Germany, and France, enlightened by the revelations of a Jesuit named D'Entrecolles in 1712, contributed their productions, and a multiplicity of articles for the toilet and writing table were added to the dinner, tea, and coffee services, composed in this novel material. With the close of this century the making of flint glass rendered us independent of foreigners for the supply of the common articles, such as decanters, drinking glasses, &c.; but for plate glass we were still indebted to Venice. The art of making what are called Brussels carpets was introduced at Kidderminster in 1745 from Tournay, and by the end of George the Second's reign the floors of all respectable houses were carpeted as at present.

SONNET

(Composed during service in Westminster Abbey).

BY BASIL KERR.

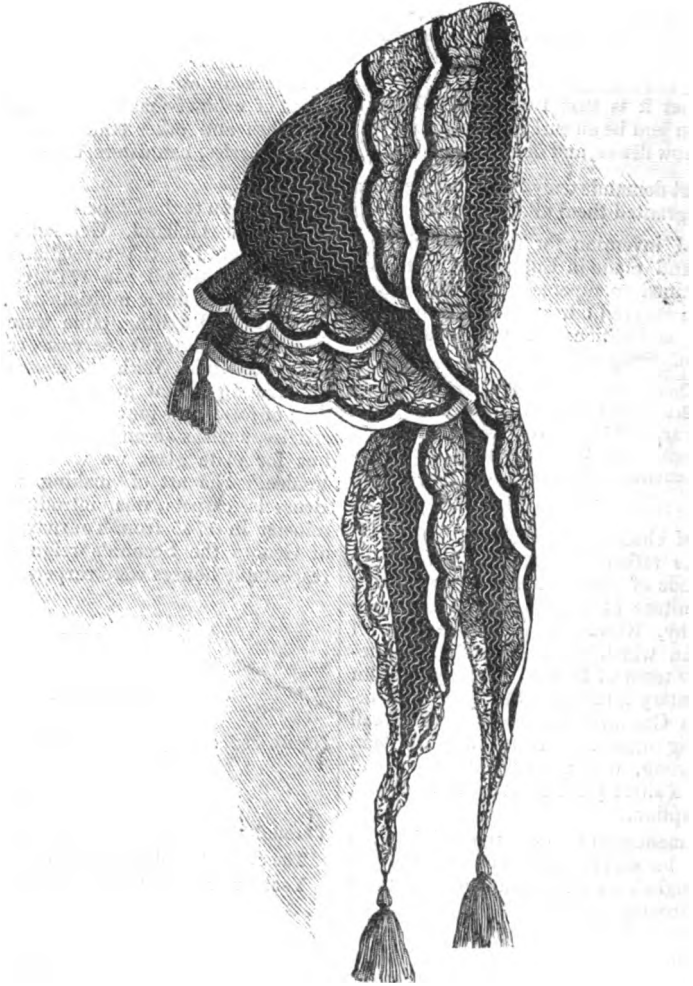
Through the long aisles, and airy vaults above,
The organ-thunder peals, while sweeter rise
Young voices breathing heavenly harmonies,
In God's own words of tenderness and love!
My soul doth far from earthly cares remove,
And in a blissful trance ascends the skies,
Though tears—the type of sorrow—fill my eyes,
As though they would such ecstasy reprove.
In these, our latter days, man walks on earth,
His head bent downwards in the search for gold,
Its gain or loss his ev'ry hope and fear.
Where now the mind from whence such shrine had
birth?
Where the sublime devotion, which of old,
Raised towards God's throne this vast embodied
prayer?

* Our author should have told us that this letter is supposed to have been a satire.

THE WORK - TABLE.

KNITTED OPERA HOOD.

MATERIALS—2 ounces four-thread Berlin wool, of any colour that may be preferred; 1 ounce grey-and-white pearl wool, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce black, and ditto white, Ivory needles: No. 9 and No. 7.



Begin with the coloured wool, and No. 9 needles, casting on 250 stitches. Knit two plain rows; and, after that, cast off four stitches at the beginning of every needle, for 30 rows; then cast off two only, at the beginning of every row, for 54 rows, when cast off altogether.

THE CURTAIN.—Cast on 70 stitches, and knit 18 rows, increasing *one* at the end of every row. Cast off loosely.

Sew this piece along the back, in the centre, slightly holding the hood in, and sewing on the ends as well as the length, as the border is carried from the points, along the sides where stitches were cast off, and along the outer edge of the curtain, in one continuous piece. For this purpose, take up the stitches on the entire length; and knit with the pearl wool (No. 7 needles) twelve rows of ordinary shell pattern;

then two rows with black wool, to be followed by a single plain row with white wool; after which, cast off loosely with the same.

Do another frill, of 10 shells, exactly the same, to sew on above the curtain, so as to cover it: and make end and tassels, which you run in along the back of the neck, to draw it in. They are put along the seam, below the upper frill, which is a few rows above that seam.

A similar border is carried along the front, from point to point, and laid back: and the

second (under) frill is put on a cape, sewed about six rows within the edge, so that it turns over easily, the upper frill border just covering this cape. It has 72 stitches cast on: and fourteen rows are knitted, with one stitch increase at the end of every row.

The second border just goes the length of the head, and does not extend to the barbes.

No combination of colours is prettier for this hood than *mauve*, with the grey, black, and white borders.

AIGUILLETTE.

INITIALS IN A VIGNETTE.



This style of marking handkerchiefs, &c., has recently been introduced in Paris, where it has met with great favour. Leaves, flowers, shells, almost every conceivable object in Nature has furnished subjects for these tasteful designs.*

We have preferred giving the form of the butterfly, as it may serve also for another pur-

pose—that of the upper part of a penwiper, in black velvet, worked with beads and coloured silks; the body put on separately, of velvet worked with gold coloured silk: the eyes of ruby beads, and the antennæ of short bristles.

The edges should, of course, be worked in button-hole stitch, and the pieces of cloth on which the pen should be wiped must also be cut into the form of the insect.

AIGUILLETTE.

* For this, and every other pattern in which cottons are used, we particularly recommend those of Messrs. Evans and Co., of Derby.—EDITOR.

LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

HOW I CAME TO KNOW LILY GRANT.

BY Y. S. N.

It was a warm day towards the end of June. I had found the sun rather too hot to be pleasant whilst walking, so seated myself on a moss-covered stump, which stood conveniently just under the shade of a beautiful tree in the pretty rural lane I was then exploring for the first time.

I had but recently settled in the neighbourhood of F—, and knew little either of its inhabitants or its geography. It was not "a long lane" with "no turning," for it was intersected near my halting-point by a still narrower road, over which the trees formed a leafy archway in parts, quite impervious to the rays of the sun even on that scorching day. A pretty thatched thoroughly English-looking cottage peeped through the foliage in the distance, and so attracted my attention and absorbed my thoughts that I gave no heed to the sound of wheels, although I remembered afterwards that some vehicle had gone by; when a somewhat peculiar voice at no great distance from me, diverted my thoughts from the cottage, and turning round I saw, a little beyond me, a very fat, well-groomed pony feeding quietly on the turf, an old-fashioned looking, and decidedly elderly servant standing by him, and in the chaise to which the pony was attached, was a something so enveloped in wrappings, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, that I could not at first make out whether it was a bundle of cloaks only, or a living being, leaning back on the seat. At length the pony, having eaten as much as he cared for, began to get impatient, and showed symptoms of moving on; so also did the ancient groom, whose voice was once more raised in remonstrance:

"It's a no use a waiting for Missie and them plants. Bob's getting so ojus impatient, we'll drive on—shall us, Miss?"

"Just two minutes longer, and then you shall call her, Bray," said a sweet pleading voice, which I knew must belong, to a perfect lady.

Perhaps in consideration of the old man's impatience, she rose up as she spoke, dropping the reins as she did so, and turned round in quest of the fugitive. I caught a momentary glimpse of her face. Alas, that it was then but momentary! for the pony tired perhaps of waiting, or more probably stung by a fly, bolted off before the young girl could gather up the reins, passed the horrified and bewildered old man, who seemed utterly incapable of rendering any assistance, and continued at a furious pace along the road, till swerving sharply round a corner it passed altogether out of sight.

One rein I saw hanging almost under the

wheels: the other the poor girl had managed to seize, so that, though unable to stop the little animal, she had a slight command over the direction of his course. It was not much; for the chaise swung right and left, jerking out cushions, wrappers, and other things, which were left lying along on the road by the old man, as he at last recovered himself sufficiently to run as fast as his age would admit of, in the wake of his young mistress.

I too followed, although at a slower pace: I might possibly be of some use; but I felt heart-sick at the prospect of the catastrophe which I had but too much cause to dread. That gentle voice, that touchingly delicate face, had interested me extremely; it was horrible to think of the poor young creature lying perhaps disfigured, maimed for life, possibly already dead.

But the worst had not happened, to my intense relief; when I saw her again she was lying on a mossy bank, propped up with cushions, and beside her, with arms close round her, the little truant, the involuntary cause of the accident, was crying passionately, whilst the fern roots she had been collecting lay unheeded at her feet.

Old Bray, and a somewhat uncouth-looking country lad, were busily putting the chaise in order and examining the pony, which with the exception of being very warm and frightened seemed uninjured.

"Are you very much shaken?" I ventured to enquire. "Were you thrown out?"

"Oh, no: the pony was stopped just in time, or we should have been over that embankment into the field below. That good boy came just opportunely. My sister Lily had wandered on here, instead of returning to us, and seeing my danger has frightened her. I think she is more unnerved than I am, poor child."

But the ashy paleness of the young girl's lips and the trembling voice told a different tale, and I could see that, although anxious to conceal it, she had had a severe shock, and endeavoured to dissuade her from entering the chaise and driving on at once, as she seemed anxious to do.

"But really, ma'am, I am not hurt: I ought to go; the train will be in, and Lily and I have to fetch a gentleman, a very particular friend of ours, who will be unnecessarily alarmed if told that an accident prevents my meeting him."

"Pack o' stuff, begging your pardon, miss," said down-right old Bray. "I can fetch Mr. Venn fast enough. Do as the lady says—bide here quiet a bit. May-be you could find a bit of a cottage somewheres here to rest, and the gentleman can drive you home hisself."

"Mother's cottage is close by, lady, if you can go so far."

"Thank you, my good lad: I have not forgotten you, but am without a purse. You must come up

this evening to The Rowans, Mr. Grant's you know—the white house near the church : I am sorry I have no money now."

"I don't want no money, lady—leastways not for stopping that pony," he added, with some hesitation.

"But I owe you some," said Lily, drying her tears, "for these beautiful ferns which you pulled up for me. Look, Phemie, what lovely roots."

"Never mind them rubbish," broke in the old man, as he bundled all Lily's treasures unceremoniously into the vehicle; "you go on to the cottage, and tell 'em your sister is coming, I have't time to stop. Get along, Beeswing." This last of course to the quadruped, who seemed to have had all the spirit taken out of him for the time being, and was in no hurry to fetch the "particular friend" from the train.

I had given my arm to "Phemie"—Miss Grant I should in this instance perhaps call her, although the shorter name was soon far more familiar, and with the lad carrying her cushions and wrappers we were soon *en route* for the cottage, to which her younger sister had already preceded us.

The owner of the picturesque dwelling, which had already attracted my attention, was a clean, tidy-looking person, and gladly welcomed the lady in, to rest and recover herself. The poor woman had evidently known sorrow very recently, for she was in deep weeds, and had an expression of care and suffering upon her honest homely face, which at once awakened my interest. So, having seen that Miss Grant had been made as comfortable as she could be, under the circumstances, I, her self-elected protectress, left her and Lily together, with injunctions to keep perfectly quiet, and joined Jim and his mother in another room, in the hope of drawing them into conversation, and perhaps discovering some way of being useful to them.

Being but a recent resident at F—— as already stated, I knew but little of my neighbours, either rich or poor. Of the Grants I had heard much, but they had been absent from The Rowans for some time, and since their return no calls had been exchanged.

But it is of Jim and his mother that I have first to speak, and you shall hear all that I contrived to find out about them. Mrs. Ellis had lost her husband and one little girl, her only one, of fever, within a few days of each other. The former had been a gardener in a gentleman's family, with Jim as an assistant, training for the same calling. Ellis's sudden death and the lad's ill-health—for he, poor boy, had been prostrated by the same malady—had thrown him out of his situation, which another had obtained, whilst he was still unable to work, and so Jim was now without employment, and appeared to have lost all energy in pursuit of any.

The widow wanted him to turn to some fresh occupation, for she said he had had plenty of schooling and could write well; but Jim was much too fond of flowers to make up his mind to anything but gardening, and so had been

idling about for some weeks, discontented and gloomy, but still resolutely bent upon earning a living in no other way.

"I dunnot like to thwart him, ma'am," said his mother, in conclusion: "I've none but him now, and thwarting does a lad no good; but he must work at something, and he can't find out-o'-door work about here, except at farmer Brown's, and that he dunnot like, because it's all vegetables, he says."

Jim hung his head disconsolately, but did not contradict this statement.

"Do you know Grassbank Cottage?" I enquired at length, coming to Jim's relief.

"That I do, ma'am: it's where the big myrtles are, and very full of buds too; forward aint they this year ma'am, leastways forwarder than those about here?"

I was flattered and at the same time amused by the boy's notice of my favourite shrubs, which had been my pride and care for many a long year before their removal to Grassbank.

"Yes, that's Grassbank, Jim. Now do you think that by to-morrow evening you could bring me a basketful of ferns of the same kind that you got for little Miss Grant?"

The boy's eyes brightened at the proposition, and he answered readily that he would be sure to find some.

Just then I heard the pony-chaise approaching, and feeling that I had no right to intrude upon the meeting with that "particular friend of ours" who was coming to take Miss Grant home, I made good my retreat, after promising that I would some day look in at The Rowans, and claim further acquaintance with its inmates.

The next day, just as I had finished watering my myrtles, cutting off dead roses, and other gardening arrangements which had slightly discomposed my toilette, I was called in from my greenhouse, to receive some visitors, and I will own to feeling a little gratified by discovering that my morning callers were Mr. Venn and little Lily Grant.

"Excuse the liberty I have taken, my dear madam, in intruding upon you thus early, to thank you on behalf of Mr. Grant and his grand-daughter, for your kind attention yesterday. Lily volunteered to accompany me, her sister being unequal to the effort to-day, and also because she is very anxious to have a peep at your flowers."

Mr. Venn's long speech, easily and fluently delivered, gave me time to recover my surprise, and quite put out of my head all thoughts of my soiled garments and tumbled sleeves. My visitors went with me into the garden, explored the pretty shrubbery which encircled it, and were introduced to my newly-established fernery, just then quite in its infancy, and for which I had enlisted Jim Ellis's services.

Lily was a fair, happy-faced child, who looked the petted plaything she really was; but petting did not spoil her, as I eventually discovered, fortunately for old Mr. Grant's sister Phemie, who would have had much to answer for. As it was,

on that first visit she managed to coax me out of one of the finest sprays of my most forward myrtle—a mark of special favour, as I think the little puss divined.

We exchanged a cordial “good bye,” and I renewed my promise of calling very soon at The Rowans, Lily holding out as a reward the prospect of a basketful of Mr. Grant’s very finest orchids, for the growth of which I had heard the owner of The Rowans was celebrated.

Mr. Venn impressed me very favourably; he seemed a sensible, well-bred man: I learned subsequently that he was a very rich one, and therefore of course “a capital match” for Miss Grant; however, I don’t think Phemie thought much about the length of his purse when she accepted him “for better or worse.”

Once fairly a guest at The Rowans, I became a very frequent one; and in return, Lily was almost a daily visitor at Grassbank. They were simple, unpretending people, and we got on wonderfully well together.

There was not much history attached to the family, and what there was was soon communicated by bits and scraps over a game of backgammon with old Mr. Grant, a game in which that kind-hearted, hospitable gentleman took an especial delight. A Scotchman by birth, he still retained the “accent” of his mother-tongue; he had travelled a great deal, and was a man of shrewd observation, and still possessed a most excellent memory. His daughter-in-law had resided with him at The Rowans, during the five years of widowhood which preceded her death, since which event he had been the sole guardian of her two children. When I first made their acquaintance, Euphemia was recovering from the severe illness which had occasioned their temporary absence from The Rowans. Lily, poor child, could not look forward with unmingled pleasure to her complete convalescence, for then the wedding was to take place, and Mr. Venn was to carry Phemie off with him to his own beautiful home, a long distance from The Rowans. Mr. Grant was not to be persuaded to accompany them: he thought the young couple were best left to themselves, neither would he second their proposal of remaining for a time with him.

But it must not be supposed that whilst improving my acquaintance with these pleasant neighbours, Jim Ellis was forgotten. The ferns were duly brought, and although I was rather jealous of interference in my horticultural arrangements, an occasional day’s work was found for Jim in my not very extensive garden; and when ferns became fashionable in more distant regions, I encouraged the lad in excursions for collecting and selling them, an occupation which he much liked, and found not altogether unprofitable. Good Mr. Grant too, took a great interest in my *protégé*, and sympathizing in his botanical tastes, would lend him very useful and

costly works to study, which taught him much that he subsequently turned to practical purpose.

But whilst Jim’s education was advancing thus satisfactorily, I cannot say the same of Lily’s increased erudition.

Euphemia, who had taught her, till prevented by illness, was now too occupied with her approaching marriage to resume the occupation; and Lily, not being at all learnedly disposed, obstinately refused to look into a book, and Mr. Grant as obstinately encouraged her in her idleness, would not have his pet worried, also would not for a moment entertain the idea of a governess. Mr. Venn tried in vain to take the little dunce in hand, when visiting at The Rowans; and then, as a last resource, he and Phemie appealed to me to “try and do something.” So it chanced that ere very long my little parlour for two hours every morning bore the appearance of a school-room; and blotted copy-books and smeared slates were often left littered about my usually neat table. If my pupil had been very good, which was not invariably the case, she was rewarded with a “real true story,” or a ramble with me amongst ferns and flowers, over ditches and dykes, and very often over gates too, till my old bones ached, and her “new things” were very often torn. Ah, pretty Lily Grant! I wish you were with me now; how slowly the time has passed since my sad parting with you!

Euphemia was married in the old-fashioned little country church, which stands on the hillside in “our village,” and left us in the early spring. She was to come back to us very soon, which indeed she did; but alas! it was to bid us farewell for a long, long time. The physicians had ordered her to a warmer climate: the hectic flush on her cheek, the low, frequent cough, the brilliancy of her eye, told but too plainly of the needs-be for that long farewell.

My kind friend Mr. Grant died quite suddenly, very soon after Phemie’s visit; I believe he had never recovered the shock of her unexpected departure from England, and then The Rowans passed for a time into stranger-hands; and Lily, the present owner of that pretty residence, left it to live with me for a-while, till Mr. Venn had an opportunity of sending for her to join him in Madeira. His wife, though still delicate, continues improving in health; Lily will be of age next year, and may perhaps return to claim her own, if the invalid be well enough to accompany her: I dare not count upon it yet. Jim is head gardener to Lily’s tenants, and I believe considers himself a fixture on the premises: the magnificent bouquet of orchids and tropical ferns, which were brought to me this morning with “missus’s compliments,” proves that he has not forgotten old Mr. Grant’s instructions, or that kind gentleman’s particular hobby.

A DAY'S TEMPTATIONS.

BY MARIAN GWYNN.

"How tired I am, and how hot and dusty it is! The very thought of that long walk blinds and chokes me. Wealth must be as doubtful a blessing as poverty is a sure misfortune, when it generates such carelessness and neglect."

There was nothing of the heroine of romance about Margaret Ross. She had closed the dark green blind of the narrow window to shut out the intensely sultry glow of a hot July day, reflected from the brick walls and shining roofs of the opposite row of houses, and the inharmonious sounds of a dispute between a newsboy and the baker's errand-girl, then in progress at the nearest corner, and each moment threatening to be brought to the more forcible argument of blows. She did not even bestow a second glance on the gilded cages and singing-birds of the humble aviary, and the thrifty geraniums and roses which a poor German, keeping fresh the memories of home and the green places of his heart, persuaded to exist on the sultry sunshine drifting over the upright shadeless walls into his window. She did not look a second time, although for two years those humble friends, that made his little world of wealth and affection in the homes and land of his adoption, had been the only things to which she turned with pleasure in the crowded street where she lived.

She had put off her street-bonnet of plain dark straw, exposing an abundant wealth of beautiful brown hair, braided carefully in heavy curls at the back of her small erect head, and the grey, unobserved mantle had dropped from the gracefully sloping shoulders to the floor, displaying the perfect curve of the bust and the slender rounded waist to advantage, even in the uncertain light a single pencil of sunshine falling through the closed blind made in the darkened room.

These were her principal, her only points of beauty. There was nothing to attract a stranger's second look in the pale cheeks, firm mouth, and serious dark eyes; and, altogether, nature, at least as far as appearances might speak, had fitted Margaret Ross for the path which she was to walk in life—a third-class music-teacher in a great city. There was no danger of marriageable sons, or eligible nephews, or cousins, or gentleman-visitors in general, falling in love with that plain, business face, when Miss Ross called in the morning to hear Miss Juliet practise the scale of B flat, or help Miss Ellen through the difficulties of "Von Weber's last Waltz." No pursuit of knowledge under difficulties to ascertain who owned that deep, full, incomparable voice that always startled a stranger visiting the quiet church where she sang, after a full view had been obtained of that *atter-of-fact, every-day-life* face.

The very room in which she sat seemed to

have taken, with that peculiar property which our surroundings possess of portraying our characters, the expression of her face on its physiognomy—for rooms have countenances as naturally, and as expressive as persons. From the dark striped, well-preserved carpet it had been her care to keep from the fading influences of the light and heat since childhood, the landscape of palm-trees on the window-blinds, and the lounge with its dove-coloured cushions, to the open piano which, as they say of decayed gentility, looked as if it had seen better days, and a picture of Robert Burns, and a Scotch heather that hung above it—all spoke of utility, and the possession of that better part of elegance—neatness.

There was in the whole experience of her past life but one point on which to hang one romantic thought. She was the oldest daughter of a poor printer, who had married a pretty sewing-girl in the heyday of a romantic passion, labouring probably under some hallucination concerning love in an attic, where sentiment and sunshine were to supply the joys bestowed by budding boughs and new-made hay under similar circumstances in the country. Of sunshine there was certainly no lack in the close, unhealthy city court where their children sickened of annual fevers for the want of pure fresh air; but the years were marked by a gradual and total dying out of sentiment, succeeded by an unlovely anxiety concerning butcher's and baker's bills, and rent-days, while the pretty wife, fretted and faded out of all her loveliness, degenerated into a complaining, *ill-used* woman.

This was the intellectual and physical atmosphere in which Margaret Ross's mind grew into its sober, ungirlish cast, and her cheek took its hue of habitual pallor. She had lived through a long, unlovely childhood, during which her characterless mother had shifted the responsibilities of her young brothers and sisters on her shoulders, at a period when their mental and bodily wants seemed to take the cry of growing nature—"More, more!" The whole infant progeny, from the earliest date of her recollection, seemed to have possessed an inherited predisposition for all those evils human flesh is heir to, in the shape of whooping-cough, measles, and scarlet fever, not to mention a principle of predestination which seemed to mark them for the ownership of cut fingers, bruised noses, blackened eyes, and the worst of every street-fight or an attempt at unusual locomotion on the side-walk.

It was out of these evils the one romance of her life grew. A poor German music-teacher was attracted by the sound of her truly remarkable voice, swelling through the measured

notes of some old-time ballad to still the fretful wailing of a sick child. It was no remarkable occurrence that he should be there in that lifeless part of the great town, that beat strongly through all its great pulses of human life with the fever heats of ambition and love of gain. He was a dreamer, who had left his native land haunted by visions of fame and applause that were to enrich and complete his life in the vigorous new world. He may have learned that his hopes and dreams were vain, before the voice of the lonesome, weary-hearted child struck the chords of sympathy in his heart, and it might have been the impulse of *ennui* that first induced him to call her from her humble seat on the curbstone, where she listened to his voice through all the grand pieces of the old masters of his native land in the long dusky twilights, sometimes faintly essaying to imitate the rich rises and swells of sounds. It was the reawakening of his old dreams, when he first learned the depth and strength of her voice, and the beginning of a new life to her when she learned to steal breathless up the long flights of steps to his room, devoting the few hours stolen from her weary duties to the eager study of her art.

It would be romantic folly to say she learned by inspiration, and that there were no disheartening hours spent over the weary routine of scales and octaves, when her enthusiastic teacher grew impatient and upbraided her with failure and the breaking of his heart. But, although she only half fulfilled his *ideal*, and lacked that devotion to her art and forgetfulness of the rest of the world, which he thought it deserved, she possessed an energy and strength of perseverance which alone would overcome difficulties and ultimately win her success. He never inspired her with his own hopes and aspirations; but when, after four years' constant effort to make out of her voice a thing which would make his fortune and enrapture the world, he wearied of the task, and, sickened and disgusted with the unappreciative bustle of the busy Western world, he sailed for his native land, he took a blessing from the heart of the quiet girl, and left the only one that had yet brightened her life behind. And there the romance ended.

It would have afforded the poor, unstable enthusiast little satisfaction to know that his pupil had ceased to look on his gift to her as a Heaven-sent inspiration, and learned to regard it as a means by which she might gain bread and bring comfort to a sullen, unhappy home. More than ever the heavy responsibilities of their uncongenial life fell on her heart and mind through the long sickness preceding the death of her father—an event for which he had waited with the bitter impatience which a life of suffering, misinterpreted and misapplied, had brought to be a part of his nature. Through the years that followed, there had been a sickening and dying out of the vital energies of her life. There had been but few changes: a removal to a more quiet street, and a few accessions to household

comforts, admissible by her limited income, the expanding of her heart to that growth her mind had long since prematurely attained, and the formation of an affection which was at the same time the blessing and bitterness of her life.

The enthusiasm which at first rendered her every-day duties pleasant, bringing vague dreams of great concert-rooms, and the dim aisles of churches over the seas, filled with incense, and the solemn sobs of organ music, died out, leaving the discordant sounds of a mispractised scale in "Hutten's Instruction Book" as the unlovely realities of her bright ideals.

So it came that the long dusty walk in summer through the blinding heats of July and August, and the bleak exposure to the autumn and winter rains came to be dreaded only less than her return home, rendered miserable by the fretful complainings of her mother, and the noisy and boisterous enjoyment of her young brothers, who were in the habit of making the "best" of their few hours' freedom from the restraint of the school-room, and, as the street was a forbidden pleasure, usually made the family sitting-room the scene of their efforts and success.

This morning, Margaret Ross, after her long hot walk to a remote part of the city, where her principal patroness and employer, Mrs. Graham, lived, sat down in her quiet room with a bitter swelling of the spirit. She had passed careless, happy faces in her walk; faces no younger in years than hers, bearing no impress of life's heavy responsibilities and cares. She had listened to the voice of Ellen Graham, an older sister of her young pupils, through a long list of expected visits and pleasures which was to be the programme of her life through the summer, with which she was entertaining some fashionable friends in the parlour, as she had waited a full hour in the hall to have her bill receipted and sent down to her.

"She would have been at Newport long ago," the pretty voice said, "but ma' had waited for Cousin Arthur to come and accompany them. He had been South recently, and was just from *la belle Paris*. Yes, he had been there three years. His elder brother was a gentleman belonging to the French Legation; and Lucy should see the wardrobe his wife (that is, the elder brother's wife) had brought home with her—actual Valenciennes and real diamonds!"

And Margaret stopped her ears to hear no more. It was well she had shut the door to keep out as much as possible of the merriment of her brothers, who were executing their Saturday's performance of "turning the house upside down," besides some special excitement incident on equestrian performances on the clothes-horse in the back entry.

There was a mistake of twenty-five dollars in the sum of her bills, consequent on the bustle of Mrs. Graham's mind over her preparation for her departure to a watering-place. The long street was to be walked over again, although her head ached with the distracting shouts of

the newsboys, and the heat and bustle of the sunny out-door world. The sum was small to the wife of the wealthy merchant, who economized when she settled, but never when she made bills. It would probably pay the confectioner for refreshments some evening when she entertained a few particular friends. How many blessings it would purchase Margaret! The school-bills that were to be settled by the still unearned proceeds of the next quarter might be paid at once, and the haunting anxiety of poverty quieted for awhile by this trifle which the rich owner would never miss from her purse. But the cheek of the girl grew hot with the shame of the temptation as she put these thoughts away from her mind.

The bonnet was resumed, with a long, steady gaze into the small mirror, as the slender fingers adjusted the ribbons under the firm, rounded chin. There was a settling down of the lines around the serious mouth as she stepped out into the sunshine.

She had never known a day's recreation in her life; the very Sabbaths, when she sat in the church with folded hands and devotional eyes, had been haunted by anxious cares for the coming week. The same life of hopeless, loveless toil lay behind and before her.

"It is of no use," she murmured, bitterly, "to hope for brighter things; as I have lived I will live until I die; and it is not just that I should bind another's life down to mine. He may learn to love some one else, and be happy, years before any change may reach me. I must tell him he is free—that I never could come to his home as a blessing, and that I love him too well to burden his life with the cares of mine. It is worse than death, this slow wearing out of soul and body with years of waiting, in mockery of a hope never to be realized. Can it be that Heaven is just, when there are those who spend thoughtlessly twice the sum that would make my life complete and happy? What more has Ellen Graham done, for the good of heaven or earth, who walks the world, saved from all temptation, and whose life is one long holiday of pleasure, than I, who am denied the very affections of life? No, it is *not* just!"

The long walk had entered into a crowded, fashionable street, and the quiet teacher with her roll of music was but a single figure in the great tide of human life. Mrs. Graham was engaged; but Margaret's note, with the enclosed sum of twenty-five dollars, was delivered to the servant, and she turned from the temptation of actual sin safe, but with a heart filled with bitter repinings to meet the duties of the day.

* * * * *

"How horribly hot it is! Mary, draw the curtain. Pshaw! I do not let in the light that way. I declare the heat is stifling! You may put more ice in the pitcher before you go. You need not take Miss Ross's note up to me"; I will attend to that. Some worry about bills, I suppose; she was here two or three hours this morning,

and I presume ma' did not pay her, and this is a dun. Shut the door, and be sure not to let Robert or Emma in—they are so noisy!"

And Ellen Graham, the beauty and *belle*, re-adjusted the sofa-cushion under her dainty little head with a just appreciation of her comforts, knowing that a stifling July heat glowed on the pavements without, and that the mercury of her mother's mental temperature was at fever-heat, over packing-boxes and trunks, that were the indispensable accompaniments of Monday's exodus.

"It will be so pleasant to have Arthur with us"—and the head was turned a little, that the soliloquizer might obtain a full view of the lovely face in the opposite mirror. "It makes an impression to have a gentleman who has been presented to Eugenie in one's party. I am so worried about my bracelets!" (and the voice took the tone of real vexation). "To think the difference is only *twenty-five dollars*, and ma' will not gratify me, when the *turquoise* would suit my new *grenadine* so well! I am tired to death with this eternal complaining about expenses and making both ends meet—as if it made much difference whether they did or not! I would not marry a man to save his life, if I thought there would be such a fret put on my temper—there!"

The dainty fingers had emphasised the last assertion with such a vigorous twist on the note she held, that it opened, and the returned bills fell rustling to the floor. She started up with a little cry of exultation—this woman, who had never a want, *who walked the world saved from temptation!* The note she had been twisting around her pretty fingers was read now with a face of interest. "What a marvel of honesty this person, who gave Emma and Juliet music-lessons, was, to be sure!" And the delicate cheeks crimsoned to the shadow of the waving hair with the shame of the contrast. "But there certainly was a difference in the cases," she argued. "This Margaret Ross, as she wrote her name in free, full characters, had no right to this money!" It was but a little sum, the difference between the coveted bracelet and the one she almost hated now by contrast. Already she saw it gleam on her white, rounded arm, as she stood in the moonlight—it might be on the piazza at "Ocean Hall," with a pair of pleasant dark eyes bent on her face (alas! that love should stoop to conquer thus!) with the admiration almost amounting to love which she had so often discovered in their gaze.

The grasp of the slender fingers tightened as the paper was torn slowly to pieces, and the pretty features settled into a serious study—it might be over the great puzzle of right and wrong. Not entirely or half satisfied, you might see, by the hot flushing of the smooth forehead as the door opened.

"Are you here, Nell? How pleasant it is! I am sure it is a decided piece of folly to drag a fellow off to Newport when it is so comfortable at home, even if he does happen to be a hand-

some dog, and you wish to exhibit him—eh, coz?”

“Now, Arthur, be quiet, or I will drive you out!”

“Oh, do be amiable, Ellen! I have encountered a regular domestic storm, or rather I experienced all the inconvenience of the thunder and lightning without being actually exposed to the elementary influences; for I was in the library while your mamma blew the household up, in the dining-room. To give you a full statement—for I heard, although I put my fingers in my ears—it seems Aunt Lucy settled some bills this morning, the family purse coming out minus twenty-five dollars thereby. Natural inference is that it enriched the pocket of the opposite party, the said persons being Miss Ross, and Catherine the cook. The latter makes delightful blanc-mange and French soups, and therefore is not to be suspected for a moment; and the lamented, but inevitable consequence is, Miss Ross’s dismissal. By the way, what a fine-looking person she is! I saw her in the hall this morning. She has a figure Juno might envy! She had dropped her shawl. She does not look like a dishonest person—does she?”

“Does what? I have not heard a word you have said for the last ten minutes.” And the eyes were raised from a minute survey of the pattern of Brussels carpet or the toe of her tiny slipper, or both, to the speaker’s face.

“I will not have to go over it all, will I?” with a ludicrous affectation of dismay. “I believe the sum total of my remark was that Miss Ross did not look like a dishonest person.”

Miss Ellen Graham was not a reader of countenances—at least, she had never noticed Miss Ross’s face. She thought her quite a plain-looking person.

Her cousin noticed the unamiable tone, the level gaze of the blue eyes, and the flush of the cheeks, extending even to the white throat; and naturally thought he was particularly unfortunate in vexing Nell while all the fellows were out of town, and he would have to bear the brunt of her ill-humour till he brought her around again.

* * *

“Only a short walk, Margaret.”

She had slackened her pace when she heard his quick step following her down the quiet street on which she had just entered. It was at the close of that sultry, tiresome day, marked out from the rest of her life to be remembered only for more hopeless repining and bitter thoughts than usual. She did not speak for many minutes after he had drawn her arm in his, as his blessed privilege of protection, and accommodated his quick step to her slower movements.

He had been afraid he would not see her, he said. He had been detained later than usual in the store. Miss Ellen Graham had come in quite late to purchase a bracelet. How beautiful she was! Was Margaret ill or troubled? she was so quiet,

She was wondering whether, in spite of the morning’s resolutions, she could give him up, and take the realities of her life again contented and happy, believing all for the best. The whole experience of the day had been unpleasant, having been marked by an unusually large number of discordant scales and false notes on the part of her pupils, and an unusual impatience of spirit and irritability of temper on her side; either fact with equal probability might be supposed to be the cause or consequence of the other.

The freshened wind blew coolly on her forehead, and it was pleasant to know there was some one in the whole world on whom she could rest after the labours and trials of the day. “It was weak, yet womanly,” she murmured to herself; “yet was it just to him?” The momentary irresolution was put aside, and she told of her morning’s thoughts and temptations. “It was not right,” she said, stifling the quick throb of the heart that recoiled from the very thought of life unshared by him, “that she [should] be a burden on his fresh young energies. She was not free to love and wed whom she chose. It was wise and right, for Heaven had willed it so, and she must and would accept her destiny without a murmur. The path she must tread was pointed out to her; but he might choose his own—might take a smoother path, and lead a brighter life.”

Could Heaven have given her a sweeter blessing than his words: “Your path is mine, and you are my life, Margaret?”

The walk was extended far through the dusky street, and the parting gaze of the eyes that at last, from her doorstep, watched his retreating figure through the shadows, was an unspoken blessing. Unusually deep and fervent was the utterance that the prayer of her childhood, “Lead us not into temptation,” found on her lips that night. Lead us not into the temptation of envy and despondency, and deliver us from the evils of bitter thoughts and repinings. More equally divided than we, in our short-seeing dream, are the temptations of life; and who shall say one to the other: “You should not murmur; lo, your cross is light!”

* * *

FLAXMAN RUINED FOR AN ARTIST.—He had never doubted that in the company of her whom he loved he should be able to work with an intenser spirit; but of another opinion was Sir Joshua Reynolds. “So, Flaxman,” said the President, one day, as he chanced to meet him, “I am told you are married; if so, sir, I tell you you are ruined for an artist.” Flaxman went home, sat down beside his wife, took her hand, and said with a smile, “I am ruined for an artist.” “John,” said she, “how has this happened, and who has done it?” “It happened,” said he, “in the church, and Ann Denman has done it: I met Sir Joshua Reynolds just now, and he said marriage has ruined me in my profession.” For a moment a cloud hung on Flaxman’s brow; but this worthy couple understood each other too well to have their happiness seriously marred by the unguarded and peevish remark of a wealthy old bachelor.—*Women of Worth.*

HAMPSTEAD AND THE HEATH.

BY GOLDTHORN HILL.

CHAP. V.

I plead guilty to not having advanced my subject one year forward in the course of my last chapter. I began with 1734, and ended with it. Parenthetically pausing to chat of ante-dates, and altogether acting in a very informal, and idle fashion.

But, then, it was a summer day's chapter; written, for the most part, *al fresco*, with the winds of June winnowing the full stemmed grasses and quivering leaves, and playing with the loose tangles of the honeysuckle in the hedge-rows; and the woods were full of bird-life, and the air resonant of their songs; and who could turn aside from the living beauty of the landscape, to seek dead dates touching the musty walls of the converted, but to this day unconsecrated, pump-room?

Certainly, De Foe, who died in 1731, leaving his *Tour of the Island of Britain* for Richardson to finish, tells us that "besides the long-room at Hampstead, in which the company meet publicly on a Monday evening to play at cards, &c., there is an assembly-room sixty feet long and thirty wide, elegantly decorated, where every one who does not subscribe pays half-a-crown for admittance, and every gentleman who subscribes a guinea for the season has a ticket for himself and for two ladies;" but he does not inform us whereabouts either of these rooms were situated; and, at all events, having already ascertained from Soames, that the dancing-room at the Wells had become a chapel at the date of his pamphlet, we know that this was not the long-room in which Arbuthnot spent his mornings, and where Pope met him, suffering with a cheerful face, the hopeless illness of which he died the following year (1735), and where so many of the wits and celebrities, whose names are "bright particular stars" in the galaxy of English literature; then, and subsequently shared with the lighter crowd, the fashions and the follies of the place.

A little farther along, on the opposite side of the Well-walk where the feathered, and patched, and powdered ladies, and bewigged, and gold-laced beaux of a hundred years since, paced up and down upon the points of their high-heeled shoes, chattering their feeble small-talk above the charred bones of the old Roman* lying unsuspected in his repositorial urn a few feet beneath the foot-way; there stands a quaint, blue-slatted house, now the residence of Mr. Corderoy, the banker and known as "Wetherall

House," sufficiently peculiar to attract attention from the disproportion of its length to its height, being only a one-storied edifice, with originally eleven windows in the ground-floor, two of which are built up, and in which I am led to believe was the famous room in which so many unforgotten personages of the eighteenth century figured.

It was possibly within its walls that some pet vocalist of the day first essayed the following "ditty," written in furtherance of, or in compliment to, the revived fashion of the Wells; and which appears to have escaped the research of Parks.

It was originally printed on a broad sheet, and appeared in the "Musical Entertainer," engraved by George Brikham, Jun., and set to music by Mr. Abel Whichello, under the enlogistic title of the "Beauties of Hampstead."

"Summer's heat the town invades,
All repair to cooling shades;
How inviting—how delighting,
Are the flowery hills and vales.

Here, where lovely Hampstead stands,
And the neighbouring vale commands,
What surprising—prospects rising
All around adorn the lands!

Here ever-woody mounts arise;
There verdant lawns delight the eyes,
Where Thames wanders, in meanders
Lofty domes approach the skies.

Here are grottoes, purling streams,
Shades defying Titan's beams:
Rosy bowers—fragrant flowers,
Lovers' wishes, poets' themes.

Of the crystal bubbling well,
Life and strength the currents swell;
Health and pleasure—heavenly treasure,
Smiling here united dwell.

Here nymphs and swains indulge your hearts,
Share the joys the scene imparts,
Here be strangers—to all dangers,
All but those of cupid's dart."

It is not impossible that Dr. Soames, or some other local speculator, employed a Grub-street poet to compose these verses, which sound very like a lyrical advertisement of the place, while the broad-sheet form in which they first appeared, was the usual one in which such poetical puffs were disseminated.

Nothing can be more arcadian than the images and conceits of this effusion. Not a word is said of the foot-pads lurking in St. Pancras Vale, where Smollett makes one of his heroes—Peregrine Pickle, if I mistake not—walk with a

* A sepulchral urn containing charred bones, and other Roman remains, were dug up opposite the Wells in 1774 by workmen employed in making alterations there.

drawn sword by the side of his lady-love's coach, on her way to town from the Flask walk, or of the masked and mounted highwayman that the two Fieldings did their best to extirpate from the adjacent roads, but whose exploits did not cease till pretty close upon the present century. I find in the historical chronicle of the "Gentleman's Magazine" for January, 1773, an account of a gentleman's being taken up and examined on suspicion of having stopped and robbed the Hampstead stage, between eight and nine o'clock at night, near the Mother Red-cap. He wore a crape over his face, which flew up, and one of the witnesses whom he had pulled out of the coach, swore to his nose, as did also two gentlemen fellow-passengers; but the gods desert not their own, and the Bacchanalian habits which, judging inferentially, had probably bestowed this marked character to the feature in question, enabled him to prove an *alibi*, on the evidence of three persons who had been drinking with him at the Bull, in Windmill-street, from five in the afternoon till within five minutes of eight; while the waiter at Thornton's, under the Piazza of Covent Garden, proved his being there at half-past eight; and two other acquaintances swore to meeting him at the Brown Bear, in Bow-street, about nine; so that between the Bull and the Brown Bear, there was no time left for the Mother Red-cap, and the gentleman was thereupon discharged.

Here again I have fallen out of the straight chronological line, and am slipping into side-paths; but these digressions suit me, and in writing these papers I have made no compact with my readers, but to render them as pleasant as I can. If, then, it pleases me to spend a day in searching for that particular brown lizard amongst the golden furze-blossoms on the Heath that Bradley found there, and no one since; or to fall back three centuries, and trace (in spirit) the steps of Master Gerard from his house, in Holborn, through Gray's Inn-lane, and Pancras Meadows, and the little village of Kentish Town, past the Queen's Dairy-house (the last trace of which is but just removed), and so through the gate which led into Hampstead Wood, and out upon the Heath, am I not free to do so? And being so, how can I resist taking the "Great Herbal," for a guide, and making glades, and woods and hills reblossom with full handfuls of the fair flowers he found there? What, if it be mid-winter, can I not by a single effort of imagination make it May, and see the Spring's coming of age, and all the floral *fiesta* of that consummation? Primroses scattering largess in the woods, and blue-bells chiming out their triple majors; and lilies of the valley, like white-robed acolytes, swinging with every air their odour-laden censers. Or crowding wind-flowers, with sensuous bends, and graceful swayings, and troops of quaintly masking *orchideæ*; and in the rear, the trailing dog-rose, like a May-day mummer, all over dressed with flowers!

So the floral procession passes by; but ont a

twentieth part of Gerard's flowers are here. They linger in the woods, and on the Heath; and if we collate the catalogue of them with those that bloom there now, we shall find that—with the exception of the *ophreys* and lilies of the valley, which in his time and subsequently (as I have elsewhere said), grew here familiarly as in the woods of Kent and Berkshire—only a very few are wanting.

Within the remnant of Ken-wood, the golden-rod (*Viergeawrea solidago*) still throws the gleam of its pale yellow flowers through the thick undergrowth struggling to the path; and the trailing periwinkle (*Vinca major*) spreads its varnished ever-green leaves, in shady places, in the same locality. Here still the betony (*B. officinalis*) lifts its purple head, and the wood strawberry roots its creeping stems, and ripens its scarlet-cushioned fruit, while summer lasts; and though I have not found the great St. John's wort, gladdening the shadows of the underwood with its bright gamboge-coloured flowers, nor the little *Neottia spirales* (our ladies' tresses), with its small curled spike of white blossoms, growing fragrant at the hour of the vesper *ave*, more than one species of *Hypericum* still abounds; and the yellow pimpernel affects its ancient *habitat*, and spreads its graceful stems, and ovate shiny leaves and solitary blossoms, as in the days when Queen Elizabeth's physician figured them. The wild rose and the woodbine, the *brionys* (white and black), and traveller's joy, still give their beauty and sweetness to the hedge-rows; and the high taper (*Verbascum thapsus*) lifts up its club-shaped spike of golden-yellow handsome flowers, and powders the ground around it with the cottony under-lining of its large coarse leaves. In many places in the wood, from the first coming of "chilly-fingered Spring," till deep in winter, the tragic-looking white dead-nettle (*Lamium album*), with its deeply serrated, dusky leaves, and whorles of snow-white gaping flowers with black-tipped stamens, may be found; as well as its congener, the showy yellow dead-nettle (*Galeobdolon luteum*), of whose existence the old botanist was unaware, for he did not even reckon it amongst our rustic Flora. Then there are the agrimony, and the avens, with their pretty flowers of a ripe-corn colour, and the pink-willow herb, and blue germander, and in the gloomy shadows of the wood (about Candlesmas in genial seasons) the nodding daffodils still hang their fringy solitary flowers, as full of sleepy juices as when the daughter of Ceres played with them in Sicilian fields, and Dis surprised her.

But it is on the Heath that the botanist will find the scions of the largest number of the plants that figure in the "Great Herbal," and in the first catalogue of British plants.

In our own day, as when these works were written, we find the straight-stemmed lemon-coloured flowers of the upright mouse-ear hawk-weed (*Hiericum pilosella*), springing as thickly through the close short turf, as when Parkinson wrote that one could scarcely set a foot but on

the head of it. Now, as then, the pretty varicoloured milkwort (*Polygala vulgaris*), pink, white, or blue, enamels the ground with its lowly blossoms; and the bright round corollas of the trailing tormentil (*Potentilla reptans*) glitters in pretty contrast with the diminutive spikes of *Veronica serpyllifolium*, or Paul's betony. Piercing the greensward in the moister places, we find the blue spikes of common bugle (*Ajuga reptans*), and the bright rose-coloured petals of the gay red-rattle (*Pedicularis palustris*), with the silvery ones of ladies' smock (*Cardamine pratensis*), and tall-stemmed spearwort (*Ranunculus lingua*), with shining yellow cups, and the clustered turquoise-coloured flowers of the forget-me-not (*Myosotis palustris*). Here also, seated on their slight pink foot-stalks, the pale green, glossy, orbicular leaves of marsh penny-wort (*Hydrocotyle vulgaris*) prevail; and tufts of heath-rush, with panicles of brown flowers, and the silken locks of the lesser cotton-grass, wave in the sun beside the margin of the worn-out water-course made tragic in our times as the scene of the Sadleir suicide. In the shallow water of the "standing pool" are beds of water-trefoil—buck-bean—(*Menyanthes trifoliata*), one of the most exquisite of our British wild-flowers. The sun-dew also (*Drosera*), with its ensanguined leaves and crook-shaped racemes of diminutive white flowers on slender stems, is found growing in the same localities.

Between the uplands and the bog we find a flowery strata (so to speak) of solitary plants, that love to lie in the sun, and were some of them dedicated to it. Great beds of healthful chamomile (*Anthemis nobilis*) and eyebright (*Euphrasia officinalis*), with shrubby stem, dark, deeply serrated leaves, and small white flowers, exquisitely veined with yellow and purple, and as full of healing for the dim sight now as when Milton sang of "rue and euphrasy." Here also the grey-blue globose heads of the sheep's scabious abound, and groups of slender broom-branches flutter their large-winged yellow flowers in the breeze; and we tread in the solstitial season on little purple mounds of aromatically-scented thyme, and meet the mingling perfumes of the heath and ling, and the peachy odour of the gorze, growing in golden clumps and circles, and at the sight of which I have heard that Fredrika Bremer, like her great countryman Linnaeus, shed tears of pleasure. Mixed with these comes the fainter sweetness of the knotted dodder (*Cuscuta epithymum*), the thread-like stems of which I have often found in great red tangles coiled about these bushes.

No wonder that Hampstead still preserves its hygienic reputation, and that from summer to summer, invalids find their way to the ancient village (often too late) with the hope of bribing life with greedy lungfuls of the sweet pure air. Not but that sometimes, in the spring and autumn, the atmosphere of the Heath is affected by London smoke, a volume of which has been seen carried beyond Richmond Park by an east wind; and even beyond Reading, thirty-nine miles off; and more recently has been

identified, by deposits in the sea, on the Dorsetshire coast.

To return to my jottings of the Hampstead Flora: I must not be supposed to have enumerated nearly all the plants as proper to the Heath in these Victorian days, as in those of Elizabeth. I have merely mentioned the most remarkable, or the most frequent of them, fearing to extend my botanical digression, which, however pleasant to lady-saunterers upon the ground, may not be equally so to general readers. But before I return to comparatively modern times, let me not forget a passing word of good Master Turner—not the Elizabethan botanist of that name, but that civic Silvanus of the Heath, the retired hatter, who, having here his "*suburbanum*," amused his leisure by planting the avenue of fir-trees, the mast-like red trunks and dusky storm-contorted heads of which make such a picturesque feature on the Heath. If I mistake not, the "Nine Elms," which have since become famous in local history, were also of his planting, as well as many others of the trees in the vicinity. A wood, known as "Turner's-wood," where the lilies of the valley lingered latest, afterwards became noted as the site of New Georgia—a tea-drinking house and pleasure-grounds, with water-works and various ingenious contrivances, laid out and invented by a sexagenarian, in 1737, who appears to have possessed considerable mechanical skill, and not a little humour in the contrivances with which he amused his visitors.

The cottage—on which an inscription set forth that he had built it with his own hands*—contained several little rooms, in one of which a chair sank on a person's sitting in it; while another contained a pillory, into which, when a gentleman put his head, he could only be released by the ladies of his party kissing him—a grace which the free manners of the times allowed on the part of maids and matrons without the fear of scandal or Sir Creswell Creswell. I subsequently learn from contemporary writings that this contrivance became exceedingly popular; and the "Connoisseur" informs me that it made a favourite Sunday-recreation of the citizens', to put their necks into the pillory at New Georgia.

From the announcement in the foregoing footnote, I presume that Robert Caston was included in the catalogue of his own curiosities, and accepted as part of the exhibition, which was opened to the public the year Queen Caroline died; and repaid, it is to be hoped, as a speculation, the ingenious labour of the proprietor. Subsequently, Turner's-wood, with the

* The inscription was as follows: "I, Robert Caston, begun this place in a wild wood—atubbed up the wood, digged all the ponds, cut all the walks, made all the gardens, built all the rooms with my own hands. Nobody drove a nail here, laid a brick or a tile, but myself—and thank God for giving me such strength at 64 years of age, when I began it."

gardens, ponds, labyrinths, &c., of which New Georgia consisted, were absorbed in Kenwood (I love the old word *best*, preserving as it does the British name of the *kerns*, or oak-woods, that from antique times overspread its site), and whose descendants, of various species,* perpetuate themselves from century to century, and overhang the hill-sides with masses of indigenous verdure; or rise, in solitary grandeur, on lawn and glade.

Eighteen years later, how like the crowning chapter of a grand romance it reads! When Lord Bute ("for a cause that did him honour," the payment of his debts) sold the estate, Lord Mansfield (Mr. Murray), the ere-while law-student and lodger at the "Chicken-house," under this title and as Lord Chief-Justice of England accomplished the desire of his almost romantic attachment to Hampstead, and became proprietor of the lovely spot in the neighbourhood of which he had so often lingered.

Notwithstanding the sneers of Malone, it is impossible, in tracing the career of Lord Mansfield, not to coincide with Boswell's opinion: that he was "no mere lawyer." The life-long friend and companion of many of the wits and poets of his day must have had more in him than *good company* to have maintained their friendship, or to have felt much sympathy in their society. Of them, though not *one* of them (for there is much more poetry in human nature than finds utterance in rhymed vocables) the courage, faith, and self-reliance, that precious yet easily-packed portion that sat as lightly on the poor, but well-born boy, as he himself on the back of the rough Scotch pony on which he made his two-months journey to the metropolis—like the younger son in a fairy-tale, with three good gifts for his fortune—have in themselves the elements of the finest poetry, action, and adventure.

To me he seems through life to have personally retained these elements—to have acted poetry though he did not write it, and to have owed to the strong will, the brave heart, and noble ambition (which assume high places as their meed, and not as the price of truckling policy, or moral meanness) the achievement of eminence that has won him an historical name independent of his father's, and has made that of Mansfield little less memorable than Murray. Roscoe tells us that his success was the legitimate and logical result of the means he sedulously employed to secure it; and remembering his want of wealth and family influence with the reigning powers; remembering, too, that he was *more* than suspected of drinking the Pretender's health on his knees; and even examined on the subject before the Privy Council, and accused at the same time of having, on the trial of the Scotch rebels (when Solicitor-General), referred to them as "unfortunate gentlemen," instead of applying to them *de rigueur* the proper opprobrious epithet—it is pretty evident that he had no honours thrust

upon him that he had not hardly and justly earned.

From the period of what is called the Augustan age of English literature, to the date 1746, when Mr. Horace Walpole, walking under the gloomy arch of Temple-bar, saw the heads of some of these "unfortunate gentlemen" adding new horror to its ghastly trophies, and people making a trade by letting spy-glasses to the passers-by, at a halfpenny a look, Hampstead had claims to be considered, if not the literary suburb which it subsequently became, at least an appanage of the Muses. If their most famous representatives did not absolutely live here, they were at all events frequent visitors: nay, *they themselves* were assumed, for the time, to have forsaken

"Aganippa's font,
And hoof-ploughed Hippocrane," (DRAYTON

for the wimpling brooklets of the breeze-swept Heath, and a local poet,* referring to this period, sings:

"The Muses, since the birth of Time,
Have ever dwelt on heights sublime:
On Pindus now they gather flowers;
Now sported in Parnassian bowers;
And late, when MURRAY deigned to rove
Beneath Caen-wood's sequestered grove,
They wandered off, when all was still,
With him and POPE to Hampstead Hill."

—A terminus suspiciously suggestive of the Upper Flask. But no; the Kit-Cat Club had long since ceased to exist—half the debators and convivialists had closed their teeth upon last words and last bumpers for ever. And had it been otherwise, I can imagine a higher sympathy between these men, than that begotten of champagne and the admirable patties of Christopher Cat, leading them abroad into the calm and silence of the summer nights upon the Heath.

I can fancy the pale, deeply-lined face of Pope, with some of its old sweetness and animation brightening it, and flashing in his fine eyes, as his sense of freedom from pump-room and promenade conventionalities expands; and leaning his feeble frame with the contracted side nearest to his friend, he walks lightly over the elastic turf, on which the moonlight exaggerates his deformity and caricatures his wide-skirted coat, three-cornered hat, and the little sword he wears. But Pope is familiar with the ugly shadow, and knows himself superior to it, and is indifferent. Least of all does it affect him now in the congenial fellowship of the faithful friend, whom he has known from his young manhood upwards, whom he will trust after death.†

Moreover, at noon-day, into whatever assemblage he carries that little gibbous frame of his, the people crowd around, or—as when Sir Joshua saw him at a book-auction four years

* Loudon.

* Ed. Cox, Esq.

† Mr. Murray was Pope's executor.

before his death—make a lane for him to walk through; he bowing prince-like, right and left as he passes. The same thing happened but a few years back to plain little Charlotte Brontë in Hanover-square Rooms—a compliment at least on a par with that which the physical beauty of the Gunnings exacted.

But to return to Hampstead Hill, where we have left the Poet and the jurist. One can imagine quite another order of discourse from a prose "Dunciad" on these occasions. The night moths are the only flutterers upon the Heath; the moon cushioned upon silvery clouds looks over the green slopes and compact woods, and faintly outlines the distant hills and the gray levels intervening, for their way lays along the ridge of the hill, towards the seat and clump of trees I spoke of in my last chapter, and which the author of the poem above quoted alludes to as peculiarly sacred to the muses, who

"—— Chose it for their favorite shrine,

The trees were elms, their number nine."

According to tradition, it was at all events the favorite resting-place of Pope and Murray. Here, in the stillness, and beauty, and solitude of Nature, the wits became philosophers, and gave their spirits air, and space in higher realms, and exercised them with profounder thoughts than any, the saloons, the courts of law, the clubs, or the great town itself afforded them. Some of us have known the sweetness of sympathetic converse in such a scene and hour. How the world seemed to fall away from us like the soiled garment that it is, and a purer and diviner light than we walked in at noon-day, impenetrated our spirits, and illumined our thoughts, and gave us power to utter them with a force that we ourselves were strangers to—as man only speaks to man under the influence of such solemn new moons, and high tides of emotion: nor then but to the heart he trusts to as his own.

At such times, the gravest and profoundest cogitations of the human mind by some celestial attraction rise to the surface, and compel us to oracular confession, we speak out without fear of enquirers the faith that is in us, make a clean breast of our particular schisms, and are absolved at the hands of *truth* in the presence of that Great First Cause—

"—— Whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!"

At these seasons, then, I can fancy the nature of the little crooked satirist enlarged and softened; the spirit of the "Universal Prayer" from which I conceive him to have been a very good Catholic, but a very indifferent Roman—filling his heart, and the natural influences of their surroundings imparting a gravity, mingled with poetic feeling to the conversation, that must have made it as solemn and more sweet than Johnson's talk with Boswell under the stars in Dr. Taylor's garden, on that serene autumn night when, emboldened by his friend's "placid and most benignant frame of mind," his future biographer "directed the discourse to a future state."

And that reminds me how often, sitting here, Pope must have seen "the shades of friends and kindred spirits flit across the foot-paths of the Heath," under the silent blue,

"With all its diamonds trembling through and through*.

Steele, and Gay, and Arbuthnot, who one by one had slipped out of the daylight scenes of the sweet landscape long years ago, "revisiting the glimpses of the moon" with nothing earthy about them, but their *seeming* old humanity.

"The sprightly wit, the lively eye,
The engaging smile, the gaiety
That laughed down many a summer sun
And kept *him* up so oft till onet."

How his reminiscences of them are enjoyed by Murray, going back as they do so far before his time, though he too, as Dr. Johnson phrased it after Prior, had "drank champagne with the wits," on his first coming to town.

A few years—a very few more years—and Alexander will be as they are—a memory only; but a tender and pleasant one, for Lord Mansfield appears throughout his long life never to have lost an opportunity of vindicating the character of Pope, whose friendship had reflected honour on himself, and whose inner-life he perhaps knew more of than any other of his contemporaries.

* Keats.

† Pope.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE CONDUCT OF LIFE. By Ralph W. Emerson. (Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.)—"It is," says Carlyle, in a preface to the Cromwell volumes, "with other feelings than those of poor peddling dilletantism, other aims

than the writing of successful publications, that an earnest man occupies himself in these dreary provinces of the dead and buried." So may we say of Emerson, when he writes to us of living men, existing manners, and

the whole conduct of life. It is with no "peddling dilettantism," no seeking after the glory of authorship and fame, that he comes to show men their failings, and teach them to make a diviner use of their divine capacities; for on these he everywhere insists. Hitherto (with the exception of one volume) Emerson has written—whether in prose or poetry—religious and literary ethics only; but in the volume before us he is by our side in the market-house, on 'change, and in the cottage by our own fire-side; he deals with all the passions to which, by the law of Nature, we are subject, he discusses our bearing, our ambition, struggles, successes, and failures; his pages are replete with noble axioms and practical suggestions. The design of this book was a mighty one, and it is well digested in every particular; it is calculated to make men honest, nobler, and wealthier, and, over these, to make them value honesty, nobility, wealth and power at their highest; indeed, so vast and comprehensive is the work, that we fear our best effort to present it to the reader of these pages will fall far short of the desired end; therefore we would say to all who value their advancement, who desire to progress with the advancing intellect of their day, to buy it and read it. The cheap form in which it is published must put it in the hands of everyone who desires to possess it. We shall, perhaps, make the most just and natural review of the book by taking, in their proper sequence, the nine chapters, or essays, into which the author has divided his work. "Fate" is the first, and in the first page he tells us:

By an odd coincidence four or five noted men were each reading a discourse to the citizens of Boston, or New York, in the *Spirit of the Times*. It so happened that the subject had the same prominence in some remarkable pamphlets and journals issued in London in the same season. To me, however, the question of the times resolved itself into a practical question of the conduct of life. How shall I live? We are incompetent to solve the times. Our geometry cannot span the huge orbits of the prevailing ideas, behold their return, and reconcile their opposition. We can only obey our own polarity.

This is the teaching of Emerson, the obedience to our own polarity, from which, in spite of ourselves, we cannot stray, the fixed and indispensable law of Nature which makes itself manifest through all our actions.

On two days, it steads not to run from thy grave—

The appointed, and the unappointed day;

On the first, neither balm nor physician can save,
Nor thee, on the second, the universe slay."

So far is Emerson a believer in Fate; but he adds, a few pages further in the chapter—

In science we have to consider two things—power and circumstance.—The circumstance is Nature, Nature is what you may do. There is much you may not.—The book of Nature is the book of Fate.

Would the admittance of an existing pre-ordained destiny tend to make us more manly?

'Tis the best use of Fate to teach a fatal courage.

But might not the acceptance of such a doctrine be fraught with untold dangers, and lead us blindly into a labyrinth of doubtful arguments that could only result in inert inactivity—

If you believe in Fate to your harm, believe it, at least, for your good.

—and under this wing, as it were, of a protecting or assailing destiny, we might repose in the midst of war, disease, or temptation, secure in the fated result; let us rather believe that man is the master of fate, the controller of circumstances, that everywhere his will is all-powerful against the decrees of Fate. Emerson speaks of this with scarcely his usual clearness, he says:

If Fate is so prevailing, man is also a part of it, and can confront fate with fate.

But later on he says:

The revelation of Thought takes man out of servitude into freedom.

And again:

Fate, then, is a name for facts not yet passed under the fire of thought, for causes which are yet unpenetrated.

Thus far we may readily admit the existence of fate: statistics will tell us how many deaths shall occur, in a given period, among a million of men; and the most extraordinary chances may be foretold by science, in the annals of human life, as well as the re-appearance of a comet or the occurrence of an eclipse; these are fated and foreseen. Upon a given number of acorns we may count upon another number of forest oaks, but from which particular seed shall come the leviathan of the forest we may not say, for it is not yet within the germ. The land it falls upon, the rain that waters it, these must supply the giant proportions; and these are not fate, but circumstance: admit these as fate, and opportunity, success, and failure are not the result of our own handiwork. If, indeed, the book of Nature is the book of Fate, then are we everywhere striving to overcome Nature, and burst ourselves free from the trammels of an all-powerful destiny; but, if we view fate only as limitation, then we may say with our author—

Last of all, high over thought in the world of morals, Fate appears as vindicator, levelling the high, lifting the low, requiring justice in man, and always striking, soon or late, when justice is not done."

Power is the subject of the second paper, and the sayings and doings of men in all ages are brought to bear upon the subject:

What enhancement to all the water and land in England is the arrival of James Watt, or Brunel?

But it is not so much of this mechanical power he speaks as of that other power of mind over matter and obstacles—

For performance of great mark it needs extraordinary health.

Everywhere throughout this essay we read the

all success is the result of specific laws, that every trifle is the natural result of—

Not luck, but law.

Only there is an undue preponderance given to brute force; the animal strength of the savage is, we are told, the dispenser of goodnature and manliness—

The “bruisers” and “clearers” have the advantage of a strong pulse, which is not to be supplied by any labour, art, or concert.

All must agree with Emerson that “health is good,” but let us not suppose that health without mind is equal to sickness with mind and cultivation, and that great undertakings, noble results, may not be brought about by weakly natures; we have instances of these: Did not Wolfe, lingering in a slow consumption, toil up the heights of Abraham to victory and death, while his pulse was feeble and his cheek wan from the ravages of disease; and have we not among our poets, glorious achievements won when the lamp of life was burning low? These should teach us that the power of mind is mightier than the power of pulse and limb. All power is but a further development of the law of Nature, and all *plus* power is or may be a benefit to the world, for every agency there is a vacant place; but power, rightly understood, is of two kinds—material or dumb-power, that languishes for the assistance of man; and the power of individual will, as displayed in the conduct and working of the whole. “March without the people,” said a French tribune, “and you march into night: their instincts are a finger-pointing of Providence always turned towards real benefit. But when you espouse an Orleans party, or a Bourbon, or a Montalembert party, or any other but an organic party, though you mean well, you have a personality instead of a principle, which will inevitably drag you into a corner.” This is the legitimate doctrine of power, that it shall be of universal extension; one powerful will has influence on a hundred less comprehensive ones. Power is a thing to be coveted. Where power is rightly used it is a blessing to the possessor, and to all around. And later in the essay we find the comforting assurance that—

Physical force has no value where there is nothing else.

Power and success are so closely allied that the writing of one must include the other; and through these pages there is a healthy breathing law which wisely teaches us that success can only come to those who obey their own polarity, and throw heart and life and energy into the undertaking:

“Ah!” said a brave painter to me, thinking on these things, “if a man has failed, you will find he has dreamed instead of working. There is no way to success in our art, but to take off your coat, grind paint, and work like a digger on the railroad all day and every day.”

WEALTH.—At last we have a book written,

wherein wealth and the accompanying power, which is its attribute, is justly valued. I look upon the present strife after wealth among the citizens and farmers of our towns and shires as the surest sign of our intellectual and moral advancement and greatness. National wealth is the representative of comfort, art, glory, and all legitimate belongings; its use may be perverted occasionally, but to decry, as has been done too frequently by our English writers, the stern, unwavering pursuit of riches, is to cast so much water on the fire of our national superiority. Wealth is the key to art culture, love, and religion; it is the master of the universe; it opens to men the doors of society’s wisest and best homes, it enables him to feel the grandeur of Stephenson’s benefits to the world, to survey the workings of the universe entire, while its want confines him to the narrow walls that gird his native town.

Watt whispered in the world’s ear, that a *half-ounce of coal will draw two tons a mile*. Coal became wealth, and Watt enriched the nation. Wealth in the State and wealth in the individual are much the same; we must live, we must earn the bread our stomach craves, and then we must supply that other equally keen craving after intellectual wealth. The strong race is strong on these terms. The Saxons are the merchants of the world; now for a thousand years the leading race, and by nothing more than their quality of personal independence, and, in its special modification, pecuniary independence.

Moreover work, the first attribute of wealth, is noble and ennobling in itself, apart from its product, in the facility of travels; the earnest worker is the noblest sight a man can look upon, “no matter whether he make shoes, or statues, or laws: it is the privilege of any human work which is well done to invest the doer with a certain haughtiness,” and we might add dignity. We have been called a nation of shopkeepers, and there have not been wanting voices or pens to resent the so-called indignity; but we might let the imputation pass. We are shopmen in the shop, artisans in the workroom, chymists in the laboratory, but abroad we are part and parcel of God’s universe. There is one page in this almost invaluable essay upon wealth that demands a word—

In England [says the author], the richest country in the world, I was assured by shrewd observers, that great lords and ladies had no more guineas to give away than other people; that liberality with money is as rare and as immediately famous there as it is here.

Whoever may be the “shrewd observers” we need only point them to the fact that a few weeks sufficed to obtain £26,000 for the Coventry weavers, and that this was almost the spontaneous offering of a district, in sums varying from a shilling to a hundred guineas—that it came from inmates of gaols, who gave up a day’s ration for the purpose; and from lords and ladies, who, whatever their expendi-

ture, are always ready to relieve distress : this is surely evidence sufficient of our English charity.

CULTURE is the subject of the fourth chapter, and is no less valuable for its mighty insight into human nature than its practical suggestions. The college is good, not more for its books and masters, than for its games—its chess, cricket, whist, and the boy society; indeed, Emerson wisely promulgates these as necessities of a boy's education—essentials, not subordinates, in the great work of culture; yet, says he—

Books, as containing the finest records of human wit, must always enter into our notions of culture. The best heads that ever existed—Plato, Cæsar, Shakspeare, Gœthe, Milton, were well-read, universally educated men, and quite too wise to undervalue letters.

The effect of the literature of different languages, the *pro* and *con* of French in other countries, and the particular weaknesses of American systems of culture, are all wisely and studiously set before the reader, no undue preponderance is given to one branch of culture over another, culture to be successful must be universal; to educate this boy for a merchant, and that for a divine or a lawyer, betokens a rottenness in our own system we cannot too strongly deprecate. I remember, when a schoolboy, to have heard fathers introducing new pupils say: "he is going into the Bank, and must write and sum;" so the boy would be forthwith crammed with arithmetic, to the prejudice of his general and equally material culture in other branches of English learning.

TO BEHAVIOUR, Emerson, in common with almost all modern writers, assigns a large importance, saying, at the outset,

The soul which animates Nature is not less significantly published in the figure, movement, and gesture of animated bodies than in the last vehicle of articulate speech.

And—

Give a boy address and accomplishments, and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes, where he goes.

Charles Dickens's American Notes are here, for the first time, justly spoken of by an American:

Charles Dickens [says he] self-sacrificingly undertook the reform of our manners in unspeakable particulars.

Of old, behaviour was considered of far more importance than in these later days; it is with pleasure we see in every new book some advertence to manners which should be the reflex of a mind and life.

WORSHIP is the sixth portion, but our space is short, and we must be content to quote the noble verse with which he prefaces it:—

This is he, who, felled by foes,
Sprung harmless up, refreshed by blows:
He to captivity was sold,
But him no prison-bars would hold:
Though they sealed him in a rock,
Mountain chains he can unlock;

Thrown to lions for their meat,
The crouching lion kissed his feet;
Bound to the stake, no flames appalled,
But arched o'er him an honouring vault.
This is he men miscall Fate,
Threading dark waves, arriving late;
But ever coming in time to crown
The truth, and hurl wrong-doers down.
He is the oldest and best known,
More than aught thou call'st thy own,
Yet, greeted in another's eyes,
Disconcert with glad surprise.
This is Jove, who, deaf to prayers,
Floods with blessings unawares.
Draw, if thou canst, the mystic line,
Severing rightly his from thine,
Which is human, which divine.

CONSIDERATIONS BY THE WAY is next, and affords an opportunity for discussing, in a summary, as it were, the purpose and result of the previous chapters.

BEAUTY forms the subject of the next portion of the volume, and among the writers of to-day it would scarcely be possible to find a poet so well fitted to speak of it as himself, who, in his early volume of poems, in an ode to beauty, wrote—

Oft in streets and humblest places,
I detect far-wandering graces,
Which from Eden, wide astray,
In lowly homes have lost their way.

Or later, in the same almost divine composition, he says, apostrophizing beauty:

Dread power, but dear, if God thou be,
Unmake me quite, or give thyself to me.

ILLUSIONS does not, as we might anticipate it would, refer to the recent discussions on spiritualism; the illusions here spoken of are of a more certain standing—the illusions we make for ourselves in boyhood, and which, in altered forms, we continue to keep before us through life. Emerson is no spiritualist, at least according to the Mr. Home's acceptance of spiritualism; the divine ever-existent spirit of Nature is his attendant, and the world owes him one more debt of gratitude for this book, which should bring men more in contact with the truths of their own lives, and stimulate them to a more noble conduct.

VOICES OF CHRISTMAS. By Louie Sand. —(*Joseph Masters, London.*)—The author of this little volume, whose *nom de plume* will be familiar to our readers, has produced a pretty story, the interest of which, though specially adapted for Christmas, will be found to last all the year round. The tale is of two brothers, sons of a wealthy city man—Lawrence (the heir) a weakly invalid; the younger Philip, as full of health and strength as younger brothers without wealth usually are. There is a widowed aunt, with an only daughter (Emmy), who is intended by her mamma to attain to fortune and position by marrying the sickly heir, who is cajoled, and flattered, and nursed into an

attachment to his innocent cousin, who all the while loves, and is beloved by, Philip. Would the author trust *herself*, there is in her writings sufficient imagination and power to ensure a popular place amongst the authors of fiction; but Louis Sand, out of her admiration for a favourite master, and possibly unknown to herself, too often affords us evidence of foregone impressions in plot, or style, or character, which, in an older writer, we should at once denounce as plagiarisms; but in this instance as a fault, demanding vigorous expurgation, and which we signal in the kindest spirit. No one, for instance, can read the child-life of Larry Lorimer without the shade of little Paul Dombey immediately arising. The characters are identical; but Lawrence does not die: he grows up as thoughtful, and unselfish, and full of exquisite sensibility and gentleness, to manhood—always, be it remembered, subject to the curb-chain of weak health; but this, in a different character, might have resulted in fretful repining, or impotent ill-temper. Here is how we are let into the plot of the story:

And when the people were all gone, and there was silence except for the bells, which still kept breaking forth into occasional peals, a little light step came out into the hall, and stopped suddenly; for, leaning against the wall, there was a dark figure, and a gloomy face, with the lamp shining down upon it.

"Philip!"

He saw her well enough, and heard her; but the crossed arms kept their position, and he never moved.

"Philip, have I done something?"

"No."

"Why are you angry with me?"

No answer, but a despairing look out of the grey eyes.

"If I have vexed you I am very sorry, Philip; but you won't tell me; and now you look as if I annoyed you by coming here."

She was going away; and he watched her, stretching out his arms—

"Emmy! Emmy!" He drew her back, holding her hands in both his, and looking down upon her. "Emmy, do you know that I am nothing but a poor, miserable, younger son?"

"Miserable—why?"

His lips were trembling, and he gnawed them; but the clasp of his hands, gentle and tender as it was, sent the blood into the face that was looking up at him wonderingly.

"Ah, Emmy, you know nothing about it. When I think of seeing what is more to me than all the world lost before my eyes because of this poverty, how can I help a rebellious outcry?"

"Oh, Philip, hush!"

"Dear Emmy, you are always kind and gentle to every one; don't think too hardly of me. When I am away, if you think of me as of one struggling with a great sorrow, you will—"

"Philip!"

It was the voice of the widow, and he turned to her angrily.

"Emmy, my dear child, surely it is time you were asleep! Go and bid poor Larry good night: he has been asking for you."

"I am going, mamma," said Emmy, quietly. "Good night, Philip."

And she turned to him again, giving him the hand he had released. How he thanked her mentally for that! And whereas his heart had been growing bitter, and full of hard thoughts towards his aunt, that one little kindness of Emmy's softened it, and made her insinuating speeches easier to bear.

Here is a specimen of the widow's diplomacy. Philip has left home to travel, and Mrs. O'Donoghue coming suddenly, with noiseless shoes, into her daughter's room, surprises her in tears, and accuses her of shedding them in obstinate rebellion against the wishes of a devoted parent.

"Dear mamma, said Emmy, "I am not obstinate."

"Why, then, these tears?"

"I was crying," says Emmy, "simply because Philip went away without hearing me say good-bye to him; and I know he will be unhappy."

"I am afraid his is a murmuring disposition. Once for all, Emily, his unhappiness or happiness is no concern of yours. I wonder you can think of his paltry sorrows, when you remember poor Larry—and you have quite neglected him of late. So dependent as he is, I think it positively unfeeling!"

Unfeeling! had she been that after all her sorrow for Larry's affliction? Had she really neglected him?

"Ah, that is right," said the widow, observing her conscience-stricken look. "Poor Larry! I know you did not mean it; but you will make up for it: you will do all you can for him, will you not?"

"Indeed I will mamma."

So Emmy sits with him, and talks, or plays, or reads, and the result is that she becomes a necessity to his happiness, yet he has a perception of his brother's attachment; and though his aunt has given him to understand that Emmy is dutiful, and that a word from her will be sufficient to bend her to her wishes, he withstands temptation. In his endeavour to sift out the true from the false—for his aunt had represented her daughter's love for Philip as a mere childish preference which in reality no longer existed—

He remembered a morning when the vigilant aunt and mother saw his brother clear away from the house, when she interposed between him and Emmy, and asked if they were making up old quarrels about toys, and what was the use of raking up nursery grievances, when she followed poor Philip the rosy to the very door, and would not lose sight of him for an instant! He had thought little of it then, but he remembered now turning his face to the window for a moment, and there, not visible to the widow or to Philip, drawing the curtain round her to hide herself, stood Emmy watching for a last sight of her old play-fellow.

* * * * *

And what of his aunt? Did she know all, and had she wittingly tried to make him believe a lie which looked pleasant? She thought him such a poor stupid fellow, lying there to listen to her quietly, taking in all she chose to tell him, and

believing it, had she done this? Should he judge her, who was so weak himself? He tried to put her away from his thoughts entirely just then; to let her words be, as was the miserable temptation which had assailed him in the past.

The end is that Philip and Emmy are at length united through the hero's self-denying generosity, but at what a cost we have a faint glimpse in the following passage. It is Christmas, and Lawrence is playing the host for the last time.

Who should take in the lady in velvet? That should have been Larry's task, and he looked at the crutch beside him: from that to Philip. How happy he looked! What a fine, handsome fellow he was! How every one seemed to like him! What was that which came over the heir suddenly,

"The Intellectual Severance of Men and Women;" "The Worn Wedding Ring, &c.;" "The Reliquary;" "Reports of the Life-Boat Institution;" "The Workhouse Visiting Society;" "Magnet Stories;" and "Give Bread, gain Love," are unavoidably postponed till next month.

turning the figures before him into a whirling maze, filling him with the impulse to throw up his arms and cry for help, blanching his cheek still whiter, and bringing the damp to his forehead! It was gone: it was but a sudden pain quite gone. How sharp and terrible that one moment had been! And it brought before him the time and place where it had visited him before—but yesterday. As he knelt before the altar it was, with Emmy on one side and Philip on the other, with the stained window throwing a long gleam on the white vestments of the Priest, and lighting up the golden scroll which spoke of a Wonderful Counsellor, a Prince of Peace.

The sweet moral of the tale is, that with the spirit of Christian love in the heart, humbly following in the steps of its Divine teacher, the weakest and most seemingly useless amongst us may find means of doing the bravest service.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

The principal, and certainly the most novel, amusement has been the torch-light processions on the Serpentine, preceded by military movements, and quadrilles in skates. Thousands of actors and thousands of spectators enjoying an out-of-door entertainment at midnight, with the thermometer at 29½° is not exactly advantageous to theatrical managers, who have suffered, it is said, thin houses. What, indeed, are pantomimes compared with a river on fire, with blazing braziers, resonant with bands of bell-ringers, and brass bands, studded with tents for a thousand yards, and animated by a concourse of persons male and female performing the most fantastic evolutions? What did it signify to them that the "Colleen Bawn" was taking her enforced plunge in the lake for the 113th time at the Adelphi? or that "Blue-Beard, from a new point of hue," was visible on the same stage? The Lake of Killarney was a pool, and the Pantomime *nil*, compared to that mad revel on the frozen Serpentine! Moreover, the Pantomime had nothing to fear from a change of weather; a thaw would not affect "Robinson Crusoe," at the Princess's; or make "Queen Lady-Bird and her Children" fly away from the Haymarket. Whereas, the veering round of the wind but a few points of the compass would break up the watery stage, and scatter the Company, never more to meet in its integrity upon the same space again. It is as well, therefore, that the old pieces have continued their attractions, and, at the Princess's and Adelphi, have spared, at least, the expenditure incidental to the production of new dramas. Our prophecy has proved correct, touching the renewal of M. Fechter's engagement at the

former house, and, at this present writing, "The Corsican Brothers" heads the bills, and enables us to refer our readers to our last number for our impression of M. Fechter's acting. After which, "Robinson Crusoe; or, Friday and the King of the Caribbee Islands," full of mirth, music, and comicality, enables the audience to digest the horrors of the powerful melo-drama on which they have previously supped.

The fact that the "Colleen Bawn" is nightly announced at the ADELPHI, is the most eloquent notice in its praise that can appear, and we heartily congratulate the Manager and Mr. Dion Bourcicault upon it. When we say that P. Bedford and Messrs. Toole and Smith, with Miss Woolgar, Miss Thorne, Miss E. Kelly, and Miss Laidlaw appear in the new "Blue-Beard," we have given earnest of the spirit with which the burlesque is sustained.

At the HAYMARKET the only novelty, apart from the clever Pantomime, which is said to be the best of the season, has been the *début* of Miss Fanny Stirling, daughter of the celebrated actress, whom she much resembles in style and person. Perhaps a happier production might have been chosen than Falconer's Comedy, "Does he Love me?" which imposed a long part (that of *Miss Vandeleur*) on the *debutante*, the interest of which is rendered secondary to the entirely extraneous character of *Bubble* (Mr. Buckstone), who, of course, carries the house with him. With time and study, we have no doubt of Miss Stirling's success; she has great natural powers, and, at times, a fascination of manner that rendered the acting of the girlish, impulsive heroine peculiarly piquant.

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BURFORD'S PANORAMA,
LEICESTER SQUARE.

The new picture of Messina will be found to equal in beauty and interest the well-known,

achievements of Messrs. Burford and Sellous which, from year to year, have so long interested the public. The exquisite views of Switzerland and Rome remain open, and are well worthy of a visit.

T H E T O I L E T.

(Especially from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—*Negligé* for home wear. Princess dress of dark pearl gray Lyons poplin. On the skirt and body a full trimming of black lace figuring the outline of a tunic, studded with tufts of lace. The sleeves and pockets are finished with a trimming of the same. Muslin under-sleeves and collar; Empress cravat of green velvet, *Rosiere* cap of lace and tulle, decorated with bows of green ribbon. Green velvet slippers with rosettes.

SECOND FIGURE.—Dress of Prussian-blue *gros de Naples*, sprinkled with bright yellow flowers. Body high, sleeves with elbow and cuff. From top to bottom of the skirt in front a fancy gimp ornament. Black velvet *pardessus* trimmed with gimp, and bordered with Martin's fur. Lace collar and under-sleeves. Martin's fur muff. Bonnet with blue velvet front, and limp crown of white crape, covered with black spotted tulle. On the left a blue feather frosted, inside a *bandeau* of blue velvet flowers, white blonde at the sides, and strings of blue ribbon velvet.

Amongst the newest visiting robes I notice one of black *taffetas gros grain*, sprinkled lightly with *bouquets* of pure blue. The skirt is ornamented with a pinked *ruche* of blue silk forming a *tunique* round and open; at the bottom on each side a loose knot of ribbon. The *corsage* is plain, very high and pointed; a *ruche* of *taffetas* surrounds the shoulders at some dis-

tance from the throat. The sleeves are composed of three large puffs, ornamented with *ruches* of cut blue silk.

Another very lovely robe is of *taffetas antique* of Parma violet, ornamented with *bandeaux* of velvet of the same shade. The skirt is illustrated with five bands of velvet, cut on the bias, and each of the same depth.

For evening dress, there is the *robe Gabrielle* of white silk, with low body, ornamented with a square *pelerine* of chantilly, placed as a *bertha*. The skirt is finished at the bottom with a *bouillonnés* of white tulle, over which are draped two deep flounces of chantilly, forming a *tunique*. The whole length of the skirt is fastened with tufts (how otherwise can I use the word *choux*?) of black lace and gold ribbons.

Then there is a charming robe of *grey moire antique*, illustrated with *caméoes* of foliage, with collar and *revers* of black silk, garnished at the edges with an alternate piping, white and black. The *revers* is continued on the bias on each side of the skirt, and goes all round the robe, with the same piping of white and black as a border; the sleeves are finished with *revers en rapport*, with those on the body. For the ball there is the *robe de Nympe*, composed of falls of tulle, disposed as a double skirt, and relieved with gauze ribbons, spotted with gold. This is an exquisitely light and elegant toilet.

P A S S I N G E V E N T S R E - E D I T E D.

In our last number, under this heading, we sought to awaken the attention of lady-readers to the fact that the city of Coventry is utterly depended on their caprices for the support of the majority of its inhabitants. We then, we have learned that Fashion has viewed round some few degrees in favour of humanity, and that ribbons are again in vogue. Who knows? perhaps, as spring advances, we may hope to find, not only ball-dresses, but bonnets, decked, like Milton's "Delilah," with

"Streamers waving,
Courtied by all the winds that hold them play."

As yet, however, the distress continues, even in the face of partial employment, of extraneous labour, and extra-parochial relief, which has reached the magnificent sum of £30,000.

In the meantime, the dwellers in the metropolis have had terrible glimpses of want on the part of thousands of the labouring population, and in the bye-streets and suburbs we have become painfully familiar with the cry of distress on the part of companies of strong-limbed men, whose bones and sinews were suddenly at a discount in the labour marts.

Frozen-out gardeners, bricklayers, and water-

men clubbed their miseries and voices into the bitterest and most dissonant chant; and the hopeless monotony of its burden, "*We're willing to work, but we can't get work;*" or, yet more dolorous—" *All froze out!*" sent a sharp pang through one's heart that made the eyes water.

The icy bolts that closed them out from their employments have been withdrawn; and these supernumeraries on the great fixed staff of poverty in London are, for the time, discharged. But, now that we have breathing-space to make the enquiry, we naturally ask, how it happens that a fortnight out of employment suffices to strip his home of even the meanest comforts, and to reduce the working-man, whose earnings are frequently equal, and often superior, to the slender incomes of the majority of railway and other clerks, to this pass of absolute pauperism?

Has not the public-house and tally-shop, the want of household economy on the part of the wife, the absence of all forethought, and consequent improvidence in the expenditure of his wages, something to do with his condition in this and other emergencies? and, also (shall I be thought uncharitable in suggesting it?), the absence of early training in those principles which teach us the duty and dignity of self-dependence, and enforces self-denial as a means to this end? Would it not be worth while to teach these wholesome ethics, so familiar in middle-class homes, in our national and Sunday-schools? No one, knowing anything of the ways of thinking and habits of the labouring-classes, can shut out the fact that, either owing to our Poor-law system, or to the temptation of the numberless associations and charities ready to meet every possible necessity, there is a proneness to seek relief at the hands of others, which seems to have strengthened with the strength and grown with the growth of these various and ever-multiplying efforts of the philanthropical.

Most human beings, in the working ways of life, have felt the inestimable value of help in the day of need; but it becomes a question worthy the attention of philanthropists themselves, whether men and women are really improved, or more than temporarily bettered, by a system which thinks and acts for them, that which Nature and society impose on them to

think and act for themselves. At present, in every parish of London, charitable associations bear their share in nursing, clothing, feeding, and educating the children of the poor in their various districts. If any slight ailment happens to them, there is the dispensary; if they are sick, the hospital; if in want, the parish; in age, the poor-house: it is one great system of dependence, and one eminently calculated to deteriorate those who are brought under its influence.

Speaking of the poor-house, reminds me of the class of persons for whom such refuges were originally intended, and of a letter which a recent notice of Miss Cobbe's paper on "*Destitute Incurables*" in connection with the Workhouse Visiting Society has brought me from the benevolent author of it, in which she points out how ladies, who cannot visit the sufferers, but who can knit, may very importantly contribute to their relief.

Many of these poor creatures are bed-ridden, or so strengthless, as to be unable to sit up without artificial support, which, however, may be very cheaply and easily afforded them, by means of a knitted *bed-rest*, made of coarse white cotton. It is simply a band two yards in length, gradually widened to three-quarters in the middle, something like a half-shawl with the corner rounded off. It should be finished at the ends with two strong tapes, which, when it is used, are tied to the feet of the bed, and the wide part passed over the patient's back, when it forms a sort of cradle. Its utility has been fully tested in the Bristol Workhouse, where it was given in the first instance to a woman who had been "sixteen years in the same bed, always engaged, poor soul, when her pains admitted, in the cheerless occupation of making shrouds for her fellow-passengers."

"In the London workhouses," my correspondent continues, "there are hundreds of poor sufferers to whom such a thing would be an inestimable gift." We leave the suggestion with our lady-readers, merely adding, that, if some amongst them will kindly turn a few of their spare moments to account in this way, Miss Twining, 13, Bedford-row, will gladly transmit their gifts to the most necessitous cases.

C. A. W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POETRY accepted, with thanks: "*Loneliness;*" "*Lavender;*" "*Lost in God;*" "*Blossom of Hope.*"

PROSE received and accepted: "*Certain Experiences of the Militia;*" "*The Lost Canary;*" "*A White Hair.*"

RECEIVED, but not read: "*The Apostle of the*

Alps" (the whole of the MSS. should have been sent); "*Left in the Church;*" "*Constance.*"

MIRFIELD.—The magazine was posted, and we hope has arrived safely.

NERRIVALE.—Our correspondent, in his letter of the 1st of December, forgot to state the *minimum terms* for the articles referred to; if he will do so, a P.O.O. shall be forwarded.

RUTSON MORLEY.

BY JAMES B. STEPHENS.

CHAP. V. (*continued.*)

At this moment we heard the voice of M. Biot at the outer door. Stephanie turned pale, and trembled, and, had I not felt that I was now her protector, and gathered strength from the thought, I too might have feared to meet him.

"Take courage, Stephanie," I whispered. "For my sake, now, as well as your father's, play your part as best you can. You are no longer deceiving, but merely outwitting deception. Remember, you are Adrienne now! Go up and kiss him when he enters."

"But oh, Mr. Morley, I have been cruelly forgetful all this time—are you really in danger?"

"Not immediate danger. But hush! Here he comes!" . . . : "And indeed," said I, in continuance of an imaginary previous conversation, and pointing to a picture of the arrest of Charlotte Corday, "if this is like her, I think I could have performed her terrible mission, and have faced her retribution, for one bright look of that spiritual face!"

I knew that M. Biot had opened the door, and was hearing me; and I hazarded the first remark that the first picture I turned to suggested in order to give him the idea of a general conversation. As I finished the sentence, Stephanie quietly rose and obeyed my suggestion, and the next moment I was quivering with undefinable terror, when I turned round and met the full gaze of that calm, scrutinizing eye, that always seemed to penetrate, or rather to anticipate my inmost thoughts.

M. Biot saluted me with his own peculiar combination of cordiality and quiet dignity, expressed in a few polite words his regret at not having been able to see me the previous evening on account of a matter of important business, which he had just that moment finished, and hoped that Adrienne had in some measure repaid the kindness of my visit.

"I think," said I, "that my intrusion here for three nights in succession is sufficient witness of the pleasure I find in availing myself of

your kind invitations. I have to thank Mdlle. Biot for two of the most pleasant evenings of my life."

Stephanie slightly bowed, made some confused reply, and then, on pretext of a headache, and after a frigid conventional salutation that I felt it hard to imitate, retired for the evening.

And I sat face to face with that immoveable scrutiny! We sat in perfect silence for several minutes after she left, till I felt myself quailing, as I had done at the Table d'hôte at Boulogne, under the influence of his mysterious eye. My feverish desire to spring up and begone was becoming intolerable, when he at length broke silence in his usual laconic style.

"I admit few to her society, Mr. Morley."

"Then must I thank you all the more for the privilege of it."

Another pause.

"What was that you said about Charlotte Corday?"

I somehow felt compelled to answer this man. "Perhaps it was spoken lightly," I replied, "but I said that I could have taken her place both in her mission and her fate for even less than her love."

Still another feverish pause.

"My daughter is more beautiful than Charlotte Corday."

"Oh, a thousand times!"

And this time I met his eye unquelled, for I was speaking from the heart.

"And she, too, has a mission to fulfil."

"A mission! I trust it is not one that involves danger?"

"There will be much danger, but not to herself."

"Excuse me, I am but a new acquaintance, but, since you tell me so much, may I ask what is the nature of it?"

"To reward with her love and beauty him who shall risk his life for her—and for the world!"

I felt that a crisis was at hand, yet I gathered courage from his conversation, as it showed plainly that, with all his mysterious means of

knowledge, he was evidently ignorant of what had passed between Stephanie and myself.

"There are many who would do this," I replied, "who would be utterly unworthy of her. And there are many who might be worthy of her who might yet love her too much to ask her to share a life of poverty."

"The mission" (and he always pronounced the word with a slight sneer), "the mission provides for that case also. I am not wealthy, but I can give my daughter two hundred and fifty thousand francs. She has a villa of her own, too, though she has never seen it, and which she shall not see till some one such as I have long sought to meet shall lead her into it as her bridal home. It stands on the coast of Sicily, high up among sunny hills, looking from a grove of cypress and walnut-trees, down through long rows of aloes, down over clustering vineyards to the most gladsome of seas! To the scholar there are the exhaustless traces of the grandeur of Magna Grecia; to the lover of nature there is everything, from the strange, beautiful shells on the beach to the snowy summit of Etna, purpling in gorgeous sunset; to the lover of woman there will be Adrienne! Have you any taste for such a life, Mr. Morley?"

"I cannot misunderstand you, sir," said I, gathering all my courage. "There is something you wish me to do; why not name it to me at once?"

"I do not think you are yet prepared to hear it!"

"What preparation do I need?"

"You have to learn to appreciate the reward I have named to you."

"But what if I have been bold enough to acknowledge to my own heart that I already love your daughter; that I feel myself willing to risk everything except honour for the sake of her love and hand? what if I have already been bold enough to tell her so, and fortunate enough to find myself favoured beyond expectation?"

"But is it so?"

"It is so, indeed!"

And I fancied I could detect a slight relaxing of the muscles of that marble face, indicative, not exactly of pleasure, but of something like complacency.

"It was bold, indeed," said he; "but I am not displeased. I saw all this when I read your face at Boulogne; I saw that you were capable of great and daring deeds, that you were worthy of being received into a noble brotherhood, whose bond of union is the hatred of oppression—nay, that from your energy of character you were peculiarly fitted to become the very hand of that body of which I am proud to be the head! Do you feel prepared to know more?"

Of course I did; and feeling that I had overreached even the mysterious Biot, I was madly impelled by curiosity to penetrate to the utmost depths of his purpose, whatever it might be. Perhaps, thought I, I may get him as much in my power as Guissac is in his, and thereby be enabled to secure more effectually

than ever the love of Stephanie by stepping in between the two. And had I not sworn but an hour ago to do everything in my power to save her father from punishment? How powerful an oath becomes when seconded by inclination!

"I am prepared," said I, "for everything short of losing her!"

"This, then, will tell you the rest," replied M. Biot, producing from a portfolio I had observed in his hand when he entered, a paper, which, when he had opened and presented to me, I had no difficulty in recognizing at the first glance as one of those which I had seen lying before himself and his three companions on my first visit to his house. He handed me at the same time a smaller paper, which proved to be a key to the cipher in which, with the exception of the signatures, the document was written.

I had suspected it all; yet how my blood ran cold when the flagrant reality, in characters undeniable and as immovable as a trembling hand allowed of, was spread before my eyes!—no longer the unsteady vapour of suspicion, but the fell coherence of recorded purpose! At that time (and is it not so even as I write?) the fate of Europe hung upon one life. A strange life it is! a lurid centre redly haloed with fearful brightness! a life fitfully blessed and fitfully cursed! externally magnificent, internally—who knows what? perchance self-consuming in the hell of his own glory; perchance utterly unreflective, and instinctively impelled through good and evil towards a great life-purpose; perchance better, perchance worse than all these, but surely a life sacred, divinely sacred!

And this life the assassin's hand was to cut short! The paper contained a plan of operations, and an awful oath of secrecy. Besides the four names I had formerly remarked, several others, all Italian, were now affixed to it. In the mysterious fascination of horror I read it and re-read it, feeling in my utter bewilderment of thought as if I had already signed it, and were irretrievably implicated. M. Biot stood opposite me with his arms folded, as calmly observant as a physician might be when watching the effect of poison on some devoted member of the brute creation.

Even now, could I not throw off this yoke of bondage? I had seen the worst, and cursed my curiosity. Could I not, now, tell him boldly that I knew of his deception, and afterwards find Stephanie in her own sphere and character? Yet this fatal curiosity had laid a duty upon me, failing which the weight of blood would rest on my own head. I must not only withdraw from this diabolical conspiracy: I must overturn it! Yet how overturn it without informing against the conspirators? And how this without involving Stephanie herself? Oh, horror! Was I prepared for such a sacrifice? Could I allow her to be condemned for appearances of which I myself was in a great measure the cause, which indeed would never have existed had I steadily pursued the path of integrity? Was there not within me at that moment, not the whisper, but

the loud cry of a demon, "you cannot now go back!" And in this utter suspension of purpose, I felt for an instant as if something could and might happen that would unravel this whole chain of circumstances, and that I might suddenly awaken, as if from a dream, to the old relationships of life. But when I lifted my head, the reality irresistibly asserted itself; there were the bright lights, the mirrors, the pictures, the flowers; and there stood the immovable, watchful mystery.

I could hardly be said to be reasoning with myself. I was rather resigning myself to the workings of contending feelings, and the fear of the guilt of blood was gradually excluding the thought of a new-formed love, when a light footstep overhead reminded me with excruciating tenderness that I might possibly be guilty of that dear blood, even while saving the life of another in whom I had no personal interest. Would I be believed if I told of the simplicity of her motives, when the outward appearance of having joined herself to the conspirators could not be denied? Or if another explanation should be put upon her having been received into the house of a stranger nominally as his daughter, would she not herself repel the imputation, and prefer exile or death to a dishonoured name? But could I not contrive to remove her, and then give information of the conspiracy? Alas, how could a helpless girl escape the search of vigilant and ubiquitous justice! And thus between the two opposite conclusions, that I could not without the conscious guilt of murder bear of the success of this diabolical design, and that at the same time I could not risk the safety of Stephanie even to save the life of a monarch, I sat in speechless horror.

M. Biot was the first to break the long silence.

"You understand it, I suppose?" said he, quietly.

"Yes."

"You will see then that there is a part assigned to each of those who have affixed their signatures. There is one office still vacant. Are you prepared to subscribe your name for it?"

"In short," said I, "you ask me to be the assassin."

"I do not acknowledge any such name in connection with our cause. Believing you worthy of it, I assign you the post at once of danger and of honour. I have named the reward."

"But what," I asked, "are the principles or motives of yourself and the brotherhood to which you belong in compassing this man's death?"

"They are of a kind, Mr. Morley, that you as an Englishman can but little understand. In a general way you can, no doubt, sympathize with us when we say that our actuating motive is the desire of national freedom. But, accustomed as you are to the normal condition of things, you cannot enter into the mental condition of that man who considers all law in a state of suspension so long as the executive

authority is itself illegitimate. In your peaceful country it is well to preach that the doctrine of the end sanctifying the means is a doctrine of devils. But there you are in your normal state under heaven, with no obstacle to the free development of your glorious human nature; and thus you are responsible for good and for evil. But with me there is no evil and no good; no aim, no possibility of aim, save freedom; until I am free I have no conscience, and my actions are without character save as futile or successful."

"Then, sir, since I am not of your way of thinking, why seek to engage me in this matter, and especially to assign to me the darkest part?"

"Chance threw you in my way," replied he, with admirable coolness. "I studied your physiognomy, and felt certain that you could be easily worked upon, and that at the same time you had all the nerve requisites for a daring deed. I have therefore led you so far that you cannot now go back."

"I am not aware," said I, "that I am so far compromised."

"So far, that even if I wished to save you I could not do so. You are now in other hands. The note you wrote to M. Calmet (of whom the police are at present in search as having had a share in a former unsuccessful plot) is in the hands of one of the conspirators, as you would call them, who holds an office under the French Government. The pistol case which, you remember, you threw out of the carriage window, is in the hands of the police, who considering the circumstance of its being found where it was decidedly suspicious, are in search of pistols to match it. The pistols themselves are in the possession of the same gentleman who has your note to M. Calmet, and on the least notice of your opposition to our cause, or of your refusal to join it, he will deliver them up, call upon Devisme to identify them, and at the same time your person; and you may guess, Mr. Morley, what explanation the French Government will place on this circumstance, especially when you consider that you entered Paris under a false passport, and that you have now nothing to supply the place of the one you lost. Should I be implicated, your visits to my house will only involve you still more deeply. Moreover, our spies are numerous, and your every movement is watched, so that it will be impossible for you to attempt to hold any communication with any agent of Government without our knowing it, and immediately anticipating you. For my own part I possess the means of instant flight, or effectual concealment. I presume this is not the case with you."

"Enough," I exclaimed, forgetful of every thing but my own intense indignation at this systematic villany. "I will risk everything rather than allow myself to be the dupe of such an atrocious conspiracy! Anticipate me if you will, I will hazard the contest between truth and falsehood at the bar of Justice! I have allowed

you to lead me, but not so blindly as you imagine. As for the daughter whose hand you promise me, she is mine already by her own will. I have won her heart as Stephanie Guissac. I thank you for the opportunities you have allowed me for so doing."

Instead of showing any sign of astonishment at my knowledge of her real name, he merely remarked with a smile: "So then you love her for her own sake? That is still better than I anticipated. Well, *you* might *possibly* escape; but one thing is certain—*she cannot*."

"How so?" cried I. "Would you not witness to her innocence?"

"You do not understand me. I mean that if you will not do this, Stephanie will!"

A fearful suspicion shot through my mind. I comprehended the awful meaning of his words, but was so paralyzed with horror as to be utterly unable to reply. Attributing my silence to bewilderment, he proceeded with fiendish placidity to open up the meaning of his words.

"The life of Stephanie's father," said he, "is in my hands. A word from me, and Guissac becomes personally acquainted with the guillotine. Stephanie on the other hand is entirely devoted to him. Since you seem to know so much of her, you are perhaps aware that she would risk her own life to save his. You may at least have seen that she will wrong her own nature in obedience to his will. I need not show you how easily I can work upon this. A little friendly assistance from a pretended priest, who will show her the lawfulness and even the praiseworthiness of ridding the earth of a tyrant, and who will promise heaven itself as the reward of the deed—this, with the threat of her father's death if she refuse to comply, will be quite sufficient to create another Charlotte Corday. You will have no opportunity of influencing her. In another hour she will be beyond your reach. If you refuse, this is my last resource."

Was Righteous Justice at that moment Omnipresent, and yet unsignaled by sudden judgment upon the coldblooded conspirator? What shall I say of my own horror except that it was unspeakable? Was it not too possible—too probable that Stephanie's plastic nature, removed from all other influences, would yield to the subtle workings of this resolute schemer? Had I not seen her strongest principle as a woman totter before the all-powerful threat of her father's punishment? Surely the former risk—that of her being implicated in case of disclosure, was nothing to this. My instant thought was to rush to the window, dash it open, and raise the shout of treason; but I had no sooner wheeled round for the purpose of carrying out the idea, than the action was as suddenly checked by the gleam of a stiletto in the hand of the Italian domestic, who had entered unperceived from the balcony during the conversation, having, as in the quickness of despair I at once perceived, closed the *jalousies* behind him, so that none of our movements could possibly be seen from without. He was in the

act of drawing the weapon from under his sleeve when the unexpected flash arrested my attention. I turned instantly to M. Biot. To my increased alarm there was a poniard in his hand also. I then rushed desperately towards the door, but he placed himself before it, saying with his usual tone of calm determination:

"Do not alarm yourself. There is no violence intended. But if you attempt to rouse the neighbourhood, successful or unsuccessful, your fate is inevitable. We have no desire to stain our cause with the blood of any private person, but, if you stand between us and our end, we *must* sacrifice you."

I need not be ashamed to confess that I was trembling with terror. The risk of being myself implicated—the risk of innocently implicating Stephanie—the risk of Stephanie herself being prevailed upon to become the instrument of these dark counsels, all these separate possibilities so bewildered me that, losing sight of their relative bearings, and conscious of nothing but the crushing weight of danger, I appealed wildly to his mercy. I sobbed out many incoherencies regarding my former peaceful way of life—the deathblow that my parents would receive should they hear of my connection with such fearful things, the terrible hardship of being innocently involved in what my heart shrunk from as the blackest of crimes, my abject willingness to serve M. Biot in any the most slavish of ways, if only he would spare Stephanie and myself from participating in the deed of blood; all this, and much more I urged, but I saw from the fixity of his smile—if smile it could be called—that my appeals were vain.

"If your tears," said he at length, "could wash out your knowledge of our secret, you might sue to some purpose. But you cannot extricate yourself from that knowledge, and I cannot—dare not, allow in a stranger the passive possession of it. You know our plans, and *must* assist them, or the whole weight of them will fall upon yourself."

"But why then," I asked, fiercely, "assign to me the worst and bloodiest part? If the deed must be done, is there no miscreant within your knowledge vile enough to turn assassin, or to add this to former crimes of the same nature for the pitiful sake of gain? Or since Guissac's life is in your hands, why not turn your power with him to this bloody account? Surely such work more congenially befits him than either his daughter or myself!"

M. Biot laughed—audibly. It was the first and last time I had the privilege of observing in him this manifestation of a human nature.

"Guissac?" cried he: "ha! ha! Guissac is a coward. He has been tried already, and has several times braced himself to the work honestly enough; but when the decisive moment comes, his body sinks under the weight of his cowardly soul."

"Is there no other, then?" I asked, feeling as if I had got on safer ground, and foreseeing

a possible opportunity of dissimulation, in which I was now fast becoming an adept.

"There is another," replied M. Biot; "but he is not in France."

"Where is he?"

"In England."

"Would he be well fitted for the office?" I asked, eagerly.

"Admirably. He is a man of unflinching courage, personally hating the tyrant, and capable of selling his very soul for gold."

"Why not employ him, then?"

"There is the insuperable difficulty of introducing him into Paris."

"Could I not be instrumental in introducing him?"

M. Biot suddenly leant his head to one side, as if a new idea had struck him; then, drawing a chair towards himself, sat down with one hand on his forehead, and pondered long and silently; never, however, for a moment withdrawing his gaze from me, as if the whole of his plans depended upon the result of his analysis of my character. As I watched his countenance (that exhibited no symptom of internal working except the ever-deepening shade of the brow) I could have fancied that, though his eye was fixed upon myself, he was all the while consulting with some power of evil within him that suggested ever darker and darker counsels. At all events it was evident that a new phase of the subject had presented itself; and the pause gave me leisure to make up my mind to dissemble to any extent for the purpose of gaining time. I was tremblingly anxious for the fate of Stephanie. I saw no possibility of recovering her from the hands of M. Biot, except by bargaining to act a certain part in the conspiracy on the condition of her liberation, and to trust at the same time to some opportunity of quietly conveying to the proper quarters information of all that was being planned. I could not but feel how despicable such a part would be; yet the thought of the "heavenly rhetoric of her eye," and the gleam of the poniards—for both were still displayed, the Italian servant playing all the while with his weapon, and fidgetting uneasily as if disappointed that he had not been ordered to spring at once on his prey—these cogent reasons were shaping my character and conduct far more effectually than the thousand unremembered lessons of Christian training.

What, I thought, had all my previous education to do with this? All very well for fireside life, or even for circumstances of straightforward danger; but for a mesh of evil, like this? Cunning for cunning said I—or the fiend within me.

"It can be done," at length exclaimed M. Biot. "Can I trust you on a journey?"

"You may bind me in any way you think most effectual," I replied, "short of the actual commission of a deed of blood!"

This I said to give him the idea that mere participation was not so repugnant to my feelings as my former language might have led him to suppose.

After another short pause, he motioned me to a table on which lay writing-materials. He still seemed to be closely watching my movements, and carefully kept between myself and the door. Sitting down at the table, he pointed to a chair on the opposite side, in which I immediately took my place; and having then written out the plan of a very simple cipher (which consisted merely in the substitution of the consonants *b, c, d, f* and *g*, for the respective vowels *a, e, i, o* and *u*), he desired me to use it in writing a letter which he was about to dictate. I guessed at once, from the simplicity of the cipher, that the intention of the subtle schemer was to combine the appearance of concealment with the certainty of discovery. The letter was in Italian, and was nearly to the following effect:

"ANTONIO CASSIANO.

"DEAR ANTONIO,—Are you ready? Too late for Boulogne. St. Cloud at present. Three accessions: one of whom promises to double your reward. All three owing to the girl, who is of infinite use. Slightly suspicious of Carlo. On the slightest symptom of defection will anticipate him. I have a story at my fingers'-ends which will save myself and the girl, and turn the whole affair on—you know whom. As for you, you are safe where you are. Do not move till you hear from me, or see me. I enclose a cheque for £50, from the same person as before. Practise more with small weapons, as they don't show so easily in the pocket, and I have two beauties. Keep yourself well. Next letter, Cipher No. 4.

"Yours, dear Antonio, in life and death,

"RUTSON MORLEY."

Deeper and deeper into the net, thought I; fearfully realizing the dark cunning that was couched in every word he dictated. The cloud of doom seemed closing in on me; yet what could I do but write? It lacerated my very heart to pen the foul implication which the letter contained regarding Stephanie; yet what possible way of escape was there for either herself or me, except feigned submission? Could I not wish now that I had played a bolder part, and trusted Stephanie to the grace of God! Where was that grace?—All around me, and to be had for the asking. But no; if Fortune "practised stratagems upon so soft a subject as myself," stratagem for stratagem seemed still the safer plan; and accordingly, not to appear as if rendering too willing an obedience, I purposely misused the cipher in the signature, and then passed the paper to M. Biot. Of course, he at once detected the flaw, pointed it out to me, and, without any remark on the motive, politely requested me to write it out anew, and to be particularly careful with the name. I followed his directions, and passed him the second draft, with which he seemed perfectly satisfied; and, folding it carefully, he deposited it in his portfolio.

Another pause ensued, during which I sat patiently waiting for further instructions. The next thing required of me was to put my signature to an unlimited number of *cartes blanches*,

and, finally, to add it to the list of names already affixed to the document which had first opened my eyes to the horrid machinations in which I had been so unconsciously taking a part. At this last I hesitated, the terrible words glaring out from the paper like the language of devils. Did I dare add the sanction of my name to these awful invitations of destruction? Might there not be more righteousness in the dark determinations of these resolute conspirators than in my own hypocritical tampering with the judgments of Heaven? Yet did not the same principle that condemned this condemn also that irrevocable letter, and those signatures that were, for ought I knew, to sanction still more fearful things? I signed it, and wondered next moment at finding myself alive.

"That will be enough," said M. Biot, with a look of satisfaction, as I handed him the paper. "And now let me give you the particulars of your mission. In the first place, let me tell you it is one of great risk. This Antonio Cassiano is, for several reasons, obnoxious to the French Government; and, for several other reasons, dare not reside in his own country. If he chance to be recognized by any of the officials, I cannot tell what may be the consequences. You will, therefore, do your utmost to keep him as much as possible out of their way. Let him travel in the capacity of your servant. Take out a passport for yourself in London. In presenting it at Boulogne, explain that your servant had been accidentally omitted. Being an Englishman, this explanation will be at once accepted. You will go, then, to the English Consul, and represent to him that you are bringing this man as servant to the family in which you are now tutor. Request from him a new passport which will suffice for both of you; and, in order to avoid the difficulty of a British Consul giving a passport to an Italian subject, suggest that Antonio be not included by name, but merely as your servant. Considerable experience in these matters has made me aware that all this is perfectly practicable. Do you understand it?"

"Perfectly."

"And further, let me assure you that though you do this upon compulsion, yet, if through you our cause succeed, the reward I have named to you will prove no fiction."

"Will you place Stephanie under my charge, as soon as this Cassiano arrives in Paris?"

"I will, and the rest will follow when he has played his part. And," continued he, lowering his tone, and speaking in a voice that quivered with an enthusiasm which I would hardly have been disposed to attribute to one seemingly so passionless, "when the work of liberty shall have begun—when tyrant after tyrant shall have ceased to encumber the earth—when France shall call to Italy, and Italy to the world, you shall be proud to hear your name mentioned, and to boast of the part you took in so glorious an enterprise. In the meantime, do not confound the means I use with the end I have in view. Above all, do not think I employ others

in the most dangerous office through any want of courage in myself. I *must* live and work. If I fall, all falls with me; therefore I shrink at nothing to save my life. In this matter alone—this great cause of Liberty—do I hold that the end sanctifies the means; and with this cause my life is identified. When you reflect on the manner in which you have been treated to-night, remember *that* also. A year hence, when all is over, you will know me no longer as a conspirator; but as a *man*. Test my way of life *then*, and you will see that the man who could use the machinery of hell to break the fetters of Bondage, may show himself the servant of Heaven under the sun of Liberty."

For a moment I felt a touch of his own enthusiasm, and a glimpse of the old feeling of willing obedience, and the desire to be something to him.

"Do you require anything further of me?" I asked.

"Nothing, except to remember *everything* I have said—especially this, that all your movements are watched; and that on the least symptom, or even suspicion, that you are using the means to betray us, the interests involved are of such magnitude that I cannot save you. One thing more. If you employ the gentleman with whom you reside as the channel of communication with Government—*his blood be upon your head!* You will abstain from coming to my house till you hear from me again. Of course, I will supply the funds necessary for defraying the expenses of your journey; so you need not be uneasy in regard to that. It may be a week, or a fortnight, before you hear from me again."

"Shall I not see Stephanie during that time?"

"You will not see her until your return from England."

I knew from the tone in which he said this that nothing would be gained by pleading against it.

"And now, Mr. Morley, I have detained you long enough. Let me hope that you will yet give me the opportunity of making amends for any anxiety I may have caused you. Good night. Alessandro, attend Mr. Morley to the door."

He offered his hand with as composed politeness as if we were just concluding an ordinary social *tête à tête*. A few moments more, and I was looking up at the stars, wondering at their purity, their unmoved serenity, the steadfastness of their mutual bearings, the regularity of their respective courses. How different from the lower world that was gradually unfolding itself to my knowledge—world of darkness, of perturbation, of changeable and conflicting relations, of lawless eccentricity, disobedience, and disorder! Once more alone under the starry potency of nature, on such a night as sometimes tempts the listening spirit to fancy that it has caught some faint vibration of the fabled harmony that sounds from out the measured courses of concordant spheres—once more unconfined by wall and roof, and gazing free on

the bright and boundless walks of Godhead,
how clearly the accusing soul read its own con-
demnation in the lofty reproach of heaven! . . .
What to do! . . . Whither to turn! . . . How
to undo that which could not be undone! . . .
What is this rising in my throat! . . . Another
moment, and it *must* out in the yell of mad-
ness!

But stay! an earthlier light, more powerful
than the potency of stars—*all*-powerful over
me because darkened in part by a shadow that
is to me more than all light! Another moment,
and the light is gone, and formless darkness is
all that remains. But that shadow has cast its
spell. Yes, dear one, I must be silent—silent
for your sweet sake! When the low night-
breeze is whispering murder, and the very
stones seem prophetic of blood, this is no time
for stars!

STAND FAST!

BY W. C. BENNETT.

(An English Appeal to Freedom's Friends in
America.)

O brother freemen o'er the sea,
Our English pride—our boast,
You who, when here we name the free,
We love and honour most.
To-day with eager ears and hearts,
With natures strangely stirred,
We hush to hear what from your marts,
Your homesteads, shall be heard.

To-day the war of hell and heaven
Is waged by each of you;
To-day to each of you 'tis given,
To either to be true;
Our English hearts well may we still,
While we this issue bide:
God's hopes and ours will you fulfil,
Or blench from freedom's side?

In many a cause it well may be
Good men their way may miss;
But right and justice now can see
No way but one in this;
Here is no room for paltering doubts;
Each soul must, to its cost,
Weigh well the doom that conscience shouts,
Who wavers here is lost.

Guides of the present—hopes of earth,
The nations look to you,
Even as their freedom springs to birth,
To learn what freemen do.
Show them, by all that is your fame,
By your free father's graves,
Their sons this hour dare not the shame,
Of faster fettering slaves.

Those fathers left their homes—their land,
The sea and desert trod,
Because for conscience they must stand,
Must live or die with God.
And you—of you shall it be said,
When of you men shall tell,
"We name them not—they basely fled
From heaven to side with hell."

Draw not one foot back in this strife;
To you is God's voice dumb?
On you depends the more than life
Or death of all to come.
Let the South rage—the Devil plead
For mercy; men be ye!
But God—but right—but conscience heed,
And stamp the future free!

Greenwich, Jan. 18.

LAVENDER.

BY ADA TREVANION.

It grew beneath the apple-tree,
Beside the garden seat,
The plant of spik'd lavender
Which smelt so faintly sweet.

How well we loved its modest blooms,
Which opened still anew,
And met the morning's saffron light,
And drank the evening's dew!

The robins saw us gather them
Beneath their nesting tree;
We deemed some spell would print the time
On their bird-memory.

But years have passed—long toiling years—
And childhood's dreams have flown,
Since taking each a separate way,
We left the old home lone.

My heart and step are not so light,
My brow is touched with care;
Those I most loved are with the past,
For them vain is despair.

But when the frost without is strong,
And fire within is low,
I look upon the lavender
I stored up long ago.

Letters, time-worn, are with it laid,
They're scented every fold;
And tokens of the loved and lost,
More prized than gems and gold.

Thy memory strays o'er bygone years:
And quiet joys unknown,
Recalled by the sweet lavender,
Seem once again my own.

Ramsgate, 1860.

HALF-AN-HOUR IN GOOD COMPANY.

BY JOVEN.

Wagh! This chief is smitten and sad: on the hunting-grounds of his brothers he looks with a languid and a jaundiced eye. Time was when he was fleet of foot, when his tomahawk was bright, when his arrows were keen. His mocassins trod in pleasant places; he camped out upon the rolling prairies in a happy mood: he tracked the mighty buffalo—he laid that mighty *buffer* low! The tobacco in his calumet was pleasant to the palate and odorous to the nostril: now it is dusty, and tasteless, and dry! A shadow from the Dark Spirit has passed before the chief: he folds his robes around him with a gloomy and a sullen air. As he enters his wigwam, at eve, the warriors and the squaws recoil, whispering, "Our brother is sick!" A cloud is upon him, and it will not away—Wagh!

Our spirits and our tempers have their ups and downs. At present, I am "All in the Downs." "All in the Downs," drifting towards the Goodwin Sands: this gallant barque (I have changed the figure) lies at the mercy of the winds and tides! A cold fog has coiled around her; her crew are shamefully asleep, lulled by the weary wash of the waters. Thou sea monotonous, *moan not on us!*

Again to change the figure, the present writer is weary, weary! Vainly does he try to argue himself into cheerfulness and joy; vainly does he scoff at his depression, attributing it to dyspepsia and over-much tobacco; vainly does he fling his head into cold water; vainly does he rub himself with coarse towels; vainly does he practise the "extension movements!" All these things, which were wont to rouse, leave him moping still.

All of us are governed, more or less, by the barometer. I, in particular (here the pronoun is changed) am acutely affected by "Set fair," and "Much rain." But now I cannot lay the blame of my bad spirits on the weather. The weather is noble. Frosty, and clear, with a tingling wind—it would almost stimulate into life and energy a torpid dormouse! Nevertheless I, although worth (I trust) several dormice, sit here in a weary, lackadaisical, sentimental manner. It may be permitted to me to mention that my appetite is good, and that five minutes ago I consumed a chop. I know that my state of mind is not English. By no English word, then, shall it be described. It is not *ennui*; it is *malaise!*

Now, I am not going to be beaten. My present desire is to lie down on my back, and take a grumbling view of the ceiling. The thing of all things which I would rather *not* do is—write! This thing, therefore, I *will* do. Here is my desk, here is my bone-pen, dear to me for its rapidity,

although ludicrous to me for its affected name—"Plume Philopapyrienne!" here are sundry long, thin slips of paper, akin to those whereupon Count Fosco did indite his confession. Finally, here is ink. I have a clear conviction that, if I set myself doggedly to work, I shall manage to write myself into a Tapleyan state of mind. True it is, I have no subject: but I do not see why that should stop me. On the whole, I rather prefer *not* having a subject: it leaves one so much freedom! It is obviously impossible to wander from the path when there is no path to wander from. The gipsy essayist enjoys a beautiful liberty! What cares he for milestones or finger-posts? If he chooses to squat under a hedge and chatter of green fields, who shall rebuke him? Tell him that he is digressive, illogical, incoherent, he answers that he never pretended to be anything else, and then cuts a caper expressive of triumph. If he set forth with the intention of proving that three and three make six, and then digressed into a rhapsody about clover, you would have a perfect right to complain: but when he proclaims his little wanton ways, when he says that it is in his very nature to be circuitous and zig-zaggy, that for the very life of him he cannot keep straight any more than yonder little brook can run up hill, surely, when all this is premised, writer and reader understand each other! The latter is not bound to read, and can easily spare himself that trouble. There is no bribery and no intimidation. Both parties start fair.

What has become of the good old essay? Where do we now find lucubrations, headed, "On Speculation," or, "Of a Prospect in Kent"? A friend of mine informs me that essays do not pay; that the public cannot be got to care for them; that tales are the only things to which young writers should devote themselves. The present young writer went home, and tried a tale; but, on the very threshold of his task, he felt the want of a story. He had a pleasing description by him, full of nice adjectives and the sweetest interjections: he also saw his way clearly to a moral, of an elevating though not ascetic character: recent residence in the west of England had provided him with some very nice names for his characters. One thing alone was wanted—the story. He thought of a little tale of De Balzac's, which might be easily adapted. But, by the feeble glimmer of his wavering conscience, he saw that this would scarcely be writing a tale himself, and he refrained. Seriously, the ingenuity and fertility of professional story-tellers are enough to fill one with wonder. Take some of the most prolific of our minor writers: there is no originality in them, no real depth of feeling, though in-



Scott

Herding the Sheep

Engraved by Thomas B. Stoddard, 1841

finite simulation thereof, no great power even of mere writing. But what ingenuity! How these trifles, all framed upon some two or three well-known models, are cunningly varied, and yet have all some kind of cohesion—*do hang together*, somehow or other!

For all this, and all this, shall the personal and egotistical essay be forgotten? Forbid it, shade of Montaigne! Forbid it, shade of Charles Lamb! The "Saturday Review," a year or two ago, made a violent onslaught on "A. K. H. B." (the genial essayist, whose pleasant pages have adorned so many numbers of "Fraser's Magazine") touching "Smith's Drag"; how he, the said A. K. H. B., having to review a philosophical work of right abstruse and mystic character, did diverge into a brisk and readable description of his friend Smith's "trap." Manfully did the four initials reply unto this attack; manfully did their owner plead for full liberty of writing, for the privilege of making his articles amusing, and of introducing his own personality thereinto. *Ars celare artem* is a good motto: also it may be true that the noblest artist is he who is hidden behind his picture. Certain it is, that, in looking at Raphael's Madonna, you do not think of Raphael himself: certain it is, that, in reading the sleep-walking scene in "Macbeth," you never think of Master William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon. After all, however, there are faggots and faggots. Granted that the object of the artist is to produce a beautiful picture, surely you don't object to be admitted to his studio and hear him talk as he works? If my friend Crayon, the Pre-Raphaelite (often mentioned in these pages) kindly tells me where he *did* see these particular specimens of freckled rusticity at which I am gazing, I am heartily obliged to Crayon for his information. Unless the work is of a sublime and sacred character, I rather enjoy a morning in the workshop. This, the egotistical essayist readily allows you. He opens the door of his library, points to one shelf of books after another—even descants upon the view from his windows—gives you the history of yonder village-church; tells you the legend of yonder Elizabethan mansion. To me, the literature of personal gossip has an endless charm. I can't always keep my nerves screwed up to the pitch of "Paradise Lost." There are times when it is ridiculously impossible for me to read Johann Gottlieb Fichte; times when Wordsworth's "Excursion" sends me off into a deep and prolonged slumber. But I can always take down a volume of Montaigne with the certainty of passing an agreeable half-hour. The essayist becomes your friend as well as your teacher.

The style of essay beginning with—"It hath ever been observed that the credulity of mankind not only," and ending with—"So true it is that our sanguine expectations ever overshoot the mark," is a style of essay for which I have no particular love. The "British essayists," who figure in our libraries, inspire me with feelings of the gloomiest repugnance. I don't like

platitudes in full-bottomed wigs. If I *must* have platitudes, let me have my own, in peg-top trousers and turn-down collars: let them have reference to Garibaldi; Mr. Toole, as *Bluebeard*, *Gaeta*, and *Balfé's Bianca*. Let them have the image of the time, "its form and pressure." Dr. Hawkesworth died in 1773, and has a monument at Bromley in Kent. I am very fond of Bromley, and I have no disrespect for the year 1773; but why should I be compelled to read Dr. Hawkesworth? Because he is bound up as a British essayist? I protest that the full-bottomed-wig essayists of my native land have given a respectability to dullness, which alone has made Alison possible as a historian, and Tupper possible as a moralist. I sometimes shudder when I think how many good young people are taught to believe in the stultifying stilted stuff of some of our "politest writers," while they never have the chance of looking into "Hackluyt's Voyages," or reading Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess."

'Ware Doctor Johnson! we "hot youth," who sometimes speak evil of dignitaries, are ready, nevertheless, to doff our turbans to the Fleet-street sage. I never could read "Rasselas" more than once: I never read "Irene" at all. Am I the only one who has to make this confession? But when I think of the huge, bulky, unwieldy, scrofulous man, with his heart as pure as a little child's, and as tender oftentimes as that of a mother; when I think of the poor outcast, whom he carried on his back through London streets; when I think of his sallying forth to buy a pennyworth of meat for his cat, because his negro was too proud to fetch it; when I think of that awful letter in which, once and for ever, and with one terrific, Nasmyth's-hammer kind of blow, he demolished Lord Chesterfield and Lord Tom Noddy, and made the profession of literature respectable for all future time—I make the lowest possible salaam to him, and wish I could have had the opportunity to black his boots!

Yet, he is ponderous, *ce cher Johnson*; is he not? Out of Boswell, he has always his Sunday coat on; and I defy you to be intimate with a man who always wears his Sunday coat. He was grand, he was massive: so was the Mastodon, and *he* couldn't have been a pleasing companion for every day! Always, for ten men who admire Johnson, there will be a hundred who love Goldsmith.

Goldsmith's Essays, it rejoiceth me to say, can now be obtained, in legible modern print, for a handful of the new bronze coinage. And can we spread them too widely? Where else shall we find so cheerful and genial a moralist? Given all his follies, given all his frailties, was there ever in this world a man who could read him and not love him? So tender, so childlike, so full of airy grace and delicacy, so true-hearted, so exquisitely and bewitchingly wayward and wanton, he is the spoilt child of the English race. You can't laugh with a manly scorn at his absurdities: man never lived who could do it. When Goldsmith was most

pre-eminently a tom-fool, he was most irresistibly a loveable angel. Why, the very vanity of the man—which had Johnson possessed, he would have been a kind of comic elephant—his little freaks of sheer ridiculous nonsense, you cannot help pardoning, almost loving.

And here a word about his Poetry. I hardly know what the *esprits forts*, the “exalted” young men of the present day, think of it. I am not an “exalted” young man myself. I don’t belong to any clique or set. I don’t believe that the present age is the only one that has produced true poets or poetry. I believe something exceedingly different. Now, Goldsmith wrote in the heroic couplet, and the heroic couplet is sadly out of fashion. To believe in poetry between the death of Milton and the first publications of Cowper may seem like heresy. Then, I am a heretic. I confess to thinking Goldsmith one of the very sweetest of our poets. Nobody says he had a very fiery or fervid imagination—nor was he addicted to daffodils overmuch; but for gentle truth, and serene simplicity, and a loving affectionate spirit, match me Goldsmith if you can amongst the spasmodic gentlemen of the present day, who never deal in anything less exciting than spuming stars or shrieking cataracts. Surely that “Deserted Village” of his will retain its charm for ages! It may be too rose-coloured. The village may be one the like of which for innocence and happiness, existed never upon this naughty old earth; but at any rate it is a lovely dream—an adorable picture, fresh and beautiful to a boy’s eyes as a girl’s eyes, nor losing its charms when viewed with a gaze more critical in after-life.

I have wandered into such pleasant company that I have quite forgotten how I am All in the Downs. Behold the ambrosial-wigged Addison, whom I have endeavoured to become fond of, without success. Behold the wine-flushed face, the dirty ruffles, of dear Sir Richard Steele. Hail, thou immortal Bohemian of the “Augustan Age!” Bohemian, without cynicism, without scepticism, without jealousy! Immortal, if only for that one most glorious expression, applied to a noble lady: that

“To love her was a liberal education!”

Such a phrase seems to purify a man—at any rate to build up a little sacred chapel in his nature, cool and sweet, and freshened by pious thoughts and the tenderest memories. One needs such little chapels very sorely. When you enter them, it is like turning away from a crowded market-place, hot with chaffering and brawling, into the dim aisles of the neighbouring cathedral, whose very stones seem like words in one grand organic enduring prayer.

Assuredly, Steele *did* let ginger be hot in his mouth to a quite ruinous extent. But Addison? I fancy Addison becoming preternaturally dignified and moral when the wine mounted in his head. Somehow, the weaknesses of Addison cannot get themselves pardoned so readily as poor Steele’s. Dick knew that he was a

sad dog, and he was very sorry, and “he really would turn over a new leaf next Monday week;” whereas, it is my solemn conviction that whenever Addison woke in the morning with a racking headache—and that sensation *will* occur even to a distinguished essayist—Addison would get calmly out of bed, survey himself in his mirror with a balmy and beatified smile, and proceed to remark:

“It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?”

or else: “As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress amongst the constellations, a thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures.” After this, Addison, as a man of a serious and contemplative nature, would put on his biggest wig, and feel himself considerably better.

There were strong men before Agamemnon, and there have been stronger since. Turn we now to two essayists of our own century, and challenge our fathers to name their equals. And first, let us gossip about Charles Lamb. When a man is “All in the Downs,” I don’t know that he can do better than read dear Charles; not merely to chuckle at his sweet slyness, not merely to have his feelings stirred and purified at once by pathos as sincere and tender as ever flowed from human pen, but also to see how Charles bore himself through a life in which “All in the Downs” kept constantly singing itself as a disagreeable chorus, a remorseless refrain. Why, the man’s life is to me almost the most pathetic ever lived! Let us think of the awful haunting dread that hung around him, ever and ever. Let us remember that the brain, which teemed with fancies so rare that Shakespeare’s self would have listened with delight to them, had Lamb lived in the great Mermaid days—that this brain had, by God’s mysterious providence, been vexed and wearied once into madness, and that madness, ever after, was present to his fearful thoughts!—that the dread of utter insanity, which has startled every thinking man once or twice in his life, was amongst Lamb’s constant fancies and fears! The most awful words in Shakespeare are these five of *King Lear*:

“Let me not go mad!”

No reader, I think, can have forgotten how Lamb and his sister were seen, walking slowly through the fields towards the asylum to which he was taking her, “both weeping bitterly.” I have thought of that terrible walk, sometimes, until those tears have seemed to scorch me. A bright clear day—the lark singing in the sky—the grasshopper chirping beneath the hedge—quiet sunlight flooding the broad fields: and these two, brother and sister, walking slowly on, “both weeping bitterly;” *she* knowing that she would be mad to-morrow, and *he*, perchance

mercifully spared by the very acuteness and spasm of his sorrow for *her*, from remembering that, in a day or two, his own turn might come.

Pour yet this one little black drop into Charles Lamb's chalice: to take his sister to the mad-house he had to ask for a holiday. It was his "day out." And he wrote the Essay on Roast Pig! He painted Sarah Battle, in her clean-swept room, insisting on the "rigour of the game." He wrote to Manning, when Manning thought of going to Tartary: "Some say they are cannibals: and imagine a Tartar fellow eating my friend, and adding the cool malignity of mustard and vinegar!"—which is, to me, the funniest conceit in our tongue. O what an Ariel-spirit was this, chained to, or in, the "deak's dry wood!" What a brain, to keep books in Leadenhall-street! And how nobly he did it! If a man wants strengthening or refreshing, if his way of life seems mean and mechanical, if his brain gets impatient of "in-voices" and indignant at "deeds," let him think of Lamb's long servitude, and take heart of grace, seeing how this dear and precious spirit bore it. I vow that he seems to sanctify the East India House, and that the odour of his memory sweeps like a refreshing breeze through every court in the City, till a ledger becomes as sweet as a lyre. I very lately re-read his "Letters," and I do not remember a book which has more moved me. Let us not forget his frailties. There is nothing in the man which we have a right to forget! Let every excuse which love and charity have ever made for Robert Burns, be multiplied tenfold when it is brought forward to plead for Charles Lamb. I do not find that he was wont to talk of the "infirmities of genius," or seek to justify error by sophistry. When he even, with that rich humorous nature of his, makes fun of his failings, he does not try to excuse them. I fancy that he could scarcely see to write those letters through his tears. Was that a laugh you heard? It was surely a very strange, broken one! It surely made the good clerk who sat opposite to him feel rather uncomfortable as he dipped his quill into the inkstand!

One more personal essayist, and we have done. Charles Lamb was of the City, if ever man was—walked through London streets (as wise people *must*) as if he were walking through a miracle! A weak, frail, nervous nature was this poet's; giving out music as sweet as that of an *Æolian* harp, even when touched by a very common wind, a mere wandering breeze that had straggled round the corner! He is not the less dear to us for his feebleness, surely! But it is like opening a window on a bright spring morning to name the last of our friends. Place for the kingliest of them all! Place for a man who needs a good deal of it! Hats off, when a stronger and better than ourselves comes into the room! Hats off for John Wilson—for "Christopher North," monarch of prose-rhapsodists, most Homeric of modern men! He has no wig on, ladies and gentlemen, this

one! What a head! Jove-like; but with more passion and soul than ever a sculptured deity of them all! I know it is vulgar to admire mere size and bulk, and I trust I am free from the vulgarity; but it is not vulgar to admire physical perfection. All England was right, when, last spring, all England, reading its *Times*, admired that grand description of John Heenan, lifting up his long strong arms, inflating his broad chest, sniffing the keen morning air into his nostrils—just an animal, it is true; but an animal which months of preparation and training had rendered, *as* an animal, magnificent! Think now of Wilson in his early prime—beautiful with a man's beauty, not a gladiator's; and with genius and daring looking out through those grand eyes of his! Then turn to the "Recreations;" turn to the "Essays;" and tell me where else you will find such rosy, exultant, exuberant health?—such "athletic inspiration?" Every mood of a noble nature is mirrored there. The rich overflowing humour which made him the darling of every circle, whether it was a circle of Scotch professors or a circle of English gipsies; the hushed and sacred awe which fell upon him when alone with the solemn seclusions of Nature; the aspiration after a nobler, higher life, which breathed itself out, like a prayer, when he was alone upon the hills—alone beside the lochs—alone, and with the candle burning down to its socket, in his own study, after a night of fierce tempestuous writing, in which his words had been like arrows!

Weary, and weak, and All in the Downs, I seem to tantalise myself with thoughts of this man's wondrous health, and cheerfulness, and strength; but there is one thing which we may as well remember—the deep seriousness that was hidden under his jollity. He was more often seen at funerals than any other noted man of his day. Let there be sunshine or snow, the grand head was bared, solemnly and reverently, beside the grave—the grand voice was hushed into whispered responses to prayer. And once, his wife then recently dead, he came into his class-room at Edinburgh. He was wont to stalk about on his platform like an angry lion, his old worn robe fluttering about him; his voice was wont to ring out like a clarion, in supreme chivalric enthusiasm, and his eyes would kindle into a sudden flame that was beautiful to behold; but he never so moved his students, as when, after the sore shipwreck of his household happiness, he apologised for not having attended to their various essays. "I could not see to read them," he said, "in the valley of the shadow of Death!" Like those old Douglasses, whom he loved with a true knight's loyalty, he was "tender and true, tender and true."

It is good to carry the memory of such men as these about with us; not bowing to them, blindly, as to idols, but loving them as friends; censuring when that which is higher even than they—Truth—seems to compel us to censure, with very humble words and hearts; not as men

assuming to sit in judgment, but rather as brothers lamenting. In this spirit we may spend a very profitable half-hour in good company.

* * * * *

The dark cloud is rolling away. A gleam of sunshine irradiates the wigwam of this chief. Summon ye the maidens, and summon ye the warriors, of his tribe. The heart of this chief is light. Paint him, and he will dance.

AN EDUCATIONAL CRISIS IN THE LIFE OF MRS. CATHERINE GOODENOUGH.

It was Friday morning.

Any of the Kirkbridge people could have told you that before they got to the Parsonage gate, for a group of children was going along the footpath from the village, hunting amid the road-side dock-leaves for violets, shouting and screaming with the shrillest of voices and the glad bursts of merriment that only echo from young hearts. Here, a girl with a baby that was twice too heavy for her slight frame—there, a boy with a shock, red head and coarse features, who asserted his prerogative of manhood in perspective by pushing the little ones out of his way and tormenting the girls. Ah, he would be a man someday: you might have been sure of the fact when you saw him selfishly appropriating the few early violets, peeping with all the power of his grey eyes into the hawthorn hedge to look for birdsnests, and aiming a stone at the old donkey amid the nettles.

Any of the old women at the cottage doors could have told you that it was Friday and soup-day, and that "yon was them childer going to 't' Paaron's;" and many a mother had sent her little ones to school that morning with the promise of a good dinner when they came back. It was Friday. Mrs. Catherine's soup was deservedly appreciated; she went to the kitchen herself to look after its manufacture—and along the village road the children carolled gladly while their tin cans glittered in the sunshine.

In the front parlour of Kirkbridge Parsonage sat Mrs. Catherine herself. She had a little table covered with a red cloth in the window, a low chair drawn to it, and a great wicker-work basket at the side full of flannels and coarse garments. A black label was on the lid of the basket and one read in huge letters—*Kirkbridge Clothing Club, 1860*. Just then Mrs. Catherine was putting a runner into a very ugly shaped baby's gown—a pink print baby's gown, with a square plain front and a pair of queer cut sleeves that stuck off gauntly like branches from a huge bole. It was Mrs. Catherine's particular shape, and she had a great deal to say in its praise; it would not be prudent to discuss its merits, so we will take them for granted and look at something else.

No very long time is needed to glance round

the room, to note the old piano that serves as a table, seeing that the key is lost, that Mrs. Catherine does not know the difference between a flat and a sharp; and it was last tuned for Mr. Goodenough's young wife. Look at him as he sits in his easy chair over the fire, dozing behind his newspaper, with his wrinkled old hand resting on the leathern arm, and one ray of sunshine playing amid his scanty white locks; look from him to his grey haired daughter and you will think that it must be a long, long time since the piano was locked up, and the young wife left her one child for another home—Mrs. Catherine has left off talking of "poor mamma" or my "poor mother;" and rarely mentions her at all now save in relation to other things, or as "long ago, when my mother was alive."

The room is small and dark-looking with a dingy old Turkey carpet, and some rough-looking book-shelves against the walls. Even the books are old—rows of dowdy classics and paper-backed sermons; here and there a later publication, the Bridgewater Treatises, and a new red backed edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress." There is a chiffonier in the corner that presents a more inviting appearance. The wax flowers in the centre look well at a distance; but when you come near you see they are falling to bits—quite done for—they were made by Mrs. Goodenough before she married. And the same thing with the few morocco-bound books, you are disappointed to find them the landscape annuals from 1828, to 1833.

There, we have looked at the titles, watched the old decrepit Parson as he dozes in his arm chair, discovered that that piece of drugget has been put down because the carpet is literally worn through—and again we are back at the window by Mrs. Catherine, watching as she passes her brisk needle in and out, and draws her thread over the end of wax candle in the corner of her workbox. She has a green weighted pincushion on the table with a long array of threaded needles, and as fast as one needleful is finished she puts the needle aside in a little wooden box and takes another. If it were Saturday night we should see why.

One of the tin cans passing the Parsonage gate sends a reflected light dancing from Mrs.

Catherine's work, to the white ceiling. Mrs. Catherine looks up for a minute, and we see her face. It has never been handsome, and now that time and disappointment have done their best to wear off its redeeming expression, there is nothing to attract a stranger. Mrs. Catherine is a little woman, small boned and skinny—with small brown eyes very quick in their evolutions and a little sharp. Depend upon it nothing escapes those eyes, for they are the windows through which Eve's daughter looks out on the world—they know in a moment when a schoolboy is blushing over a falsehood or a schoolgirl hiding a torn frock. Mrs. Catherine's features are peculiar—her nose is straight, long and very thin; what some people receive as an evidence of a reflective mind; but in my opinion rather illustrative of an inclination to investigate the affairs of others. The mouth is the best feature—it is generally firmly set and a little hard; but it can smile, and when it does smile the whole face is lighted up—eyes, nose, expression alike change under the kindly influence of a beaming charity. Mrs. Catherine does not know it, but she would be twice as popular, twice as powerful, possess twice as much influence in the Parish if she only knew how to preserve and perpetuate a smile. Some people talk much of the influence of stern principle; Mrs. Catherine sometimes speaks of the duty of frowning on iniquity. Very few seem to remember that a bright example is the best incentive to holiness, a smiling life the best thanksgiving we can offer to the Almighty. Now as far as *motives* go, Mrs. Catherine is an excellent woman. She has the best intentions, but she fails in working them out. She thinks too much of influencing others, too little of purifying her own heart.

The world in general speaks rather hardly of Mrs. Catherine, but nobody knows or appreciates all she has had to battle with in life. When she was a little round-faced child, whose bright eyes and smiling expression gained her the pet name of *Pussy*, everyone made much of her; her father held a good living in trust which he rather flattered himself he should never be called on to resign, as the young man for whom he held it was so called *fast*, and had set his face against going into the church. No childhood was happier than that of Catherine Goodenough; *Pussy* was papa's pet and mamma's darling; her home was a bright English Vicarage, and she had all the gladness of a child's nature. But time passed. People left off talking of *Pussy* and called her *Cattie*; and oddly enough her kitten-like frolicsomeness was laid aside at the same moment, and *Cattie* from time to time displayed her claws. It was not without aggravation; the most goodnatured cat (or dog either) may be provoked beyond endurance when you deprive it of the bone it is gnawing. Catherine Goodenough had her ideal of perfection, long she looked and watched for it, nay she took it between her fingers, yet from her very grasp it melted away. She had a great disappointment in early life; and from that

moment she lost her feline softness and used her claws—purring had been ineffectual to preserve her own, she would fight and strive and scratch to regain the treasure—she did so; and with what success we may well imagine. She lost what friends she had, she embittered her own life; and when a short time later the *fast* young man took priests orders and sent an architect to see how new stables could best be added to the old vicarage, *Cattie* Goodenough and her father turned their backs on the spot that for so many years had afforded them a happy home, and after many stages drew their chairs into the smoky fireside at Kirkbridge, and bemoaned themselves as being placed in the very wilderness of the North Riding, amid a multitude of pigheaded peasants.

Since that time *Cattie* has learnt a certain degree of wisdom; she still likes to interfere and be a little sarcastic, but she has taken more to books and is really clever. Occasionally she does kind things for the poor; she overlooks the Friday soup-making and has charge of all parish affairs, undertakes to reconcile parties, repair the chancel, and deserves real credit for the marvellous care with which she husbands the miserable stipend of the Parson of Kirkbridge.

£150 a-year! People do not think much can be done for that; but ask Mrs. Catherine (as she likes to be called, or as this wicked young generation delight in particularizing her, *Tabby*) and she will give you an account of her house-keeping that is really surprising. Do you want the receipt for a pudding at once cheap, palatable, and nutritious? ask Mrs. Catherine. Do you wish to renovate an old gown? ask Mrs. Catherine about that decoction of gin and something else that makes old silks like new ones. She has just remodelled her five-year-old green poplin and it looks as fresh as if she had put it on for the first time. Then how handy she is with the old parson; how nicely she reads the paper to him in the evenings, and tells him the essence of his parochial affairs, and explains his duties to him. She knows the concerns of every man, woman, and child in Kirkbridge, and rules them in her own fashion, with her old paralytic father's clerical capacity as a rod of office. Again and again the old man looks up and asks *Cattie* for an explanation, and turns to others with the constant refrain that *Cattie* is his right hand, his dear little curate! ha! ha! And yet all this time there is an actual curate; there have been several since that last seizure which incapacitated the old man from the public service of the ministry. Had woman been permitted to speak in the church, Kirkbridge would never have needed another, for in the person of Mrs. Catherine its actual parson still existed, and was likely to exist for some time to come.

The present curate was but newly arrived and newly ordained. Kirkbridge was to give him a title for orders, and he came into the village with a profound ignorance of parochial

affairs, and a heart prepared to receive suggestions with gratitude and humility. Generally, Mrs. Catherine had disliked the curates. But her heart warmed to this fair whiskerless boy, who coloured up whenever she spoke to him, and asked her advice so modestly; and, more than that, acted on it. She told her father he was a most excellent young man, painstaking and deserving, and she forthwith took him under her own protection. He had a sore throat and she made him an excellent gargle (from a receipt of her grandmother's), and sent it with a little note by the village postman. A few days after, the medicine bottle came back emptied and well washed (as she had desired it should do), but I cannot profess to say that Mr. Mildsop had used it—I know he poured some into a cup and held it in his hand until his eyes watered. But whether that was from the linked reminiscence which connected Mrs. Catherine's thoughtful kindness with a dead mother's tenderness, or the effect of the mixed vinegar and cayenne, I cannot say; certainly his eyes *did* water.

Well, this Friday morning Mrs. Catherine was much perturbed. She began to make an old woman's bedgown, and actually cut it the wrong way of the stuff, because she was so busy looking out of the window. The children passed, going away with their cans of soup; but she was not paying attention to them, she was looking towards the farm-house, where Mr. Mildsop lodged, and again referring to a note and some printed papers on the table beside her. From the anxious expression of her countenance one might well guess that she was troubled about things parochial.

"Cattie," Mr. Goodenough said and turned his shaking head in her direction. "Cattie, it looks so fine that I think I might venture out. Will you get me my great coat and my umbrella, and bring me my black neck-scarf?"

Cattie rose, but not with the best grace. She threw the bedgown into the basket with a little emphatic temper, and made a very unnecessary jingle with her thimble and scissors. She said "I am sure you had better stay in, sir, there's rather a north wind, and that always affects your back." But as the old man persisted in his intention, nay even began to cry because, he said, "Cattie wouldn't let him do as he liked, daughters were so undutiful now-a-days, and if poor Harriett had been alive it would have been different;" she helped him from his chair, softened the tone of her voice, wrapped him warmly in his great coat, and gave him her arm into the garden.

She had not stopped to put on her own bonnet, and the mild April breeze blew her grey hair over her eyes, and brought a slight colour to her sallow-cheek. Up and down the garden-walk they went; the old paralytic father leaning on his daughter's arm; every now and then pausing before the strip of flower-garden under the windows, and talking of the plants.

Once Mrs. Catherine stooped down and gathered a few flowers: two or three red primroses, a bit of wallflower, some blue hepaticas;

and when she had added a few violets from the bed under the apple-tree, she put the nosegay into her father's hand. For herself she did not care a rush about flowers; but not so the old man. His hand quavered more than ever as he took them between his fingers; he looked down lovingly into the bright petals, smelled them again and again, and sighed a little low sigh. Mrs. Catherine pointed out the show of blossom on the cherry-tree, and called his attention to her fine brocolis. But he was silent. With the fresh odour of those spring flowers had come a faint breeze from the far past spring of his life. He was once more making love to pretty pretty Harriett Neale, walking beside her up the lime avenue to Stratford Church, listening to her low accents as they chimed with the humming of the bees in the branches over-head; or watching as she put the violets he had given her between the leaves of her prayer-book.

It was not so many years ago since Edward Goodenough had come across that same prayer-book, worn with years and dusty with neglect, yet with the few dead violets pressed between the psalm-leaves. Oh, it is a strange place, and full of changes, this world of ours!

"Mrs. Catherine took her father back into the parlour, and brought him a basin of the Friday soup and a bit of toast of her own making. She stood watching him as he took it with almost a smile on her hard face, which, added to the flush from the wind and the kitchen-fire made her appear like a comely woman. When he had finished and turned to go to sleep in his easy chair, she went away with the empty basin, and seeing Mr. Mildsop coming along the road hastened to put on her bonnet and join him.

For at least an hour after she was to be seen walking along the garden-path, occasionally referring to the printed papers in her hand, and still more often talking emphatically to her companion. As a messenger came to call the curate away on business she added her last injunctions, peeped in at the parlour window to assure herself that all was right with the old man, and opening the garden-wicket walked with a brisk step towards the village.

She did not continue her walk without interruptions; a girl was hanging some clothes on a garden-hedge, she stopped to recommend a line and pegs, and discovering a rent in a flannel petticoat that the wind was flapping to and fro, proceeded to deliver a very pungent lecture on extravagance and carelessness. If time had not pressed she would at once have entered the cottage and shown the mother her new method of darning.

There was a boy acting nursemaid to a number of children. He had charge of a baby, and generally was "very canny" as his mother said; but just now Tim Dickson's pig had got into Mrs. Hubbard's yard, and there was a scrow going on to turn it out, and in his anxiety to see the fun he had popped the poor

baby on a heap of pebbles, and was swinging with one leg on the yard-gate.

"You wicked, good-for-nothing little boy," Mrs. Catherine said; "I shall certainly tell your mother. Leaving the baby to be sure! And those other children grubbing in the mud and dirtying their clean pinafores! Upon my word, John Dinsdale, I could whip you myself!"

But the church clock struck a quarter to twelve and Mrs. Catherine was obliged to hurry. She opened the printed paper for the last time, went from the heading—*Government Inspection of schools*—to the secretary's name at the bottom of the page, and then took out the written note. Short enough it certainly was, yet full of meaning to Mrs. Catherine. It informed Mr. Goodenough that on the third of next month, Mr. Winslow, the Government Inspector, would visit the Kirkbridge school for the purpose of making an examination into the progress of the children.

Now there does not seem to be much in this to cause unusual anxiety or perturbation to anybody. Certainly to people who do not know Kirkbridge Mrs. Catherine's long confab with the curate, her ill-temper of a morning, and present agitation appear somehow exaggerated. But then we must remember what and where Kirkbridge is—a village in that dale-country of the North Riding, which is more famous for its breed of horses, and its turnips, than for the cultivation or refinement of intellect. The Kirkbridge people are Yorkshire to the very back-bone—independent suspicious of *motives*, with a great horror of the workhouse, and invincible distrust of all modern innovations. Some of the old grandfathers still wear shorts and gaiters, the boys are not unfrequently clad in corderoys and buttons like the old-fashioned pictures in our parent's story-books, and the old women have mob caps and kerchiefs and talk the Queen's Yorkshire in its original purity. The tradesmen at the adjacent market-town have made various attempts to rise to the level of the present day; one more ambitious than his neighbours has put plate glass in his shop-window and has a gasometer in his yard, that is at once the curiosity and pride of the country side. The shoemaker in the market-place once left off making clogs and substituted galoshes. But only for a little while, however. The dale people laughed "them fiddlefaddle things" to scorn, and removed their custom to Dick Jones on the opposite side until Bill Jones came to his right senses and put the good old sort, buckles and all, into the very front place of his dingy window. And then they came back and forgave him as Yorkshire people are always ready to forgive when they see repentance.

For years and years there had been no church school whatsoever at Kirkbridge. The children had gone to the dame, learnt to knit (boys and girls indiscriminately) been kept out of mischief, sometimes made grand sewers, almost invariably good servants; and went away to service with an endowment of common sense,

and shrewdness, a contracted intellect, and an immense amount of superstition. When Mr. Goodenough came to the living he made various changes and improvements. Amongst others he established a school, provided a schoolmaster, and himself took a good deal of interest in its arrangements and progress. Latterly there had been still more done; the long uninhabited hall had been purchased by a gentleman of the name of Haulleyne, and the new squire's wife taking an interest in the village extended it to the school. At this time there was a comfortable red brick school-house at the side of the village green, a pretty garden for the schoolmaster, a comfortable large room for the children. But, as I said before, this had been done lately; the house looked as if it had come fresh from the hands of the workmen; the children were unaccustomed to sit still and would swing their legs under the new benches; the desks had but a few inkstains, and what names are rudely carved on their surface might be exactly dated to 1859. The schoolmaster had not been married a year, and he only found a wife in order to answer the qualifications required by the advertisement in the *Meredale Times* for a young married man, whose wife would be capable of assisting with the younger classes and teaching needlework to the girls; yearly salary ensured £16: letters to be addressed to C. Goodenough, Kirkbridge Parsonage. It was very odd, but almost all the answers to this advertisement (and there were many) were directed to the Rev. Charles Goodenough. The parson's name was Edward, but then it is to be supposed the C. must stand for either Charles or Christopher, and people always expect the clergyman to provide the schoolmaster. It is not generally a woman's province.

The school was remodeled, the schoolhouse was built, and then nothing would serve Mrs. Haulleyne but it must be put under Government Inspection. For how long Mrs. Catherine combatted her arguments and entreaties I have no obligation to repeat, but it was after long efforts, and only because, in fact she had made the school, that Mrs. Haulleyne succeeded. The proper authorities were applied to, and in process of time the Inspector announced his first visit.

"It was no doing of mine," groaned Mrs. Catherine, "I hated the idea from the first moment: I know it will never answer. However, since it must be, it must. When I do a thing I'll have it done well. Kirkbridge school shan't cut a poor figure in the reports at any rate. There's a fortnight before Mr. Winslow comes, and meantime I'll work wonders. When I've seen the master I'll just step up to the hall and talk over the matter with Mrs. Haulleyne."

And so she did. She lectured the master, lectured the children, turned over the school-books, examined the copies, and chalked out a line of study on the cramming principle. When she left, Abraham Garlick was pulling his red beard and scratching his red head in equal perplexity. Abraham Garlick was a character

in his way, and as such deserves a word in passing. He was a very little man, with a head that was necessarily large in order to contain its immense learning, and covered by a fine forest of red wiry hair that no pomatum could keep in order. He wore a beard because he thought it supported the patriarchal character that he had adopted, and such a beard it is not our privilege to meet with every day: so large, so bushy, so red, almost as bristling and sharp as a porcupine's quills. His wife Sarah combed it out every Sabbath morning, and never forgave Freddy Theobald, because, on one occasion he had spitefully shouted something to his companions about Billy Goat and Nanny, just as she and the patriarch were walking across the green to church. Abraham and Sarah had one child, the hope of the Garlick family; a little, puny, ill-thriven infant, that was hardly able to support life from the pressure of its grand name. Abraham had consulted all his learned books before the christening, in order to find a cognomen at once imposing, promising, and applicable; and, after deep consideration, fixed on the symphonious combination of "Bede Constantine." Alas! that it should be prefixed to Garlick!!

But all this while I am leaving Mrs. Cattie trudging to the Hall, and really the distance does not demand so much time. Cross the green from the school-house and the Hall is straight before you—a large, square, grey, stone building, two storeys high, three windows, with striped Venetian blinds on the right-hand of the stone portico, and exactly the same on the left; seven windows in the storey above, and seven still higher up, that are half the size. There is a sweep in the front, with a broad band of turf, and a railing behind. The green spreads out before it, with its white road, like a stripe in the distance, very verdant for the most part, continually kept cropped by the flocks of geese, and horses, ponies, and sheep, that are allowed by Act of Parliament; but sadly cut up at the one side, broken and full of cart-ruts; for the Kirkbridge people are at once obstinate, unaccommodating, and saving of self, and that cut across instead of keeping to the road saves three hundred paces!!

Mrs. Cattie has reached the front door, and rung the bell; now she is just smoothing down her hair within in her bonnet cap, and adjusting her strings, for Mrs. Cattie is not devoid of feminine vanity and regard for appearances; and from the window above, on the first floor, there is protruded a girl's face; the sunshine playing upon the braided hair, mingling with the heart's sunshine in the young face, while the eyes beam over with life and laughter. It is Jemima Haulleyne, the squire's only child, who is busy watering her pet myrtles on the window-ledge. She draws back, for she does not want Mrs. Catherine to see her: pours the last drop from her little green watering-pot, and moves away to her writing-table and German books.

The window is open, and the sunshine comes brightly in. What a fresh, bright face Jemima

has! such a clear, pink, and white complexion and the row of teeth, that smiles between her firm, red, parted lips, is so delicately white and polished, and even. Perhaps no one could call her a beauty: her features are too irregular; but I doubt if even a stranger, who knew nothing of the attractions which she constantly displays in her own life, of her kindness of heart and unselfishness, could pass unnoticed a face redolent of and beautified by a true spirit.

Jemima has left her pen in the ink, and now, as she continues her translation, the softened quill makes a thick black stroke in her page. She wipes it, looks for a pen-knife; there is not one at hand, and she opens a table-drawer, and takes one from a travelling desk. How charming she looks as she stands by the table, with her plump, upright figure, the sunlight dancing on her soft, pale hair; between her white, well-formed fingers the ink-stained pen, from which her sharp pen-knife sends down a shower of thin shavings. As she puts by the penknife in the desk, the direction on an envelope catches her eye, a redder flush comes to her cheek, and her eyes are hazy; what is she thinking about? Ah, even the young have their troubles, even Jemima Haulleyne, bright and happy as she seems to be, she has a little secret in her heart that she holds dear, and wets with tears, sometimes, as she lays her head on her pillow. But she is too unselfish to cast a shadow on others by the knowledge of her suffering; she thinks about other people's happiness as well as her own: her parents, whose darling she is, would miss something, if her merry and sunshiny presence were withdrawn, would mourn over any change or alienation in her, and Jemima preserves the memory of their kindness as a shield for her own heart.

She is turning over a heap of papers one by one; there, she has come upon a half-finished sketch—those firm pencil lines must have been put in by a man's hand; the outline shows a rocky cove, with a pretty piece of water, and some distant rocks; there is a group of figures in the foreground; one could almost imagine that figure in the brown straw hat with the portfolio in her hand to have been meant for Jemima herself. And so it was; but hush! and I will tell you the secret—of the visit to some old friends of a neighbour's younger son, who was destined for the church, and who had every sort of good quality and talent, except that golden one which parent and prudence consider of so primary importance. Not that gold was the obstacle in this case; Jemima's parents were an exception to the general rule, and would never have cavilled for money, when they had already more than enough for the fulfilment of their moderate wishes. Jemima had come back a little overdone with her visit; but she had never spoken of Reginald, and they had no reason to suspect anything, for she never moped, or sickened, or grew morbid, as seems the fashion with young ladies now-a-days, when they fancy they have disappointments; only she crept nearer to them, and seemed to think more

of their love; and they often said softly to one another that it would be very hard to have to part with *Jemima*, as they supposed they must do by-and-by.

Poor *Jemima* rarely allowed herself to dwell on the past, but sometimes, when memory was too strong for her, she shed a few tears, and sadly recalled it. *Reginald* and she had been thrown a good deal together; but surely he had shown her uncalled-for attentions, he had seemed to seek and find pleasure in her society, to *love* her; though poor *Jemima* blushed as she said the word to herself. What disengaged woman's heart is proof against the affection of such a man as *Reginald Dolby*? He had said no word about his feelings, he had seemed to avoid her when they parted, and she came back sick at heart, and told herself it was a dream to be fought against with an awakened mind, to be forgotten in busy duties. But what woman can so easily forget? *Jemima* found how difficult was the task she had set herself, as she bent, with a flushed face over the open drawer.

Mrs. *Cattie* had a very long conversation in the drawing-room; I do not think she would have gone away, even when she did, had not the luncheon-bell rang, and then common civility obliged her to take her leave.

"So I am to order the school-room to be re-whitewashed, and the ventilator to be mended, and the spout to be put to-rights?" she said, as she stood at the hall-door, saying—"Good-bye; you see one would wish to have all very nice for the occasion; and don't you think the whitewashing ought to be looked after at once, so as to be dry; one would not like the inspector to know that it had been done on purpose."

"Oh yes," said Mrs. *Haulleyne*, "and I should like to see about the needlework too. The children have nothing to show; I was going to propose that you and I should take alternate days for the sewing class. Gentlemen are never great judges of work, and in a fortnight one might manage to get up some shirts and a few socks and things."

"A capital plan, very necessary, just what I thought of myself. For my part I intend to go to the school every morning, and question the children according to the Government system, so as to get them up in their subjects. I have no doubt but we shall manage famously." So Mrs. *Cattie* shook hands and took her leave.

"What did she come about?" asked *Jemima*, at luncheon time. Mrs. *Haulleyne* explained, and added, that Mrs. *Catherine* had been regretting that *Jemima* did not teach at the Sunday-school.

"But, mamma, I did try; and you know what happened."

Yes; mamma did know, and she smiled; but my readers do not, and, entreating their forbearance, I will diverge for a moment and tell them.

"Last Christmas, in the absence of Miss *Busby*, a farmer's daughter, the smallest class in the

Sunday-school had been without a teacher; and, at Mrs. *Catherine's* request, *Jemima* had undertaken it. *Jemima* started for the school next Sunday morning, with immense interest. For some time she got on very well; the children were very little; she taught them two verses of a hymn, the few first questions of the catechism, and then, as there was yet leisure, drew them around her, and tried to amuse them by a story. But at the commencement she was floored, she said something about Heaven, and the children opened their round eyes and said they didn't know who *him* was. This was a poor beginning indeed. *Jemima* put her story-book to one side and began to explain. She told them about Heaven, described it as a beautiful place, full of flowers and glorious things, one continued and perfected day; she warmed at her own account, and the children looked interested, and she hoped she had made an impression. That subject finished, she turned to Hell, and described its torments—the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched. Yes; a great burning fire, that devours everyone within its influence.

Jemima paused, flushed with her exertions; and turning to the nearest child asked her where she would rather go to—Heaven or to Hell?

It seemed a subject admitting of no hesitation, nevertheless the child hesitated. She was a sickly-looking little thing, with very blue lips and a bad limp in her gait, from her chilblained feet. When *Jemima* repeated the question, she looked up with serious eyes and said, gravely—"Is'ud gan dir Hell."

"Why?"

Jemima looked perplexed, and waited for a reply.

The draught came in from the ill-fitting door, and the child shuddered.

"Because I'se caud."

Aye, poor little child; there was something even alluring in the fires of Hell. *Jemima* might again and again repeat about the beautiful treasures in the land above; they did not come within the appreciation of that shuddering little one, she could only again and again affirm—"I s'ud gan dir Hell; I'se caud, and I s'ud getten mesel waarmed."

Jemima came home that day low spirited and disheartened. "It was no good," she told her mother; "she would'n't teach any more, she couldn't make the children understand; they didn't know the difference between Heaven and Hell, and she was sure she never should be able to explain it to them. Oh no! she would never go to the school again. So Mrs. *Haulleyne* smiled when *Jemima* said she had tried, and it wouldn't do.

Mrs. *Catherine* was at the school by an early hour the following day. Teaching is a natural gift with some people, but it could hardly be said to be so with her, at least not in the literal sense of instructing the ignorant; for though she had acquired a good deal of general information by reading and patient study, she had

no power of diluting her learning so as to render it digestible to the weaker intellects of the young; she puzzled the children by the mere wording of an easy question. Besides, she had not the most patient temper in the universe, and the sharp tones of her voice distilled tears from the eyes of the nervous, made some few colour, and a great many draw back in obstinacy and stubborn dulness.

Mrs. Catherine was disappointed in her efforts, and out of humour for the rest of the day. When Polly brought in the tea-things she saw there was a cloud on her mistress's brow, and even little Mr. Mildsop, who made his appearance at the same time as the urn, wondered why his kind friend was so very short and sarcastic.

Every Saturday evening Mr. Mildsop spent at the Parsonage, glided up as he did now with that thin black-backed book between his nervous fingers, and, after a few remarks about parish matters in a louder voice to suit old Mr. Goodenough's deafness, when the hot cake and toast rack steamed on the round table, drew in his chair to its place, and Catherine tucked a clean napkin under her father's chin, and cut his bread into narrow strips.

Mr. Mildsop got on slowly with his tea, and Mrs. Catherine fancied he wanted encouraging, she re-filled his teacup, pushed him the toast, and inquired, in a milder tone of voice, what he had been doing with himself to-day.

Mr. Mildsop had been sitting all day over his sermon, and he admitted the fact with a groan.

Mrs. Catherine's eyes brightened, and she nodded encouragingly—"You've brought it with you?"

"Mr. Mildsop sighed "Yes."

"Never mind that, we'll set it right in no time. There, have you finished? Shall I turn your chair round father? And, Augustus (Mrs. Catherine always called the curates by their names), Augustus, you may ring the bell."

Polly carried away the tea-things, and Mrs. Catherine mounted Augustus on a high stool, and directed him to take down first one and then another greybacked folio. She had a dusty pile of volumes before her, when she at last sat down to her work-table, and desired Augustus to draw in a chair to the side.

The old man was already fast asleep over the fire, from time to time giving proof of his somnolency by heavy grunts and deep breathing.

"Now," began Mrs. Catherine, emphatically, and as she spoke she pushed a little square wooden box, which she had just taken from her work-drawer, towards the curate.

Mr. Mildsop's hands were very hot and red with nervousness, and twitched painfully as he opened his thin, black sermon book. "I took that text because," he stammered, "it would come in the lesson, and"—

Mrs. Catherine pulled it impatiently towards her, without waiting for his explanations.

"No; that opening part would not do: her forehead wrinkled, and she bit her lip. She

turned over one of the folios, and found what she wanted.

"Give me the ink, will you, Augustus?"

And he brought what she wanted, and watched, with warm anxiety, while she ran her pen through his laboured sentences, and wrote above, in the smallest and most cramped hand possible, a true flow of eloquence from one of the old divines. But he was not admiring the beauty of the sentiment, he was only wishing, with sickly nervousness, that she would write more plainly; he was really afraid he should never be able to read it, and also what would happen to-morrow?

Mrs. Catherine looked up sharply, and saw the little wooden box still unopened. "You are forgetting your duty to-night, Augustus," she said, with a smile that did not conceal the asperity of her tone, and Mr. Mildsop removed the lid hastily, and taking up one of the needles within, he made a point to the thread, which Mrs. Catherine had carefully put beside it, and began the, to him, difficult task of re-threading all the needles that his benefactress had exhausted during the six days which had elapsed since the last sermon writing.

For an hour or more he was thus engaged; while the perpetual silence was only broken by the scratch of Mrs. Catherine's pen, or the jingle of his scissors, as he put them down after cutting the cotton to its proper length. Mrs. Catherine's green pincushion began to shew a long fringe of threaded needles.

"There—that will do," Mrs. Catherine said, at length, self-complacently, as she put down her pen; and Mr. Mildsop turned livid with nervousness as she continued: "But as I'm not sure how it will sound, or if the sentences join well, do, Augustus, read it aloud, while I get on with my work. We shall not disturb my father; for he is fast asleep."

The poor curate could not refuse, though in his heart he would rather have preached it a second time before the whole congregation than have read it once with Mrs. Catherine's maternal solicitude pouncing upon every mal-pronunciation or ill-turned period. He sat in a vapour-bath during the second hour that was devoted to this criticism; then he rose to take leave.

"You must not go yet, Augustus," Mrs. Catherine remonstrated; "I want to talk to you about this unfortunate examination. I think you said you had no engagement?"

So that poor man had to go back to his seat, and remain there, listening deferentially, till the clock pointed to bed-time, and Polly came in with the prayer-book and the door-key.

It was raining, and Mrs. Catherine insisted on lending him her father's great-coat; and, at the last moment, pushed a very obnoxious lozenge into his mouth, to keep the cold out. Alas! how many trials poor curates have!

And poor Mr. Mildsop had to endure some extra trials, on the very subject of this coming examination. Mrs. Catherine made him assist her with the children's preliminary cramming,

and hampered his efforts by the obligation to follow her written system. She stood by his side while he was teaching them, found fault with him in the children's presence, and contradicted his statements. Mr. Mildsop began to look forward to the classes as anxiously, and with as much terror, as the little ones themselves; and almost counted the days to that final examination which was to put a stop to this educational mania.

It was the second of May. To-morrow, Jemima Haulleyne said, laughingly, would be the field-day; and Mrs. Catherine went to the school, to give a last lesson to the two first classes.

Faultlessly they answered each question of the Catechism, and Mrs. Catherine had winked her approval to Mr. Mildsop over the back of her prayer-book. But some evil sprite suggested to her that it might be as well to probe their knowledge of the meaning of what they had been saying; and the first question she chose was a difficult one, viz. :

"What is faith?"

She looked hard at the children as she asked it; and the children stared silently in answer.

"Does no one know? Well then, listen, girls and boys. You all know what a lemon is?"

Murmur of "Ay," which signified assent.

"Now, suppose I told you that I had a lemon in this basket, which, being closed, you could not see the inside of, would you believe me?"

"A good many said "Ay" again; but one boy stoutly enunciated "No."

"Why not?" questioned Mrs. Catherine, in her sharpest tone, and with a glance that would have annihilated a less stout spirit than that of Joey Blackburn.

"Cause I seed there wor nowt in it afore."

Mr. Mildsop coloured with suppressed laughter, and even Abraham Garlick's red beard twitched; but Mrs. Catherine looked simply annoyed.

"But if I told you it was so, you should have believed even though the evidence of your senses was contrary to the fact. You should have taken my word on trust, as an exercise of faith; therefore faith is——?"

She paused; but, as no answer was ready, she supplied it herself. I wonder if she supposed the school-children could understand her?

"Faith is an exercise of the understanding, or mind, on points beyond our natural comprehension; but referrible to, and dependant on, a Divine Being. It is belief and trust in God, without the knowledge of how He works."

"Tell me now, children," she went on, "what is the difference between your Christian name and your surname?"

It seemed an easy-enough question; but the children met it with silence.

"Come, answer. You *must* know—you?—you?—you?"

She paused, with her finger on the wrist of a blithe-looking little lad, whose sunshiny spirit

and ready abilities made him a general favourite.

"Come, Robert Middleton, you know?"

The boy coloured, hung his head, and puzzled for a moment. A sudden thought struck him, and he looked up brightly.

"Oi knows. Ane's a lite word; t' other's a big ane."

"Robert Middleton!"

Mrs. Catherine must have laughed had she not been shocked at this display of grounded ignorance after her fine theories. She turned away in despair, and requested Mr. Garlick to continue his examination.

One word from his lips, and a big boy had brought the large easel, another a map of the world, and hung it up; and the rod of office was in Abraham's hand. He tapped it imperiously on the floor, and the children popped their hands behind their pinafore-strings.

"Geography. Map of the world," he began; and he cleared his throat. "What is the shape of the globe we live on?"

He had pulled out, and opened, a round metal snuff-box; and was taking a pinch of his favourite tobacco.

"Round, like you," was the answer.

"Yes, round; but what?" he continued.

It was a question out of the usual course, and the children were floored. One, more ambitious than the others, looked anxious to reply.

"But what?" And the school-master glanced at him encouragingly.

"But flat of a Sunday."

Abraham looked confounded, and another head popped up.

"It's Master's snuff-box he manes. Sunday ane's flat."

Abraham had always illustrated his theory of the earth's rotundity by his snuff-box.

Mrs. Catherine groaned in spirit. Mr. Mildsop was good-natured enough to come to the master's assistance.

"Now, children, tell us the points of the compass?"

The question was answered readily.

"And which way do you think these windows face? Silence! I mean, in what direction? Roger, you answer."

"In't yaard."

Truly, it was no wonder that Mrs. Catherine jumped up and proceeded to investigate the girls' work. A few calico chemises and a print frock or two had been all that her and Mrs. Haulleyne's joint energy had been able to effect. We must remember that there was but three weeks warning, and the needlework had been hitherto totally neglected. In these days it is not considered of the same primary importance that it used to be formerly, when every girl, high and low, worked a sampler by eight years old, and had it framed for the best parlour. And a wonderful display of industry it often was, with its Eden, and Adam and Eve, and the apple of discord, and devices of marvellous ingenuity. Or when girls of twelve could cut out and make their father's shirts; stitching the wristbands,

and stroking and putting in the gathers, in a way that would make the accomplished young ladies of to-day stare with astonishment—with contempt, perhaps; but I doubt if any of them could rival it. It is no wonder that sensible old-fashioned people grieve to see the beauty of handiwork evaporating before what is called the progress of education. We all know, now-a-days, how badly our husbands' and brothers' shirts wear; but what wonder is it, with mere machinery-work? And, looking at our households, we may well ask what this march of intellect will bring the servants to? Their powers seem already to wear out as quickly as the shirts do. We have no longer dry polish or elbow-grease; but Susan and Jane do a little crochet or embroidery, and spend their afternoons in writing letters.

Kirkbridge is said to have made a great stride towards civilization; but, for all that, its grand-dames of thirty years ago would have blushed to produce such hemming and seams as the school-girls now passed up for Mrs. Catherine's inspection. She was a good-enough work-woman herself to be annoyed by the big stitches and puckered work; but it could not be helped in these days, she said, mentally; everything was giving place to the education of the mind, and presently, drawing and geometry, and such like, would altogether eject needlework from the village-schools. She did not like the idea; but it could not be avoided, and so, for this time, it would not signify; for what do gentlemen know about work? Ah! what did she know about the attainments of Government inspectors? I have seen them criticize every portion of a shirt with elaborate attention, and really display a most laudable perception of its merits. I have heard them admire good stitching as another would have praised the points of a picture. And, truly, a picture it is to old-fashioned eyes.

Mrs. Catherine went home with a bad headache and a restless mind; but another heart in the village was, that evening, even more perturbed and agitated than her own, and from the same cause.

For three weeks past, Abraham Garlick had endeavoured to drown care in deeper study, and more than usually stiff glasses of grog at bedtime. His wife had soothed him to the best of her ability, and the baby had twined and cried in sympathy. But as the fearful time drew near, the occasion to which Mrs. Catherine had always pointed with a finger of warning when enlarging on any shortcomings of his own or the children, he felt he could brave the trial no longer—he must find safety in flight; and after a final survey of the school-room, fresh white-wash, and new ventilator; after selecting the best-written copy-books, and tidying the bookshelves, he called his wife, Sarah, and unbosomed his mind to her. Until a late hour in the morning a twinkling light might have been noticed in the kitchen-window; and had a passer-by been curious enough to peep through the transparent blind, he would have detected

Sarah on her knees before an open box, packing up her own and the baby's clothes; while Abraham sat over the fire, with his hands shading his face, or stirring the tea-spoon in the glass at his side.

By daybreak they started. The blinds were all down at the big house, and not a chimney in the village showed its line of smoke. Locking the door after him, Abraham sallied forth, carrying Sarah's small kit, his wife with the baby in her red and black shawl, completing the procession.

Before turning into the Meredale-road he looked back and gesticulated with tragic grace. In his own mind he was comparing himself to Lot fleeing from Sodom. He felt as if he were taking away a blessing from the Kirkbridge people as he thus left them; he pictured their anxiety and dismay when his loss should be discovered, and emphatically he said to Sarah: "I pity them, unhappy people; I pity them."

"But what are you doing with the school-key?" his wife inquired, cruelly awaking him to the affairs of everyday-life.

Abraham annihilated her with a glance; and, resting his burden on a stone, strode across the green and tapped at a low cottage-casement.

The blue checked curtain was drawn aside with a trembling hand; and a boy's red head, very scared and untidy, peeped between the crevices.

"It's I—your master," said Abraham, in his melodramatic voice. "Open the window and speak to me."

Dick Hornby hastily obeyed, but shivered a little as the cold air blew in on his light attire.

"Lor', Maister, whas't matter?"

Mr. Garlick pushed in the shining door-key, and explained. He had had a call to make a journey, and should be absent for some days. Dick must open the school-room door and explain his non-appearance.

"But spectre's a coming," suggested Dick.

Abraham shook his head, and pretending for the first time to notice the impatient waving of Sarah's pocket-handkerchief, grasped the hand of his ex-pupil and hurried away.

The early train from Meredale found room for the Garlick family in its third-class carriage; and as Mrs. Catherine hurried up to the school-house, precisely at ten o'clock, they were far away on their journey.

Mrs. Catherine looked curiously at the unopened school-room, and repeatedly tried the house-door. What could be the matter? But Dick Hornby had seen her cross the green, and was now running, with all the speed of his long legs, to repeat his instructions, the door-key dangling over his red fingers.

Mrs. Catherine was speechless in amazement. What was to be done? How dreadful, how shocking, how abominable—no fire lit! The children waiting, in groups, for admittance; no master. Oh! the shame and disgrace that this would bring on Kirkbridge and on her! Oh! those dreadful reports! But she was a woman

of energy. She set one boy to light the fire, another to fetch Mr. Mildsop, and a third to impart the evil intelligence at the Hall.

The Haulleynes were just crossing the Green. Luckily, not Mr. Haulleyne; or, what would he have said? Perhaps blamed Mrs. Catherine; perhaps repeated, what he had so often affirmed, that no improvement could be effected in the school so long as it was under the treatment of Abraham Garlick.

Mrs. Haulleyne and her daughter were walking very slowly; seeming to find a pleasure in even that short walk together. The mother's arm was through the daughter's, and their hands were clasped. They were looking fondly in one another's faces; drawing very close to each other's hearts in sympathy.

Jemima had no secret, now. She had never meant to tell, and she had battled bravely to overcome the trial; but mothers' eyes are very keen, and they saw the tears that would not be repressed. The mother's arms had opened, and the child had crept there and sobbed out its trouble. It did not seem half so hard to bear, now it was shared.

Mrs. Haulleyne did not like to raise unfounded hopes in her daughter's mind; but she could not think, like Jemima, all was at an end. She, too, knew Reginald Dolby; and she did not believe that one so true and just-minded would carelessly entangle a girl's affection. She wondered slightly if pride had stood in his way—if his poverty had awakened a fear of non-acceptance; and, for her daughter's sake, she made a resolution to act as she would never have done had she herself been the sufferer. She had laid many plans during the last few days, and now they were all going to be defeated by one stroke—and this was the manner of it:

Mrs. Catherine had made her long-winded explanation, Jemima had vainly tried to conceal her secret amusement, and Mrs. Haulleyne was striving, with her gentle tones, to put things in a more amiable train, when an outposter announced the fact of the spectre's coming.

The door swung open. Mrs. Haulleyne was acquainted with Mr. Winslow, and advanced to greet him. Mrs. Catherine was in a flutter of expectation, and all the children looked round with open eyes. But through the door-way, in place of Mr. Winslow's upright decided figure, pushed a tall stout man, in a bushy brown wig, and with blue spectacles before his eyes.

Mr. Winslow was, unfortunately, indisposed; and he had come in his place. Hum! um! He had not had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Haulleyne before; but her name was very familiar in his family.

Why did Jemima's fair face deepen to that bright red? Why did she stammer and look confused, and draw back, as the deputy-inspector turned to the good-looking young man who was standing behind him in the door-way, and introduced him as his son?

Oh, yes! Mrs. Haulleyne knew him, and shook his hand with real heartiness; and then,

why the old gentleman was smiling facetiously and Jemima was drawn forward, redder than ever, and found her little hand fast in Reginald Dolby's grasp.

Was there ever such a curious coincidence? and how was it that Jemima's silly heart began to whisper that surely Reginald *must* care for her, or he would not have taken the trouble of accompanying his father on this occasion? Her eyes grew very soft and clear, and the rich colour settled in her cheeks and made her really lovely. Reginald was telling her something, and she was listening. It was how he had just been appointed to a curacy near Mr. Winslow's parish; and his father, who was the examiner for another district, had undertaken the present expedition at Mr. Winslow's request. But Jemima listened far more to the sound of his dear voice than to its meaning. Poor, silly, fluttering little Jemima!

All at once Mrs. Haulleyne remembered Mrs. Catherine's presence, and turned round to introduce her. She was surprised to see Mrs. Catherine's face had blanched to a dead white, and that her hands were shaking nervously.

"No, no," she groaned, as Mrs. Haulleyne would have drawn her forward; "never mind me—please take no notice of me!" And, though wondering greatly, Mrs. Haulleyne kindly did as she seemed to desire, and sought to hide her from observation.

But it was too late: already Mr. Dolby had caught her name, and was looking at her keenly. Did he recognize her? Years had passed since they had met, and, with bitter words on either side, had bidden what both declared should be an eternal farewell. He had cast her from his heart and married another: but he had once loved, and so had she, and neither could easily forget that. They had parted, both young; she as fresh and glowing, if not so gentle as Jemima herself; he, such another as his son yonder. Now, the coarse, worn man looked in the face of the tired, faded woman, wondering sorrowfully at its changes. They had neither thought to meet again: it was long since each had lost the clue to the other's whereabouts—they had once thought that they never could speak if they do so: but that was years ago, and all bad feeling had died out: and when Mr. Dolby extended his hand, Mrs. Catherine met it with a firm grasp, and turned away with a watery haziness in her eyes.

The business of the day began, and Mrs. Catherine was almost herself again as she explained the absence of the master, and joined in the laugh which it awakened—perhaps her treacherous heart told her that she might have been equally cowardly had she known who was the examiner. The children certainly did little credit to their teaching; but naturally the greatest blame attached to the absent master, and perhaps Mr. Dolby was unusually lenient for the sake of his old friend. She stood listening to him with womanly pride, burying every past wrong, and feeling almost truly for his

loss when she detected the woman's wedding-ring on his plump little finger. His wife, then, was dead! Who and what had she been?

But Mr. Dolby's voice was raised—What were the children saying now? How *Jemima* and that young *Dolby* were laughing! She questioned Mr. *Mildsop* at her side, and he told her. Mr. *Dolby* had asked what was faith? and all had answered, "A lemon in Mrs. Catherine's basket!"

Mrs. Catherine coloured till the tears came into her eyes, and tried to explain her reasoning. And everyone helped her, and laughed at the children's mistake, and Mr. *Dolby* said it was a capital illustration.

'Things really were better than might have been expected: to be sure, when Mr. *Dolby* said the badge of the Plantagenets was a spray of broom stuck in the cap, and asked what broom was, *Jack Hornby* answered, "T' bea-son, as mother swapes t' floor wi'!" And *Janet Lewis* declared that tea came from the grocer's; and *Joey Smithers* had a notion that the term ghostly enemy must refer to Mr. *Mildsop* as curate, because spiritual pastor meant "t' parson." Yet, in spite of these few mistakes, the children betrayed a certain degree of natural sharpness, and did credit to Mrs. Catherine's recent instructions. Mr. *Dolby* said, good-naturedly, as he finished, that a good master would be the making of the school, and afterwards gave it as mild treatment as was in his power. But the fact of the master's disappearance was indisputable, and made a ludicrous item in the next report—more ludicrous still to those who knew the place and parties.

Now, having reached the climax of my educational tale, I shall do well to bring it to a close. What is lacking may easily be supplied by those who see Mrs. *Haulleyne* and Mr. *Dolby's* earnest confab as they leave the school, and, watching the bright faces of the young ones on before, feel that they have come to a full understanding at last. It was quite true that *Reginald* did not like to ask any woman to share his homeless life; but now he has a curacy, and, besides, has somehow discovered that *Jemima* loves him as well as he loves her, and that her parents are too wise to weigh gold against merit.

And Mrs. Catherine walks home alone, but with a brisk step and a glad face. Has not Mr. *Dolby* told her that he must come and see her father that afternoon, and talk to her of old times? She does her hair in its best fashion, and puts on her most becoming dress, and watches the village-road till her cheeks are flushed. And when he comes in and sits beside her, how happy she is! It is quite like old days. She forgets that she has lost her youth, and grown hard and soured.

Mr. *Dolby* looks at her and ceases to think how she is altered. He seems to trace a remnant of her old better self in those softened tones, and the loving tenderness (the purest part of her nature) with which she comforts her

aged father. No matter that the old man does not recognize him, mumbles over his name, and confounds it with that of a long-ago college friend. Mr. *Dolby* speaks to him gently and respectfully, and grasps his bony fingers with real affection. In the worn-out, paralytic invalid, he still sees the strong hearty man, of whom his boyish ardour was half afraid; and reads in his daughter's wrinkled face the same heart which had formerly made its chief attraction.

At last the time comes for him to leave, and Catherine walks arm-in-arm with him to the village, in a quiet trance of happiness, as though she had been the wife of long years. And when she returns to the Parsonage, she feels very much as if a cloud had come over her sunshine. But she is better, even for that momentary gleam—kinder and warmer to the old man, and more ready in her sympathy with the world.

* * * * *

The *Dolbys* have been much at *Kirkbridge* this summer, and in the autumn *Jemima* is to be married. There is a report (I cannot vouch for its truth) that Mr. *Dolby* finds his home very lonely now his son has left him, and has asked Mrs. Catherine to come and brighten it with her presence. It is said that, if she does not withdraw the "yes" she has given, an arrangement will be made by which means the old man can continue under his daughter's care, and the *Kirkbridge* Parsonage and living be vacated for the young couple. Mr. and Mrs. *Haulleyne* could not entirely spare their darling; and I am sure Mr. *Goodenough* could never live without Catherine—nor would she leave him. But, so far, I only speak from hearsay, and can but affirm one thing on my own knowledge and experience, viz., that Mrs. Catherine has lost her horror of Government inspection, and now cordially upholds it as the best system for increasing and diffusing knowledge throughout the country!

DERRY RICHMOND.

—♦—

MAN'S FACULTIES.—Man was born to be rich, or, inevitably grows rich, by the use of his faculties; by the union of thought with Nature. Property is an intellectual production. The game requires coolness, right reasoning, promptness, and patience in the players. Cultivated labour drives out brute labour. An infinite number of shrewd men, in infinite years, have arrived at certain best and shortest ways of doing, and this accumulated skill in arts, cultures, harvesting, curings, manufactures, navigations, exchanges, constitutes the worth of our world to-day.—EMERSON'S "Conduct of Life."

GREEN LANES OF ENGLAND.

BY MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

Green Lanes—Green Lanes of England,
How pleasantly ye lie,
With graceful curves and gentle slopes,
Beneath the summer sky!
To me ye seem, half sentimentally,
With strange and subtle spell,
To lay your twining girdles round
Each mead and bosky dell.
I feel that 'mid your flowery banks,
There somewhere beats a heart,
Which gives you life, and makes you know
A semi-human part.

Your soft delicious breath comes forth
In rolling waves of scent,
As if the garden and the grove
Had all their treasures blent;
As if the eager honey-bee—
That russet miser thing,
That type of lucre-lover still
Howe'er his praises ring—
But sensible of worldly gain
Had flung from every flower
The store, he was too gross to prize,
In wild and wanton shower.

Green Lanes, Green Lanes of England,
To varied scenes how oft
Ye point and lead; then lure us on
With music clear and soft.
A full rich chord swells on the breeze—
The lovely lane winds near
Where cawing rooks hold parliament,
And leap the antlered deer;
An undulating English Park
Spreads like enamelled chart
With all the changeless—changeless grace
Of Nature wed to Art!

Anon we turn and leave the haunt
Of Baron old—or new;
And down the hill and up the lane,
Fresh pictures come to view.
The music has a changed tone,
Pathetic fall and flow,
As if by searching minor key
The melody must grow.
A group of low-roofed cottages
Proclaims the village home,
Ranged round by hedge invisible
Beneath the azure dome;—

Ranged round by hedge of Circumstance
So few can overleap,
Where labour's wheel unceasing rolls
And rocks the mind to sleep;
Where eyes the townsman finds so strange
Gaze with a vacant stare,
As if some film of clay were spread
To dull the radiance there.
Yet sunburnt children loil about
In grave and lazy play;—
And God's Eye to the core of things
Leans down its piercing ray!

Green Lanes, amid your flowering banks
There somewhere beats a heart
That gives you life and makes you know
This semi-human part!
Green Lanes, Green Lanes of England;
Your changeable voices tell
Of rich and poor, and life and death,
With solemn anthem swell.
Ye creep unto the Grave-yard hid
The sheltering yews among—
And show its quaintly-graven stones
For moral of my song!

THE BLOSSOM OF HAPPINESS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"What is Hope?" "The Blossom of Happiness."
Answer of a Deaf and Dumb Pupil.

Blossom of Happiness, fragile and fair,
Softly expanding in warmth and in light,
How shall I guard thee from chill, bitter air?
How shall I save thee from storm and from blight?
Bright be the sunbeams, and balmy the showers,
Let not rude tempests my blossom uproot;
Long have I watched it through still, silent hours,
Fain would I see it transformed into fruit.

Blossom of Happiness, winds whistle round,
Clouds gather dark as a funeral pall;
Slowly thy leaves are laid low on the ground,
Say, shall I murmur and droop at their fall?
No, smiling Hope my consoler shall be,
Yielding ere long to my eager pursuit
Blossoms of Happiness, lovely as thee—
Blossoms that yet may reward me with fruit!

L O N E L I N E S S .

BY ANNE A. FREMONT.

We sat alone, we two, my grief and I—
My dumb, dead hope that in full bloom had died;
I only saw that unmasked misery,
Although the glorious hues of eventide
Flooded the room, the summer sunshine made
Of the blank walls a golden rippling sea;
The graceful vine-leaves' light and flickering shade
Chequered the floor; the treasure-laden bee
Went humming past its careless happy song;
And in low-gushing tones, most musical,
The glad birds sang, the leafy trees among,
Their hymn of praise; yet was unheeded all
This loveliness by me, for my dull heart
Thrill'd not at sight or sound. The day went by;
The twilight, too, did in night's gloom depart,
And still we sat alone, my grief and I.

ALL IS NOT GOLD, THAT GLITTERS.

CHAP. I.

"Don't be uneasy about him, porter—he's quite harmless." Such were the last words I heard uttered in the merry voice of my friend Fred Mordaunt, as the train, steadily getting in motion, carried me on beyond hearing of the anathemas and expostulations of a surly porter, whose impotent ire I had aroused, somewhat maliciously perhaps, by the simple process of leaning out of the window of the compartment, in which I was sole occupant, to light a cigar.

Well, we were off at last; and I at least, out of all the scores of passengers who were being whirled along at fifty miles an hour by that afternoon's express, had pleasure therein. People may grumble as they like, and talk of the vanished delights of old coaching days, to the disparagement of railway travelling; but, for my own part, I always thoroughly enjoy a couple of hundred miles by rail. There is something very exhilarating in the pace, and something still more amusing in the variety and numbers of your fellow-passengers. A man can hardly pass over a few thousand miles of the iron road without finding his knowledge of human nature, and probably his *nosce teipsum*, materially extended. Be this as it may, I decidedly prefer railway travelling—perhaps, to be candid, because I have never had much experience of coaching. And my enjoyment of my present journey was very materially enhanced by the prospect which awaited me at its far end. A six weeks' stay by the sea-side, and escape from dingy, smoky London, is a highly agreeable idea to a hard-working London artist; coupled with as much rest and idleness as the reader may think fit to allow to a young aspirant for fame, whose forthcoming "sea-piece" was expected by the artist and a few of his intimate friends to create some sensation at the ensuing Exhibition.

* * *

Let the reader pass over a space of six hours or so, and imagine me at last settled in my lodgings—my "rooms" I felt inclined to write; only upon reflection the term seemed too aristocratic for the two small chambers, a sitting and bed-room, for the possession of which, including the privilege of being entirely taken in and done for, I paid my amiable landlady, Mrs. Gubbins, the sum of three pounds weekly; the most attractive piece of furniture in each of the said rooms being a gaudy fly-catcher, suspended from the ceiling, which afforded me many professional reveries anent harmony of colours.

The occupations of the first week of my sojourn need not be detailed. Brightmouth is too well known to need that I should de-

scribe its daily round of bathing, strolling on the beach, boating, parading the pier where the band played in the afternoon, and all the other indispensable etceteras of a fashionable watering-place. And thoroughly I did enjoy for that week the *dolce far niente*, for I was resolute to lay by brush and palette for the eight appointed days of real idleness. There was only one drawback. In the midst of all the gaiety, I, unhappy wretch, was *solus*. None of my friends were down at the time, and I was too proud to associate with the small united force of unhappy bachelors, from whose inseparable companionship I readily divined—as indeed did all other *habitués* of the pier—that their case was my own. But no! to be seen in their company would stamp me at once—a "friendless one." I was not so far gone as that. With half a hint I might have had the pleasure of Miss Gubbins's company on the pier of an afternoon; a young lady with—if it must be told—real red locks, whose rendering of the "Ghost Melody" on a jangling old piano, in the room immediately beneath mine, almost transported me—whether with pleasure or rage, politeness towards the memory of that interesting young person forbids me to say. But I have a distinct recollection of buying a score marbles, and, whenever I heard that ghostly concert commencing, dropping the said marbles in irregular succession upon the floor, from which I had previously rolled back the carpet, the process, being continually renewed, forming an obligato accompaniment to the music beneath. Whether Miss Gubbins believed that that ghostly music had called-up some unquiet, rapping spirit, I cannot say; but I fancy it must have been so, for she certainly gave up the piano for a while.

In this my lonely state, my chief amusement at "Parade-time" was observation of the various loungers upon the pier. Amongst these, my attention was particularly drawn to one family party, as they appeared to be, consisting of a small, middle-aged, sandy, scrubby-haired gentleman, of somewhat meek aspect; and his wife, a large, stout, red-faced woman—one who had evidently in her day been something of a beauty; but good living and bad temper had not left much of it now. But that which I am "free to confess," as the newspapers have it, had the most attraction for me, was a tall, handsome, stylish-looking girl of three or four and twenty; whether daughter or niece I could not decide, but I inclined to the latter. Fine dark hair and eyes, faultless features, and a splendid figure, certainly combined to make the young lady what my friend Freddy would have called "a regular top-sawyer." They did not appear to have any acquaintances in Brightmouth; probably, thought I, come down here

for the same purpose as myself—a little retirement; and a feeling of unexpressed sympathy arose within me. Possibly the young lady's splendid eyes had something to do with it; but I am philanthropic, according to my cranial bumps; and "man is a gregarious animal," as philosophers tell us; which two reasons, backed up by my solitary condition, are, I hope, amply sufficient to satisfy the reader, as I endeavoured to satisfy myself, with regard to the cause of this sympathy. And my benevolent feelings were ere long unexpectedly put into activity.

I was one morning taking my daily constitutional in the shape of an hour's pull in a small boat, of the species in which Brightmouth abounds, when, as the Fates ordained, just as I was passing the end of the pier in my very best style—I pride myself a little upon my rowing—down came a gay parasol whirling and twisting into the water within a dozen yards of my boat. To turn and secure the fugitive was the work of a minute, and, securing my boat to the landing-steps, I climbed with much alacrity upon the pier; such adventures did not befal a solitary visitor every day. As I cast my eyes round upon the groups of amused spectators to discover the fair owner of my prize, a nervous but oily voice at my elbow caused me to turn suddenly.

"Mrs. Polby and myself are extremely obliged to you, sir!" said the scrubby-haired gentleman before mentioned, nervously wriggling out his words with a profusion of bows, and washing his hands as diligently as though he had not enjoyed that luxury for at least the previous week; "much obliged, and my niece also," he repeated, bowing again until his swallow-tails stood horizontally in a line with his back.

The black-haired young lady stretched forth a very neat gloved hand to receive her parasol.

"Monsieur is very kind," she said with a splendid smile, and in a slightly foreign accent.

"May I," continued Mr. Polby, with another short bow—"that is, Mrs. Polby and myself would esteem it a favour to know to whom we are indebted for the catching of—for the preserving of—of—"

"Oh, certainly!" said I, "with pleasure," and I handed my card to the gentleman.

Mr Polby turned to the lady, who, after a short but amusing fumble in her reticule, produced a card-case.

"We shall be most happy to see you, Mr. Lumley, at Prospect Villa, whenever you like to favour us with your company," said Mrs. Polby graciously, as she presented her card, which bore the inscription: "Mrs. Polby," and in the corner in pencil, "Prospect Villa."

"Most happy to see you, Mr. Lumley, sir," assented Mr. Polby with more bows: and another irresistible smile from the handsome young lady settled the question. "Yes, I would shortly do myself the honour of calling at Prospect Villa;" and we parted *pro tem*, with many smiles from the ladies and repeated bows

from the gentleman. Certainly Mr. Polby was a very polite man.

CHAP. II.

I cannot deny that I did feel in somewhat extra good spirits as I walked back to my lodgings that morning. The United Bachelors, whom I encountered just as I left the pier, and who I know had had strong suspicions as to my character, and equally strong hopes of my shortly enlisting in their ranks, must instantaneously have confessed that their suspicions were false, and at once have given up all hopes of a new recruit when they met me that morning. I almost fancy they set me down as a paterfamilias—at the very least they must have allowed me an unlimited arrival of cousins in Brightmouth. Poor fellows! I really pitied them; and they knew it. Mrs. Gubbins remarked, with a rather peculiar manner, as she cleared away the remnants of my dinner, that she "hoped as the sea-hair was a-doing of me good; which she was led to suppose so from increasing consumption," a somewhat mysterious and paradoxical conclusion, but I was in far too pleased a mood to spend much time in analyzing Mrs. Gubbins's ideas.

The next evening I called at Prospect Villa. I will not be sure that I had not spent five minutes extra upon the arrangement of the outward man—artists are not generally remarkable for attention to dress—but then, was it not to be expected? Of course I should meet Mrs. Polby, and perhaps—I endeavoured to look indifferent as I thought this—perhaps her niece also. Prospect Villa was a really handsome house, facing the sea; one of a line of similar detached buildings upon the Marine Parade. The young lady was seated by the open window as I approached.

"Ah! c'est Monsieur!" she exclaimed, as I lifted my hat.

In a moment Mr. Polby was at the door. "Walk in, sir," said he, as he ushered me into the house, and, throwing open the drawing-room door, he announced me as "Mr. Lumley." He appeared on the point of retiring after saying thus much, but apparently thought better of it, for he suddenly opened again the half-shut door, and came into the room. He was decidedly a bashful man.

"Very glad to see you, Mr. Lumley," said the lady of the house, as she shook hands: "pray find a seat, Lisette. You must thank the gentleman for saving your parasol."

"Oh, Monsieur was so very kind!" said the young lady, with a winning smile. "I am so grateful: I cannot find words to thank Monsieur!"

But dark eyes can do a great deal more than words, and Mademoiselle's thanks were amply rendered. Certainly those eyes were magnificent; and the young lady was so artless, so

naïve! with such a pretty foreign accent and manner—Mademoiselle quite put me at my ease at once. "She would take Monsieur's hat into the hall" (in the hurry I had brought it into the room with me). "Positively Monsieur must not rise"—as I endeavoured to forestal her wish.

"Really," said I, as she re-entered the room, "Mademoiselle must think me very rude to cause her such trouble!"

"Mademoiselle!" said the young lady, echoing the word with a merry laugh and arched eyebrows, "without doubt Monsieur imagines that I am *étrangère*?"

I could only bow.

She laughed heartily: "Oh! ma chère tante, entendez-vous? Monsieur imagines that I am *étrangère*!"

Mrs. Polby joined the laugh. "Ah! Mr. Lumley," she said, "you are not the only one that has fallen into the same mistake; but Miss Polby is English—quite English by birth; but she has lived so long abroad, that she is quite as much French as English in manner."

"O yes," assented Miss Polby, "I am English—J'aime les Anglais!"

Mademoiselle—for I could not help calling her so—looked so excessively handsome, and smiled so bewitchingly, as she uttered the words, that I could have wished the concluding declaration had been a little less catholic, and somewhat more individual in its application.

Mr. Polby, who, after furtively selecting the poorest-looking chair in the room, had seated himself upon its extreme edge, with an air very unlike that of an Englishman in his own house, here broke in: "Mrs. Polby and myself have been much abroad," he observed, washing his hands nervously, "and my niece has lived nearly all her life in France. Mrs. Polby and myself prefer the continent: we are not at home amongst English customs—so stuck-up, you know!"

"Ah!" said the lady, "I do so love the French! The restraints of English society are so provoking! But of course, Mr. Lumley, you'll stay tea—quite in a friendly way, you know. We've come down here quite *incog*. It is such a pleasure to rough it a little! Lisette makes a capital housekeeper, and we make Mr. Polby butler, and then we have just one girl for cook—it is so delightful to be relieved from the charge of a lot of servants!"

Of course I was delighted to stay.

"And Monsieur shall see how good a house-keeper I am," laughed Lisette; "and my uncle shall be butler, and Monsieur shall pronounce that he does it well."

And she tripped away to make her preparations.

A capital butler Mr. Polby did make, when he entered the room a few minutes after, carrying a tray laden with cups, saucers, plates, and a handsome silver tea-service; and then proceeded, amidst the laughter and jokes of the ladies, to arrange them on the table in a highly

professional manner. Mr. Polby was evidently an eccentric, but clever man.

Few small tea-parties have passed over more pleasantly than ours that evening.

"Was Mademoiselle musical?" I asked, after Mr. Polby had cleverly concluded his performance by clearing the table in the very best style.

Oh, Mademoiselle was very musical.

"Would she play?" I asked, as I looked towards a handsome piano at the other end of the room.

"Ah! Monsieur is very cruel! il se moque de moi! Does not Monsieur see?"

Yes, I saw a very pretty white hand held up, with a bandage on one finger. Of course I was extremely sorry, and doubly so from being deprived of the pleasure of hearing Mademoiselle perform.

"That comes of housekeeping, Mr. Lumley," said Mrs. Polby. "But, Lisette, you must not escape a song."

"Surely Mademoiselle will not refuse?" said I, with an appealing look.

"If Monsieur insists," she said, laughing, and seated herself at the piano.

Playing an *extempore* accompaniment with the uninjured hand, she sang, in a fine rich voice, "*Oui Vraiment*." Her style was lively and expressive; but her voice wanted training.

"Lisette never would have a singing-master," said Mrs. Polby.

"Oh! I hate masters," assented the young lady, with an expressive shrug of the shoulders.

Then we had "Du, Du!" and other German songs. I am particularly fond of German music, and I was enchanted. What would I give, thought I, to hear her play? And so the evening passed on delightfully; but the best of friends must part, and I felt that I must take my leave.

"Au revoir!" said Mademoiselle, with a charming smile, and a look which said—well, I won't say what it said, because I may be wrong; but at any rate I went home that night remarkably well pleased with myself.

CHAP. III.

From that time I saw a great deal of the Polbys—indeed, I was with them more or less every day. We boated, and walked, and "paraded," and read under boats, and went home to Prospect Villa for tea and a song—for Lisette's finger would not get well, and so we had no music; but the song did duty for both.

The Polbys knew no one in Brightmouth, nor did they apparently care to know any one—"English people were so stiff and cold: they did not care for English society!"

I surmised that they were people of property, from the handsomely furnished residence they

had hired, and from the unusual amount of plate which was constantly made use of; but, as Mr. Polby informed me, very nervously, they had no landed property, they so much preferred living abroad. "Mrs. Polby and myself," he said, "do not care to form any ties in England; so we never do more than hire a house for a few months at a time; and Lisette, poor orphan Lisette, is our adopted child, our heiress!"

Though the Polbys had no friends in Brightmouth, it was plain that the circle of their acquaintance was no small one. It was quite amusing to hear Mrs. Polby and Lisette describe their aristocratic and titled friends. Lisette was a decided quizz, and would keep us all in fits of laughter by the half-hour together at her clever caricature impersonations of her lady-acquaintances; nor did the gentlemen escape. I had the honour once of just catching a glimpse of one of these titled friends, who was making a morning-call. Mrs. Polby, Lisette, and myself were sitting chatting together in a small breakfast-parlour, which the lady had selected as her boudoir, when a handsome carriage drove up to the door.

"Oh, voila! ma chère tante," cried Lisette, hastily; directing her aunt's attention to the arrival.

Mrs. Polby rose quickly, apparently not a little put out by such an early call.

"Pray excuse me, Mr. Lumley," she said, hastily: "Lisette will keep you company." And she hurried off.

We heard the visitors come in, and apparently enter several rooms in succession. After remaining about ten minutes, they took their leave. From the window I saw Mr. Polby come out with an elderly, stout gentleman leaning on his arm. Mr. Polby threw open the carriage-door, and the old gentleman got in."

"Polby," said he, as he seated himself, "don't forget the fires."

"Certainly, sir," returned the latter, with a low bow; "I will remember!" And, closing the door, the carriage drove off.

There was no doubt that Mr. Polby was a most polite man—"quite a gentleman of the old school!" as I laughed to Lisette.

"Ah! je l'aime beaucoup," was her reply.

Presently Mrs. Polby rejoined us.

"Sir John Grasmere," she said; "an old friend of Mr. Polby's. Such an eccentric old man! But such an unfashionable hour for a call, you know. Just like Sir John!"

The Polbys were very amusing people; they had so many little drolleries amongst themselves. The ladies frequently alluded to Mr. Polby as "the master." The first time I heard them use the word I was quite at a loss to understand to whom they alluded. Lisette had accidentally knocked down a handsome china vase, which stood on a small table in the drawing-room.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Polby, starting up in alarm, "Oh! Lisette, what will master say?"

Lisette seemed also at first a little disconcerted at this idea; but after a moment she replied,

with a laugh, as she looked appealingly to me:

"Monsieur will intercede for me. He is the friend of the master."

My look of devotion was an ample guarantee for my best exertions in the cause.

Presently Mr. Polby came in. He washed his hands more nervously than ever when he saw the damage.

"Very unfortunate, Lisette," he said.

"Ah! Mr. Polby," interrupted I, "accidents will happen, you know, in the best regulated families."

"Yes! just so, Mr. Lumley, sir! Quite so!" replied the master, looking still very ruefully upon the *débris* of his china.

"Well, come now, the master won't be so very angry?" said Mrs. Polby, appealingly to her spouse.

"Oh, no; of course not! Quite an accident, you know, Mrs. Polby! Can't be angry; of course not! Eh?" half said, half asked Mr. Polby:

"Certainly not," replied the lady, with a slight toss of her head; and so the affair ended.

After that time I frequently heard Mr. Polby styled "master." It was very amusing.

Very soon after our acquaintance commenced I was called upon to take Lisette's likeness.

"Monsieur is an artist," said the young lady, laughingly. "Positively Monsieur must paint my portrait."

I was delighted to take her at her word, and so the portrait was commenced; but we found the sittings so very agreeable that the work was by no means hurried to a completion. It was a dangerous undertaking for an unprotected young gentleman of three-and-twenty, however Platonic and professional in his views, with such a sitter.

The sittings had not continued long before—as the reader will readily guess—I was over head and ears in love.

* * * * *

"Ah! Henri, je n'osé pas le nier, tu sais bien que je t'aime!" was the confession whispered into my ear one delightful evening as we strolled along the beach.

* * * * *

I had gone thus far without any thought as to the ultimate issue; but now that we were fairly engaged, I had to consider what probability there was that the uncle would give his consent. My adored Lisette was, he had told me, his heiress, and therefore rich. I was a working artist, whose chief inheritance was a good name, good blood, and as much of this world's wealth as usually falls to the share of a younger son, low on the list. My intimacy with the head of the family, my eldest brother, was chiefly limited to a few weeks' visit during the shooting-season, and a very kind and *valuable* letter on my birthday. My brother was a thoroughly kind-hearted fellow; but his maxim was, and very justly: "Harry must provide

for himself!" And his increasing family had already given him some six or seven reasons for adhering to it.

CHAP. IV.

"Ah! Henri, c'est si cruel, n'est-ce pas?" said Lisette, stamping her foot with indignation.

"Ah! dearest," said I, "it is cruel, very cruel; but I dare say your uncle means all for the best. He thinks that you should not throw yourself away upon a roving, unsettled, moneyless fellow like myself!"

Such, in fact, had poor Mr. Polby—with much nervousness and washing of hands, though not in so many words—given me to understand, when I had asked his niece's hand. Indeed he had shown much more determination on the point than I had given him credit for; but, though as usual, when announcing his decision, he had given it as the opinion of Mrs. Polby and himself, yet I had the satisfaction of knowing that the lady did not by any means share her lord's disapproval. As for Lisette, she greeted the disappointing intelligence with a flood of tears—partly of grief and partly of anger—and vented her displeasure upon "ce méchant oncle" most vigorously.

"Don't fret, Lisette, mon âme," said I, tenderly. "Hope for the best; your uncle will perhaps change his mind."

"Ah! non, je le counais trop bien," she replied, with a desponding shake of the head.

Under these circumstances, the only thing that could be done was mutually to vow eternal fidelity, after the authorized accredited fashion in such cases; which, for the time at least, tended to revive our drooping spirits.

I was not quite in such good spirits as usual when I went home to my lodgings that night. Mrs. Gubbins must have been relieved to find that the "sea-hair" was beginning to disagree with me—judging from decreased "consumption."

* * * * *

It was just one week after Mr. Polby's refusal that a memorable conversation took place between Mrs. Polby and myself, which I always regard as an embryo crisis in my fate. Though Mr. Polby had adhered with such Spartan determination to his first decision, he had nevertheless made not the slightest objection to my visiting Prospect Villa on precisely the same footing as before. Perhaps this was not a usual course of action in such cases; but then the Polbys, I knew, in many respects set at nought what they called the "cold, formal rules of English society." At least, it was not for me to find fault with the liberty thus accorded.

On that eventful morning I was sitting in Mrs. Polby's little room, telling my sorrows to her sympathizing ears.

"Is there no hope," I asked, "that Mr.

Polby will change his determination? Cannot you persuade him?"

"Quite hopeless!" said the lady, shaking her head. "When he has once made up his mind you can never alter him. Ours was a run-away match, Mr. Lumley. My father refused his consent; but Polby was determined, and after we were married, and he knew that opposition was useless, he became reconciled to the marriage."

Was I mistaken, or was there not a peculiar glance in Mrs. Polby's eye as she said this? I started up. "Mrs. Polby," said I, "you'll not betray me?"

"Betray you, Mr. Lumley!—why, I hope some day to call you my nephew! What do you mean?"

That conversation decided me—ours should be a run-away match! I soon found my adored Lisette, and my convincing arguments silenced her half-expressed scruples.

"Henri!" she said at length, with such a bewitching smile, "if it is your wish, let it be so."

"Oh, dearest, only say when."

"Henri!" said Lisette, as she hid her face on my shoulder, "shall I be ready to-morrow evening?"

And so it was arranged. A postchaise was to await Lisette, and the servant who was to accompany her, at a given spot on the following evening, at an appointed hour.

Historians tell us that Cæsar spent the night preceding his celebrated passage of the Rubicon in riding up and down the banks of the river, turning over in his mind all the possible consequences of the step he meditated taking. Now I cannot with truth affirm that I spent the night which closed this memorable day in riding up and down my room, nor, indeed, in walking either; and in this respect the majesty of my conduct fell short of that of the Roman general: but then, Cæsar had no Mrs. Gubbins, whose ire he feared to arouse by keeping her awake all night; but I question whether the conflict in Cæsar's magnanimous breast so much surpassed that in mine. Of course, as I repeatedly assured myself—sometimes aloud, for the sake of greater effect—there could be no doubt that I was really in love, and that I did really adore Lisette; and, of course, I begged again to assure myself there was no doubt she would make me a good loving wife; indeed there was no doubt I had every reason to congratulate myself immensely. And as to what my friends would think of the match, it was equally certain that they *must* approve it. True, the Polbys were peculiar, and perhaps somewhat eccentric, or rather foreign—yes, *foreign*; the word was comfortable, and I made a great deal of it—in some respects; but they were at any rate people of good position. The fact of its being a run-away match, to speak candidly, gave me little concern—as far as that went, I had not the slightest doubt that Mr. Polby would soon become reconciled to our marriage, once it were *un fait accompli*. But I can't deny that I was just a trifle unsettled that evening; my favourite pipe had quite lost its

customary soothing effect. I found many excuses for ringing up Mrs. Gubbins—a process which acted as a safety-valve to my high-pressure feelings.

"Prospect Willer, sir!" said my landlady, as I happened to mention that I had been there in the morning—"Prospect Willer, sir! Oh, ah! I see!" continued Mrs. Gubbins, in a peculiar tone of voice.

"Impertinent old wretch!" I mentally ejaculated. "She's extra sharp, I know to my cost, even for a lodging-house keeper; but upon my word I never expected this! She sees, does she? And what has she to do with it, I wonder? Well, Mrs. Gubbins," said I, in a very magnificent tone, for my landlady had always put on a great many airs whenever I mentioned my visits to Prospect Villa, and always uttered a great many significant "oh's!" with much ostentatious scraping of the throat—an unaccountable proceeding, which had before now greatly raised my ire.

"Fam'ly returned, sir?" asked Mrs. Gubbins, in a perfectly unmoved voice.

"Really, Mrs. Gubbins," said I, "I am quite at a loss to understand you!"

"Oh, of course," returned my landlady; "gentlemen can do as they please. I heard as he had left his butler behind him. Of course, if visits is permitted—"

"Mrs. Gubbins," I interrupted, growing perfectly majestic with wrath, "I shall not require your lodgings after to-morrow. Have the kindness to let me have my last week's bill at breakfast—at present I wish to be alone."

Mrs. Gubbins raised her eyebrows, flounced out of the room, and shut the door with a bang, and I was left alone, with her last words still in my ears—"Left his butler behind him!" And what if Mr. Polby had left his butler behind him? What was that to Mrs. Gubbins? What did she want to know about the family being at home? Did she suppose I should visit an empty house? What could the woman mean? "Left his butler behind him!" The words haunted me all night; and, in no very pleasant frame of mind, I came down to breakfast next morning.

"Fam'ly is returned to Prospect Willer, sir," said Mrs. Gubbins, with a sarcastic smile on her face as she arranged the breakfast-table—"which I ought to say the gentleman will leave this morning, having merely come to take home the servants, having arrived yesterday evening."

I could endure this mystery no longer; so, fiercely seizing my hat, I hastened off at once to Prospect Villa. I had no very definite ideas as to what I was going for, or what I hoped to find; but I was exceedingly annoyed by Mrs. Gubbins's unfounded, silly gossip; and a chat with Lisette would do me good—I am not quite sure that the words "reassure me" did not come into my mind as I hurried along. At the door, to my surprise, stood a handsome travelling carriage, piled up with luggage. I hurried up the steps, and was about to enter the house, when a footman in livery, who stood in the

hall, came forward. I remembered his face at once: I had seen him on the coach-box when Sir John Grasmere called.

"Now then, young man, not quite so fast, if you please! What may be your business?" he began, with a supercilious smile on his face.

"Silence, fellow!" said I, boiling over with wrath at this impertinence. "Tell me if Mr. Polby is at home?"

"Can't say whether Polby's got home yet," was the reply; "Master's sent him and his mis-sis and Lisette in charge of the first cart of luggage this mornin'. They've been gone these four hours. And I say, old feller," he continued, with a knowing wink, "if you are the young man as has been looking arter the lady's-maid, why sharp's the word for you—Master's uncommon hup about it, for he've been informed about it; and followers was expressly forbid."

So absolutely astounded was I by the man's words, that I stood as though petrified, quite unable to utter a word. At this moment the dining-room door opened, and the identical old gentleman whom I had seen so carefully handed into the carriage by Mr. Polby made his appearance, apparently brought out by the sound of voices in the hall.

"So," he exclaimed, in a short, puffy, excited voice—"so this is the young man that has been courting my daughter's lady's-maid, eh, Thomas? A pretty piece of impertinence, young man, to come sneaking into the house when the master's away! You may think yourself lucky, sir, that you are not given into custody for being found on the premises with felonious intent! upon my word, sir, you may! I feel half-inclined to do it now, sir! What do you mean by it, sir?—a whiskered, idle, graceless young scamp! Wanted the run of the larder, I suppose? Never earnt an honest penny in your life, I'll warrant. Do you suppose, sir," he continued, getting redder in the face and more excited every moment—"do you suppose that I am going to have all the idle, dissolute, swindling young snobs of the town hanging about my house, and trying to make fools of my servants? Leave the house this minute, sir! and" (added the irascible old gentleman, as he turned away), "if you'll take my advice you'll cut off those idle mustachios, and shave like a respectable young man! Thomas, see the young man out!" and he closed the dining-room door with a bang.

There stood I, mechanically stroking my insulted moustache like one in a dream. From beginning to end I had not uttered one word. To use a common and expressive word—I was "dumb-founded!"

Thomas, imagining I suppose that I was pretty well finished, assumed a patronizing air: "Never you mind, young feller," said he, as the door closed upon his master; "the hold gent is partic'lar venomous, I must say; but if you are a respectable young man, I don't know but he'll allow you to come and see the young woman of a Saturday night, if you was to get one of us to speak hup for you!"

The look I gave the amiable flunkey must have been something terrific, if it at all expressed the state of my feelings towards him. At any rate, it led him to bang-to the door behind me, with the ungracious remark, "Now, then, my fine feller, walk, hif you please!"

The reader will, I am sure, so far respect my feelings, after the very frank avowal I have just concluded, as to excuse my recording Mrs. Gubbins's remarks as I paid my last bill in Brightmouth. Fred Mordaunt's inextinguish-

able laughter and immense delight as I recited my narrative to his, alas! unsympathising ears, I nobly forgave: it was his little weakness—the Fates forbid that I should anticipate such little weaknesses in my readers!

One moral I would desire to draw, from this my own experience, for the benefit of young bachelors—Don't meditate a six-weeks' stay at the seaside by yourself, in a place where you have no acquaintances—the Polbys are a numerous family, and are met with in all classes!

P. L. N

SHAKSPERE ON THE STAGE.

To every youth of a vivid imagination the stage has at some time or other been a bright temptation. The ideal world there presented; the heroic and noble men of all ages repeating their noble thoughts, and re-enacting there their old heroic deeds; the poetry, so alluring and so beautiful; the magnificence of kings, and courts; the gallantry of the heroes; the bravery of the soldiers; the sweet idyllic love-life so often ideally represented; the applause of admiring spectators—these, and innumerable other sources of attraction and delight, have a power of fascination which it is always difficult, and sometimes impossible to resist. If such be the effect in respect to any mind susceptible of such influences, how must they have operated on the mind of the youthful Shakspeare in his father's humble and quiet home at Stratford-on-Avon! There is every reason for believing that he was stage-struck before he became a dramatist. Companies of players were occasional visitors to his native town; the celebrated comedian, Thomas Greene, was a fellow-townsmen, and was doubtless known to the young aspirant for histrionic honours. And, considering what afterwards actually did occur, it may reasonably be supposed that he had communication with this London actor, before he himself quitted his rustic home for the struggles and the triumphs of his dramatic career.

However this may be, it is clear that the life at Stratford was irksome, and unattractive to him; and that he quitted it with hope and joy. In the year 1585, in his twenty-first year, a married man and the father of three children, he left his native town for London, and at once became an actor. We learn from contemporary evidence, that his line was old men; that he played Adam in his own *As You Like It*, *The Ghost in Hamlet*, he also performed in "*Ben Jonson's Sigonius*;" nor have we any grounds for believing that he was a bad actor, or that he failed in giving effect to the parts he assumed. Yet we know by his own words that lofty as

his own idea of the drama was, he looked upon the profession of an actor as a degradation. His *Sonnets* were published in 1609; but had existed in manuscript, and were well-known long before. Meres, whose *Wit's Treasury* was published in 1598, speaks of the *Sonnets* as then circulating among his friends in manuscript; which proves that earlier than that period Shakspeare's disgust at acting had been strongly expressed. In sonnet CX. he thus writes:

"Alas! 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view;
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is
most dear,
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have looked on truth
Askance and strangely."

Again, in the next sonnet he says:

"O, for my sake, do you with fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means, which public manners
breeds."

"Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in like the dyer's hand:
Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd."

His melancholy allusion to the brief and ephemeral nature of an actor's life in *Macbeth* also bears upon this point. When seeking for the most fleeting of things with which to compare life, he calls it

"But a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more."

His allusions to the stage throughout all his plays are very few; and in none does he speak of the profession like a lover. If we want an elaborate and eloquent defence of the stage we must go from the chief of the world's dramatists to Massinger's Roman actor, and find it there.

To me there has always seemed something very melancholy in Shakspeare's feelings towards the profession, which had doubtless in youth fascinated his imagination, and inspired him with his brightest dreams.

Yet let it not be supposed that he had not a high and lofty idea of his art as a teacher and amuser of the world. In a few words he has condensed the wisdom of all the books which have since been written in defence of the stage. His well-known passage in Hamlet is the very essence of the philosophy and use of the drama. The players are cautioned that they "o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure." And again in the same wonderful play, what an eulogy is pronounced on the stage, by the words—

"I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions."

Nor in any of the other very few allusions to playing do we find any indication that the drama was not to him a great instrument of teaching. It is only in the "Sonnets," which may be called Shakspeare's confessions, that we get the knowledge of what a burden acting was to him. Was it that the profession was considered disgraceful and degrading by the world, and even he felt and shrunk from the sneer and the scoff of wittlings, courtiers, and fools? And had this anything to do with his apparent carelessness of his dramas? The question is not easily answered; for, as we shall see by our quotations, he never alludes to the stage except as one who felt its honour and glory to be as great as its most ardent friends could claim for it. What words can give a loftier view of its whole nature, purpose, and mission than Jacques' magnificent speech,

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players,"

in which the smaller theatre of mimic life, mimic passions, and mimic death is likened to the theatre of the world on the stage of which every one "in his time plays many parts"? In "Julius Cæsar" the theatre is mentioned twice, and each time in terms of honour. In the first, Brutus tells the conspirators to

"Look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy."

The next time is after Cæsar has been "carved as a dish fit for the gods." Brutus and Cassius, in their enthusiasm, picture the future, and see their terrible tragedy a thousand times enacted

for the admiration of mankind. It is a fine spontaneous eulogy on the drama:

Cassius. "How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over;
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?"
Brutus.—"How many times shall Cæsar bleed
in sport,
That now at Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?"
Cassius. "So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be called
The men that gave our country liberty!"

What an idea of perpetual fame and glory is involved in this prospective view of the manner in which should be handed down the memory of their terrible act!

In the "Merchant of Venice," the thought expressed by Jaques in "As You Like It" is repeated, in those sad and melancholy words of Antonio:

"I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano:
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one."

In the contrast between the reception of
"Great Bolingbroke
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,"

and the miserable and deposed Richard, how fully and distinctly the scene is played before us, and what a pathos is given to the incident by the simile drawn from the stage! York, in describing the entries of the two men, has exhausted language and poetry in painting the enthusiasm of the people towards their favourite; and the magnificence of the pageant with which they welcomed him, thus describes the entry of Richard:

"As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard—no man cried, God save him!
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head."

No image could so completely bring before our eyes the abject condition of the wretched king than the one used by the poet. We all have seen the "well-graced actor leave the stage;" have heard, and perhaps joined in, the plaudits that signalized his departure; and "idly bent" our eyes on him who entered next, thinking him an intrusion and an impertinence. The first was our Bolingbroke, the second our crownless Richard.

Before Shakspeare, the drama and the dramatic art had not made great advances. Greene, Hyde, Marlowe, and the other pro-Shakspearean writers for the stage, had not produced any very marked change in the popular kinds of entertainment. They were rude and unpolished enough. We have a good type of them in the efforts of Bottom, Quince, Snout, and their

fellows to perform a play before Theseus. And we quote this for the purpose of showing that although Shakspeare was wearied with an actor's life himself, and looked upon the name as a brand; his large kind-heartedness, his genial and gentle humanity, had a kind word and a cheering look for all his poor brethren in their attempts to amuse themselves and others. More generous feeling was never put into language than that which falls from Theseus in reply to Hippolyta's objection to see a play that Philostrate had described, after having "heard it over," as "nothing, nothing, in the world." Then says the Duke, and truly says:—

"The kindly we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be to take what they mistake :
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed,
To greet me with premeditated welcomes ;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practised accents in their fears,
And in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome: Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome,
And in the modesty of fearful duty,
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue,
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In heart, speak most, to my capacity."

With the exception of a few trifling allusions to players and the theatre, we have now quoted all that Shakspeare says concerning the drama of which he is the greatest master; and of the stage to which he has given such a perpetual store of wealth, wisdom, and poetry. It is clear that his mournful reference to his own appearance in "motley" in the sonnets, and his strongly-expressed regret, that fortune the "guilty goddess of his harmful deeds," had not better provided for his life, was purely personal, and not made in disparagement of the profession itself. Of the stage and its place in the civilization of the world, he had, as we have seen, the highest and most ennobling idea. The theatre was to him a world, in which living men and women could learn how their forefathers had lived and died; and, in which, again to quote his own matchless words, the "mirror was to be held up to nature, virtue showed her own feature; scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure." Such was Shakspeare's idea of the stage; and the plays with which he endowed it are his own undying examples of how that idea could be realised.

J. A. L.

A STRAY LEAF FROM THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS.

ABOU HASSAN OF KHORASSAN.

Great was the power and wisdom of Mutazed, Kaliph of Bagdad. He was a just ruler, and employed six hundred spies that none of the ways of his people might be concealed from him. It happened one day that he and his Wezeer Ibu Hamdan went forth into the streets disguised in the dress of merchants, and, so Allah had ordained, they sat down to rest before a lofty and beautiful house; and while they were resting, there came forth from the gate a black slave, and with him another, fair like a piece of the moon. Then they heard the black say, "By Allah, our master's bosom is contracted, for he loves to show hospitality, and yet up to this hour no stranger has entered his house to-day." Upon this the Kaliph thought within himself, here is a proof of generosity in the master of this house; shall I not enter that I may be witness of his hospitality, and find occasion to show him some favour? and he said to the slaves, "Announce the arrival of strangers to your master." At the hearing of this news, the master of the house was well pleased, and came forth to them himself, a man well to look upon, comely in

face, and straight as a branch of tamarisk. He was clad in a tunic of Persian silk, his robe was finely embroidered with gold, and he wore rings set with jewels, upon his fingers. He bowed at the sight of the strangers, and said—"Peace and welcome to my lords, for the favour is great they confer upon me." Then he led them through a walled garden; its walls were covered with paintings of kings marching to war, figures of all sorts, and birds lovely to look upon—till they came to the house which astonished the eye with its magnificence. It was hung and carpeted with coloured silks, and adorned in the most beautiful manner, as though it were one of the palaces of Paradise. But Ibu Hamdan observed the Kaliph, and he was surprised to see his countenance change, and the light become darkness before his face, as he looked upon all the rarities of the apartment. Two slaves brought water in a golden ewer, and when they had washed, other slaves came bearing a table covered with silk, and when it was uncovered they saw meats of various kinds. And the master of the house said, "In the name of Allah

hunger torments me, be pleased to eat, my lords;" then he tore a fowl and placed it before them, and while they ate he recited poetry, and such stories as make men merry at a feast. When they were satisfied, the perfuming vessels were brought, and the sprinkling bottles with rose-water, so they were scented and perfumed before they went into another apartment still more sumptuous than the former, in which a tent was erected with cords of silk, and golden ornaments. Here varieties of drinks, with fruits both fresh and dry, were served on gold, silver, and porcelain; also that nothing might be wanting, their entertainer called for music, when three girls entered, beautiful as suns and flowers, one playing the lute, another with castanets, while the third danced before them. But Ibu Hamdan marvelled to see that his master was not pleased with all this magnificence, for his face grew darker, till he could no longer restrain his anger, but cried out in a stern voice to the master of the house, "Art thou one of the sons of kings? reveal to me thy condition." Their entertainer, who knew not in whose company he was, replied, "By Allah, my lord, I am not noble, I am a merchant, and my name is Abou Hassan, of Khorassan." And the Kaliph said, "Oh man, dost thou not know me?" "By Allah, I know neither thee nor thy companion," he replied. Then the Wezeer said, "Oh, Abou Hassan, this is Mutazed, the Prince of the Faithful." Upon this, his reason was confounded, and rising, he kissed the ground seven times, trembling with fear before the Kaliph, and he said, "Oh, Prince of the Faithful, may God make me to be thy sacrifice; if I am guilty of any fault in thine eyes, pardon thy slave." But Mutazed was not appeased, and he answered, "If thou wilt explain the matter truly to me which I desire thee to make known, thou shalt escape my anger; but if thou concealest anything of the truth, thy chastisement shall be severe." "God be thy slave's protection," replied Abou Hassan, "so that I tell my lord all he desireth to know." Then the Kaliph said, "From the moment that I entered this house, I observed its rarities and ornaments, even to the garments you wear, and behold, upon them all is engraven the name of my grandfather, Mutawakkil. Make known to me, therefore, the means whereby the property of the Kaliph came into thy hands." And he answered, "May it please my lord to hear the narrative of his slave, told in the words of truth;" and the Kaliph bade him sit down and reveal the whole affair. He replied, "I hear and obey;" and began his story forthwith—

"Know, O Prince of the faithful, that there was not a wealthier man in all Bagdad than my father. I was his only son, and when the Angel of Death visited him, he informed me of all the fortune he had acquired, bidding me farewell, and enjoining upon me the fear of God the Exalted; so he died, and was taken to Allah. My heart was contracted for his loss; but I sat daily in his stead in the shop, and for a long time I continued a prosperous man. And one

day when I was sitting there, a damsel entered covered with an izar of delicate fabric, and round her waist was a girdle embroidered with gold, and seating herself she said,

"Does this shop belong to Abou Hassan, of Khorassan?"

"I answered 'Yes,' and that is the name of thy slave. But I scarcely knew the sense of the words I uttered, for my reason was captivated. Whereupon she said,

"Order thy servant to pay me five hundred pieces of gold."

"So I gave him the order, and taking the money, she departed. Then the servant said,

"O my master, dost thou know this damsel that thou hast given her the money?"

"And I made answer that I knew not who she might be, but that my senses had departed, for I was dazzled with her beauty. Upon this the servant rose, and followed her without acquainting me of his design, but he returned weeping, and when I asked wherefore he wept, he said,

"I followed the damsel to see where she would go, and when she became aware of me, she turned, and struck me violently."

"After that a month passed before I saw her again; yet my mind was so captivated with her beauty that every night a vision of her came to me in sleep. At the end of that time she entered my shop, and saluting me, who was ready to fly with delight, she said,

"Have you not thought what has become of that daughter of deceit who took thy money and went off with it?"

"I answered, 'By Allah, O my mistress, my fortune and myself are at your feet.' Then a smile like the rising sun came over her face, and her necklace rose and fell gently on her bosom. She asked again for three hundred pieces of gold, and I bound up the money in a purse, which she took, and when she departed I ordered my servant to follow her, but he soon returned weeping as before, with the marks of a blow on his cheek. It was long before she came the third time, but at last, behold, she appeared, and sat down, and talked for an hour, and when she said, 'Now let me have five hundred pieces of gold,' I would fain have replied that all my money should be hers if she consented to be my wife, but something in my heart made my speech silence before her. So I bound up the five hundred pieces, and when she was gone forth, I followed her myself till she came to the Tigris, where she embarked in a boat, and I stood watching till she landed, and lo! she entered the palace of the Kaliph Mutawakkil. And as I was returning to my shop I met an old Sheikh, a friend of my father's, and to him I narrated the whole adventure, for my mind was confused, and I had become a prey to utter dejection. He listened to me, and when I had ended, he replied, 'O, my master, verily this damsel is one of the women of the palace, and a favourite with the Kaliph; thou canst not ask her in marriage, so account the money that thou hast disbursed as a gift unto

Allah,* and trouble thyself no further concerning it, or her.'

"But the counsel was vain, for my heart was on fire for her, and I sat daily in my shop desiring her appearance with anguish. After I had waited another month, she showed herself again, and saluted me saying, "Why didst thou follow me, O Abou Hassan?"

"I answered, 'Because my heart is moved with affection for thee; and I wept before her, and she wept also, and said, "By Allah, whatever thy affection is to me, mine is stronger for thee. But what can be done? for, alas! we must remain separated for ever."

"Afterwards she presented me with a paper, and said, 'Receive from my agent the sum specified herein.' And I was unwilling to take the money, for my fortune and myself were her sacrifice. But she compelled me, saying, 'Nay, let my conduct be just. Hast thou not sufficiently testified thy love for me?'

"And bidding me farewell, she departed. Whereupon I went to the old sheikh, and wept before him, saying 'that I must see the damsel again, or die: till he was moved with my tears, and accompanied me to the palace-gate, at which I had seen the damsel enter. Now, before the gate a tailor was sitting, with a quantity of beautiful stuffs before him; and after the sheikh had meditated some time, he said to me: 'Let thy soul be happy and thy bosom dilate, Abou Hassan; for I foresee that through this man thou mayst obtain the meeting thou desirest.' Then he instructed me as to the course I should pursue. In obedience to the sheikh I went to my shop, and taking two pieces of green stuff, I brought them to the tailor, and ordered him to make me four cloaks, saying I would come for them next day. On the morrow, when he put them into my hands I bade him keep one for himself, and give the others to three of the Kaliph's memlooks as they passed out of the palace-gate. Thus every day I brought pieces of silk, and sat by the tailor; and whosoever passed out of the gate, to him I gave the garment, with which his eye was pleased, till at last the man said to me, 'O, my son, make known to me thy condition. Thou hast given away well nigh a hundred garments of great price. Now this is not the conduct of a merchant; for by Allah, a merchant counts every drachm he lays out. Allah preserve thee! surely thou must be in love, to act so unwisely.' I replied that I was; and when he asked me with whom, I told him that she was one of the damsels of the palace. The man said, 'May the curse of Allah rest upon women! how often are they a temptation to his servants! Describe the damsel to me, my son, if thou art not acquainted with her name.' Then I did so, and he said, 'I know her, she is the favourite lute player of the Kaliph. And see, here is a happy occasion, the man now coming out of the gate is her white slave. I will make you known to him, that he may be of use to you

in this affair.' Now while he was speaking the slave came up, and looking at the silk I had in my hand, he asked if I would sell the piece, and its price; but I replied, 'Nay, let the silk be a gift to thee, and a pledge of friendship between us.' And immediately returning to my house, I selected a robe, and vessels of silver, and jewels worth a thousand pieces of gold, and sent them to the slave, saying that I would visit him in his apartment. So I repaired to him, and he kissed the ground before me, and said, 'O my lord, may Allah reward thee with blessings; thou hast given thy slave presents greater than the gifts of a king, therefore may God make me thy sacrifice. And behold thy name and thy desires are not unknown to me.' Then I wept by reason of the greatness of my passion; but the slave said, 'Weep not, for thy image never forsakes the thoughts of her for whom thy tears flow; and great is her affection for thee.' He told me, moreover, the name of his mistress, and it was Sejarah Addur; and when I entreated him to bring about a meeting for me with her, he answered, 'On my head and on my eye, repair to me to-morrow, when the sun goes down.' So I went the next day, and found the slave waiting for me; and he said 'Behold I have contrived a stratagem whereby thou mayest have an interview with Sejarah; but I must first clothe thee with these garments.' So he put upon me a gold-embroidered tunic, a girdle of silk, and the robe of a Kaliph; and when he had perfumed me he exclaimed 'Blessed be Allah the best of Creators, thou art the image of the Kaliph.' Then taking me into a corridor, he gave me a box filled with beads, and said, 'These are the doors of the women's apartments; go on with a firm mind, and as thou goest along, throw a bead at every door, for such is the custom of the Prince of the Faithful; but when thou art come to a door with three marble steps before it, tap and enter, for there thou shalt find thy friend.' So he left me, and I went on throwing a bead at each door; and when I was close upon that one at which I should knock, my senses were confused with a sudden noise and an overpowering light; and lo! the Kaliph himself! a hundred eunuchs went before him with drawn swords in their hands, and round him were twenty female slaves like moons, carrying lighted candles, and every one of them was a temptation to the servants of God. At this sight I nearly fainted with fear, and concealed myself behind the door of an empty apartment close at hand. And while I was standing there, I heard two women talking, and one said to the other, 'O my sister, are there two Kaliphs? One has just passed, for I smelt his perfumes, and heard him drop a bead according to the custom; and lo! here is a second with cressets and torches.' And the other replied 'By Allah, I am full of wonder at this event, O my sister.' And the words of the women increased my fear tenfold. But there was no escape, for the Kaliph went straight to the apartment of Sejarah; and when the door was opened she came forth encompassed with her hair, and her face like a star to look upon. So she kissed

* An expression used to signify anything entirely lost.

his feet. And he said, 'Hast thou supped yet, O Sajarah.' Then she replied, 'My heart had not been refreshed with the presence of my lord : how then should I have sought refreshment.' The Kaliph was pleased with her answer, and said to an attendant, 'Fetch a pearl necklace from my treasury for Sajarah Addur.*'

"But while I stood watching behind the door, behold a light, and I became aware of a beautiful damsel in the apartment, with a taper in her hand. And seeing me, she was about to cry aloud; but I shut the door, and kissed the ground before her, weeping and saying 'By Allah, O my mistress, conceal me, and spare my life, so that on my account thou mayest find acceptance with God the merciful. She replied, 'Art thou a thief, and dost thou not know thou must certainly die, for thou hast taken the garments and perfumes of the Prince of the Faithful, and how dost thou hope to escape discovery?' I answered, 'I am no thief, but a lover; and love is reckless and foolish: it is my passion which has brought me into this danger.' When the damsel heard these words she smiled, and pointing to a sofa said, 'Sit down without fear, O Abou Hassan of Khorassan, for I am acquainted with thy love for my sister Sajarah, and she has told me how thou didst give her much money without suspicion, and followed her to the banks of the Tigris through thy great affection. But with what intention didst thou come hither?' I replied, 'By Allah, my object was only to see the person whom I love, and to speak with her concerning our marriage;' and she said, 'In this purpose of yours, may Allah protect you, even as he has put pity for you into my heart; but now that the Kaliph has gone, I will introduce you myself into my sister's apartment.' I rejoiced at these words, for my heart was on fire for her presence. So she took me to Sajarah, who when she saw me embraced me, and cried 'O Amina! my sister is he not exactly as I have described him to you? and blessed be Allah who has granted him a prosperous entrance.' Then we conversed respecting our marriage, and Sajarah said, 'May Allah accomplish it, and grant to me to spend my life for thee, even as thou hast risked thine for me this day.'

"But while we were talking a slave girl came, and said, 'O my mistress, the pages of the Prince of the Faithful.' On hearing this, Sajarah concealed me in a large chest, and then opened the door. Now the reason why the Kaliph came a second time was this. An estrangement had sprung up between him and his favourite wife, who, trusting to her astonishing beauty, would not seek reconciliation, and the Kaliph thought it beneath a person of his dignity to treat that the estrangement should cease. But through it his bosom was contracted, and he sought diversion of his grief in the apartments of the other women. So when the Prince of the Faithful had sat down, he said, 'O! Sajarah, I desire to divert myself with thy delightful singing.' She replied, 'I hear and obey.' Then

taking the lute, she sang the following verses with such delightful modulations, that had it not been for the protection of Allah, I should have cried aloud and ruined us both.

'I sought to restrain my love, although the beloved presented

Her charms as a sun which looks on the face of a sun. But now the world is contracted, and the light of all things is dark,

Because of disjunction and distance, my heart is as it were in a dungeon.'

"And she sang again—

'How long till the pangs of separation be lost in the comforts of meeting?

How long, O beloved, wilt thou keep this severance and estrangement?

Be not beforehand with time the divider, for it is all powerful

To discover the closest love; then separate not till that time.'

"The Kaliph was moved by these words, and said, 'Sing me verses respecting one from whom I am at present estranged, though she fills my heart.' And Sajarah sang—

'Put an end to the tempest of the mind which fluctuates between desire and alienation. Close the book of estrangement for ever; in spite of himself doth the lover seek the beloved.'

"Upon this the Caliph exclaimed, 'Allah hath inspired thee to sing these verses, O Sajarah, and had the poet who wrote them been now living, I would have given him a purse of gold, but do thou ask a favour, that I may grant it.' Whereupon she kissed his feet, saying, 'Thy slave's freedom, O Prince of the Faithful, and thereby shall Allah give thee a recompense.' And he replied, 'Be free before the face of God the Exalted.' Now the Kaliph was so taken with the verses, that he recited them, and sent a slave to announce his approach to the favourite, and she met him at the door of her apartment, and kissed his feet, weeping, and they embraced and were reconciled.

"Meantime Sajarah and I were overwhelmed with joy, and sending for her white slave she informed him of all that had happened. He rejoiced with us, saying, 'Praise to Allah for his favour; may he cause him to depart in safety. But my mistress, there is no way in which he can make his escape, except I disguise him as a slave-girl.' So the man put upon me women's garments, and I hastened forth till I came to the middle court of the palace, and behold there was the Kaliph sitting surrounded by his attendants. And before I was aware, he had observed on me the tokens of disguise, and ordered me to be brought before him. They did so, and when they took off my veil, the Kaliph said, 'O man, what has driven you to commit this crime, whereby you are worthy of death?' I wept, saying, 'O Prince of the Faithful, the passion of love led me on, and I dared to rely on your merciful disposition.' Then I told my story, hiding nothing, for I saw his heart was softened by the reconciliation, and those who have felt the pangs of love keep pity for lovers. When I had ended, he sent a slave to summon Sajarah, whom he questioned; and finding my words

* Tree of Pearls.

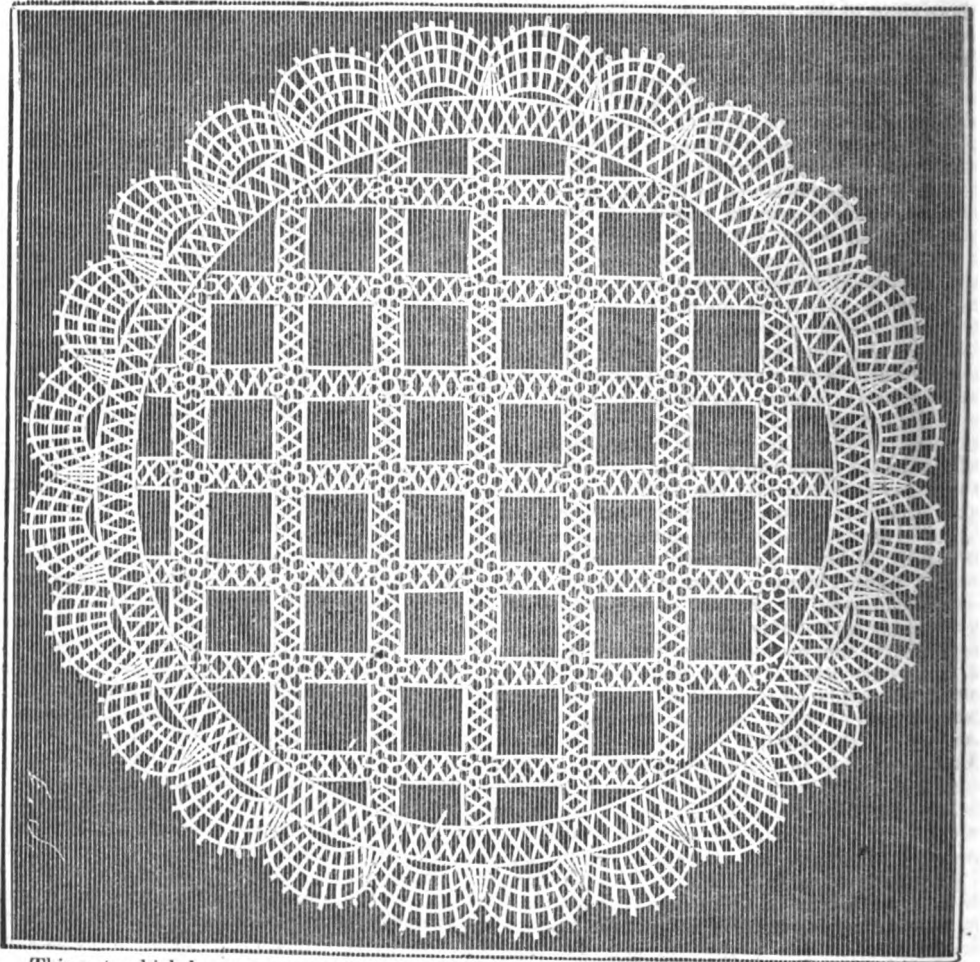
were true, he pardoned us both, ordering the cadi to be fetched, and we were married immediately in his presence. As to the garments and the furniture thou seest, O Prince of the Faithful, they were given that day by the Kaliph as a dowry with my wife. Thou hast heard my story, and by Allah, I have not changed a letter of it either for better or worse."

Now Mutazed was pleased with the words of Abou Hassan, and commanded that the sons of Sajarah should be brought before him. He was attracted to them, and made them his companions, until they were visited by the terminator of delights, and became tenants of sepulchres instead of palaces. So praise be to Allah, the King, who pardoneth all men.

THE WORK - TABLE.

CROCHET HAIR-NET.

MATERIALS—Scarlet, blue, or crimson Crochet Silk, medium size; gold or cut black Beads.



This net, which has a very beautiful effect on the head (because the hair is shown to much greater advantage through the large square holes than in the ordinary style of net, whether done in crochet or netting), is made of bands of diamond open-hem, crossing each other, and

edged on each side with a border of beads. At every crossing a small crochet flower is placed. A line of diamond open-hem is carried all round; and in it an elastic may be run. It is finished with a shell-edging, which may have beads, or not, according to taste.

As the size of the net must vary according to the quantity of hair of the wearer, it is well to cut out a perfect round, in paper, of the size desired; and to work on it. Make a chain of the diameter, and work back on it in diamond open-hem. Then a line of sc on each side, dropping a bead on each of twelve stitches, and working eight without. Be careful that the beaded parts correspond at each edge. Do another piece the same length, for the centre-line in the opposite direction. Work four somewhat shorter lines, two to go on each side of these centres, measuring the length on the paper, so that they may just cross at the plain parts, between the beads: then four more, to go in pairs on the outside of these in each direction, and so on till sufficient are done for the net: seven each way will probably suffice. Tack those to go in one direction on the paper, fastening them at the ends only; and then weave in those which cross there, carrying them over

up the ends of all the bars. Then a line with a bead on every stitch. Follow this with a line of diamond open-hem; then a bead line, then one of plain crochet.

THE SHELL BORDER.— $\times$ 9 sc, 13 ch, miss 12 $\times$ repeat all round. Should there not be stitches sufficient to make perfect patterns, 21 being required for each, they must be increased by working two in one as often as necessary: or, if there be only a few over, instead of increasing diminish by missing one more each time, to bring it to the requisite number.

2nd.— $\times$ 7 sc on centre 7 of 9, 2 ch, 1 dc, on first chain stitch of 13, and on every alternate one, with 2 chain between; end with 2 chain $\times$ repeat all round.

3rd.—5 sc on centre of 5 of 7. 1 dc on every dc of last round, with 3 chain between.

4th.—3 sc on centre 3 of 5. 1 dc and a picot on every dc of last round, with 4 chain between.

THE ROSETTES.—8 ch, close into a round. Work one round without increase, dropping a bead on every stitch. Then a round without beads, doing 2 stitches in one. 3rd round.— $\times$ 3 ch, miss 1, sc under next, $\times$ 8 times. 4th.—Under each chain of 3 do 1 sc, 3 dc, 1 sc; dropping one bead on the last part of every stitch. Sew one of these rosettes at every place where two bars cross each other.

DIAMOND OPEN-HEM has already been explained several times; but we repeat the directions for the benefit of new subscribers. Begin as for a long tc stitch, with the thread three times round the hook. Do *half* the stitch, put the thread twice more round, insert the hook in the third stitch from that on which you have been working; draw it through, and work as usual, only at the third movement draw through *three* loops. When finished it looks *forked*. Do 2 ch, and work a dc stitch on the side of the last, putting the hook in where you slipped off three together. It then has the form of an X.

A PICOT.—3 ch, insert the hook in the last stitch, and draw the thread through to form a new loop.

s c —Single crochet
d c —Double crochet
t c —Treble crochet
lt c —Long treble crochet

AIGUILLETTE.

CROCHET EDGINGS.

FRINGED EDGING.

Particularly suited for toilet-covers, and other articles made of Marseilles or piqué.

MATERIAL:—The Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, No. 8, 10, or 12, of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co. of Derby.

Make a chain of the required length, and work on it one row of s c.

2nd row.— $\times$ one diamond open-hem, one tc stitch alternately $\times$ repeated throughout the

length, beginning and ending with a tc stitch.

3rd.—S c. $\times$ 4th 9 sc, 9 ch, miss 8. $\times$ repeat to the end.

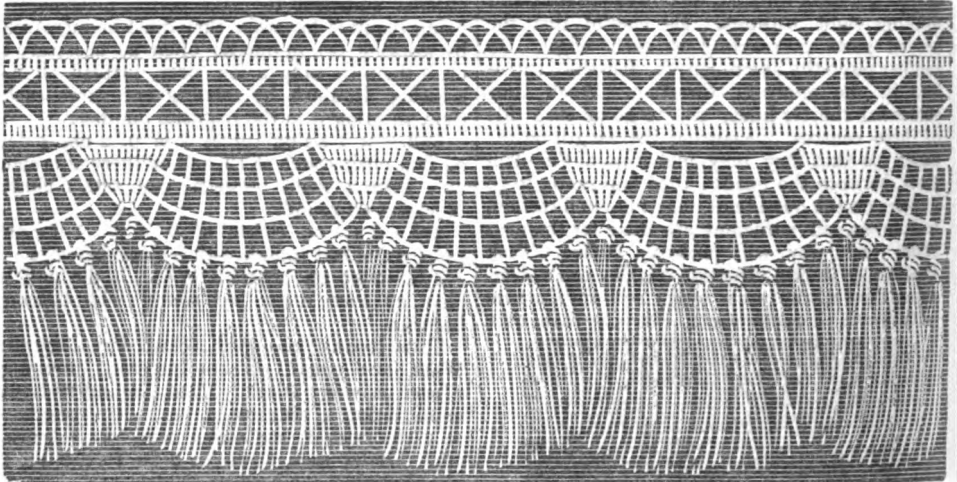
5th.— $\times$ 7 sc on centre of 7 of 9. 1 ch, 1

dc on every chain, with one chain after it ×.
6th.—× 5 sc on centre 5 of 7, 2 ch, 1 dc on every dc, with 2 ch after.

7th.—× 3 sc on centre 3 of 5; 3 ch, 1 dc on each dc, with 3 ch after ×.

Knot in a fringe of six strands under each chain of 3, working on the wrong side.

THE HEADING—Worked on the foundation chain 1 dc, × miss 2, 1 dc. in next, 3 ch, dc in same as last. AIGUILLETTE.



THE EMPLOYMENTS OF AN ORNITHOLOGIST.

It was while residing at Kingessing that Wilson became acquainted with a kindred spirit of the name of Bartram, an amiable self-taught naturalist, who has been styled the American Linnaeus of the period, and whose residence and botanic garden were happily situated in the vicinity of Wilson's school-house. The love of nature, which had always characterised Wilson, here seems to have taken firm root; and from the feelings of general interest with which all the works of God were regarded, gradually rose a predilection for that branch of natural history, the pursuit of which was to immortalise his name. The nature of his employments at this period are beautifully described in a letter to his friend Bartram:—"I sometimes smile to think, that while others are immersed in deep schemes of speculation and aggrandisement, in building towns and purchasing plantations, I am entranced in contemplation over the plumage of a lark, or gazing, like a despairing lover, on the lineaments of an owl. While others are hoarding up their bags of money, without the power of enjoying it, I am collecting, without injuring my conscience or wounding my peace of mind, those beautiful specimens of nature's works that are for ever pleasing. I have had live crows, hawks, and owls, opossums, squirrels, snakes, lizards, &c., so that my room has

sometimes reminded me of Noah's ark; but Noah had a wife in one corner of it, and, in this particular, our parallel does not altogether tally. I receive every subject of natural history that is brought to me; and, though they do not march into my ark from all quarters, as they did into that of our great ancestor, yet I find means, by the distribution of a few fivepenny bits, to make them find the way fast enough. A boy not long ago brought me a large basketful of crows. I expect his next load will be bullfrogs, if I don't soon issue orders to the contrary. One of my boys caught a mouse in school, a few days ago, and directly marched up to me with his prisoner. I set about drawing it the same evening, and all the while the pantings of its little heart showed it to be in the most extreme agonies of fear. I had intended to kill it, in order to fix it in the claws of a stuffed owl; but, happening to spill a few drops of water near where it was tied, it lapped it up with such eagerness, and looked in my face with such an eye of supplicating terror, as perfectly overcame me. I immediately restored it to life and liberty. The agonies of a prisoner at the stake, while the fire and instruments of torture are preparing, could not be more severe than the sufferings of that poor mouse; and, [insignificant as the object was, I felt at that moment the sweet sensations that mercy leaves in the mind when she triumphs over cruelty." —*Men Who Have Risen.*

LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

THE LADY WHO WAS CHANGED INTO
A MOLE.

BY GODFREY TURNER.

(A Legend of Cornwall.)

Now listen, my little maid Daisy, to me;
 Now listen as hard as you may,
 And I'll tell you a story of once on a time—
 And, if you'll allow me, I'll tell it in rhyme;
 For I've prosed all day long, and I'm weary, you see,
 Then listen, my daughter, I pray.

You know it's a terrible thing to be proud.
 You don't? Well from this time you do;
 For I beg to assure you it's wicked and wrong—
 A mistake in the weak, and a crime in the strong;
 A leanness sure, in good time, to be bowed:
 So may Heaven avert it from you!

A good many years, miss, before you were born,
 Queen Bess, as you know, held her rule.
 A little girl's learning Papa's puts to shame;
 And if I knew as much as a child I could name,
 I might at this moment the woollack adorn,
 Or teach a parochial school.

There lived in a hall, then, that looked o'er a lea,
 In the days of that sovereign dame,
 A beautiful lady, though scornful and cold,
 With lovely blue eyes and with tresses of gold—
 Which are no proof of goodness, between you and
 me—
 And Alice de Vere was her name.

This fair Lady Alice went robed like a queen,
 As queens went a long while ago;
 Her pearls were the biggest that ever were seen;
 Her girdle of gold bore a glittering sheen;
 Her proud heart was set on Sir Bevil, I ween—
 Sir Bevil of Moorwinstow.

One day an old woman, all tattered and torn,
 Who hobbled along with a crutch,
 Met Alice de Vere walking over the lea;
 And "Tell me the way, pretty lady," said she,
 "To a lodging and food; for with travel I'm worn,
 And to weary me does not take much."

No answer did Alice vouchsafe the poor soul,
 Who then said, "Now hearken, I pray;
 A gift from Sir Bevil, your lover, I bring;
 He sends you, my lady, this fine golden ring.
 Take with it my curse: May you change to a mole,
 And hide from the glorious day!"

"Now give me the jewel, thou beldam," she cried;
 Now give me the token, I say."

"Then take it; but soon shall my words fall aright,
 And your looking-glass show you, fair lady, a sight
 Like anything else in the world but a bride."
 She took it, and went on her way.

She looked in her mirror, not heeding the curse,
 And she saw what you'd not like to dream:
 Her eyes they went in, and her nose it came out
 Till its form assumed that of a tapering snout,
 And her face was as black as a tinker's, or worse;
 And she fled from the glass with a scream.

She fled, with a longing to hide underground;
 She fled from her dwelling so fair.
 And she looked at her hands, which had turned
 into paws,
 And she felt herself shrinking, and guessed at the
 cause;
 And the end of it was that she could not be found,
 Though they looked for her everywhere.

The very next morning the Chaplain espied,
 On the lawn that slopes down from the hall,
 A little black hillock, and on it a ring,
 Inscribed with a rhyme that the Cornish folk sing:
*The earth shall hide
 Both eyes and pride—*
 Was what the priest read; and that's all.

THE YOUNG EAGLE-HUNTER.

One fine evening in February I was returning with some friends from a fishing excursion, which was so far unsuccessful as to leave our baskets empty, having caught just enough to furnish our rustic dinner-table. We were in a most romantic part of the Alps, and lounged leisurely along, until suddenly my attention was arrested by the sight of a large nest built on a shelf of rock, totally inaccessible from below, and far down the side of one of the summits of a high mountain. My curiosity as a naturalist was instantly excited.

"What owls have built there?" I inquired of one of my companions.

"Such an ornithologist as you claim to be should not need an answer to that question," was his reply. "That is the nest of the *lemmer-geyer*, who builds high. This eagle is famous for his brigandish propensities, and no flocks are safe from him. I have seen the bird often, but, unfortunately, never within reach of my gun."

I had never possessed one of these gigantic bearded eagles, that the Egyptians called the grey-headed father, and the Swiss the *lemmer-geyer*, or sheep-stealer. Never had I had an opportunity of observing their customs. Resolved to profit by this one, I induced my companions to go with me to the rock overhanging the nest, where, hidden in the bushes, we waited the approach of the huge master of the nest. After a long, anxious watch, a faint

sound of wings reached our ears. It came nearer and nearer, and the young in the nest gave most discordant cries of hunger and joy. The father was coming. With a rush like a torrent his wings struck the air, and he came circling above our heads. Nearer and nearer till he lighted by the nest, and placed his prey, a huge fish, before his children. It was not a læmmer-geyer. While he stood, distributing the meal, I had ample opportunity to scan him. He seemed to be a new species; almost as large as the læmmer-geyer—apparently stronger, a larger talon and sombre beak, garnished at the base of the membrane by a little bunch of fine feathers. He had not the beard on the throat, and was of a deeper, richer colour than the læmmer-geyer. The little ones, who were full-feathered excepting the wings, were lighter in colour. As I leaned forward to see them better, the female appeared in the air, and her keen eye instantly discovered us. With most horrible and discordant cries she circled above us, dropping the fish in her claws unto the nest. In an instant the male joined her, and, having no guns, we scrambled down the mountain, only too glad to escape without an eye picked out, or our face torn by the huge claws.

We planned a shooting excursion for the next day, for I was anxious to secure one of these monstrous birds for my collection: but a terrific storm kept us housed for the next three days. Then we started. Some stood at the base of the mountain, while others went to the top to find the nest torn to pieces, and the young eagles gone. Whether they were dashed down in the storm, or had taken fright at our appearance three days before, we could not determine. Disappointed and vexed, we wended our way homeward. My regrets were all the keener, because, in exploring the country, for weeks after, we found no traces of this bird; and years later I had still not seen another.

It was many years later that I was paying a visit to the north, when this singular bird again came under my notice. I was staying on the little obscure island of Gravelock; a stormy sea, and large, high rocks, made this little spot a most retired one; and there, in a humble fisherman's cot, I was resting from my travels, and from there I carried a young, interesting companion, who is still with me.

The story was simply this: Tired with years of travel, and with a heart longing for home comforts, I sought out a cabin on this little island, whose neat exterior promised tidy inmates. The mistress of the house I found to be a tall, fine-looking woman, who, at twenty-six, looked fully forty years of age. Ella (this was her name) was motherless: her father, old and infirm, never left his corner of the fireplace; and she, with the assistance of her elder-brother, supported the family, consisting of the father and three brothers. She fished, sold the fish, cooked and provided for the wants of all, cheerful and contented in the midst of most arduous toils. The eldest of the three boys was eighteen

years old; the youngest, who became motherless on the second day of his life, was thirteen, but so fragile and delicate, that he did not look more than nine. Too slight and timid to join the fishing-parties of the others, he cultivated flowers in the tiny enclosure round the house, made shell-boxes, and boxes of the materials the sea washed to his feet, and so did his share towards the family support. He had collected quite a menagerie of animals, which his own gentle love had tamed. A large tub in the yard contained his treasure of shells, marine plants, and fishes, and the birds he fed circled round his head, and ate from his hand. Gentle, docile, and affectionate, he was the pet of his more daring brothers, and the darling of his devoted sister. I was amazed at his knowledge of the habits of the birds, animals, and even fish, by which he was surrounded. He became my companion in all my walks, and evinced the liveliest gratitude at the natural history I was able to impart to him. Several times in our walks I spoke of the immense eagle I had so long wished for, and expressed my desire to find another nest, in order to capture, raise, and study one of the young birds.

One evening Archie (my little friend) came in with his face flushed, and his manner evincing the most lively pleasure. In reply to my questions he only shook his head, laughed, and told me to wait till to-morrow. Then he promised to tell me of a most glorious discovery he had made.

The next morning I looked in vain for my little companion, and was obliged to start on my walk alone. I sorely missed his intelligent talk, his lively interest in all that I stopped to examine, and his pleasant, loving manner. I was rambling along, rather ill-humoured at my loneliness, when piercing cries above my head arrested my attention. With rapid strides I clambered the mountain before me, until I came within sight of a scene that froze my blood with horror. At the end of a long rope, that hung over the side of a huge rock, hung my little friend Archie, holding in his arms two birds; while, before him, with outstretched wings, and beak prepared for an attack, was one of the gigantic eagles I had met in the Alps. Two little boys at the other end of the rope tried to drag him up, while a third with a huge stick offered to strike the bird; but he was too far away. The child held two little eagles—the eagles I had so desired to possess. The large bird had just raised his beak to strike at the poor child's face, when, by a happy thought, he dropped one of the birds. The father made a swoop to catch the bird before it struck the nest, and then rose again to attack the child. I watched the scene in an agony of suspense. I dared not fire, for I feared to strike the child. The two children above strained every nerve to raise the poor boy. He was near the edge: the eagle opened his beak again, and Archie threw down the other bird, and sprang upon the rock.

A few moments later I held the brave boy in my arms. "I wanted so much to surprise you

by a present of the bird!" he said, with a quivering lip.

The next day, with a number of companions well-armed, we went again to the nest. I was lowered to the nest, and studied it at my leisure, carrying home Archie's enemy, shot dead, and three live young ones, to study at home.

When I left the island I prevailed upon Ella to allow Archie to travel with me, and study my profession. He was intended for a naturalist, and to this day he is my companion and dearest friend, and together we visit, every two years, the little island Gravelock, and the eagle's nest, where for my pleasure he perilled his life.

CONSTANCE; OR, A LIFE'S SORROW AND HOPE.

BY W. R.

CHAP. I.

"And is there no hope?" asked Charles Anley, as he turned away into the bay window, through which streamed the red rays of the setting sun.

"Alas!" sobbed the lady he addressed, "I fear not; but I wait the surgeon's answer with anxiety greater even than yours, my poor Charles!"

Mrs. Vaylton, who had just spoken, was a widow, left in the sole-enjoyment of her husband's ample income. She had two daughters: the elder of whom (Constance, a lovely girl of nineteen), was betrothed to Charles Anley. Her health had always been so delicate as to occasion great anxiety to her mother; but latterly an increasing disinclination, and even inability, for exertion had shown itself in her, so that she constantly reclined on a couch.

Dr. Lentil, the family medical-man, was so much impressed with the serious nature of her case, that he expressed to her mother his wish to consult with an eminent surgeon who was remarkable for his successful treatment of diseases akin to that which had seized on Miss Vaylton, and which, as the reader will have surmised, was a spinal complaint. Mrs. Vaylton—eager to leave nothing untried that could benefit her daughter—had sent for and procured the attendance of this gentleman, Mr. Wyld, and he was at the time, when our tale begins, in deep consultation with Dr. Lentil on the case.

Charles Anley was devotedly attached to Constance, for, with a noble heart, a cultivated intellect, and a disposition of lofty rectitude, his love was truly reciprocated by one who resembled him in all this.

As he stood in the room, with Mrs. Vaylton waiting with her the final decision of the doctors, his fine features bore the mark of a heavy sorrow; as did those of the poor mother, whose convulsive sobs alone broke the silence of the apartment. At length the door opened, and Mr. Wyld and his companion entered—a look of grave seriousness blended with compassion being on the face of each. The former, a gray-haired man, whose features were remarkable for the benevolent look that characterized them, said,

"I have, madam, I am sorry to say, a very

painful statement to make to you. As you are aware, I have examined your daughter's state of health, and have consulted with Dr. Lentil on the point. The only conclusion we can arrive at is, that Miss Vaylton is suffering from a spinal disease, which appears of the most unmistakable description, and which will not, I fear, yield to any known human remedies."

"But, surely something can be done," said the agonized mother: "surely something exists to mitigate the disease."

"I grieve to say it," answered the great surgeon; "but at present I see no hope of your daughter ever recovering her strength, or regaining the power of volition. The only thing we can prescribe is perfect rest."

"And no hope?"

"None, unless some very great change takes place. Nay, madam, do not catch at that frail hope. There have been a few cases in which recovery has taken place, but alas! how few!" And the surgeon then detailed to Mrs. Vaylton the nature of her daughter's disease; and knowing he could do nothing either to lessen the mother's grief, or alleviate the daughter's complaint, at length took his leave.

As the door closed on him, Mrs. Vaylton gave full vent to her sorrow, and burst into so violent a flood of tears, that the kind-hearted family doctor was obliged to remind her that she had duties to perform which would not allow her to yield to her sorrow, and, gently dwelling upon the attendance and care her daughter would require, at length so far succeeded as to render her more composed, and persuaded her to retire to her own room for half-an-hour's rest before going to Constance.

When she had taken her departure, Dr. Lentil went up to Charles, who was standing (the misery he felt written on every feature) in the shade of the window.

"Come, Charles," said the doctor, "do not be so hopeless."

"Can you bid me hope?" he answered, mournfully.

"You heard what Wyld said," replied Dr. Lentil, evasively; "and while there's life there's hope."

Hope! hope! What empty mockery. "Oh! Lentil," said the young man, passionately, convulsively seizing the other's hand, "you

know not what bitter, bitter grief it is to me to see her thus: You, kind and good as you are, cannot feel poignantly as I do for my poor, poor darling."

"Well, well," answered the amiable doctor, feeling a curious dimness in the region of the eyes, "I feel your grief my dear boy, but you will only, I am afraid, make things even worse by giving way to it."

So saying he hurried from the room to his patient.

Sad indeed were the musings of Charles Anley, as he stood reflecting on the heavy grief that had fallen upon the household. His was not a nature in which even the better and purer instincts, love and affection, were alloyed with any selfish taint, as is the case with so many. Very many men of his age, even though loving as truly and highly as they were capable of doing, would, under like circumstances, after the first shock of news sad as those brought to him, have regained their usual tone of mind, have pitied the woman whom they fancied they never could have parted from, and have then in time left for fresh scenes and fairer faces.

Such, however, was the very opposite of Charles Anley's disposition. His generosity, his honour, his love made him feel poor Constance even more entitled to the whole love of his heart than when no cloud had dimmed the prospect of their happiness.

Immersed in these reflections he did not perceive how the time passed till roused by a touch on the arm, he looked round and met the kind face of Dr. Lentil gazing at him with sorrow and pity.

"My dear fellow," said he, "go into the room; she wants to see you."

Charles left the room, and, crossing the hall, knocked at a door opposite; when Mrs. Vaylton's voice responded: "Come in."

Entering, he found her sitting beside her daughter, who lay on a couch close to a small table, on which stood a bouquet of hot-house flowers. Constance was wrapped in a white cashmere shawl, which assimilated with her pale but beautiful face. Her lustrous chestnut hair was simply braided round it. A look of sweet patience was on her features, and a soft expression in her deep blue eyes, as she met her lover's gaze. Her mother, rising, signed to Charles to approach, and left the room.

Charles sunk into the seat she had vacated, and, taking Constance's hand, looked, in mournful silence, on the lovely face turned towards him.

After a few minutes' silence, Constance said, gently: "I was prepared for Mr. Wyld's opinion, dear Charles."

"My darling," he responded, passionately, "I hoped, and felt sure he would devise some remedy—and it is a bitter disappointment."

"Hush, dear," said Constance; "regrets are unavailing and wrong; and I must not speak too long. Do you not see, Charles, what must be the result of his opinion?"

"You don't mean that we must part? Oh,

not that—not that. Say for a year, or five years; but, oh, give me some hope. Do not say for ever!"

"My poor Charles," answered the sweet girl, "what can I say to comfort you? It has cost me many an hour of bitter, and wrong, repining thought to look this fact in the face, and even now my heart aches; but, dear one, it *must* be so."

"Oh! do not say that," he answered, almost frenzied with grief and despair; "if there be no hope of our union, at least let me stay with you—be near you—see your face—hear your voice. Oh! Constance, Constance, what is the sweetness of life without you?" and he passionately kissed her forehead.

"Dear Charles," she replied faintly, exhausted by her own emotion and the sight of his, "we must part. It would be perhaps sweet for both to remain together, but a bitter injustice to you—and—forgive me, my own!—the day might come when you would begin to feel trammelled by the restraint. No, dear Charles, you were going abroad—fulfil your intention. Among fresh scenes your grief will be assuaged—and if"—And her voice broke into an irrepressible sob.

"If what, my own darling?" he murmured.

"If you should meet there with another—another who will perhaps make you happier than I should have done, do not let a thought or regret for me step in between you and happiness." But for all her forced composure and brave words, the tears began to pour down now.

"Constance, Constance," interrupted her lover, wildly, "do not say these words, even while these tears show how much they cost you to utter. I may have to leave, but do not fancy that my love can ever fail for you, or wander from the thought of you!" And he bent over and kissed her pale face.

The door opened, and Dr. Lentil and Mrs. Vaylton entered.

"I have come," said the former, "Charles, because I fear a longer interview will be hurtful to my patient. Ha! tears! This will never do! Come, my boy, you know how I feel for you, and won't think me brutal if I tell you to bid Constance farewell and begone; lingering will only make the parting worse."

"You are right, Doctor; though I would fain stay by her dear side. So farewell, farewell, my own one. Oh! that we may meet again in happier hours!" he murmured, his voice choked with emotion.

"Farewell, dearest one," she answered, heroically striving to keep back her tears; "farewell. Oh! would that I could say something to comfort you; for you need it even more than me." And she took up a small pair of scissors, and severed a tress of her glossy chestnut hair, and held it out to him.

He seized it, kissed it passionately, placed it in his bosom, and, wringing the doctor's hand, left the apartment and the house.

Constance remained silent, and then, laying her head on her mother's bosom, burst into the

long-repressed tears. Her mother mingled her's with her daughter's.—And thus Constance parted from him she loved best on earth.

CHAP. II.

Six months had elapsed since the parting of the two whose lives form the interest of our story, and, on a glorious summer-evening, Constance was lying on her couch, which had been moved to an open window, looking out on the garden, rich in its summer luxuriance.

The red rays of the setting sun fell upon every leaf and petal, the trees waved in the soft August breeze, and the scene and hour seemed to breathe peace and loveliness in everything. The girl herself was in unison with the rest. Her face—always beautiful—was refined and spiritualized by sickness, and her splendid dark blue eyes wandered over the prospect with mingled sadness and pleasure. By her side, watching every look with tender anxiety, sat her mother, holding one of her little hands in her's.

"Dearest," said Mrs. Vaylton, "are you not delighted with the beauty of the evening?"

"Oh! yes, mamma," was the answer; "there is such a sense of infinite loveliness and infinite repose!"

"See, I have had this white-rose bush trained so that you can pluck a bud by just putting your hand out of window."

"You think too much of me, sweet mother," said Constance, affectionately embracing Mrs. Vaylton.

"That would be impossible, my darling," said her mother, kissing her.

"Oh! I wish I could repay you for your tender care."

"Do not speak so, my own one; but, come, I will read you a letter I have had from Mrs. Vernon, who is at Naples, you know: it will amuse you."

Constance languidly assented, and her mother proceeded to read the letter to her, consisting of various little details which she knew would interest her. Suddenly, however, she started: her face grew pale, and she crushed the letter in her hand.

"What ails you, mamma?" demanded Constance, in great alarm.

"Nothing—nothing—dear: only the heat of the room," answered her mother nervously, endeavouring to conceal her emotion.

"Ah! no!" answered her daughter; "it was something in that letter."

"No—no! my dearest."

"Mother dear, it was; and you are endeavouring to conceal it. "Is—he—Charles—dead?" she continued; her lovely face whitening.

"Worse—worse!" murmured her mother, beading over her, while her tears fell on her daughter's face.

"Oh! what is it? demanded the girl hysterically.

"He is—going to be married!"

Constance answered not; but her face became

like marble; and a shudder ran through her frame; then, with forced composure, she said:

"Well, dear mother, I hope—I pray for his happiness: you know that I made him promise not to think of me."

"He has kept his promise," answered her mother bitterly.

"No, no, mamma! do not speak like that. Who could wish him to be bound by a promise to me? Should I not be unutterably selfish?"

She lay back and closed her eyes; and her mother, thinking she needed rest and silence, quitted the room. Constance's face was white and still as marble, but her lips moved, and she whispered to herself: "How base of me; yet I grieve he has forgotten me;" and the tears stole from under her closed eyelids.

She did not mention the subject again; but often would her mother see a wistful look of regret upon the beautiful face; but her feelings were somewhat alleviated by the intelligence Dr. Lentil gave her of the undoubted improvement in her daughter's strength and health.

One evening, when Mrs. Vaylton was alone, he came into the room with an expression of delight on his honest face.

"My dear Mrs. Vaylton I have delightful news for you.

"What is it?" answered Mrs. Vaylton listlessly.

"Constance I think will not much longer be chained to that sofa."

"Oh! Dr. Lentil, what do you mean," screamed Mrs. Vaylton, rising, and rushing towards him.

Hush! my dear lady: compose yourself. I have long seen a daily improvement, and I have no doubt that her's is one of those rare cases which Wyld mentioned, and in which Nature is working a cure."

He stopped, for Mrs. Vaylton sank into a chair overpowered.

To narrate the joyous events that followed, briefly, we will only say, that Dr. Lentil's prediction was verified; that Constance, after some months of the most assiduous care and attention, was able to regain all power of volition; and that the only thing which marred her joy was the concealed regret for her vanished dream of happiness. With the sweetness that was a chief part of her character, she never let this interfere with her uniform cheerfulness and affection for her mother.

A year had elapsed, and they were both seated—Constance at the piano, her mother at her work—in the drawing-room. Dr. Lentil was reading the paper with huge contentment (worthy man) in an arm-chair, when a ring at the bell startled them, for they were unused to visitors at that hour. In a moment the door was thrown open, and "Mr. Charles Anley" announced. Constance uttered a half-shriek, and pale and breathless rose, leaning against the piano for support, and her mother stood coldly confronting the visitor, while the good doctor rubbed his hands with a delighted air, and repeated continually to himself "Bless my heart."

"How do you do, Mr. Anley?" said Mrs.

Vaylton, sarcastically; and, how is Mrs. Anley?"

"What mean you, Mrs. Vaylton?" said the young man, bewildered.

"Oh! we heard of your union."

"And it is possible you believe the story," said he. Then turning, he saw Constance rushing towards her, and saying, "Oh! my darling, what a villain you must think me," he rapturously kissed her pale face.

"Oh! my Charles—I did believe it, I am ashamed to confess; but all sorrow is gone for ever now."

"Then," said Mrs. Vaylton, "it was a false rumour."

"Of course it was," broke in the Doctor,

shaking Charles's hand as if he wanted to shake it off. "And I wrote to him, telling him the joyful news, and bidding him come: and here he is."

"Never to leave again—never," said Mrs. Vaylton, crying and laughing by turns.

And so these two hearts were reunited, after passing through the grief that had been a bitter but a salutary trial. And their happiness was greater and higher for having been purified in the furnace of suffering. To conclude, a happier pair than Charles and Constance Anley could not be found among the readers of this magazine—which is equivalent to saying, throughout the length and breadth of England.

A TRAVELLER'S TALE.

I once thought I had made a discovery. I had travelled over many lands, all the while burning with a vast ambition to be the first to see something or other, and the first to make it known. But somehow or other, wherever I went there was always some one before me; and, not unfrequently, odious individuals were impudent enough to volunteer for my benefit the most horribly accurate information regarding the very places which I had resolved to visit under cover of night as worthy of exploration.

Rome I detest above all places—not a square inch of ground that is not accounted for by some abominably minute investigator! Jerusalem next, because there are so many interesting lies told about every possible corner, that the truth would be actually unwelcome alike to the pilgrim and the dweller at home. Probably Pompeii next; for no sooner had I got quit of my garrulous guide, by sending him off for a book that I had not left in the house of Diomedes, and begun to turn over a little rubbish on my own account, than I was challenged by a Neapolitan sentry, and (as I am accustomed to tell to credulous persons at home) all but put to death! Oh, those hateful English tourists, with their armfuls of "itineraires" and sketch-books! Can anything be conceived more insulting than the sudden appearance of a parasol on some classic site which the innocent traveller has, up to that moment imagined to be as (unimpeachably unsullied virgin) as Mademoiselle herself? The number of personal insults of this nature, which it has been my lot as a traveller to endure, is beyond recounting. But the greatest of them all—incomparably the greatest—will no doubt excite the sympathy of the reader. Would that I knew the name and abode of the author of it! But no: I will try to forgive him. And when I think upon it, there is nothing in the circumstances to prevent me from concluding that the guilt may lie at the door of a member of the parasol sex—in which case, far from talking of forgiveness, would that I were a glove upon the hand that smote me!

Well, once upon a time, when I was travelling on the coast of Asia M-n-r (I veil the names of the places in case the author of the insult should recognize the circumstance, and it should come home reproachfully to his or, especially, *her* conscience). I came upon the site of an old town (I won't say which, for the reason just parenthetically mentioned) that had been, long ages before, inhabited by a flourishing Greek colony. This town was situated on a small island, once connected with the mainland by a causeway. Here I found unmistakeable traces of ancient structures—exceedingly gratifying. The ground was strewn in all directions with fragments of ancient earthenware, which I had by that time learnt to distinguish from the modern material by the extreme lightness of the former. The old mole was distinctly visible. From the sea it seemed merely a low narrow reef, but on a nearer approach the hand of man was easily recognized. I traced, too, a line of masonry all along the water's edge. "Who can tell," thought I, "but this may have been a fine quay, the fashionable promenade of C. C.—" (I was very nearly out with it), "when the news from Athens, Mitylene, or Phocæa may have been discussed by a free-hearted, life-enjoying people. But alas! part of the island was unmistakeably ploughed over, and my first gratification went on gradually diminishing, till, just as I was leaving the island, I espied some sort of structure which I had not before seen, and on approaching it found it to be an ancient fountain, wonderfully entire. Was I the first who had seen it in modern times? Of course not. The ploughman must have looked out for a place to water his oxen, and was not likely to miss this. But it was not a mere fountain. What did these mysterious-looking steps lead to? Ostensibly to a dark space, half-hidden with the overhanging branches of a fig-tree. For a moment I experienced the hesitation that is said to affect great minds when about to cross a rubicon—but only for a moment. Descending the steps, and dragging aside the branches

of the fig-tree, I found myself in a subterranean chamber, supported by rude columns, with a stone seat built against the wall facing the entrance. On the left side of the entrance was a deep well, and beside this an opening into another chamber receding away into no end of mystery, which I did not thoroughly explore, for fear of a second well. I threw stones, however, far into the darkness, and was delighted with the idea of distance which the experiment gave me.

Now who constructed this? To what divinity was it dedicated? What words were spoken in the still recesses of these chambers? What vows were there formed? What crime may have darkened its waters? In whose mind did this form one of the hallowed associations of home, or the dreaded spot of religious mystery? All these thoughts coursed through my mind, but were all subordinate to the great inquiry, was this a discovery? The ploughman! What of him? He may have seen it, but he can't have written about it. I never read anything about it. Assuredly it is unknown to Europe. It was a discovery; I had resolved upon it; and I accordingly proceeded to take the dimensions, by the united aid of measurement and conjecture, just as travellers generally do.

Only imagine what Columbus would have felt, if, on stepping ashore at Hayti, he had discovered on the beach an unmistakeable Toledo, thrown down in fright by one of the flying natives! Conceive the disgust of Abyssinian Bruce if, when rising from his knees at the source of the Blue Nile, he had espied opposite to him, comfortably esconced under a palm-tree, a French artist coolly sketching him in as part of the foreground of his week's work! Try to realize the giant wrath of Belzoni if on one of the walls of that glorious tomb at Thebes he had read the name of some other *oni*, dated a month or two before, and who had re-closed the entrance only to return with fresh resources for completing his discovery! Conjure up the suicidal temptations that would have beset Layard, had he discovered, in the depth of his Ninevite palaces, the dilapidated remains of a soda-water bottle!

When you have sufficiently pondered these you will have some faint idea of what my feelings were, when, just as I was making my last measurement, I discovered in a dark corner of the stone seat already mentioned, a fragment of Galignani's Messenger containing the crumbs of a bun. J. B. S.

CHURCHYARDS AND EPITAPHS.

No. II.

All men have more or less a desire to teach, and in nothing is this more clearly proved than in their epitaphs.

"All you that pass mee by,
As you are now soe once was I,
As I am now so shall you bee—
Remember the poore, and imitate me."

This is one of thousands; every village churchyard has its scores of them, wherein the writer seeks, by his own example, to press on the passers-by how speedily his time is coming.

Some men have sought to make their tombstones the vehicle of instruction upon various subjects. We remember to have seen upon one the space of time in which light travelled from the sun, and various little scraps of knowledge inserted as foot-notes to lines containing ever so distant an allusion to the subject, and evidently inserted for the purpose of facilitating the introduction of the scrap of knowledge to be imparted. On a stone in the obscurest corner of a country churchyard we read, with surprise, of a man, who, from the annual wage of £7, contrived to save, before his death, £500. Strange intelligence this for a tombstone; indeed, it would be strange anywhere, when we find that, reckoning from his birth till his death, which occurred in his 78th year, the sum total would be only £46 more than the sum he left at death.

Another tells us of a man who was an "eminent scholar," and, as a proof, informs us, in a note at the bottom, that he could make almanacks. And a stone in the same place is raised

to commemorate the extraordinary affection of an "infant," 38 years of age:—

The mother died, and soon the infant's breath
Gently expired, without the pains of death;
It seemed as if it could not stay behind,
As if a parent's bosom it must find.

There is but one date upon the stone, two names—mother and son—aged 60 and 38.

We turn from this, to one we dwell upon with pleasure—a stone set up to record a noble action, and two worthy and honourable, though obscure names; it is in a beautiful cemetery, one grave among many, whose occupants fell by the same epidemic.

To
The memory of
John Edmund Cottrell,
Aged 34,
and
William Ashmore,
Aged 43,
Privates
in the 4th Dragoon Guards,
who died of cholera,
16th September, 1849.
The Officers of the Regiment
have erected this stone
to express their
approbation of the conduct of
the above men,
who volunteered
to nurse their comrades,
and who lost their lives in the
performance
of that noble duty.

Well may we be proud to know it is of such men our army is composed—brave in war and brave in peace—ready, when duty calls, to die, if need be, in the field; ready to lighten the sufferings of their comrades at the risk of their own lives. Let us honour such men; well have they deserved kind words from all of us, and it is with no ordinary pleasure we find their officers commemorating their good deeds.

I have wept over many graves: there is one I visit every summer—one of a dear friend, the history of whose death I am about to repeat; and seldom have I left it that a tear has not risen to my eye. It is the grave of Ernest Gordon; we buried him there many years ago—we were schoolboys then—Ernest, William, and I. A friendship so complete—

“Portioned in halves between us, that we grew
The fable of the city where we dwelt.”

Twelve years ago, on as sunny a June morning as ever gladdened the heart of schoolboy on a holiday, we three were rowing on the Avon; there was a smile on every face, merriment in every voice; we laughed and sang, we shouted to the mowers in the grass along the river,

“And turned to mirth all things of earth
As only boyhood can.”

We moored the boat to some trees in a secluded part of the river, and, as we had often done before, undressed to bathe; the river was swollen from recent rains, but we were all practised swimmers, and plunged into the water, full of confidence. Ernest was the first, and as he rose shouted to us to follow him. Poor Ernest! He never spake word again; two hours later he was taken from the water, dead, and all unlike the noble boy who carolled in the boat. Truly, in life we are in the midst of death.

He had swam up the stream, I downwards, and William was yet upon the boat; I was resting in a shallow, plucking some water-lilies, when there came from William, in the boat, a scream that will haunt me to my dying day. Sitting here, in the still night, with all these years between, I seem to here it again, to distinguish the word “drowning,” followed by the dash of William into the water, and to see again the silver lilies in my hand. It seemed then that I should never reach the place, though I swam as I had never done before; the water broke upon my breast, parting in two broad furrows, and seemed to wash me back again; then I reached the bend, and once, for a moment, saw Ernest’s head level with the water, and Will but a few yards from him, still half-dressed, then both were gone. Will rose as I came up for breath, and dived again: I followed, and my foot struck him: his hand closed round my ankle like the gripe of a vice—I could not touch him otherwise, and I rose to the surface with scarcely strength or sense to swim to the shore; and when I had recovered it would have been vain to renew the search. Then for the first time

came to me the horrible thought, the vain regret, had I swam up as he desired me I might have saved him—probably I should. He had been seized with cramp, and it would have been easy to swim with him to the shore. Whenever (and it has not been seldom) my thoughts have recurred to that sunny morning on the river, and the three blythe hearts that went down it—one never to return—this thought has come, and I have wept above his grave—“he might have lived to bless me with his friendship in manhood as he did in boyhood, had I followed him!” It was his last request. Noble Ernest! I shall never know another like unto thee—the flower of boyhood, the honour of his school, and the joy of all who shared his friendship. I shall never know again the happy union of mirth and serious thought that dwelt in thee—my boon companion in many a schoolboy frolic. Three days later I followed him to his sad grave, and wept as I have never done since. Till then death was to me but a name for something I had never seen, and would not trust myself to contemplate even in thought. How sadly was I forced to meet it then! Often since have I stood face to face with it, coming to those dearest to my soul; but none have left me powerless as that did.

In those three days I seemed to grow from careless boyhood to a man old in grief. The almost madness of his parents when they met me, the repetition of the inquest, and then the funeral, and after that home! home! Oh, how I loathed the river, then! I love it again now, even better than before; but it is with a strangely altered love.

William went home too, and we never went to school again. Many times since I have knelt by Ernest’s grave: it is a sweet spot, covered with daisies and the blue speedwell. The river that drank his life glides almost at his feet, and murmurs soothingly upon a scour beyond. A willow grows above his grave, and the sunlight plays through the leaves about the grass. A simple stone marks his resting-place, telling his manner of death; and underneath is written that beautifully expressive line from Tennyson’s “In Memoriam”—

“That friend of mine who lives in God!”

It was but a few weeks before that, standing fishing under the willow where he now lies, he had said to me, “When I die I should like to be buried here, where I can hear the water babble on the stones!”

How little did I anticipate we should so soon lay him there!

Of the inseparable trio of schoolboy friends I alone remain. Will has found a grave beyond the roaring waves of the Atlantic—gone to join Ernest in Paradise! Of the three blythe happy hearts that rowed and sang upon the river, there is but one now, and that may never more experience the fulness of joy, the happy ignorance of grief it knew for the last time that sunny summer’s morning.

There is another grave shadowed by the same tree, and its occupant found as untimely and sad a death as he. I knew them both, and it is meet that they should rest side by side in that still churchyard. She might have been his sister, for she was gentle, loving, and as pure as the flowers that blow above her head. Upon

the stone that marks her grave are written those beautiful lines of Mrs. Hemans—

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set : but all
Thou hast, all seasons for thine own, O death !"

J. D. C.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND CORRESPONDENCE OF MARY GRANVILLE (MRS. DELANY). Edited by the Right Honourable Lady Lansdown. Three vols. (*Bentley*).—We have been looking forward with great interest to the perusal of these volumes since their announcement. The life of a lady, who during the long period of eighty-nine years moved in the first circles of English and Irish society, could not fail to give us a picture of manners long gone by, and of people whose deeds we read of in history, but of whose private life we know little. Of the way in which the noble editor has performed her task, we cannot speak highly. We have to complain of the same faults which have marked most of our later biographies—a want of the pruning-knife. Here are three large octavo volumes chiefly filled with Mrs. Delany's letters to her sister, in which the same sentiments and often stories are repeated which the reader must skip over, or he would be wearied *ad nauseam*, and, as if this were not enough, we only get to her appointment in the Court of George the Third, and are promised some concluding volumes ! The short autobiography with which the book begins makes us regret that Mrs. Delany did not complete it, instead of writing a moral story which never saw the day. She tells us that she was born in the year 1700, being the eldest daughter of Bernard Granville, a grandson of the famous Sir Bevil Granville, who was killed in the civil war in 1642, on Lansdown, fighting for his king, having the patent of the Earldom of Bath in his pocket. All the connections of her family stood high in Court favour, she herself being taken to live with her aunt Lady Stanley, at Whitehall, at the early age of eight, and her name was set down as a future maid of honour. But these fair prospects were all blighted by the death of Queen Anne. The Granvilles were of the discontented party; Lord Lansdown, her uncle, was sent to the Tower with Lord Oxford, and her father with his family were put under restraint until released by the good offices of Lady Stanley. Mrs. Delany feelingly describes her regret at being forced to leave the pleasures of London life to be shut up in a lonely country house—Buckland, in Gloucestershire. After two years' seclusion she was, however, released by an invitation from Lord Lansdown to go with his family to Bath, and spend the winter at their country seat of Longleat : an invitation

she accepted with the utmost delight, but which proved the source of many years' bitter trial; for, according to the fashion which prevailed in those days, the Earl was arranging a most unsuitable marriage for her; and she describes her misgivings when a visitor arrived of the age of sixty, she being eighteen, towards whom she at once felt the most invincible aversion, "thought him ugly and disagreeable, fat, much afflicted with the gout, and often sat in a sullen mood." This Mr. Pendarves, of an ancient Cornish family, she accepted with loathing; but her parents' poverty and their wishes overcame her scruples, whilst Lord Lansdown promised to see a handsome fortune secured to her; this he failed to do, and all she got was a small settlement.

I was married with great pomp [she says]; never was Woe dressed-out in gayer colours. I was sacrificed, and lost; not life indeed, but all that makes life desirable—joy, and peace of mind.

Yet she seems to have acted up to her duty, and though she could not give her heart's love, her husband never suspected it. They were a fortnight on the road home. Each night was passed at the house of some friend, which was very trying to the distressed and youthful bride, and when they reached Roscrow the dismal appearance of the castle so terrified her, that she burst into tears.

I was led into an old hall that had scarce any light belonging to it, on the left hand of which was a parlour, the floor of which was rotten in places, and part of the ceiling broken down; and the windows were placed so high that my head did not come near the bottom of them.

Then began a series of visits, and a series of temptations, which make us think the novels of the last century were not such exaggerated pictures of the state of morality as we hoped. For three wretched years did this "tyranny" continue, during two of which her husband seems to have been steady; but the third he gave way to intemperance, which continued to the end of his life. His removal to London opened to his wife the pleasant society to which her birth and gaiety entitled her. He went to "his set"—a very sad one, and she to hers, which included all the fashionables of the day; yet her sound and excellent principles made her sometimes feel she should have fewer difficulties if they were again at Roscrow, even if there

were fewer pleasures. From this time the affectionate correspondence begins with her sister, who resided with Mrs. Granville, in Gloucester, since the father's death. To her everything is told—grave or gay, important or trifling; for from her husband's miserable death (when she was twenty-five) to her second marriage, she resided in London during the winter, visiting the Duchess of Portland, Sir John Stanley, and many other friends, in turn, during the summer months. We have many notices of the stage, which was then so universal a passion; the appearance of Garrick, Mrs. Oldfield, and Peg Woffington, are all described; and the sensation created by Gay's "Beggars' Opera," which the Court forbade being acted, as it was supposed to reflect on the Government. The eccentric Duchess of Queensberry was a great friend of the author's, and indiscreetly urged the King and Queen on his behalf, and asked for subscriptions for him in the drawing-room. She was forbidden the Court, which was an astounding thing to one of her rank and beauty; so in revenge, she wrote the following letter (which is quite a curiosity for insolence and bad grammar):

"The Duchess of Queensberry is surprised and well pleased that the King hath given her so agreeable a command as to stay from Court, where she never came for diversion, but to bestow a civility on the King and Queen. She hopes by such an unprecedented order as this is, that the King will see as few as he wishes at his Court, particularly such as dare to think or speak truth. I dare not do otherwise, and ought not, nor could have imagined that it would not have been the very highest compliment that I could possibly pay the King to endeavour to support truth and innocence in his house, particularly when the King and Queen both told me that they had not read Mr. Gay's play. I have certainly done right, then, to stand by my own words rather than his Grace of Grafton's, who hath neither made use of truth, judgment, nor honour, through this whole affair, either for himself or his friends.

"C. QUEENSBERRY."

Mrs. Delany's passion for music led her very frequently to the opera, "which," she often remarks, "must be closed for want of support." But her taste made her prefer Handel to any other composer, and she mentions hearing him play when she was ten years old; again at the age of fifty-two. She remarks:

Poor Handel! how feelingly must he recollect the "total eclipse!" I hear he has now been couched, and found some benefit from it.

This alludes to his playing the organ during the performance of "Samson," in which occurs that pathetic air to Milton's words:

"Total eclipse! No sun, no moon!
All dark amidst the blaze of noon!" &c.

The audience saw the old man grow pale; and when he was led forward, to acknowledge their applause, many were so affected as to be moved to tears. She gives us a full account of the coronation of George the Second, at which she was present.

The dresses of the ladies were becoming, and most of them immensely rich. The Princesses were in stiff-bodied gowns of silver tissue, embroidered, or quite covered with silver trimming; with diadems on their heads, and purple mantles, edged with ermine, and vast long trains.

The room was finely illuminated with 1,800 candles, in gilt branches in the form of pyramids, and lighted in less than three minutes by an invention of Mr. Heidigger's, the theatrical manager who was so famous for his ugliness. In spite of the gay life she led, Mrs. Delany found time for the improvement of her mind, and was called a philosopher among her friends. Her tastes, too, were very refined, and she played and painted well, Dr. Delany encouraging her much to pursue the latter accomplishment by the never-failing sympathy he showed in all her occupations. She seems also to have been most diligent with her needle—and two quilts still remain: one of dark blue linen, with an intricate pattern of leaves cut-out in white linen, and sewed down with white knotting, which we believe was the same as *frivolité*, or tatting; the other is on white linen, worked in flowers copied from, and the size of, Nature; delineated with the finest coloured silks, in running-stitch, as a pen-etching on paper. The Editor has also in her possession a set of chair-covers made of the most brilliant dark blue linen, and bordered with oak-leaves cut-out in white, and tacked down with knotting, which forms the veining and stalks. In shell-work, too, she excelled; and attained such perfection in it that she executed cornices of the most beautiful designs, which, when painted or coloured over, appeared like the finest carving. A lustre, which she speaks of as "a great work," was also covered with shells; but they were left in their natural colours, which, arranged by her unerring eye, had the most beautiful effect, and united the brilliancy of enamel with the inimitable tracery and harmony of Nature. Her garden, too, became a passion with her, after her second marriage, as it was her husband's favourite relaxation; and Delville, their residence near Dublin, gave them every facility for the display of taste:

It slopes gently off, down to a little brook that runs through the garden; on the other side of which is a high bank with a hanging wood of evergreens, at the top of which is a circular terrace that surrounds the greatest part of the garden, and the greatest quantity of roses and sweetbriar that I ever saw.

The remarks upon medical treatment are very curious. The constant remedies were an emetic and bleeding, whilst the incessant course of drugs which the poor children imbibed outwardly and inwardly makes us wonder that anybody ever survived to be bled when they were grown up; or that, having thus survived, they arrived at old age. One of Mrs. Delany's little nieces having suffered from the ague (which seems to have been a common disease among children), the aunt wrote to her mamma

that an *infallible* remedy would be a large spider put into a quill, hermetically sealed, and hung round the child's neck! Bishop Berkeley's celebrated "tar-water" is also recommended; with many other waters and drops of equal value. We can only close our remarks by drawing the conclusion that Mrs. Delany was a bright example in being so thoroughly womanly; "her benevolence was so strong, it should seem as if she looked upon the whole world as her friends; and her tenderness to each particular friend so great as to fill up the measure of a whole heart;" whilst the winning grace of her manners made every one who saw her desire a greater intimacy with her. Her activity of mind never allowed her to spend an idle moment; and the time that others of her sex gave to dress, were employed in something useful or amusing. Her actions show that charity and benevolence were her first aim, whilst judgment and prudence ever directed her path through life. C. RUSSELL.

PAUL THE POPE, AND PAUL THE FRIAR: A Story of an Interdict. By T. Adolphus Trollope. (London: Chapman and Hall.)—This "Story of an Interdict" embodies a strong historical contrast; well chosen and well maintained, and is undoubtedly a work of great merit. The two representative men who are the subjects of the contrast were born in the same year (1552), the Roman boy Camillo Borghese dying Sovereign Pontiff of the Catholic world, 69 years afterwards; and his intellectual rival, Pietro Sarpi, son of an unsuccessful Venetian trader, one year subsequently. It is remarkable that at the same time that Camillo became Paul the Pope, Pietro became Paul also; but with the exception of these coincidences, the figures and actions of the two men stand out distinctly, and in vivid contrast. Camillo was large in person, of a grand presence, with a florid complexion, indicative of his choleric temper, and an expression altogether suggestive of what, our author observes, he honestly believed—that he was "by far, very far, the greatest man on earth. To arrogance was added superstition, and a thirst for controversy, he being resolved, on coming to the Papal throne, to overcome all heresies for the time. On the other hand, Pietro as a boy was usually called by the diminutive 'Pierino,' on account of his stature and slender make;" and did not seem, during the early part of his career—

At all calculated, either by disposition or circumstances, to fill any such position in the history of the world, as that which he was led by events to achieve and occupy. He gave, indeed, from a very early age, high promise of distinction; but in a very different field from that in which he eventually won it.

* * * *

In astronomy, optics, hydraulics, medicine, anatomy, chemistry, botany, mineralogy, his researches were profound and productive; and he is said by the Italians to have anticipated by several years our own *Harvey* in the discovery

of the circulation of the blood, and the valves of the veins; at any rate, Harvey's book on the subject was not published till five years after the friar's death, so that the converse opinion asserted by English writers occasionally, that Sarpi took all he knew of the subject from Harvey's book, is incorrect. Fra Paolo was also the friend of Galileo, and subsequently became as great a theologian and politician as he was a man of science. While Paul appears as the representative of ecclesiastical despotism cunningly learned in the law, and a keen diplomatist, battling vigorously for the supreme dominion of the Church of Rome, Paolo Sarpi, the Venetian, stands forth as the champion and advocate of civil and religious liberty: firm, yet moderate, bold but cautious, contending inch by inch, by voice and pen, for the conscientious rights of humanity, and the independence of the "Queen of the Adriatic." Mr. Trollope has carefully analyzed the origin and progress of the quarrel between Venice and Rome, which resulted in the sixteenth-century Interdict, and the personal controversy of the Pope and the friar. The first fell comparatively harmless, the evil recoiling on the authority of Rome, which was more weakened than in any previous struggle with the various sections of catholic Europe. It is a pleasant fact that, though Paolo Sarpi, as the enemy of Rome, was attacked, and nearly killed by the hired assassins of the Church, he outlived the Pope, and enjoyed the triumph of his country's cause, which was also that of humanity. Mr. Trollope is fearless and outspoken. The Church, he avers, will only become secure when it seeks to bring, and gradually does bring itself into conformity with the accelerated progress of science and modern civilization. He does not look for much formal secession from the Papacy in Italy, but with the loss of the temporal power of the Church of Rome, he foresees that its influence will be small indeed. The Italians are fond of the pompous shows and forms and ceremonies remaining to the Roman Catholic Church; and clinging to these, faith in the church itself, and fear of its power, will die out. The author takes it for granted that the Papacy will soon be deprived of its political rule, and that its spiritual despotism will in that stroke meet its *coup de grace*.

GIVE BREAD GAIN LOVE. By Eliza Meteyard ["Silverpen"]. (London: Wm. Tegg.)—Under this quaint title, Miss Meteyard has produced one of the most interesting juvenile stories we have, for a long time, met with. Like all the author's tales, it is brimming over with incident and vitality; and there is in it sufficient story to make half-a-dozen ordinary ones. The scene is laid far away amongst the coal-mines and potteries—new ground to so many little readers—which the writer's knowledge of the district enables her to describe most graphically. The little heroine is a poor child who has fallen into the hands of an old potter and his wife; and who, in the absence of her father (her mother died in giving birth to her), is kept by them for the sake of her services

as she grows up. Her life, under the rule of the potter's wife, is a dreadful one, and this ending by the old woman's death amongst the hills, introduces her to new scenes and fresh vicissitudes, all ultimately over-ruled for good, and ending in the restoration of the little girl to her father. The scene which introduces her to us will at once illustrate the happy traits of style in Miss Meteyard's writing, which is as apparent in this little volume as in her more elaborate works:

Though these wild and solitary hills were in winter time almost always covered deep with snow, yet in summer they were both lovely and pleasant. Cool breezes blew across their heights, the sward was crisp and dry, the dark clump of bushes scattered here and there were thickly covered with luscious bilberries, and millions of pretty hare-bells awayed lightly to and fro on their thread-like stems.

For more than a week not a human foot had crossed these hills; but now, whilst the July afternoon was at its hottest, a spec upon the far-away blue sky grew bigger and bigger; and soon came slowly on, a poor donkey, heavily laden with two large wicker panniers, in which was piled a great load of coarse pottery. There were yellow dishes and brown pans and blue jugs, tied by string to the wicker work; whilst between the panniers stood a set of deep crocks such as those in which housewives make bread. An old woman, dressed in a man's coat, and a rusty black bonnet, stalked behind; a short pipe in her mouth, and a thick stick in her hand, which, whenever poor Smoke, the donkey, slackened foot or stayed to nibble some wayside thorn, or a few tempting blades of grass, she used with cruel ferocity. Indeed his whole back was bare from hard usage and galling loads; and yet he was such a patient, docile creature, that anyone less cruel and ignorant than this old woman would have softened his lot by kindly treatment.

By-and-bye, however, she stopped abruptly, turned round, and shading her face with her hand, looked far in the direction whence she had come. When she saw what her eye sought, she called out, with a loud and angry voice:

"Come! Thou'dst better on, or I'll gi'e the stick once again."

Thus summoned, the distant object the old woman's eye had lighted upon came nearer; and as it thus grew distinct, it was seen to be a little girl, about seven years old, shoeless, and clad in a miserable frock and tippet. She had a bonnet, for it dangled from one of the panniers—and she had shoes, for they were thrust in a jug; but she had been suffered to wear neither since, two days before, they had begun to cross these lonely hills. She had a pretty face, though it was very dirty; her eyes were large, though red and swollen from many tears; and her timid, hesitating step, as she came nearer, showed in what dread she held the bad old woman.

A few paragraphs on, we are introduced to the little girl's friend and companion, Pincher:

So saying, she shook her hand at the child, gave Smoke a fresh blow or two, and went onwards. But presently she stopped again, and called out:

"Where's the dog?"

Perhaps it was that the child did not hear, for she made no answer; but stood still in the place where the old woman had left her.

"Come! These'd better come on, or it shall be the worse for thee. Where's the dog?"

"Pincher's after the rabbits, Granny."

The old woman whistled, and soon there came bounding from the far distance a poor-looking sort of cur; but sprightly, and kindly-eyed. He whisked and frisked round the little company, and then, lying down and stretching out his paws, he laid his nose there, as though for a fresh gambol; but the old woman was in no humour to see prettiness of behaviour in either dog or child: so she thumped her stick again, and all went onwards in the burning sun.

So on, for at least two hours, they went, across the silent waste of the mountain-summit; nothing of life being seen but some flapping raven, or blue-winged butterfly. Never once giving rest to child or beast; never once would she let poor old Smoke stay to drink, though he gave such signs of thirst, and the streams which trickled through the fern and moss were so many and so clear; but on and on she went with stony indifference.

Having followed the wayfarers so far, we are sadly tempted to go on; but our space will not admit of our making further extracts from this tempting volume; which is, in fact, a romance in little, with sufficient originality and abundance of action and incident to have made many plots. We fancy very few of our young readers will rest contented with this glimpse of a rustic group, so truthfully described, but will seek for themselves the sequel of the little girl's wanderings through the twelve chapters of this well-told story, the interest of which never flags.

THE INTELLECTUAL SEVERANCE OF MEN AND WOMEN. By James M'Gregor Allan. (*T. C. Newby, London.*)—This little work is one which demands and deserves thoughtful reading. It is of no use pooh-poohing the gravity of its complaints; the fact that there is reason for them, on the part of thoughtful and earnest men, is one that should quicken the sensibilities of women to the moral and social importance of the subject. In the nine chapters of which the volume consists, the author has very succinctly set down the causes which he conceives to be at the root of this mental severance; but the chapter on Education alone contains the gist of the whole matter—the very *fond* of the want of intellectual sympathy between men and women, and the true and logical reason of the weaknesses and tepidity of character with which satirists of all times have taunted the latter. Conscious possibly of the storm of opposition which the sticklers for "no surrender" of conventional modes might raise about his pages, the author has sought to strengthen his own opinions by those of others whose names carry with them all the weight of authority in reference to the subject; but we conceive that the book would have been better without these aids, which deduct from the originality of its quality, and admire most those portions of it, in which he trusts to his own impressions and gives us his own thoughts, which are evidently those of a reflective and earnest man. Speaking of the superiority of masculine education with reference to the barrier it raises up between the

youth of intelligence and his mother and sisters almost from his school-days, Mr. Allan observes (after describing the effects upon the boy's spirit created by the influence of home—of that fireside circle, that "domestic community, where female society has its purest and most profound effect—making the words *mother*, *sister*, beloved names for ever") :

The joyful anticipations of finding in his mother and sisters still the guides, associates, intellectual companions, and partakers of his best and most earnest thoughts are subject to bitter disappointment! Can he talk to them of his studies—tell them his original ideas—speak from the fulness of his heart—pour out the treasures with which his mind is stored? He has entered, by virtue of his manly education, into a world of thought which has already begun to sunder him intellectually from women, and will sunder him still further. * * * * Nothing that is great, glorious, and sublime in the rich field of classic literature has escaped the ardent student who has thus hived up a cornucopia of knowledge, which will enlarge his sympathies with humanity, extend the scope of his intelligent and reflective powers, and beautify his soul for ever. His brain is a palimpsest, on which is inscribed the grand panorama of History, from the poem of Genesis down to the last Revolution in France. Let us add to the lore of antiquity the modern standard authors in every department of thought—religion, politics, natural history, the exact sciences—and we need not wonder at the want of sympathy which begins at this period between a well-educated man and his female relatives.

Again :

While the brothers are sent to college, the girls are withdrawn from a fashionable boarding-school, to do crochet and English embroidery, attend picnics, and practise the piano, and begin that delightful career of dressing, dancing, novel-reading, and flirtation—in that species of *dissipation* which is lawful for young women after they have come out.

This reads a little bitter in the mouth, but who can deny its truth? We are not, however, prepared to acquiesce in the following assertions :

Married women reproduce the ideas of their husbands. Women in general are echoes of the last speaker. They have not a quick perception of humour ; and originality frightens them.

Mr. M' Gregor Allan lays much stress on that prudery which depreciates intellectual progress, and confounds purity with ignorance.

There are some would-be innovators on time-honoured custom [he remarks] who maintain that a woman's mind requires the same invigorating and refining process as that of a man ; who say that women should study the classics and mathematics, and should read the elder British novelists, and the great poets and authors whose works reflect nature and society in all the strong prismatic hues of truth ; that the objection of too great licence of style should really be no hindrance, for that a cultivated and well-principled mind, whether male or female, can be trusted, after a certain age, "to refuse evil and to choose the good ;" and these misguided people add, that the virtue which requires the bulwark of Ignorance is a spurious virtue.

Our author admits that "there is a great deal that is wrong in the actual education of young men—they are not taught the first two sciences, Logic and Morality ; but, taking it as it is, it is better worth while to give this education to young women than to teach them only to practise music, to draw, and to work patterns. What men desire to find is, women who can think." We are inclined to be sceptical upon the latter point. The generality of men regard women from an entirely different point of view from our author ; and it must be remembered that the severance occasioned by the marked difference of education has been inflicted on her by men. Proceeding analytically with his subject, Mr. M'Gregor Allan traces all that is inimical to the sympathy of men and women to the diversity adopted in their course of mental training. Occasionally there is so marked an acerbity in the pronouncing of his judgments, that we are inclined to believe he writes out of the bitterness of some personal feeling ; but, on the other hand, so much of truth is mingled with his cynicism, that we are led to accept his book as the result of matured thought and grave conviction. It deserves to be well considered, and widely read, especially by women ; as bearing relation to certain questions on the social condition of the sex.

THE WORN WEDDING RING, AND OTHER POEMS. By W. C. Bennett. (*London: Chapman and Hall.*)—Mr. Bennett has long since made a place for his poems at the coziest side of the hearth in English homesteads, wherever children trip about or the domestic affections are cherished. He is known and loved of mothers ; and men whose hour of paternity has not yet come have felt their hearts throb at the peerless picture of "Baby May." In the present volume Mr. Bennett has essayed a higher flight, and a great portion of it is devoted to a series of sonnets—the most delicate and most difficult form of poetic production. Infinite pains is evident in the pruning down of phraseology to the simplicity of phrase and figure so much affected in this form of composition ; but it is questionable if all the requisite pains is repaid in the result. The evident art in their construction hinders that sense of pleasure in the reader which rose impulsively on reading many a rougher lay of Mr. Bennett's ; and, strange to say, the little "Cradle Song" at the end of the volume strikes us with a sweeter sense of poetic feeling than these *concentrated elaborations*—if we may be allowed so paradoxical a phrase ; yet many of them are very charming. Take, for instance, the following :

AT DULWICH.

Ah ! the dear goodness of our gracious God !
Oh ! what a glory gilds the fields to-day !
The "glad light green" of blithe old Chaucer's May
Gleams from the grass, and laughs up as 'tis trod !
There, to warm wooling airs, sweet cowslips nod ;
While from their honey'd cups, bees boom away ;
Bright is the lime ; bright is the willow's spray ;
Glory and joy are everywhere abroad.

Nor from our hearts that laugh aloud His praise—

His goodness who has made the *Spring* so fair;
Down scattering such bright blessings on our ways,
Painting His power and mercy everywhere.

O well our hearts may we in gladness raise

To Him who takes for us such gracious care!

We might point out several others of the sonnets, smooth and graceful as this little gem. Still our impression is that these will be the least popular of Mr. Bennett's compositions, and that he will live longest in his home-songs and simple lyrics. The sonnet requires an educated ear, and will therefore only have a limited audience. Songs that appeal to the affections and household loves are world-wide in their sympathies and application. Several of the poems in the volume have previously appeared in print.

THE RELIQUARY. Edited by Llewellynn Jewitt, F.S.A. (*London: John Russell Smith.*)—This number opens with a very elaborate article on the ballad-hero, Robin Hood; followed by one descriptive of that ancient engine of female discipline, the Ducking-stool, contributed by the learned Editor, and containing much curious, and at this distance of time, interesting particulars of its use—and, more generally, abuse. In our last notice of this publication we gave the same writer's account of the Branks, another horrible instrument of punishment for *brawlers*. So old is the ducking-stool that it is mentioned in "Doomsday-book" as being, even then, in use at Chester. Subsequently, we find it, in company with the Cuck-stool and Tumbrell, in almost every town of England. Specimens of these various instruments of punishments are still extant in provincial museums. The ducking-stool, either fixed or moveable, was made specially for the purpose of immersion. Generally it consisted of a strong chair, attached to one end of a beam, which worked on a pivot on a post bedded into the ground at the edge of the dam, or river side, or pond. When required, the beam was turned round to the bank, the woman bound to the chair, and the beam being turned back over the water, the ducking was given on the see-saw principle. Sometimes the culprit received two, or three, or more immersions—and sometimes she lost her life. This punishment was, *par excellence*, for scolds. The cucking-stool, on the other hand, was a loose chair in which the culprit could be placed at her own door, as a sign and a warning; or which could be attached to the tumbrel, to draw her to the gates of the town, or to the pond to be ducked. But this engine was not exclusively dedicated to women: "fraudulent bakers, brewers of bad ale, vendors of putrid meat, sellers of stinking rabbits, eels, capons, &c., were sometimes set in it, or carted round the town on the tumbrel." We have not space to follow Mr. Jewitt, who has given some very curious notes respecting the places and circumstances under which these engines of infamy were used. It is horrible to learn that women were sometimes ducked undeservedly—in fact,

as a matter of speculation; some men being brutal enough to "*present*" a woman as a scold for the purpose of making money, by going round with the hat amongst the bystanders. Miss Meteyard ("*Silverpen*") contributes a very charmingly-told tale—"The Heiress of the Spaldings"—a tradition of the county of Norfolk, and from which we would gladly have quoted but for want of room. Several other papers of antiquarian interest enrich this number of the "*Reliquary*," which cannot fail of becoming a very valuable auxiliary to the libraries of persons interested in such matters.

C. W.

PERIODICALS.

MAGNET STORIES: The Captive's Daughter. By W. Heard Hylliard. **Dear Charlotte's Boys.** By Emily Taylor. (*London: Groombridge and Sons.*)—The ninth and tenth tales of one of the prettiest series of children's books we have met with. "The Captive's Daughter" is an exceedingly interesting story—a story that adults will read with as much interest as the little ones. The scene is laid in the comparatively unhacknied regions of Poland, and the author describes with vivid truthfulness the aspect of the barren steppes, and the wondrous salt mines of Wielitska; Fedrona's descent into the dazzling yet dreadful caverns, in which all that we have read of the glories of fairy land becomes realized to the eye, is very vividly depicted, and the horrors incidental to the unhappy beings who for some real or fancied crime against the state, were formerly condemned to work in them, are told with considerable power. Miss Taylor's story is of a more domestic kind. We promise our young readers considerable pleasure in the perusal of these well-told stories.

ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL. (*London: 19, Langham Place, Regent Street; (W. Kent and Co., Paternoster Row.)*)—The February number of our contemporary opens with an important article on "Infant Mortality," from papers read in the Public Health section of the National Association for the Promotion of Social science at Glasgow. Its adaptation to the Journal is perhaps questionable, except as the matter may prove suggestive to the ladies' *Sanitary Association*. It, however, contains some gravely-interesting facts. The memoirs of the celebrated Madame Recamière is concluded, and is followed by "Insanity, Past and Present," another heavy article, and sombre subject, that does not seem in keeping with the special character of the magazine. Neither can we admire the style in which the serial, "A Strange Chance," is written; but the charming series of papers "Fruits in their Season," continues as interesting as ever, and is indeed more than usually diffusive and chatty in this month's description of the "orange family." The rest of this part consists of the usual notices of books, &c., &c.

THE LIFE-BOAT; OR, JOURNAL OF THE NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.—Scarcely a week has passed during the present winter, without a record of the noble services afforded

by the crews of this society's boats, at one part or other of the coast. With these more recent services, however, the present part of the Journal has nothing to do; its statements refer back from the 6th of January to the 17th of December, 1860, and show at a glance that on 77 occasions in terrific gales, stormy and heavy seas, hurricanes, and dense fogs, the brave fellows who comprise the crews of these fine boats had put off on their heroic mission of deliverance; and that setting aside their services in saving property, they have rescued no less than 186 lives. But, as we all know, even heroic deeds cannot be executed on a scale sufficiently extensive and well organized to render them a national benefit, without a corresponding amount of expense; and accordingly we find that the outlay of the Institution during the period mentioned amounted to £792. Munificent donations from the wealthy few are acknowledged, and in some cases the establishment of a perfect station has

been presented; but to be as powerful and efficient as it deserves, the *National Life Boat Institution* must be NATIONAL in more than name, and depend for its vitality and support on the contributions of the many. Donations in furtherance of this nobly useful and important Institution will be thankfully received by all the London and county bankers, and by the Secretary at the office of the Institution, 14, John Street, Adelphi, London.

JOURNAL OF THE WORKHOUSE VISITING SOCIETY, JANUARY 1861.—The principal paper in this number is on "Destitute Incurables in Workhouses," by Miss Elliot and Miss Cobbe, the subject of which we brought before our readers some time since. A fund has been opened to assist visitors in unions where this benevolent scheme has been adopted, to which one gentleman has offered £100, and others have promised contributions.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

Whatever the want of material for the pen of a dramatic critic may be at other periods, he has at all events now an *embarras de richesses*. Theatre vies with theatre in holding out attractions—all the more so because the severity of the Siberian December and January caused a falling-off in most houses and treasuries, which saddened the managers' faces. The stream of play-goers flows, however, uninterruptedly now, and makes up for lost time. At

THE ADELPHI

The popular "Colleen Bawn" still holds its sway, enlivened by the drollery and talent of Mr. Bourcicault. The water-scene still thrills the ladies with terror, and causes excitable gentlemen to shout with enthusiasm when Miles re-appears from the depths with his fair burden. We need scarcely say more on this drama, as few Londoners have not seen it. It is followed by the amusing burlesque of "Bluebeard," in which Mr. Toole and Miss Woolgar shine with their usual brilliancy. The institution of Pit Stalls at this theatre is a very excellent one, and might be imitated by other houses. At

THE HAYMARKET,

The stock play of "The Rivals" has been produced, supported by a capital cast. Miss Fanny Stirling acts in it, and commands general admiration by her grace and finished rendering. Her success in the former piece, "She Stoops to Conquer," was very marked, and her talent meets its due reward in applause. The acting of the piece in general is admirable. The

pantomime is, of course, still running, and is very gorgeous, especially the fountain scene. This theatre outvies itself in scenery every year. We next look in at

DRURY LANE,

Where Mr. and Mrs. Kean have been drawing large audiences. The splendid rendering of "Hamlet" by Mr. Kean has been thoroughly appreciated as well as applauded. Were we called on to name the finest points of the play, where all are so fine, we should mention his Closet-scene with the electrifying—"Is it the King?" and the interview with *Ophelia*, who is nicely played by Miss Chapman. Mr. Cathcart's *Laertes* is good, but we would impress on him the desirability of husbanding his tones more equally. Mr. Kean's *Louis XI.* is the most wonderful creation witnessed for years; but the stern laws of space restrict us from detailing its beauties, suffice it to say, that the King as portrayed in history stands before us a mixture of superstition, cruelty, cowardice, and cunning delineated with a master's hand. Leaving, however, Drury Lane, we pass on to

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE,

Which has lately opened under the management of Mr. A Wigan, beneath whose sceptre we trust it may long flourish. There is a drama—"The Isle of St. Tropez"—which has run for several weeks, and still commands success. Mr. A Wigan's acting in it is fine and life-like. The interest culminates in the last scene, where the poisoner's work is reflected in the mirror. We do not describe the plot, as we presume

most of our readers have seen it. We will finish our notice with

THE STRAND,

The true home of burlesque and laughter-producing farce. The burlesque, "Cinderella," is the *piece de resistance* here, and admirably put on the stage, while capably supported by the talented company, who work with a unison that is rare. Mr. Clarke is, as usual, inimitable as the *Baron*; and Mr. Rogers, in make-up, expression, and *vis comica*, as *Clorinda*, the most appalling gorgon of ancient spinsters that ever appeared on the boards or in real life, and is the mover of shouts of laughter. Having

quitted the theatres, a glance at the fine arts will not be amiss, so we would say a word on

BURFORD'S PANORAMA,

LEICESTER SQUARE.

To say that the views are exquisitely painted would be a repetition, but their charm is the freshness and clearness they present to the weary London jaded eyes. The transparent and pellucid river is especially very lovely; the moral of which is that those who have not seen Rome and Switzerland should go to the exhibition, and those who have should go to refresh their memories.

W. R.

FINE ARTS.

SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.

The fifth season of this interesting society has commenced at the New Water Colour Gallery, Pall-Mall. The present exhibition shows a great advance upon any of its predecessors. Rosa Bonheur and her two sisters are distinguished and valuable contributors. A most excellent reformation has taken place this year. The drawings and paintings are all original, the committee having judged it prudent to admit no more copies; so that artists might fall on their own resources and try to invent something new. Ladies are not yet sufficiently up to business to be prompt in their management—a fault which will mend by experience. Whatever gives an impetus to woman's work is good, and we therefore opine that, as this establishment has arisen for the sole purpose of placing the female sex in a position to get an intellectual livelihood, Miss Faithfull's printing-office, Great Coram-street, should have been used for the printing of the catalogues. The description of the splendid vase by Baron de Torquetti—worth two thousand pounds, and lent by him to the society—has been printed at Miss Faithfull's press. The lords of the creation, in their criticisms upon women's work, have been most severe; thinking, erroneously, that such works interfere with domestic duties.

Mrs. Elizabeth Murray is of course the foremost in talent of this sister-band: indeed, few male artists can compete with her vigorous handling in water-colours. Her principal defect is want of atmosphere, which is most perceptible in 139, "Lost and Won;" but her "Neapolitan Girl," 193, is a perfect specimen of high art.

Mrs. Dundas Murray, the amiable secretary, has this year forsaken water-colour for oils, and exhibits her charming marine subjects—

the only lady who has tackled with the wide ocean: its storms or calms are equally facile to her expert hand and observing eye. 93, "South Slack Lighthouse, Anglesea," is not only the most difficult, but the best of this lady's productions.

110, "Please remember the Grotto," is beautifully illustrated by the pencil of Adelaide Burgess; but we prefer 120, "The Snow-drop."

Mrs. Valentine Bartholomew contributes two small pictures. 118, "The Pet of the Family," a fine little boy reclining on a sofa, who looks as if he longed to get up and play about with his brothers and sisters. 128, "The Basket of Eggs," is a rosy cottage-girl resting on a bank. This artist's colouring is in the brilliant style.

Miss Lance has some "Grapes," powerfully painted, which reminds us of her father's oil pictures.

Miss Margaret Gillies has a clear pure portrait of "An Arran Girl," in the picturesque costume of that country.

Mrs. Backhouse gives her rustic figures with much nature. Such fun and enjoyment in the faces! 201, "For our Pie," is a little girl with a large bunch of rhubarb. 222, "The Cake is Mine," is the same child bringing home the pie, with a most tempting wall-baked crust and knob of paste at the top. We envy this little merry girl's anticipated enjoyment.

Miss Ellen Partridge has some charming studies in oils. Amongst the best are—49, "The Gleaner," and 89, "The Fancy Dress," which is very richly painted.

Mrs. Lee Bredell has chosen a fine subject, well carried out, in 83, "Saint Perpetua and Saint Felicitus."

Louise Rayner is as forcible as ever in her

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old crypts. It is rarely a lady understands such perfect perspective.

"The Morning and Evening of Life," 100, by Miss M. A. Cole, is worth studying; so is 102, "The Nativity," by Miss Ellen Cole.

Miss Stoddard has some exquisite Landscapes; the most beautiful is "A Mill near Braco Castle, Stirlingshire."

Mrs. Withers, an old-established favourite takes the lead in fruit, and is followed by Miss Emma Walters, who blends her fruit and flowers with much more harmony than on her first exhibiting. There is great freshness and freedom in her style. 158, "Pomona's Gifts" is very brilliant in effect.

Another young and rising artist is Miss Agnes Scott. 184, "Spring," a basket of camellias, fresh and dewy as if just gathered, is very purely and transparently painted. In "Autumn", (218) the texture and form of the mushrooms are faithfully given, and makes a novel picture

intermixed as it is with blackberries and other plants of the season.

There are some interesting specimens of flowers by Rosa Place, and some delicate pictures of the same style by Miss James.

Kate Swift is as powerful as ever in her department. 71, "Portrait of Mrs. J. Ballard," has all the purity of Greuze.

Of the Amateur artists we have Mrs. Robertson Blaine, who has contributed several works finely executed; Lady Belcher, the Hon. Maude Stanley, and Fannie Hoseason Hall, who exhibits for the first time a pretty subject (271), "My First Model."

Mrs. Thornycroft has a lovely piece of sculpture, "The Sleeping Child."

Want of space prevents mentioning several more meritorious works; but the public should go and judge for themselves, and buy for the sake of encouragement to young artists.

O. O. O.

THE TOILET.

(Especially from Paris.)

TOILETTES DE BAL. FIRST FIGURE.—Robe of violet *moire antique*, ornamented on each side of the skirt in front with a long *barb* of black lace; *bertha* and trimmings of the sleeves to match. This robe forms a decided train.

In the hair a *mauve* feather and lilies with silver petals.

SECOND FIGURE.—White tulle dress with two skirts. The first is puffed to the height of twelve inches, and decorated at intervals with tabs, surrounded with a narrow *ruche* of figured *blond*, under which a pink ribbon, forms a transparent. The second skirt is draped and relieved by tufts of roses and silver wheat-ears. *Corsage* pointed and draped. Loose *odalisque* sleeves. Tufts of roses in front of the body and on each shoulder. *Coiffure*, a wreath composed of roses and silver wheat-ears. Gloves buttoned. Rich fan.

THIRD FIGURE.—Black satin robe, and tunic of chantilly, at the bottom of the satin robe a flounce of chantilly lace. Head-dress, plumes and flowers. *Burnous* of orange-coloured *cachemiere* garnished with embroidery.

FOURTH FIGURE.—Robe of sky-blue tulle, trimmed with twelve narrow flounces. *Corsage* plain and pointed, finished with a

bertha, formed of twelve narrow frills. *Coiffure* crown of wild white roses and wheat-ears. Duchess sash of sky-blue ribbon, five inches wide. *Bouquet* of wild roses.

For home *négligé*, *la robe princesse*, ornamented with bands of velvet or buttons, or plaitings, is very much in favour. We have abandoned plain sleeves for those made with elbows and *revers*, and others plaited full at the top demi arge, and open. I have seen models composed of three puffings and flounces. These are convenient for walking dresses. The amplitude of the skirts is much diminished at the waist, but below they remain very wide.

For trimmings, rich fringes and galloons are in favour, as well as buttons for home costume, and beautiful Greek borderings of *bouquets*, or little palms detached, which the dressmaker disposes as she pleases.

Berthas and *fichus* of *passementerie* are made to suit the *corsage*, and form an elegant and effective ornament. Bonnets are always made of various elements, a mixture of colour and material. I have seen some very pretty walking dresses which may serve as models to your fair readers. One of Islay green silk, the skirt trimmed *en tablier*, with three little flounces cut on the cross, and between them ranges of

*bouffettes of taffetas. Corsage with revers, waist round. Sleeves of two puffings and *parement*; the whole ornamented like the skirt. Chemisette and under-sleeves of tulle; *chapeau* of mauve velvet, decorated with hearts-ease Pardessus of black velvet.*

A second robe of maron popelin decorated with a Greek border composed of plaited ribbon

of the same colour; this robe is made in the style known as the *Princess*. Sleeves large, ornamented like the skirt: under-sleeves and collar of muslin. Bonnet of white velvet *épinglé* bordered with sky-blue velvet: above the front an enlacement of black lace, and sky-blue velvet. In the *intérieur*, an ornament composed of white blond, blue velvet, and black lace.

X. Y. Z. FUND.

A lady, "X.Y.Z.," observing that one hundred and forty-five applications were recently made for four vacant Annuities at the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, hopes that the benevolent public will aid her endeavour to form additional Annuities, by means of Five Shilling Subscriptions.

Being entirely a private movement, though approved by the Society, the success of this plan must depend on its favourable reception. Governesses are earnestly entreated to give it their co-operation, as a general subscription on their part would enable the Society to grant a large number of additional Annuities.

For this purpose, donations and subscriptions of five shillings for the X.Y.Z. Fund can be sent by post-office orders, or otherwise, to William Gilpin, Esq., at the office of the Society, 32, Sackville-street, London, W.

By an advertisement in the last number of the "Englishwoman's Journal," and in a letter in Open Council upon the same subject—i.e., an addition to the valuable annuities of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, by a special fund, to be raised by donations and small annual subscriptions—it is proposed that ten years of a five shilling annual subscription shall qualify the subscriber as a candidate, no votes being required. Annuities not to be granted under fifty years of age, or to any one possessed of an income of over £30, and to be granted according to the date of subscription. This X.Y.Z. Fund will be specially and exclusively devoted to annuities of £25 for governess subscribers—and we are particularly requested to note, that though this plan is approved by the Committee

of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, and Mr. Gilpin has consented to receive donations and subscriptions at the office of the Institution, 32, Sackville-street, the plan did not originate with them. Now it is well known that by means of co-operation, in the form of Friendly Societies, &c., working men obtain relief and assistance in sickness and old age by the provident payment of small weekly or monthly sums while in health and vigour. Among the many lamentable causes of the difficulties and sufferings which mark the career of women destined to work for their living, whether by hands or brain, are two which cannot be too strongly set forth or commented upon by those who, like ourselves, are brought into constant contact with them—thoughtless improvidence in the hour of prosperity, and an almost entire lack of *esprit de corps*. Men organize and associate to carry out their aims and views, and the day of more extended co-operation, even among men, is dawning. Man, single-handed, can do little: woman, single-handed, can do nothing. Associated and organized, there is scarcely anything which cannot be accomplished either in amelioration or reform. Unity is strength, and so soon as women take this to heart and act upon it themselves, they will find many an evil redressed, many an obstacle overcome, before which they have hitherto sat down in impotent despair. Here is an opportunity on a small scale, and we would urgently impress upon governesses themselves, and upon the friends of governesses also, a speedy and sustained response to this admirable expedient for alleviating the sufferings to which their class is peculiarly liable.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POETRY received with thanks: "An Emblem;" "The Old Desk;" "Old Elms."
"A Narrative of Emigrant Life," in our next.
Declined with thanks: "Four Years."
M.S. returned: "Left in the Church;" "Spouts;" "My Last Walking Tour."

NEW BOOKS. "The Mysteries of Life, Death, and Futurity;" "The Squire." We are obliged, for want of space, to keep our notices of these works till next month.

LETTERS, &c. Our friends not addressed by post, will be pleased to forward all communications for the Editor, to the office, 246, Strand, marked private.

Our Engravings.—We have on several occasions informed our correspondents that the choice of them does not rest with us. Not having reference to anything in the numbers, it is easy for the binder to leave them out when not approved of.

RUTSON MORLEY.

BY JAMES B. STEPHENS.

CHAP. VI.

Days and weeks passed away, dreary days and seventimes drearier weeks, and still no message from M. Biot. What circumstances, what delicate contingencies interposed between the theoretic plot and the furtherance of the execution, lie beyond my province and my power to relate. Perchance there were waverers, tardy of thorough conversion. Perchance there were traitors within the camp, whose dark removal was slow in order to be certain. Who can calculate the tortuous perchances of unshrinking iniquity!

Had any old friend visited me at this time, he would have found little to arouse any suspicion. I performed my duties mechanically. I took daily walks, sometimes alone, sometimes with my pupil; quiet, almost happy walks, save when now and again I caught on the opposite side of the street a glimpse of a seemingly careless, rather insignificant, green spectacled, tail-coated little man, ostentatiously sporting Galignani's Guide to Paris, whom nevertheless I knew instinctively, almost from my first glance at him, to be a spy upon my movements. How such a faithful disciple of Galignani was always circling in the plane of my eccentric orbit could bear no other explanation. Sometimes when, in the midst of a pleasant conversation with the boy whom I really loved, the hateful vision presented itself, I would start with horror as if I had just awakened to the consciousness of some loathsome reptile coiling itself round my heart. On such occasions Master Delby would grasp my hand, and beg to know if I were ill; and childhood and innocence would come back so freshly to me, that it required the utmost effort of pride to restrain my tears. Sometimes too at dinner, as one mess after another was lifted away from me untasted, Mrs. Delby would express her fear that I was not happy so far from home, and would kindly take blame to herself for not having provided suitable companionship for me. Once even, in the plenitude of consideration, they made a party on my account, inviting all whom they could think of as likely to

recommend themselves to my friendship. For all this and much more, God bless them!

Among the guests on this occasion was a young English artist, whom I had previously seen frequently at Mr. Delby's, and for whom I had conceived a strong liking, though neither of us had as yet made any advances in the way of personal friendship. On this night, however, I purposely threw myself a good deal in his way, and I soon found that he was equally inclined for more intimate acquaintance. Of course, considering his profession, and the city in which we were, it was impossible that we could sustain anything like a lengthened conversation without entering upon the subject of Art. On this theme Mr. Winslow (such was my new friend's name) was especially eloquent. One would have thought, while listening to him, that the reproduction of nature by the pencil and the chisel was the chief end of man, that utility was the mere handmaid of beauty, and art at once the originating cause and the final aim of human development. What were his particular views on the subject of schools and styles, however, have no influence on the thread of circumstances I am engaged in tracing, but the following fragment of our conversation was unexpectedly fruitful of results. We had come down gradually from the aerial temples of Art-worship to the discussion of a more material temple which was just then rising in the Champs Elysées to receive tributes of beauty from all parts of the civilized world, when Mr. Winslow struck off at a tangent with the seemingly irrelevant question:

"By the way, do you know anything of Byzantine art?"

"Of course," said I, "I have read a little on the subject; but I cannot say I have seen any specimens of it."

"Well, you may see a specimen of such picturesque daubing any day you like in St. Germain des Prés. But that is nothing. What do you think of a resurrection of the school?"

"Why," said I, "I have always thought that the word Byzantine, when applied to painting

at least, was synonymous with barbarous. As it was not the positive development of a particular style, but merely the decline of good taste, I cannot look on your proposal as anything but the revival of a degradation."

"Pas si vite, Monsieur, I am not throwing out a proposal, but simply begging your attention to *un fait accompli*; begging your pardon at the same time for my French intercalations, to which we Parisian English get abominably addicted. What do you think of my having alighted by accident on a real Byzantine artist, who must have been in a fossilised state since the fifth or sixth century, and suddenly revived by the rumour of the approaching Exposition des Beaux Arts?"

"It is a singular circumstance, certainly," said I, rather tickled at the idea of the dry bones resuscitating at the breath of rumour. "And does he expect a niche in the temple?"

"The poor fellow came here decidedly with that expectation, and I verily believe that just for the curiosity of the thing the directing committee would have admitted his pictures, but he has altered his intentions entirely, and wouldn't now for the world exhibit them in public. And what do you think has caused him to change his mind?"

"Your advice perhaps."

"Not a bit of it. I do all I can to encourage him. The mere jewellery on one of his pictures would attract attention, if only for its singularity."

"Jewellery on his pictures!"

"Yes. Don't you know that Byzantine painting came to that? Their pictured saints have real necklaces, and positive silver halos."

"Indeed; I was not aware of the fact. But what is it that has put such an effectual stopper on his ambition?"

"A walk through the Louvre! Poor fellow, when he saw what a pre-Adamite vestige he was, how he was as out of date as out of pocket, he got so bewildered that I had to drag him bodily out, and fortify him with a cup of coffee, (not forgetting the *petit verre*) to revive his sinking spirit. I then re-introduced him to the shrine of the arts, and became a child again in sympathy with his unsophisticated admiration. If you had only seen him before Murillo's Assumption of the Virgin! It was all I could do to keep him from falling down and worshipping."

"Is he a poor man, then?"

"Has hardly a sou, and nothing convertible except his paintings and his jewellery, which, strange to say, he won't sell. I am giving him houseroom at present, but, to tell the plain unvarnished truth, not altogether from disinterested motives. How he found me out, I don't know. Probably I am only one of a number of artists he has called upon. But at any rate he came to me to inquire as to the steps necessary for the admission of his pictures to a place in the 'Beaux Arts.' I was very much struck with his appearance (his face

is really beautiful), and judging from the seedy appearance of his habiliments that he was not above making a bargain, I offered him a bed and a share of my victuals on the simple condition that he would sit for me a couple of hours a day so long as I should require him. He agreed thankfully to the terms; and I must say, the more I work from him the more I feel inclined to prolong his stay."

"Do you know anything of his history?"

"No. He is not at all communicative, and does not seem fond of being questioned. He says he is a Greek, by the bye, and that he worked his passage to Marseilles in an English ship, but that is all I know of him. Besides, it is rather an obstacle to our intercourse that he only knows as much English as could be learnt in a ship in a three or four weeks' voyage. He speaks Italian certainly, but I am ashamed to say I am only beginning to acquire that accomplishment, and cannot yet converse in it. As for his modern Greek—that is the blackness of darkness to me. But you must come and see him for yourself. I know you will be able to make more out of him than I can."

"I am much obliged," I replied. "From what you tell me I feel quite interested in him."

"Well, suppose you look up to-morrow afternoon. Come about three, and you will get the end of the *tableau vivant*, after which we'll try to draw him out; and if—but excuse me; I see Mrs. Delby wishes me to speak with her. No.—Rue St Florentin, au second; just opposite Talleyrand's palace. You can't miss it."

A little more conversation with less interesting individuals, and the social meeting dissolved. And in continuation of the custom which began at the beginning, the evening and the morning were another day.

Punctually at three I was ringing the bell at the address indicated by Mr. Winslow. A woman opened the door, and, after the manner of female domestics in general, wiped her hands in her apron, and looked interrogative. I inquired for Mr. Winslow.

"Monsieur is in his studio."

"Precisely where I wish to find him," said I.

"But Monsieur is not like French artists. His studio is not a public room."

"Is that you, Mr. Morley?" shouted a voice from within.

(Parenthetical discomfiture of the domestic).

"Walk in. Here's a Byzantine go for you;" and immediately behind the voice came a smoking cap, a cloud of smoke, a dressing gown, and a hand.

"Come away. I forgot to tell the Fury you were coming. That's a seat, if you can see it. Confound me if I haven't converted my studio into a smoking-room through sheer vexation!"

"Why, what's the matter? Where's the *tableau vivant*?"

"A dissolving view, my dear fellow. Gone—gone like King James's bonnet 'the devil knows whither!'"

"Gone for good, do you mean?"

"For good or for evil I can't say, but evi-

dently gone for altogether. Come and gone like Melchizedek, without father or mother or offspring, except his paintings and this epistle in Italian, which I can't make out at all. But the fact of him giving the domestic half a franc, then bidding her good-bye, and walking off with his bit of jewellery, is sufficient evidence of the reality of his departure."

"When did this happen?"

"Yester-evening, just after I left this, for Mr. Delby's. He was out when I left, but came in, it seems, shortly afterwards, in a tremendous hurry, wrote this, and departed. But see what you can make of it."

I took the letter, and translated it aloud. So far as I recollect, it was as follows:

"KIND AND GENEROUS FRIEND,—When you read this I shall be walking under the dark night, seeking the South. Either the chief joy of my life, or the saddest of deceptions, is awaiting me there. Forgive this seemingly uncourteous departure. I have known for two days that I would thus leave you, and nothing has detained me but the necessary delay incident to the procuring of a passport. Why then did I not inform you of this, or rather why did I not ask your permission? Because I *feared* your kindness. I know that, having guessed my poverty, you would have offered me money for the journey. But I have already received too much, and have nothing to offer in return but thanks and prayers.

"If I do not give any plain reason for my leaving, it is not because I have anything to hide from so generous a friend, but because the object of my journey hangs upon so slight a thread of possibility that I scarce dare name it even to myself, lest a very breath should destroy it.

"Something tells me I shall see you again, when I know myself better. But at present I am my own mystery. If my poor daubs are in your way, do not spare them. I have taken my little talisman with me. It is a part of myself.

"As you had not quite finished the face, I had a photograph of myself taken, which you can have by calling at Legros', Galerie de Valois, Palais Royal. I said you would call for it. I did not pay for it, simply because I had very little money, and I knew that it would be a gain to you to get your picture finished. I had some doubts as to whether this was right, but I thought it would be better than to leave you without any guide but memory in finishing your work.

"And now farewell. God reward you for your good deeds. "IVERON STAVRONIKETA."

"Iveron Stav—Stavroniketa! There's a name for you. Never knew it before. So that is the end of Iveron Stavroniketa. Poor lad, what can it all mean?"

Winslow was doing what he could to speak in a flippant style, the real state of the case being that his voice was so husky that he had difficulty in speaking at all. And it was too bad of a veteran smoker to pretend that he couldn't stand the tobacco smoke getting into his eyes, and finding it necessary to rub them in consequence. I noted his emotion, and gave it time to pass away before making any comments on the letter. I saw plainly from its tone that

he had been more kind to the stranger artist than his own version of the story had allowed me to suppose. I guessed the same from several drawings lying about the room, which were evidently traces of a course of study that the young man had been passing through, under the inspection of his benefactor.

"Well, what do you think of this?" said he at length. "Shall I go after him?"

"With what motive?"

"To tell you the truth, I like the fellow; and only fancy him *walking* to goodness knows where, and perhaps starving on the road!"

"It is a melancholy picture, certainly, but I fear your search would be rather a wild goose chase. In the first place, you don't know where he is going, and in the second, he has got a day's start of you."

"Very true, what do you say then to advertising for him?"

"I do not see how that would do either. In what terms could you advertise? In what paper would you advertise that would be likely to reach him? Even supposing he would see it, and could read it, he would see through your good intentions, would bless you and proceed on his journey. I don't see what you can do unless you get up a false statement, and have him stopped by the Police, and that would hardly be a friendly act, since, not knowing his object, we cannot say how far delay might be fatal to it."

"What would you advise then?"

"If my opinion is of any weight at all, I would advise you to let him go on unmolested, and turn up when he thinks proper. Possibly, indeed probably, secrecy is essential to him, and any interference might upset his plans, whatever they are. If he worked his way from Greece to Marseilles, and then surmounted the obstacles between that and this, with so little in his pocket as he seems to have had, he must be pretty well up in the science of endurance. I shouldn't, therefore, feel much doubt of his getting to his journey's end. Upon the whole, I think the best way will be to trust him to Providence."

"I daresay you are right, after all," said Winslow, after a pause, and pretending as he spoke that some more tobacco smoke had got into his eyes. "But what a pity to lose him just as I was getting to like him as a brother! and just too as he was beginning to show a few coruscations of the bright light that has been so long hidden within him! Look at that arm," continued he, holding up one of the drawings I had before noticed. "Think of that at a fourth lesson..... Such a good soul, too! How thoughtful of him to get the photograph! And clever too, by Jove, when you think that he had never heard of the art till I described it to him the day before!"

"That reminds me," said I, "you have not shown me the portrait you were engaged on. Where is it?"

"I couldn't bear to look on it after I knew he had taken his departure, so I pushed it aside.

That is it, with its back to you, on the easel, in the corner there."

I turned the easel round, but the light fell full on the picture, and I saw nothing. Winslow put out his hand, and drew the window curtain towards him, and then I saw.

I do not think I started, or Winslow must have noticed and mentioned it; but it was well that my back was towards him, as otherwise he could not but have perceived my emotion. The head was the head of a man, but the features were Stephanie's. The individual lineaments and the general expression were alike faithfully exact. *There* was that delicate purity that had so captivated me when first I looked on her face; *there*, too, was that drooping of meekness in the eye, seemingly timid of its own brilliance, that at first sight had kindled my appreciation of beauty into the warmth of love. A darker complexion and a slight moustache preserved the face from absolute identity with that of Stephanie, but otherwise the resemblance was so perfect that I stood for a considerable time speechlessly astonished, and yet admiring. At length I found myself reasoning as to whether or not I should say anything to Winslow about the astounding coincidence; but the reflection of how much depended upon secrecy, and of the danger into which I might lead him by making him a sharer of the guilty knowledge, especially as his seemed rather an impulsive character, convinced me of the propriety of silence on that subject. But what could this mean? What a number of strange whirling possibilities danced to and fro along my puzzled brain during those few minutes! My last conversation with Stephanie took a new meaning and reality. There was something in all this, and I *would* have it out. But in the mean time Winslow interrupted me.

"You seem to find a good deal in it. It is something worth having, isn't it?"

"It is indeed; I never saw such beauty in a masculine face."

"That is precisely the point I lay stress upon; beauty and manliness most rarely combined. But there is another rather queer affair here. The picture that he had his talisman (as he calls it) hung upon is very like himself, though that of a female saint; and yet, so far as I could understand him, he painted it partly from memory, partly from imagination. Just look at these affairs. . . . poor fellow! And yet there is a peculiar merit in that colouring of his."

As he said this, he turned my attention to a heap of paintings close by him, which he lifted one by one, with a smile of mingled pity and affection. Strangely stiff and quaint were the saints that he turned over one by one—traditional Johns, traditional Peters, saints militant and saints mendicant, nearly all of them without ankles, nearly all of them in the first or second position, *all* of them with feet to which the distinction of rights and lefts in the way of shoes would have been a matter of perfect indifference. The last he came to was that of the *emale* saint he had mentioned, and certainly

there was no mistaking its resemblance to the portrait of the stranger, and to Stephanie. Rigid, flat, and gaudy, there was yet a truthfulness about the face which none of the others possessed, and which made it plain that in this work at least he had not been guided by any of the dead models from which the others had been copied.

"Don't you think there is something rather striking in that picture?" asked Winslow, after allowing me time to examine it.

"I do."

"But you should have seen it with the talisman attached to it."

"What was this talisman like?"

"A very pretty thing in its way. There was a necklace of apparent pearls, but I'm certain *they* were nothing but paste. However, attached to this was an indisputably precious cross. It was mainly of lapis lazuli framed with gold, with four real pearls hanging from the four extremities. In the centre was a very large diamond, encircled with pearls. I am no great judge of such things, but if real, the diamond must be worth a little fortune."

Fresh reason for puzzlement. Herr Dulcken and his main peculiarity occurred at once to my mind. But the first surprise had been so great that nothing short of a reversal of the laws of nature would have startled me. I welcomed this new coincidence as the commencing link in the chain of circumstances which would lead to the explanation of the first. I remembered also my promise to Herr Dulcken, and felt in duty bound to convey to him as soon as possible the particulars that had so curiously come to my knowledge. I asked Winslow a few more questions relative to his late guest, but could elicit no further information. I therefore as soon as possible gave the conversation a valedictory turn:

"When shall I see you again?" asked Winslow as I rose to go.

"You will be at Mr. Delby's before long, I suppose."

"I am not sure, really. I will be rather busy for the next few days at a portrait intended for the 'Beaux Arts.' The gentleman for whom I am going to undertake it is Secretary to the Minister of. . . ., and his time is very uncertain, so that the job will involve a good deal of dancing about. But just look in any time you choose: I shall instruct the guardian demon that you are to have the free entrée of my studio at all hours."

I thanked him, and we parted.

"May I ask you," said the green-spectacled reptile, suddenly appearing as I emerged from the house, "where the palace of Talleyrand is. Couldn't think of leaving Paris without seeing where the great man dwelt."

"That is it, just opposite," said I.

"Dear me! and he lived there, did he? Thank you, sir; thank you."

I shuddered at the vile intrusion, and the horrid thoughts it brought along with it. Was it possible that I had exposed Winslow to

suspicion? Would not his movements now be watched? What would be thought of his going, the very next day perhaps, to the house of this Government agent? Had I indeed become such a leprous thing, carrying danger about with me like an infectious disease! And now I was on the way to Herr Dulcken's, and what evil might I not cause to fall upon the old man's head? When M. Biot had spoken to me of the use to which I might turn Mr. Delby, he had more than hinted that the last dark resource would not be scrupled at, to counteract it. Would not the same thing apply to any one who might even be suspected of acting as my means of communication? Yet what important knowledge regarding Stephanie might be hanging on the few particulars I had to relate! I was painfully engaged in balancing risks, when I suddenly recollected that I had left Herr Dulcken engaged with my pupil, not an hour before, and that I was still in time to find him at Mr. Delby's. I therefore hurried home, and, to my great gratification, saw the snuff-coloured cap hanging in the hall.

Herr Dulcken generally wound up his instructions with a few boisterous advices delivered during his transit from the study to the outer stair. Standing in my own room, with my hand on the half-opened door, I waited anxiously for the accustomed sound. How much should I tell him? Should I speak of nothing but the artist and his jewelled cross—nothing of the resemblance between his face and another I had seen? Might not this be the crisis of her life, when a word spoken would prove the taking of the flood that leads to fortune? Yet how tell of her without telling all, and involving him in the guilty secret? *His blood be upon your head!* A few days before, the same curiosity that had led me into so many snares had tempted me, as I passed the Morgue, to look within its death-receiving walls. That aged head—that livid purple wound whence life had oozed direct from the stricken heart, would they could pass from my memory even now! And if a few words of mine should lead this old man into the path of destruction—should create a new victim for the skilful dagger—and I should look upon him also lying pallid, with the fatal mark under the fifth rib, that had gained his admission into the solemn house of questioned identity, which of earth's rivers would be deep enough and black enough to stifle my sorrows, and hide my thoughts from heaven? No. If I erred I would err on what seemed to be the safe side.

At length I heard the door of the study open, and the usual amount of instruction given gratis to all who might be within hearing.

"Now, thir, remember thethe different clatheth of verbth; the firth clath comprehendth thothe diththonant verbth which change their radical vowel into a long or thort o. The thecond clath comprehendth thotheverbth—"

I know not how far Herr Dulcken's quota-

tion from the German grammar would have extended, had I not taken the liberty of interrupting him. Neither do I know whether there was anything in my manner that excited his interest but, contrary to his usual talkative custom, he accompanied me to my room at my request, without lisping a single interrogatory. When I had shut the door and we had seated ourselves, I found it rather more difficult than I had imagined to know where to begin. Herr Dulcken fidgeted impatiently, took a huge pinch of snuff, and pulled out number one; but none of these actions tended in the least to reveal to me the proper point of commencement.

"Thpeak, Mithter Morley, for goodneth thake!" he at length exclaimed, when numbers two and three had proved likewise ineffectual. "If there ith anything I bate worthe than the devil—and ringth, it'th tathiturnity."

"It is about the cross you showed me."

"The croth! Good Heaventh, Mithter Morley, have you theen the other?"

"No, I have not seen it, but I have accidentally learnt that it left Paris last night."

And having succeeded in announcing the important intelligence, I proceeded without further difficulty to inform him of all that I had learnt through Winslow regarding the mysterious stranger.

The quantity of snuff which he consumed during the course of my narration was nothing short of miraculous. The mere refuse of it, that missed its way, and fell in heavy showers over his shirt front, would have served, so far as quantity was concerned, to form and foster the habit of snuffing in any ordinary mortal for an indefinite length of time.

"Ith that all, Mithter Morley?" he exclaimed, when I had brought my story to a conclusion.

"All I could learn."

"Will Mr. Winthlow not be able to tell me any more of him?"

"Nothing more. I tried to ascertain more from him with the view of informing you, but found that he had nothing further to add."

"Well, God blethth you, my boy, for thith! An old man'th bleththing ith all I have to give you. You thall hear from me again. Thith ith not yet the time for ecthplaining mythelf to you. I mutht be off at onthe."

"Off! Where do you intend to go to?"

"To theek the thouth, Mithter Morley. I'm going thouth."

"But what of Master Delby, and the rest of your connection here?"

"I thall thettle that by letterth. They are nothing to me compared with thith. Don't thay a word to Mithter Delby. Leave me to make my own apology. Good-bye, thir, God blethth you! I'm going thouth!"

So saying, Herr Dulcken wrung my hand with all the violence of hearty affection, beckoned me away as I attempted to follow him to ask a few more explanations regarding his intended

movements, skimmed along the hall with the agility of youth, and disappeared into the "thouth."

CHAP. VII.

Another week passed away. The rather exciting episode that had originated in my acquaintance with Winslow, terminated for the present with the disappearance of Herr Dulcken, and left me again alone with my oppressive secret. How shall I record the darkness of this time—the daily conflicts, the nightly resolutions, the morning defections? To-day, dead hardness of heart; to-morrow, the levity of forgetfulness; the next, and still succeeding mornings, the agony of re-awakened conscience.

Of course it occurred to me a thousand times that the utmost vigilance of espionage could not prevent me from peering in the solitude of my own chamber a circumstantial account of the plot that had come to my knowledge, and from conveying it, by means of some of the domestics, either to the post-office or into the hands of some government official, or even, perhaps, directly into the imperial possession. But one small consideration baffled all my calculations on this score—*where were my proofs?* There was only one single circumstance that could have cast a shadow of evidence on the story. The fact of Stephanie's residence for some days in the house of M. Biot could easily be proved: but the French explanation of such a circumstance was too palpable for me to build anything upon it. In the entire absence of proof, therefore, I had no doubt that one of three things would result from such a communication: Either my story would be looked upon as the mere hallucination of a disordered mind—and certainly those living in the same house with me, if interrogated on the subject, could not but give evidence to the deep melancholy into which I had lately fallen; or it would be looked upon as a malicious invention of the Titus Oates kind; or, what was more probable than either of these suppositions, the accused themselves would turn the tables against me, with such an array of proofs, as would completely outweigh my unsupported statements. With such tangible evidence in their hands, how easy it would be for M. Biot and his friend in power to concoct a story which should turn mine into ridicule, and make me appear at once a deep conspirator and an impudent hypocrite!"

Reasoning, reasoning, reasoning. It seemed to me that the powers of my mind were wearing themselves out through perpetual friction. Every succeeding fit of internal disputation ended, like the preceding one, in bewilderment of thought and stagnation of purpose. The influences were so new to me, the possible results so numerous, that, inexperienced as I was, I felt myself unable to cope with them.

I believe that, when a man is doubtful as to

the course he ought to pursue, when many bewildering contingencies hang upon his choice, when the barrier between present and future becomes, as it were, prismatic, and the various lines of action are refracted into results of every possible hue—I believe that the great point, above all premises, and above all logical connection, is, that utter forgetfulness of selfish interests, that entire self-sacrifice and self-abandonment which will admit the Great Spirit (of whom we are the organs and instruments) to work in him and by him, without clog or encumbrance. At this time, however, I was grovelling on the lower ground of expediency. So the black cloud remained still closing in on me; and thus, from want of the true motives, in my best deeds there was no virtue, and my worst were what they were. Yet, when the moment for action came, I think I acted rightly, more influenced, however, by fear of future remorse, and willing blindness to consequences, than by the open-eyed valour of conscious integrity. Such action is hurried, unreflective, without virtue and without praise. Yet it is sometimes right—by accident.

The time for mere motives ceased at last with the arrival of a note from M. Biot. It was short and significant: laconic as his style of conversation. "Be ready!"—that was all: but it was more than enough to startle me from lethargic passivity. There was no time to be lost. Perhaps I would be required to start the next day—sooner, even!

I was still sitting, with the pregnant missive in my hand, when Winslow stepped into my room.

"Hallo, Morley! you look like a fellow in a melodrama—letter convulsively clutched in the right fist—fixity of the eyes expressive of alarm; and, not to descend to particulars, air of tragedy in the whole appearance! Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Something annoying, certainly; but I am delighted to see you, notwithstanding. How is the portrait getting on?"

"Oh, famously. I expect to finish it in a very short time. M. Mounier is so much delighted with the performance, so far as it has gone, that he promises to use all his influence among his connection to procure me constant employment; and, from his position, I should think his support not to be despised."

A new idea crossed my mind at this moment. "Did you not say the other day that he is private secretary to the Minister of . . . ?"

"I did. Do you know anything of him?"

"Oh, no! But—but I should like very much to have a private opportunity of speaking to him."

"You would, eh! Well I don't see why you shouldn't. But don't be mysterious; unless you have got some extraordinary invention to communicate to the Government, which is a secret to all but yourself."

"Seriously and solemnly, Winslow, I should like, if possible, to see him *privately* this very afternoon. I will not explain to you my reasons, simply because I fear to lead you into danger.

I have accidentally become possessed of a secret that the Government ought to know as soon as possible."

It was now Winslow's turn to look melodramatic, and he did so to perfection. It took him several moments to recover his breath, and then the whole force of his astonishment came forth in one puissant word—"Diable!"

"For your own good," I said, "ask me no questions, but just tell me if you are willing to assist me in the matter."

"Assist you, my dear fellow! I'll be off this instant to M. Mounier's. Don't tell me a bit about it. I respect your secrecy."

"Well, if you should see him, and he should agree to allow me an interview, where do you think he and I should meet. I don't want to go to his house; for, to tell you the truth, I am strictly watched just now. You have been so long here, you must know all the nooks and corners, and will be able to recommend some silent depth where we could confer in absolute privacy."

"Yes, I guess I know a power of depths, but as for silent ones, that's a different story. If you want privacy, you must go up instead of down. Yes, by Jove, that isn't a bad idea. I'll tell you what I would do, if I were in your place. I'd fix the place of meeting on the top of the column in the Place Vendôme. You could take up a position so as to command a view of the entrance below, and in that way you could see when you had the place to yourself."

"I do think it a happy notion. But perhaps M. Mounier's person is well known. I cannot tell you what a risk I run if my movements are anticipated. Could you ask him to disguise himself?"

"I will. What time do you fix upon then, always supposing that I find M. Mounier at home?"

"Say four o'clock. But how shall I know him?"

"That is another consideration. Suppose you fix upon a watch-word."

"Very good. What shall it be then?"

"Suppose we say—let me see—something uncommon—the very thing! Iveron Stavroniketa. There will be no mistaking that, I should fancy. Poor Iveron!"

"Any more of him?"

"Nothing. But let us drop him just now. I'm off. But I say, my dear fellow, you'll tell me all about it after it's over, won't you?"

"Yes, I promise you that."

"Well, here I go; and in very deed I rather like the idea of such an employment."

"Oh—just one thing before you go. If in your way you see a little man, with green spectacles and a tail-coat, and Galignani's Guide to Paris in his hand, dodge him to the best of your ability, so as not to let him see where you are bound for."

"Better and better!" cried Winslow. "This is a jolly game. You'll see if I won't carry you

through it, without hazarding a hair of your head. Cheer up, old fellow. Au revoir."

It was about three o'clock when Winslow left me, and in appointing four as the hour of rendezvous with M. Mounier, I knew that I had not left myself sufficient time to see the former again, in the event of his returning immediately to inform me of the result of his mission. But speed was all my aim, and I felt sure that such a message would not be rejected. I spent the next half-hour in anxious deliberation as to how much of the story I should tell, and finally concluded to inform M. Mounier of the use which had been made of Stephanie to entrap me, thinking that the safest way to anticipate all future misconstruction in regard to her, was to give the right version of the story, omitting, however, the nature of the connection between M. Biot and Guissac, and exhibiting Stephanie's share in the matter as the mere result of compulsion on the part of her father. I resolved to say nothing regarding what I knew of her private history, and as for the coincidence of her resemblance to the Greek Artist, I laid that aside as totally irrelevant. I also resolved that I would make no revelation whatever without first exacting from M. Mounier a solemn promise on his own personal responsibility that no harm should come to Stephanie on account of her part in this matter.

After so far making up my mind, I strolled out in the direction of the Place Vendôme, doing my very best to get up, and also maintain, an air of perfect nonchalance. I lingered over the attractions of the shops, and even entered one, and made the purchase of a handsome cane, with which, on coming out again, I tried to appear vastly pleased. I felt it impossible to drive away the feeling that the public in general knew of my having a secret, and that my enemies in particular were watching my steps. Therefore, as I proceeded, I twirled my infant moustache, and switched my trowsers with the said cane, and did many other silly things to make myself appear an empty, self-admiring puppy; and at length, at ten minutes to four, I found myself at the foot of the famous column. Passing a one-armed veteran who had charge of the entrance, and depositing the usual small donation, I began the ascent, and, after something like a long, laborious nightmare, out of which I would hardly have been surprised to awake of a sudden into a new region altogether, emerged into the light of the same afternoon which I had left some ninety feet below. And there lay the great city, white and beautiful, and I thought of the many joys and the many griefs with which a thousand thousand hearts were throbbing beneath me. What a drama of class distinctions was being enacted there! What a long game it had been, and how lively yet! What a rush of history filled my mind, as I looked upon the whole Paris of the revolution! And above me stood the great image, overlooking it all, like the genius of Satanic glory. And what an atom was an obscure man like myself! Was it possible,

I thought, as I looked all around, that the destiny of the city was hanging upon a few words of mine! I felt proud for a moment.

It was a November wind that was shaking the trees in the gardens of the Tuileries, and through the ever-changing lacework of their nearly naked branches, I could distinguish the white statues of gods and old heroes. I knew that that of Vindicius was there, and my pride vanished when I remembered that I was merely about to play the same part as the poor crouching slave.

It was not long before I perceived a figure making directly for the little gate at the foot of the column. It was that of a gentleman in a light travelling dress and cap, having one or two books under his arm, and wearing, even as I thought from my lofty point *de vue*, the general air of an English traveller. I was not mistaken in his direction, as he stopped, said a word or two to the guardian, and disappeared beneath me. In a short time he was beside me, but his whole appearance was so like that of a genuine tourist that I would have hesitated to address him as the expected M. Mounier. There was no hesitation on his part however. He spoke at once.

"Are you Mr. Morley?"

"I am."

"I am M. Mounier. I forget that long word of recognition you fixed upon. I have just learnt from M. Winslow that you have something of importance to communicate to me."

I thought he spoke rather severely, considering that I was about to oblige him.

"I have," I replied; "but, at the same time, I can only communicate it to you on one condition."

"What is it?"

"That you will become personally responsible for the safety of a young girl, who has been innocently involved in certain affairs of which I have been cognizant."

"I suppose you mean the girl from the Rue de Valois du Roule, who has been staying for some time with M. Biot."

I stared at him in absolute amazement, and made no reply.

"You are a scholar, sir," said M. Mounier, "or, at least, from your situation you ought to be; so you will know what I mean when I say that I am only one of the eyes of an Argus. Our police are as vigilant as they used to be, and we have had our eye on the Rue de la Ferme des Maturins for some time. You have just saved yourself, Mr. Morley, by requesting this interview. But, in the mean time let me hear what you have to say, and, as you value your own safety, I charge you conceal nothing."

I felt as if the great pillar on whose summit we stood was swayed to and fro like the mast of a storm-tossed bark. The height of my position and the suddenness of this revelation had conspired to make me giddy, and I clung for a few moments to the pedestal, trying to stay my thoughts by closing my eyes and pressing my forehead on the cold bronze.

"My time is short," said M. Mounier, sharply. I repeat, your safety depends upon a circumstantial avowal of all you know regarding this accursed conspiracy."

I was compelled to turn round and falter out an answer as best I could. I told of my first meeting with M. Biot; of my adventure on the night of the *fête* Napoleon; of my first visit to the house of M. Biot—in short, whatever I could remember in connection with the plot; omitting, however, all mention of such circumstances as bore only on Guissac's secret crime, Stephanie's history, and my own feelings towards the latter. To all this M. Mounier listened with perfect composure, nodding his head complacently at each new detail, as if it were either a repetition of what he knew already, or a confirmation of his own previous suspicions. Only once did he seem at all startled, and that was when I repeated to him the statement of M. Biot, that a Government official was one of the conspirators. At this point he turned pale, and laid his hand on my shoulder, exclaiming:

"My God, is it possible! Take care, Mr. Morley," he added; "you will be required to repeat all this in the hearing of an august personage, who will penetrate into your very motives."

I assured him of the truth of what I was relating, and went on with my story.

"Have you never," asked M. Mounier, when I had concluded, "heard M. Biot make any allusion to this Government agent, which might lead me to discover who he is?"

"Nothing beyond what I have told you."

"Might not one of those three gentlemen you met on your first visit to M. Biot have been he? Did any one of them speak so as to display a more than ordinary acquaintance with Government affairs?"

"Nothing of the kind struck me," said I, "in regard to any one of them. But you may easily know if the gentleman in question was among them, from their names, which were, as I have told you, M. Tartas, Count Gagini, and Sig. Pierotti."

"Ah, yes; but these may have been false names, assumed only for the occasion, to deceive you. Would you favour me with a minute description of each, so far as your memory may serve you."

I began to do so, and had not got far on in my description of M. Tartas, when he suddenly exclaimed:

"Did he wear the ribbon of the Legion of Honour?"

"He did."

"Did you observe if he halted in his walk?"

"I had no opportunity of making such an observation; but, now you remind me, he had his cane in the room with him—a thick ratan with a massive gold head."

"I thought so," muttered M. Mounier, with a strange smile. "Is it possible that villainy has been hid so long!"

We were both silent for several minutes, M.

Mounier leaning his back against the railing, and looking fixedly up at the giant statue, and I watching his face as if my fate hung upon his will. I at length ventured to speak.

"I have now told you, sir, all I know of this business. May I now ask if I am clear of it, and what steps will be taken to ensure my own safety?"

"If we could arrest them all immediately, Mr. Morley," replied he, "you would be safe enough. But you have only given me such information as might lead me to identify four of the band. Can you not remember any of the other names you saw affixed to that document?"

"Not one. I have such a confused notion of a number of *im's* and *eli's* and *ano's*, that I could not venture to affirm anything regarding them."

"Then you see our only course is to lead them on still farther. We must have them all. Besides, I have only your word for all this. The proofs are not sufficient to condemn any of those you have mentioned. That unsigned note from M. Biot may have been written by yourself for aught I know. I believe you, I confess; but I am only a subordinate agent. Again, if these suffer, the girl must to a certain extent share in the punishment. We have no proof, as yet, that you had not really joined them through her fascinations, and that you may not even now be a recreant through fear."

"Can I do nothing?" I asked, horrified at his allusion to Stephanie, "to prove my willingness to serve the French government in this matter? I am willing to do anything, if only it will be accepted as the price of her safety."

"You forget, sir, that you are not in a position to dictate terms for *her* safety, while *your own* is in question. I should be sorry to see the girl suffer innocently, and will use all my influence to prevent it; but in the mean time you will at once prove the truth of your statements, and secure yourself from being involved in the fate of the conspirators, by following implicitly the directions I am about to give you. The great matter is to secure the person of Antonio Cassiano. Could we surprise M. Biot and him in the act of personal communication, there would need no further proof in regard to the latter. Your course, then, shall be, to act towards M. Biot as if you were still under his power, and to start at once for London when he sends you intimation to do so. You need not communicate with me any farther on the subject, and you must preserve the strictest secrecy, even towards your friend Winslow. Your departure will be noted, and Cassiano will no sooner be in Paris than his arrival will be duly reported to me by the police. You will probably be arrested along with the others; but this will be a mere form, and you will be kept separate from them during the short confinement that will ensue. Carry this out implicitly, and I will be answerable both for your safety and for that of the girl. Fail in any one particular, and both you and she must share the inevitable fate of

those who have conspired against the life of my master. Have you anything further to relate to me?"

"Nothing."

"Then farewell for the present. I will descend first. You had better wait a few minutes, in case of spies. If my person were recognized, your being seen in my company might clear you of this affair more speedily than would be agreeable to you. Adieu."

So saying, M. Mounier disappeared into the winding descent, doubtless recking little of the many proud commemorations of victory that were circling around him at every step, or of the trembling heart that was beating so sadly between them and the great victor's image.

B E R T H A.

BY MERLIN.

"Would she give me vow for vow?"

TENNYSON.

There are two graves beneath one cypress bough—
The graves of those who gave us life—and there,
When all around the emerald grass was deck'd
With gold and white, and every linnet
Gave a song to greet the morning sun, I
Saw her first—Bertha—sweetest, and fairest
Of a city famed for courtly dames.
Something of kinship known to all who mourn
Fashion'd a friendship for us, and we made
A bond that each should to the other be
As children of one sire, who keep no thought
In secret; a bond of friendship, that should
Live thro' life, and yet be friendship—nothing more.

Childlike we played with toys of keenest edge,
And childlike knew no danger in the game,
Till, envious of our vow, the jealous God
Between us came. Our bond forbade all talk
Of love, and I perforce forbore to speak
The prompting of my heart, lest there should be
No answering love in her, and all our
Friendship should be marr'd. But on a sudden
Came a time for us to part, and lightly
As a swallow dips her wing at evening
In the pool, we touch'd on love; not as the man
Who woos a wife, but, like the guileless maid,
Fearing to speak the thing she wishes known.
Something she look'd or spake, yet not the words,
Open'd the years before me, and I knew
Her heart had justly read the hope of mine,
And all my soul was fill'd with silver light,
As when at midnight, after rain, the moon
Shines out between grey clouds, and every
Wayside pool makes for itself a mimic moon,
With star and cloud complete; so breaking
Thro' the cloud of doubtful hope, that rested
On my heart, her look and tone shone, meteor-
Like, before me, mirror'd itself in all
I did, and fill'd my heart with highest hope.

THE WORDS WE BEAR AWAY WITH US.

BY MRS. ABDY.

The words of varied import, that in daily life we hear,
Are often lightly valued by our scarcely-heeding ear;
Yet when we quit the social throng, we rarely fail to find
Some words engraven deeply on the tablets of the mind.

The words we bear away with us! how wondrous is their power
To cast a mystic influence o'er many a future hour!
Sleeping in Memory's chambers, and evoked by us at will,
They act as ministers of good, or instruments of ill.

Often, when fondly we behold Temptation's flowery way,
Words of remembered wisdom are our safeguard and our stay;
And often are our better thoughts discouraged and repress'd
When we recall the mocking taunt, the keen and scornful jest.

Alas! within the human heart strange contradiction lies,
And while we fail to dwell upon the maxims of the wise,
With eagerness we welcome, and with aptness we retain
The language of the weak and false, the trifling and the vain.

Ah! me—not only should we strive, as sage advisers teach,
With careful strictness to control the freedom of our speech;
But we should also scan the words that *other* lips repeat,
And seek to put the chaff aside, and garner up the wheat.

The words we bear away with us! henceforward may they prove
Words of sweet peace and amity—of holy faith and love!
Words that may soothe and cheer us when with jarring cares perplexed—
Sustain us in the present world, and fit us for the next.

THE OLD DESK.

BY ADA TREVANION.

The night is dark and calm;
There is not the faintest breeze
To sway the water-reeds,
Or to stir the leafless trees.

Only a moaning sound
Is made by the far-off waves,
Like murmurs of the dead
Who repose not in their graves.

Bring here the ancient desk;
The rosewood is scarred and old,
And the brass has grown dim
Which was once as bright as gold.

The dust lies on it thick,
So few are living who care
To see what Time hath stored
Of rapture and sorrow there.

Look at this raven curl;
It was glossy long ago:
Its lustre has been dimmed
By my hot tears' bitter flow.

The poems lying near
Were penned by an eager hand;
The writer recks not now
Their music sweeps through the land.

A letter full of love,
And a letter full of hate:
Well, well! extremes still meet,
And mere trifles seal a fate!

You see all that is left—
A bouquet of withered flowers,
A little jewelled key,
A journal of bygone hours.

Now shut the secret drawer,
And make fast the rusty hasp:
Could I so close my mind,
And fasten it with a clasp!

Ramsgate, 1861.

AN EMBLEM.

As on a summer's morn, in idle mood,
Loosed from all careful thought, I lay reclined
Beneath a spreading tree whose boughs thick-
twined
Gave welcome shade within the sun-pierced wood,
I fell a-watching how each leaf did seem
To stand out dark against the upper blue,
Until anon, pierced by a bright sunbeam,
Its emerald beauty shone serenely through.
Then spake I to myself: "This leaflet green,
Which now in such fair radiance doth show,
As a fit emblem of our life is seen:
Whose cares and duties, looked on from below
By our own light, seem dark; until the sheen
Of love to God o'erspread sets all a-glow."

P. L. N.

SALT, ITS SOURCES AND SUPPLIES.

There are few things, setting aside the pure elements of air, earth, fire, and water, that are of more essential importance in the economy of nature, as well as in household economy, than the simple substance *salt*. By this term I do not mean to speak of those chemical salts, such as *pta ssiuni*, sodium, &c., with which, in a tangible or appreciable form, we have most of us so little to do; but of that most valuable and important article which we call common salt, and without a supply of which the household of the poorest man in our land would be as much inconvenienced as would that of the Queen herself—a gift from God to all so abundant, and so easily obtained, that none need ever be without it.

There are three kinds of common salt, viz., sea-salt, rock-salt, and salt drawn from briny springs. Or perhaps it would be more correct to say that salt may be obtained in three manners: first, by evaporation from sea-water; second, from briny springs; third, it is found, nearly crystallized, in mines, and thence dug in a solid form. It is also found in wide plains already solidified; but its existence under such circumstances must be referred to the second head—evaporation from briny springs.

The mode of procuring salt from sea-water is by retaining the water in pits, prepared with much care, on low, marshy lands, which are overflowed by the tides. The best sea-salt is made in France. "The salt-marshes of Saintonge are well worth the attention of the traveller," says M. Quatrefages. "Having been established in a district which is not so warm as those parts of the South of France in which the other salt-works are situated, they have been arranged in such a manner as to compensate for a deficient intensity in the sun's rays. For this purpose the extent of surface has been greatly multiplied, whilst the arrangement of the tanks in which the water is collected for evaporation is much more complicated than at Gand or Hérault. Here each marsh is composed of seven distinct kinds of compartments, which are arranged at different levels, so that the liquid may easily pass onwards from the first to the last in the series. The marsh is a large square, enclosing on the side nearest the water the first basin or tank, which is about one yard deep, and called *jard*, in which the sea-water is allowed to deposit its sediment, by remaining at rest before it enters the *couches*, in which begins the work of evaporation. These *couches* are three very narrow basins, from six to eight inches deep, and arranged in such a manner that, in passing from one to another, the water is obliged to traverse the whole widths of the marsh in a zig-zag direction. The *mons* and the *tables*, in which the sea-water is subjected to a

second and third evaporation, are of very nearly the same dimensions, and surround an oblong space occupying about the third of the marsh. This enclosure is divided into two parts by a broad basin about two inches in depth, called the *muant*. To the right and left of the latter are arranged the compartments known as the *nourrices*, which are only an inch deep. Here the solution, which has become more and more concentrated by its sojourn in the preceding compartments, undergoes its fourth and last preparation before it enters the enclosures in which it is supposed to crystallize."

The salt season is from the middle of May until the end of August, as, during that period, the sun pours forth its strongest rays, and the evaporation of the water, and consequently the crystallization of the salt, is more rapidly effected. The salt, when first taken from the pits, is brown; and for purposes of manure, as also for many other uses, it is sold in that state: but the white salt which we see at table, and in common use, is made so by a process of refining, by boiling in large flat cauldrons, which not only whitens it, but at the same time takes away its acrimony, and also increases the quantity. That collected in Normandy is, however, not brown when first obtained, but white, and needs no refining. To make it, they gather a muddy sand from the flats of the shore which the rising tides have covered, and impregnated with salt for seven or eight days. This sand is thrown into pits, the bottoms of which are lined with straw, and through this straw the briny water contained in the sand filtrates, and trickles into vessels set to receive it. This water is then boiled in lead boilers, and the scum, which rises in abundance, is taken off, and more water thrown in, which again causes scum to rise. The salt thus procured, after it has granulated, is thrown into osier-baskets, where it lies until all humidity is drained off, when it is laid up in their magazines.

Very little sea-salt is made in England, there being such abundant brine-springs and salt-mines in Cheshire, Worcestershire, and other counties, as not only to supply our own land, but also to afford considerable quantities for exportation.

The method of drawing salt from these springs is as follows:—Near the spring is built a *saltern*, or boiling-house, which contains several flat pans, or boilers, each furnished with its grate and furnace. The brine being placed in the pan, and a fire kindled, the heat soon induces a rising of scum, which indicates that the liquor is ready to granulate. The scum is then taken off and placed in brine-tubs, that the brine which accompanies it may not be wasted; then, in order that the salt remaining in the water

may precipitate, they shut up the vent-holes and door, and let the fire go out. In about twelve hours the salt falls to the bottom, and grows hard. The liquor left above it is again boiled after the salt has been removed, and yields yet a further supply. The salt from the pans is then raked up, and put into vessels, where it soon becomes hard, granulated salt. Some bake the loaves two or three times in an oven. Near Northwich, in Cheshire, is a spring which yields six ounces of salt from sixteen of water; and some in Staffordshire yield about a ninth part of very pure salt.

There is more or less of common salt to be found in most soils, and some plants absorb it more than others; but plants that have their habitats specially by the sea-shore, and still more those which grow beneath the water of the sea, absolutely require it, and will not grow if removed from its influences. Saline plants will, however, grow in the neighbourhood of salt-works, even at the distance of several hundred miles from the sea. Liebig says—"When we find sea-plants near our salt-works, several hundreds of miles distant from the sea, we know that their seeds have been carried there in a very natural manner, namely, by wind, or by birds, which have spread them over the whole surface of the earth, although they grow only in those places in which they find the conditions essential to their life." The same author adds: "Numerous small fish, of not more than two inches in length (*Gasterosteus aculeatus*), are found in the salt-pans of the granulating house at Nidda, a village in Hesse Darmstadt. No living animal is found in the salt-pans of Neuheim, situated about eighteen miles from Nidda; but the water there contains so much carbonic-acid and lime, that the walls of the granulating-house are covered with stalactites; hence the eggs conveyed to this place, by whatever cause, do not find the conditions necessary to their development."

In the desert wilds of the Sahara, in North Africa, there is a vast salt-lake, or rather salt-plain, called El Sibhab, probably originating from brine-springs, inasmuch as it is in the very centre of the hot and arid wastes of the desert, far, far from the sea. This, literally the "salt-plain" (as its name indicates), is thus described:—"The lake measures, from N.E. to S.W., about seventy English miles, with a third of the breadth; but it is not one collection of water, there being several dry places, like so many islands, interspersed over its surface, depending, however, as to their number and extent, upon the season of the year, and on the quantity of water in the particular season." At first, on crossing it, the grass and bushes become gradually scarcer; then follows a tract of sand, which some way beyond becomes in parts covered with a thin layer of salt. This, as you advance, is thicker, and more united: then we find it a compact and unbroken mass or sheet, which can, however, be penetrated by a sword or other sharp instrument; and here it

was found to be eleven inches in depth. And finally, in the centre, it became so hard, deep, and concentrated, as to baffle all attempts at breaking its surface, except with a pickaxe—the horse's shoe, in fact, makes no impression on its stone-like surface." (The above extract is taken from "Richardson's Travels in Morocco.")

Amidst this wild country, half sand half salt, spring up, by the thousand, magnificent trees, rising to the height of from eighty to one hundred feet, their stalks branchless, their heads a canopy of verdure and beauty. The salt used by the ancients must of necessity have been one or other of the kinds I have already described: probably, in countries where salt-springs were found, they would have availed themselves of them; but the greater part that was consumed in the olden time was probably drawn from the sea. Rock-salt was not known to them, the Polish mines, of which I shall speak more at length hereafter, not having been discovered until the thirteenth century.

Salt is mentioned early in the Bible. It seems to have been considered a most important and valuable commodity, and is used figuratively as the symbol of incorruptness and integrity, as also of friendship; for God commands that all the sacrifices should be salted with salt. "Every oblation of thy meat-offering shalt thou season with salt; neither shalt thou suffer the salt of the covenant of thy God to be lacking from thy meat-offering: with all thine offerings thou shalt offer salt" (Lev. ii. 13). And in Ezra we find, amongst the gifts which Artaxerxes commanded should be bestowed on Ezra and his companions who were engaged in rebuilding Jerusalem and the temple of God, we find a certain, but very large allowance of wine and wheat, and oil and salt, "without prescribing how much." From their use of salt in sacrifices, and in cementing a covenant, probably arose the well-known custom amongst the Arabs and other Eastern nations of considering the person of him who had eaten salt with them as sacred—a custom which exists in the present day. It may also have been considered as emblematic of healing, at least as such it appears to have been used by Elisha when he healed the waters. "And the men of the city said unto Elisha, Behold, I pray thee, the situation of this city is pleasant, as my lord seeth: but the water is naught, and the ground barren. And he said, Bring me a new cruse, and put salt therein. And they brought it to him. And he went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt in there, and said, Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land. So the waters were healed unto this day" (2 Kings ii. 19-22). The salt was here obviously used, not as a means of healing the waters, but as a symbol of purification. May it not be to us a symbol of the purifying effect of the "salt of the covenant" on the corrupted spring of man's heart and life?—of Christ the purifier? True

believers in Christ are said to be "the salt of the earth," and exhorted to consistency of faith and conduct by our Lord, in the sermon on the Mount, under that symbol: "If the salt have lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted?" And again: "Let your speech be alway with grace, seasoned with salt" (Col. iv. 6).

The salt so abundantly used in the service of the sanctuary was probably found in the land where it was required; for we read in Zephaniah of "salt-pits:" and "the valley of salt" is named several times in the Scriptures. In hot countries it is not uncommon to find the surface of the earth covered with a crust of salt. In Persia and Arabia this is constantly the case, extensive plains being found covered with a saline efflorescence. Some suppose this to be a result of atmospheric causes; but this seems doubtful. A salt lake in the north of Africa has been already described, but I cannot refrain from transcribing the description of one in the South, near Caffirland, as given by Barrow: "On the evening of the 17th, we encamped on the verdant bank of a beautiful lake, in the midst of a wood of frutescent plants. It was of an oval form, about three miles in circumference. On the western side was a shelving bank of green turf, and round the other parts of the basin the ground—rising there abruptly, and to a greater height—was covered thickly with the same kind of arboreous and succulent plants as had been observed to grow most commonly in the thickets of the adjoining country. The water was perfectly clear, but salt as brine. It was one of those salt-water lakes which abound in Southern Africa, where they are called *zout-pans* by the colonists. The one in question, it seems, is the most famous in the colony, and is resorted to by the inhabitants from very distant parts of the country, for the purpose of procuring salt for their own consumption or for sale. It is situated on a plain at considerable elevation above the level of the sea. The greatest part of the bottom of the lake was covered with one continued body of salt, like a sheet of ice, the crystals of which were so united that it formed a solid mass, as hard as rock. The margin, or shore of the basin, was like the sandy shore of the sea-coast, with sandstone and quartz pebbles thinly scattered over it, some red, some purple, and others grey. Beyond the narrow belt of sand round the margin, the sheet of salt commenced with a thin porous crust, increasing in thickness and solidity as it advanced towards the middle of the lake. The thickness in the middle is not known, a quantity of water generally remaining in that part. The dry south-easterly winds of summer agitating the water of the lake produce on the margin a fine, light, powdery salt, like flakes of snow. This is equally beautiful with the refined salt of England, and is much sought after by the women, who always commission their husbands to bring home a quantity of snowy salt for the table. We happened to visit the lake at a very unfavourable season, when it was full of water. About the middle it was three feet deep, but

sufficiently clear to perceive several veins, of a dark ferruginous colour, intersecting in various directions the sheet of salt. These were, in all probability, springs whose action had impeded crystallization, and brought up a quantity of ocraceous matter. I caused a hole, four feet in depth, to be dug in the sand. The two first feet were through sand, like that of the sea-shore, in which were mingled small shining crystals of salt. The third foot was considerably harder and more compact, and came up in flakes that required some degree of force to break; and the last foot was so solid that the spade would scarcely pierce it, and one-fifth part of the mass at least was pure salt in crystals. The water now gushed in, perfectly clear, and as salt as brine."

The varieties of salt that I have named have all exactly the same properties and characteristics, whether extracted from the waters of the sea or from brine-springs, or gathered on the salt-plains or in the mine.

The crystallization is also the same, the form of the crystal being that of a cube; which, when split or broken, divides into thin plates. The colour, however, varies; some being in its original state brown, some grey, and some of the purest white. Shaw also speaks of a kind found chiefly near Astracan, where the salt is red, and which emits an odour like that of violets. The Calmucks call it "The Golden Lake," from the colour which its surface assumes when the sun shines on it.

The salt procured from mines (or, as it is usually called, "rock-salt," and, scientifically, *Sal gemmi*) is found in many countries: its name (*Sal gem*, or *gemmi*) is given to this salt on account of its exceeding hardness, and also because it sometimes assumes the colours and almost the transparency of precious stones. Mines of it are found in the Tyrol, in Spain, or on the summit of the Andes, more than two thousand fathoms above the sea-level; and last, though not least in importance to us in England, near Northwich, in Cheshire, where a mine was discovered in 1670, and has been extensively worked since that time.

We are told that "the first stratum, or mine, is from 15 to 21 yards in thickness, and the colour of brown sugar-candy. These mines lie from 60 to about 140 feet below the surface of the earth, in an undulating and wavy direction, and varying in thickness. This first brown stratum is so hard as to be with difficulty broken with pick-axes and hammers; so that the miners are obliged to have recourse to gunpowder to break it up. Beneath this is a layer of hard stone, mixed with rock-salt, the whole from 25 to 35 yards in thickness. Then comes a second mine of salt, from five to six yards thick; many parts of it perfectly white, and clear as crystal; others brown; but all more pure than that of the upper stratum. In forming a pit, a shaft is sunk much like that of a coal-pit, only more extensive.

"When the salt is reached, a cavity is made, and a roof of solid rock, perhaps some 20 feet

or more in thickness, is left; and as the workmen proceed, they hew pillars out of the rock, to support the roof, and then, with gunpowder, break up the part they intend to raise, and this is drawn up, in large craggy lumps, to the surface of the ground.

"The wonders of the Cracow mines must now occupy our attention. Truly, they must be most wonderful, in many respects; but scarcely less from their immense depth and capacity than for the glories of their jewelled halls and galleries.

"Grand as were the dimensions of the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, and grander still as are those of its more beautiful sister on Sydenham hill, they dwindle into utter insignificance when compared with the extent of the Crystal Palace at Wieliczka, with its suites of vast and lofty halls, its vaulted chapels, its long range of spacious galleries, the quiet lakes spread like mirrors within its walls, and its deep, dark, and mysterious museums of natural wonders."

The salt-mines of Wieliczka, or Wielitska as it is more frequently spelt, are situated at about two leagues S.W. of Cracow, at the foot of the Carpathian Mountains, and when Poland was divided between Prussia, Russia, and Austria, this rich portion fell to the lot of the last-named power. The descent of this "labyrinth of crystal halls" is by broad flights of steps cut in the superincumbent masses of marl, clay, &c., which run far down into the salt. There are many hundreds of different halls, passages, galleries, &c. One hundred of these halls measure from 100 to 150 feet in height, and are from 80 to 100 feet in length and breadth; each of them has its own peculiar name—usually that of some saint, or of some king or emperor who may have visited the mines. The grandest of these chambers is the Ball-room, which is "adorned with slender columns, with ornamental capitals, with pieces of sculptured foliage, and a chandelier formed of rock crystals 60 feet in circumference." It is in this magnificent hall that *fêtes* are given, when the mines are honoured by the visit of any very august personage. One of these *fêtes* given to Augustus the Second of Poland, is described as having exceeded anything ever done on the surface of the earth in splendour and magnificence. The thousands of lights with their rays reflected on the glittering crystals which stud the walls and pillars and roof and ground of the hall, together with the brilliancy of the saline gems in themselves, must indeed be "exceeding magnifical."

There are chapels as well as a ball-room amidst these subterranean labyrinths—one a large excavation, of Gothic structure, in which not only the altar, the crucifixes, the statues of saints, and all the other garniture of a Roman Catholic place of worship are hewn out of the glittering salt, but the very doors, walls, and niches, the roof and the floor are formed of the same beautiful mineral. This chapel is dedicated to St. Anthony, and in former years mass was said there for the miners every morning; now, however, it

is only celebrated once a year, on the 3rd of July, which is a great festival amongst the miners, and all appear in their holiday garb, and, after the service, dine together in some of the halls.

Many of the chambers as well as the chapels are adorned with ornaments sculptured in crystals of salt; one of the most striking of these is a trophy formed of all the instruments and tools which are used by the miners; but another, which far exceeds it in intrinsic value, is a statue of King Charles Sigismund of Poland, sculptured out of one single block of crystal, the largest ever hewn out of these mines. The blocks are, in general, not much more than about a cubic foot in size. These blocks of crystal salt, or *sal gemmi*, are found intermixed with the common kind, and are considered so precious as to be reserved for the disposal of kings and emperors. Sometimes plates, of such faultless purity that they are almost equal to plate-glass, are found. The works are said now to extend over an area of 35,000 square fathoms, the length of galleries, passages, &c., altogether being about 37 English miles. They consist of three divisions, corresponding to the three epochs in their history. These "fields," as they are called, consist of five storeys one above another, "comprising vast ranges of chambers communicating with each other by numerous horizontal galleries." The lowest level is 300 feet below that of the sea, and 580 below that of the Vistula.

When the salt occurs in large masses, the miners prepare with chisel and pick, a perpendicular chamber, or wall in the chamber in which they are working, rendering it smooth and uniform to a height of about 20 feet; such a surface is called a *mirror*, and along the whole face of these mirrors are then cut narrow grooves or furrows, of 20 or 30 inches in depth, and at intervals of 3 feet from each other. By means of these grooves a number of small iron wedges are then introduced on each side of the strips marked off; and the wedges being all raised at once, the huge mass of salt is thus loosened from the wall, but remains standing until thrown down by main force. In the fall the salt pillars of course break into fragments, and these are subsequently cut on the spot into different forms, according to their size. It is calculated that 400 cubic fathoms of rock give 100,000 cwts. of salt, and the annual yield of the Wieliczka mines being, on an average, 700,000 cwts., an additional space of 2,800 cubic fathoms, or a chamber measuring 80 feet in height, length, and breadth, is added every year to the mines. The horses which work in these mines are stabled and kept in them, extensive stabling being set aside for their use; but the miners return, when their work is over, to the regions of pure air and light above-ground. The noted and eccentric General Suwarrow, however, chose on one occasion to establish his head-quarters here for three days, signing papers and writing despatches on blocks

of salt. The clean and dry state of the mines must make a visit to them more pleasant than one to those of other minerals; for, although they hold in their depths about twenty small lakes, each several hundred feet long, and from fifteen to twenty-four deep, there is a total absence of that moisture and slushiness which renders mines in general so disagreeable. No water here trickles from the walls, gathering in pools round the workmen's feet; the greatest cleanliness and neatness reigns throughout the subterranean chambers, and though pools of water are sometimes discovered in some little cavity, they are speedily drained off so as to create no discomfort. The air in the mines is remarkably dry, which is demonstrated by the fact that the works of art sculptured in salt, which have stood there for centuries, are not perceptibly injured. The effect of the air in salt-mines acts on dead bodies as a preservative, carcases of horses that have died and been

left in the mines for many years having been found in a state of entire preservation.

The exact time of the discovery of these most valuable mines is unknown, the first mention of them being found in history early in the 13th century. For ages the inhabitants of the Carpathian Mountains and their neighbourhood drew their supplies of salt in small quantities from foreign lands, ignorant of the wealth which lay below their very feet. It is, however, believed that, although comparatively few mines have been opened, yet the whole district of the Carpathians, of Transylvania and Moldavia, is underlaid with salt-fields. Many articles of interest are found in these mines, which will probably be found to lead to much geological discovery when duly investigated—I mean such as sea-shells of different kinds, and charred and petrified trunks of trees, &c. For much of this account of the Wieliczka mines I am indebted to a writer in *Chambers' Journal* for 1854.

PARTED BY A HAIR'S-BREADTH.

"A sign and a trophy, he holds it up, a single hair, long white, and shining. It is not the hair of his mother, nor of his father; neither is it a memento from the venerable head of the Gamaliel at whose feet he was wont to sit. Where did he get it, and why?"

My lady Patterdaile sits in the large drawing-room of her place down in Blankshire, and listens to the rain which falls drip, drip, upon the stone terrace without. My lady is not there from choice, but by reason of her medical tyrants. In her listless hand is a novel, which she does not read. Now and then she glances at the fire, which is there not because it is cold, but because the place in Blankshire is dreary; a dampness hangs about it, and a chill; a queer sort of creeping, as though the dead Sir Oliver still lay in state on the hearse-like bed of crimson velvet in the western chamber.

My lady's own companion sits behind her, occupied in a mysterious fancy-work called tatting; but it is not upon her that those wandering glances fall as they leave the fire: it is upon two figures at the other end of the room—so far away, that in the dim light they can rather be imagined than seen, and their voices are inaudible. These are the daughter and the nephew of my lady Patterdaile.

By-and-bye their conversation is finished, and they come up and stand together opposite my lady's great chair on the hearth.

"George Haughton," said her ladyship, "why are you looking like a caged lion?"

"Twelve months ago," replied the young man—"my cousin bade me wait patiently a year, a

whole, long year. It expires to-day, and I am here to know my fate."

"Speak lower, George Haughton."

"She tells me," he went on, with a gesture of impatience, "that she cannot fetter herself yet; that I am still a boy, and must serve yet another year for her."

"To which you have agreed," interposed a softer voice, while a little white hand touched his arm.

"To which I have agreed. It is no boy's love I have given you, Catherine, but my whole life. You must not think I do not know you; it is because you love admiration, because you would be accounted free to exercise your fascination over others, that you hold back from keeping your promise. I can wait; but do not try me too long. You are mine and I am yours for happiness or misery, and the one shall not suffer without the other."

My lady Patterdaile bent her false eyebrows into a frown as he finished.

"These are strange words for a lover, young Haughton." Then the haughty face softened with a sudden gleam of tenderness, and he took both the hands of his betrothed in his own strong, earnest grasp.

"Catherine knows," he said, "that I love her as my own soul."

He was gone. My lady's book slipped slowly down to the stool at her feet, for she was watching her daughter. A strange look came into the eyes of the young girl as she pressed her clasped hands together, and felt the touch of George Haughton's ring.

"You are wise, Catherine," said her ladyship. "When we go back to town you will have many a better *parti* at your feet."

"That is not it," exclaimed Catherine, scornfully. "And the man does not live whom I should think worthy to compare with him."

My lady bent her uncertain old eyes to look into her daughter's face.

"You are endowed with a singular power of fascination," she said. "You would flirt, my daughter, in your shroud."

A shudder passed over the beautiful crouching figure, and the poor companion made a false move in her tatting.

"But do not trust to it, Kate; with youth and beauty it passes away—ah, so quickly!"

Then my lady rang for lights, and began to reckon up the days and weeks which must elapse before she would dare to go back to town and gaiety, from the dreary place in Blankshire.

So that year also went by, and then another, and another, leaving the promise unfulfilled: and still George Haughton repeated as firmly as ever, "I can wait;" while the hope that had ripened youth, was withering away his manhood.

Four years more had he served for her, this was the fifth. And my lady was back again at her place in Blankshire, but no longer alone with her unread novel.

She had filled the house with fashion and youth and beauty. There were daughters and sons to be merry, and matrons to gather round the card-table of Lady Patterdaile, and to squabble over the cards which she touched lovingly with her trembling old fingers, while the dancing went on around her.

On such an evening it was that George Haughton again entered the large drawing-room of the place in Blankshire. He stood in the door-way watching the light clouds of gauzy blue and pink and white, with the black coats that relieved them. George Haughton's head was higher than any there; he leaned in his lazy strength against the wall, watching, with a smile to which years of disappointed hope had given a sort of despairing bitterness, while his cousin drew near, and stopped with a gesture of surprise.

George made her a low bow, and then offered his ungloved hand.

"Have you forgotten the day of the month?"

"Let me speak to you a moment," he said, taking her apart from the rest.

When they came back she was looking up at him, laughingly.

"When will you give me up, George Haughton?"

"When that beautiful black head is streaked with silver," retorted George.

She heard a new sound in his voice, and

shrank from it; but the next moment all her gaiety came back, for she said to herself imperiously, "He knows not my power; he cannot forsake me."

"One word more," said George. "You call that young lady who left you just now your friend, do you not?"

"Oh, yes—my dearest friend."

"Well, and the fair-haired young fellow leaning over the *prie-dieu* is a stranger to you?"

"He was till this evening."

"But not to me. When I came in, you were flirting with him. When I tell you that he is engaged to your 'dearest friend,' will you spare him?"

With a laugh she broke from the light restraint of his hand. He looked after her, and smiled at the folly of asking such a question. He drew himself up, and pressed his knuckles together; and he muttered to himself fiercely, "I will: I swear it."

So this year George Haughton did not take himself and his answer away as usual, but he stayed on day after day, patient and watchful, amongst the other guests of his aunt.

One evening the poor companion knocked, with her tatting in her hand, at the door of Catherine's dressing-room, and entered, trembling at her own boldness.

"My dear," said the poor lady, and all the rows of curls on her forehead quivered with agitation, "forgive me, but I could not help it."

"Help what?" asked Catherine, gently.

"My dear, my dear, an old maid's life is not always a happy one. I do not say that mine is unhappy, but others are differently constituted; yourself for instance—if such a thing were to happen."

A laugh interrupted her; but clasping her hands, with one point of the tatting needle running into them, she went on more earnestly:

"Alas, alas! you would be so miserable! Smile at me if you will, for taking such a theme upon my old lips; but I know what it is to trifle with a man's heart, and—Heaven help me! to lose it."

The last words were but a faint murmur, and the old lady was gone.

"An old maid!" Catherine laughed again; she sprang up lightly, and stood before the glass, radiant and beautiful; repeating the words scornfully.

I look once more. The laugh of the fair cousin has ended in a little cry of amazement; a look of horror has chased away the radiant smile. What is it? Only that she has seen reflected there a white hair, only one, but startlingly white, gleaming like a silver trail down the black locks.

She turned away; but still she saw it; everywhere she saw it—down the walls, on the gilt frames of the pictures, on the door, everywhere. It lay along the dark-green of the Venetian blind; and when she raised that impatiently, it cut in two the prospect from the window.

Then she threw herself on a couch, and

covered her face. There seemed to be before her then herself, yet not herself; bearing a shadowy resemblance, but horrible to behold; a gaunt figure, a lonely desolate woman, unlovely and unloving; with nothing but the bitter remembrance of past pleasures to fill up the yearning in her heart; with none to live for, no voice to answer hers, no lips to smile for her; alone with the phantoms of the past, which mocked her wretchedness.

Then the picture changed. Earnest eyes were looking into her own; a loving hand clasped hers; whispers of tenderness filled the air around her, and tears came stealing through the hands clasped over her face.

That evening George Haughton saw that his cousin was more beautiful than ever; that there was a new grace about her, a something almost akin to humility; that she was strangely quiet and reserved. But he only smiled bitterly as he saw it, and thought of his vow.

Once only she addressed him—when he was passing her, to leave the room. Never looking at him, or even turning towards him, she ventured to ask why he was going away so soon. He had letters to write, he said; he was going to the library.

But he did not write them. He stood on the rug, leaning his elbow on the mantel-piece: he seemed to be weaving pictures out of the dull glimmer of the fire; but they could not have been pleasant ones, his face was so stern and bitter.

He looked up impatiently as the door opened, but it was the figure of his cousin which stood there to interrupt him.

For a moment the old, long cherished love clamoured at the door of George's heart, and cried out with piteous pleading to be taken in; but the keeper of that door answered sorrowfully, "Too late."

She was near him now—downcast, but resolute. "The time has arrived, George Haughton. I come to give you back your bond; to set you free."

George looked at her earnestly. "Is this all your pride can say to me, Catherine?"

All! Oh no, it needed but a word from him to call forth the whisper of a better and a happier love than she had ever known before, but that word would never come. Looking into his face she choked back the half-uttered "Forgive me."

"I remind you of your own declaration, whether it was jest or earnest. The silver streak has come; look here, George Haughton."

He saw it at once as she bent her head before him—the one white hair, glistening on the black locks.

He said to her, as calmly as he could, always looking down upon her, as she stood there, "This, then, has gained a victory which seven years of devotion could not gain! Give it to me. Catherine, I told you once that it was not my love I offered you, but my own life.

You accepted it; you took, and offered it up to vanity and frivolity. Think what it is to have withered a man's life up."

"Forgive me," murmured Catherine.

"I do. I accept my release at your hands. Catherine, when I came here four days ago, my heart was full of the old love. Again you put me off as though I were indeed no better than a play-thing. Then I swore that I would free myself; but no effort was needed, I was free; your voice had no power to move me, nor your touch: you had withered up all I gave to you, and nothing remained but bitterness—nothing.

The past is like a dream, which I can remember without being able to bring back the emotions which filled it. They will never come to me again. Those two, the saddest words a man's tongue can utter, are all that come to me as I look at you, and think what might have been—"Too late."

He paused, but there was no reply. Then, a sign and a trophy, he holds it up—the long white hair.

"This then brought you to me, too late. Catherine, good bye; for if ever we meet again it will rise up as a ghost between us, and we shall be strangers!"

LOUIS SAND.

FROZEN TO DEATH.

BY MRS. VALENTINE BARTHOLOMEW.

They laid her in a narrow grave,
Still colder made by snow;
And few who passed that confined slave
Could realize her woe,
Whilst, wandering through the busy streets,
She had nowhere to go;
No home—no shelter from the cold—
No food to cheer her heart;
No hope to make her spirit bold
To beg for alms; to start
Once more, into the living world
Where she might play her part.
Perhaps she strove to work, in vain,
For payment far too small
To keep out hunger, grief, and pain;
And when she sold her all,
She patiently awaited death,
"With face turned to the wall."

Her pillow was the frozen ground,
Her canopy the sky,
And fainter, fainter grew the sound
Of every passer-by,
Who little deemed in that dark night
Was one so near to die.

What was her girlhood none could tell;
None knew from whence she came;
Perchance allured by arts she fell,
And led a life of shame,
Too humbled and too crushed to tell
To anyone her name.

They found her at the break of day,
The poor forlorn one, dead;
The spirit from that suffering clay
To other worlds had fled:
And who can tell what angel-words
Had soothed her dying bed.

P

A TRUE NARRATIVE OF EMIGRANT LIFE IN AUSTRALIA, FROM 1852 TO 1860.

REVISED BY ELIZABETH TOWNBRIDGE.

The four years immediately following the dreadful years of famine in Ireland were years of extreme business depression throughout the entire country, and perhaps nowhere was it more keenly felt than in C—, where I at that time resided. My husband kept a general shop in one of the lesser streets of that city; he was an active, enterprising young man, and, on winding up his accounts at the close of 1850, found that instead of adding to his capital or even supporting his family, he had actually encroached on his small means to the amount of one hundred and thirty pounds. He at once said to me that this state of things could not last; and, as it was about that time the wondrous tale of the gold discoveries in Australia began to be first spread abroad, he declared his determination of going there, in company with many others, to "try his luck," as he phrased it. I gave my full consent to his departure, but it was decided that I should still carry on the business in his absence; so that, even if he failed in his speculation, our old home should not be broken up.

Early in 1851 he left me, to set out on his journey, and the time seemed long indeed until I heard from him again. It was our first parting, and perhaps I felt it the more. We had been married six years, and had two children living, the one four, the other not two years old; two more, the eldest and youngest, were dead. The vessel in which my husband sailed met no homeward-bound ship during their passage, and thus I had no news of him until his arrival in Melbourne.

I well remember my bitter disappointment, on the arrival of the first mail by which I could possibly expect a letter from him, to find that, although the friends of several persons who had gone out with him had letters, there was none for me; I believed myself entirely neglected and forgotten, and on one lady coming in very kindly to show me hers, although I listened very calmly while she read it, yet, the moment she left the room, I threw myself on the floor, and sobbed there, in my impatient grief and anger at his seeming negligence, to call it by no worse name. Three or four days after, however, I found how much I had wronged him, as my letter came the longest of any he had written, full of affection for me and the little ones. Owing to some postal mistake it had gone to Glasgow, and so occasioned the delay. It told me he had disposed of the things he had taken out, to great advantage; that he was now about to start for the diggings in company with another, and would let me know the result as quickly as possible.

After this I did not hear of him for many months, and was beginning to get really uneasy, when, to my great delight, a letter dated London arrived: he had come back for me, but would be delayed for a week, to dispose of some skins and gold-dust which he had taken in exchange, but bade me set about making all the preparations I could for our immediate departure.

He had been entirely unsuccessful at the diggings, but said he thought he now knew the colony very well, and fancied it would suit us. On the day in which the B— boat was expected in, the tide was very late, and everyone told me he would not come up until morning, as the steamer would not be able to get beyond P—. Yet I could not persuade myself to give him up.

At length, as the clock struck twelve, I sent the drowsy servant to bed (the children had been long asleep), but remained myself reading, when just at two o'clock I heard the noise of a car rolling along the street: it stopped at our door; I raised the window, and immediately heard my husband's well-known voice speaking to the man. In my eagerness and confusion I could not at first find the key of the door, but soon succeeded in doing so, and in a minute after was clasped in the arms of my husband. He had been a year away, yet so much had I spoken of him to the children, that they either did or fancied they did recollect him, and, waking up on his arrival (their cots were in my bed-room), called out together—"Papa, papa!" Although even to me his face was much changed, as he had come back with an enormous beard and moustaches.

We sold off everything as quickly as possible; yet, between getting rid of the old things and purchasing goods of various kinds—amongst the rest a great quantity of boots and shoes, for which there was a great demand on his leaving, and an iron house for our own use (as rent was fearfully high in Australia), and getting a set of portable walnut furniture ready—it was not until April, 1852, that we were able to leave.

I suffered some uneasiness lest the long voyage should prove injurious to my eldest boy Willie, who, some time before, had received a hurt in his back through the carelessness of his maid, and it had from time to time caused him much pain; however, I had endeavoured to procure every comfort for him, whatever I thought of, or was recommended to get, and, at last, a Wednesday morning saw us fairly embarked on board the L— steamer, on our way

to the ship, which was to take us as passengers, in the second cabin, to Melbourne.

As at that time, and up to the present, I have from time to time set down things as they occurred, or while they were fresh in my memory, I will make use of these notes in telling my story, only connecting them with the merest necessary explanation. I will pass over our delay at Liverpool, and commence with :

APRIL 24, 1852.—On board ship. I am in the lowest possible spirits; it is Sunday morning, and we have been on board since Friday; this morning every atom of the ship was washed, or rather water thrown over it, and our breakfast was served up—coffee in a wooden vessel, with plenty of broken biscuit in it; and, to add to my difficulties, my husband was so bad with rheumatism that he remained in bed, and my Willie, who is nothing better, is very cross in my lap. We are in dreadful confusion, the ship is very crowded, and, although we have got a very good berth (only it is too soon to commence grumbling) I should wish very much we were rich enough to go in the first cabin. There are some young men here from the County Cork, who are very attentive to us, and though so uncomfortable at present, I trust when once we get to sea we shall be better off.

MAY 30.—We crossed the line to-day, being exactly one month at sea. Willie is very, very delicate; oh what shall I do, if I lose my darling?

JUNE 2.—To-day we met a ship homeward-bound to New York. The weather continues beautiful, but poor Willie is very ill, and I am very poorly myself.

MELBOURNE, Aug. 23.—At length we have arrived safely, and, thank God, I am saved from the awful scene I so much dreaded, that of seeing the corpse of my sweet child thrown overboard into that terrible sea. For some weeks he has improved gradually, and now requires no nursing.

Provisions are very dear: I give 3s. a dozen for eggs, *wholesale price* (they are sold at the rate of 7s. in the shops); 7s. a bottle for very poor wine, and 1s. 6d. a pint for milk—and water. I must have these things for Willie. My big, bold Dick has grown tall and fat; he was very sea-sick the first part of the voyage, but afterwards got on finely; he was a plaything for everyone on board, and, wherever eating was going on, was never at a loss to get up or down a ladder for his share; for whoever happened to be going up or down, old man or child, he always called out: "Little boy, little boy, take me up."

I was not well the entire voyage: I had nothing I liked, and no society to suit my taste, or, what is more likely, perhaps I did not suit theirs. There was one lady in the state cabin inclined to be friendly, but, as I was in the steerage, my pride held me back; however, she lives near us now, and we are very good friends.

It would be vain for me to attempt describing the strange appearance Melbourne presents, with its streets of tents and iron houses; it is about

twice as large as C—; within a mile of it is Collingwood, very much larger; and about a mile in another direction is Richmond, much larger again. The Roman Catholic chapel here has just been completed; I went to see it, and the first things which attracted my notice there were my old acquaintances the Melbourne bells, which were displayed at the Dublin exhibition. They have not been put up yet, but are placed inside the porch, two on each side. Within, the building is very pretty: it is of red brick and of cruciform shape. The inside is the same as the outside, not being plastered. The timber used in it is cedar, it looks like mahogany.

I think we form very strange ideas of the people here, at home. I was at Richmond church on Sunday at morning service, and saw as respectable a congregation as I ever saw in any church in Ireland: there are all classes of people here, except beggars—these I have not seen; and it seems to me to be the most vulgar people who have most money.

I had the honour of being introduced to a carman the night I landed on the wharf, by T—k, who lodged with him; he told me he was worth twelve hundred pounds. He took our goods from the ship to our house, for which we paid one pound per load. He asked us, did we want money? and told my husband not to be short, as he would advance it to him; but we did not require it.

We have already purchased a piece of ground about four miles from Melbourne, at a place called Booroondara, in the village of Kew; it is beautifully situated, and we are putting up our iron house on it; we have also set up our shop, which my husband made himself. When it is finished we intend setting up what is called here "bitting," but, to speak more plainly to home ears, I will call it "butchering." We have a man employed to carry it on for us.

I find I am only to have two rooms in my house, those at the back, the entire front being required for the shop, or what we call a general store, where everything is sold, from a paper of pins to a sack of flour. This place is still in the bush, being quite uncultivated.

I have to work very hard: I make my own bread, ale, and candles: I wash all the clothes: I have just finished the last of those soiled on the voyage. The first time, my hands were sore for a fortnight: I thought my nails would drop off. The tops of my fingers turned black and blue, as if bruised; but now they are getting better 'used to it; they are as red and as coarse as a kitchen-maid's; but I never felt so well or so happy in my life.

We live in a tent; the man whom we have employed for the butchering lives in the one next to us; we pay him three pounds a week, finding him in tent, wood, and water. I often think, short as the time is since I came here, that if people worked as hard and used the same economy at home as they are obliged to do here, many could do as well there.

I met an old friend of mine the other day, who had been brought up a lady; she told me she had

often been obliged to take in washing; the man to whom her husband was shepherd had sold his "run," and it was six months before he could get anything to do; they have two sweet children—a boy and girl—the girl a perfect beauty; neither can walk, but both creep about the *field*—I must use the word, as I can't find a better one, although fields are unknown here: they are great unenclosed commons, as we would say at home. My friend's are good children, but much neglected, as she could not get the smallest girl to mind them under twenty pounds a year, and this she cannot afford to pay.

I like this country very much: it is very beautiful. An English family live in a tent in the next piece of ground to ours: our tents are close to each other: they are very kind to us. Our things are not yet unpacked, and they are very obliging to lend anything they have. They keep a very nice spring car, in which they drove me into town the other day; and every evening, after work, they either come to our tent, or we go to theirs, and play cards, or talk for two or three hours. But I shall not be likely to trouble them for their car soon again, unless the roads are very much improved. At present they are cut (not made) through forests where old trees which had stood for ages have been rooted up; the holes where their immense roots were, have not been filled up; so it is like driving (only infinitely worse) through grounds which have just been ploughed. The horses sometimes go in so deep that the men cannot get them out until they unload the car, take it off, and sometimes have to get a couple more horses to pull the first one out.

I have heard people at home say they "worked like horses;" but they should come here, to see how horses really work.

The day I went to town with my English friend my husband drove; but I suffered so much from fright (it had rained very much for some days before, so that the road was even worse than usual) that I begged and prayed to be let out; at last he allowed me to alight, but I could not find a place to set my foot on, and after sinking to the top of my boots in mud, I had to get in again, making many a mental resolution not to be caught coaching again for some time.

I have been trying to get a cat to call after "Tiny," whom I left at C—; but up to this time have not succeeded, as they are all sold at the diggings at one pound each. I heard to-day, by a letter from home, that the children's-maid I had in C— is coming out; but it is to Sydney to an uncle: how I wish it was to me! I cling to every person and thing connected with home.

If ever I live to make a fortune for my two sons, I shall certainly go home—that is to say if I can learn that my few friends are well, and would be glad to see me.

It is half-past eleven o'clock at night—very late in the bush. My husband and the children are in bed; and yet I sit scribbling here. We were very much disappointed in the sale of our goods:

everything has fallen in price since my husband came out first, the market being overstocked. I never saw half the boots and shoes in C— that I have seen here: they are selling them even in the halls of private houses. Shop-keepers have to pay such enormous rents, they must buy as low as they possibly can, and have a great profit on what they sell, to meet their expenses.

We have not sold half our goods yet. We were much vexed at the way our luggage was delivered. The owners would not bring more for us in the ship than we were entitled to as passengers: our other things came in a brig called "The Flint," which did not arrive for a month after we did. She is now a month in the harbour, but has not yet discharged all her cargo. What we have received has been brought out each day in three different lighters, and landed in different places on the wharf, which causes a great deal of trouble and anxiety. For several days the lighters did not land any of our goods; yet my husband had to go to town, a distance of four miles of wretched road. It is a dreadful loss of time, which is everything here.

The climate of this country is not what I expected. This is our winter: the mornings and evenings are extremely cold, the noon generally as hot as in summer at home. We have had a great deal of rain. This week we had the most awful thunder and lightning I ever heard or saw.

We have a great deal of timber on our ground, but it is only fit for firing, although the trees are as large as any in Europe. We are obliged to have them blasted with powder, as they do rocks. We sell it on the ground at one pound a load: the purchasers get two pounds ten for it in town; but then they run the risk of killing their horses going in.

We have just bought one hundred-weight of potatoes for one pound eight: they are very fine. We get Swedish turnips at one pound a cwt.; cabbage is one shilling and tenpence the head; rum, the liquor usually drunk here, is fifteen shillings the gallon. These are the wholesale prices: the retail prices are nearly double.

We are about to buy a cow, a pig, and some fowls: they are very dear. I hope to be more settled and comfortable soon. When our store is opened, I intend hiring a servant; but they are so independent, I dread their impertinence more than their wages, which will be thirty pounds a-year.

NOVEMBER 30, 1853.—This climate seems to agree very well with us, notwithstanding its many changes. Yesterday, when, I fancy, the people at home were sitting by the fire, looking out at wind and rain, I was so overcome with heat that I had to lie on the bed; and my husband, who had to go into town in the hottest part of the day, came home almost fainting. I took all the bed-clothes off, before going to bed last night; but in about four hours after, I had to get up again, and put them on; and now, while I write, I am sitting by a great wood fire.

Willie is going on nicely. He gets no nursing : when he is tired he leans on something to rest. His health and appetite are excellent ; but I fear he will be deformed. Dick, as usual, has plenty of friends : he is in every mischief.

We are dreadfully annoyed with flies ; they are the same as those at home, but so numerous ; to-night at tea we could hardly see each other.

We are here now over a year, and yet we have not made much progress in fortune making. We are still in the butchering business ; but at this time of year it is nearly the worst possible : from the extreme heat, the meat becomes tainted at once ; it is fly-blown as soon as killed, and in a couple of hours could almost *walk* off the table. I heard of a butcher lately, who lost fifty pounds in one day by a thunder-storm. When the hot winds blow we cannot kill. We have escaped any loss up to this, as we know our customers, and only kill what we are sure of selling.

We would be much more comfortable but that we cannot get men at any price. My husband has to attend to everything himself. Our house would not have been put up at less than forty pounds ; so he set to do it himself.

I suppose, if any of my friends at home think of me, they picture me sitting down very comfortably, with all my nice furniture about me. But alas ! no such thing. As I write, I am seated on one box while I write on another, which with one more forms the furniture of my *parlour*. But I am very snug now. A short time back, there was neither a window or a door to our house : and I had to do everything out-of-doors in all weathers. I was in such a hurry out of the tent that we did not unpack the furniture, as the house is still unfinished ; but we had to unpack the shoes, which are scattered about in every direction, not being able to make sale of them.

Our little farm improves rapidly. We have potatoes coming on nicely ; but the fowls eat my cabbages. We have one horse, for which we gave twenty-five pounds : one as good could be got at home for ten ; three pigs for which we paid eleven pounds ; nine hens at six shillings each ; a large white cock, I call "Prince Albert," cost ten shillings ; his lady "The Queen" cost seven ; two of my hens hatched nine chickens each, and I have a half-dozen ducks, but my husband trod on one of the ducks and killed it, while "Prince Albert" in descending from his roost jumped on one of my chicks, and destroyed it also, which I consider a most unprince-like way of decreasing my family.

We have several sheep, and one has got a lamb. I call it "Kate," after a dear friend of mine at home ; not that I consider her very lamb-like, but I had nothing else to give the name to, and I like to hear the familiar sound of it about my strange home. Poor old "Tiny !" I got, with great difficulty, a little foxy three-legged kitten to name after her. She was born without a fourth paw. She does not resemble "Tiny" in beauty, but she is a funny playful little thing : and the children are very fond of her.

I have three of my hens hatching : they have thirty-four eggs between them. I had four-and-sixpence a dozen for my eggs, but they have stopped laying now. I have had something to do lately, attending to all these, besides washing and cooking ; but since the hot weather set in, I have after much trouble succeeded in getting a servant, a very nice English girl, at twenty pounds a-year ; but she is so smart and pretty looking, I fear I shall not have her long : she will be getting married too soon.

There are a great many people going home by the "Great Britain," and although this is a beautiful country and I like it much, I sometimes catch myself half-wishing that I was going also. The people here are all for money-making : social pleasures or amusements are out of the question ; and after all, I never can fix my mind on mere worldly gain : people never think of paying visits, and it is considered a crime to be a fine lady. However, I have many blessings, we all enjoy excellent health ; and it is not every one who does, in this changeable climate.

We are now in the beginning of our summer. Yesterday was a dreadful day : the hot winds were blowing continuously. Persons with delicate stomachs should spend a summer here, to be cured. Meat I have already spoken of, and before one can lift a tea-cup to one's lips, it is dark with flies swimming in it. Some houses are filled with mosquitoes, or, as my servant calls them, "Miss Kitty's ;" nor must I omit mentioning the fleas, which in spite of the strictest cleanliness swarm here.

People who live any distance out of town, and have no horse to draw water from the river, must use it out of a large hole which we all dig, to save it in, when it rains. We always have good water : our house being roofed with zinc, it runs off it quite clean ; but others have to boil and strain theirs before it can be used. We have often to buy water too, when our own supply fails. Everything here has taken a sudden change for the worse : four months back the services of a married couple could not be got for less than one hundred a-year : now they can be had for seventy.

This village, where a year ago there were only two houses, now has four stores, an apothecary's, a baker's, and a public-house, one Independent and one Baptist chapel ; and an omnibus runs nearly to our door. One would suppose this ought to increase our business, but as yet it has not done so. We did much better before.

Willie has improved in health, but not in appearance. Dick has grown a great fellow : he goes to school. And about five months ago a little Australian, whom we have called "Frank," was added to our family : he is a nice little fellow.

I am fast settling down into a steady old matron. I must bid farewell to the light-hearted gaiety of youth. I am sometimes very lonely, as my husband is often obliged to be away all day, and the children are too young to be companions.

Melbourne is very lively just now. The Exhibition has opened, and Catherine Hayes has arrived; but I live too far away to have any share in the enjoyment, and my husband cannot spare time from the store to go with me.

JULY 3.—Poor Willie is slowly recovering from a very bad attack: I wonder how long it will last. Doctor B. says he can do him no good. Keenly as I would feel his loss, I sometimes almost think it would be a blessing if he was in Heaven. It is a sad, sad thing to see my dear intelligent boy a sufferer from disease and deformity; yet my blessings otherwise are very great. There is not a finer boy of his age in Kew than Dick: he is always at fun of some kind or other. Frank, my little Australian, is almost walking; a fine healthy boy, although my vanity has given him a cast in his eyes—at least I fear so. At the time he was born there was no cradle to be had; so my husband made one out of a box. I lined it with pink calico. The bright colour attracted him so much that he would lie quiet for hours looking at it. This I blame for his eye; though sometimes I think it was the longing looks I cast towards home which occasioned it. However, he is a dear good boy, in spite of it.

We had a great trouble some weeks ago. My husband took a load from Melbourne to Castlemaine. On his return he met a man who had lost his horse, and hired him to take his load for him to Bendigo diggings. Three horses took the load; so Richard told his own man to stay with the fourth horse until his return, which would be in two days. On coming back in that time he found his horse (which was worth eighty pounds) drowned, and about ten pounds worth of other goods. Last, and worse than all, on dragging the river, the body of the man was found also. He has left a wife and infant. No one can tell how it occurred. The time before, also, my husband had ten pounds' worth of things stolen off the dray.

Everything has taken a change for the worse here. There is a great deal of distress about Melbourne. My husband has not done anything since the horse was drowned. Carting is not to be had now. We had our ground cultivated at a very great expense, but could not sell the vegetables. Our store goes on very well, but we have a great deal of competition. There are six stores, and one baker, who was a doctor, in this little place; but he could not succeed in getting practice: so as he could not make us support him and his young wife by being ill, he was determined we should do so by being well, and, accordingly, set up an oven, and commenced baking bread. We have sent our other horses to a paddock, for which we pay one pound a week.

I hope things will not long continue as they are here, or we must get out of the place as fast as we got in; and yet I am not grieving about business-losses. I am kept in such a constant state of uncertainty about Willie, I have little thought of anything else. My English girl is with me still. She is very nice

and respectable, and very kind to Willie: she takes him out in her arms every evening. His father gave three pounds ten for a plain little carriage for him; but he dislikes going in it. I have another girl to mind Frank.

The only evening I thoroughly enjoyed since I came here was last Sunday week, when Mr. D. (who came out with us) called, and brought his two friends—Mr. G. (brother to our old clergyman at home), and Mr. C. (brother to an old acquaintance of mine.) He knew everyone I knew at home, and I enjoyed the chat about them very much.

APRIL 4, 1855.—I have not written anything in this book for a long while. A fortnight ago I took my little Willie into Melbourne to Dr. M., the most eminent practitioner there. The weather is very much against him. The heat is so great, I think I could be satisfied to part with him; but it seems so cruel to bury him here, so far away from the Irish grave, where my mother and his little brother and sister are sleeping. Dick is so fond of him, he cannot bear to hear a word said to him.

The last comfort I had I am now about to lose. My husband has engaged to travel to the diggings this winter with loading. He went a few times in the summer, and we have employed men since; but they were very careless: so he intends getting more horses, and going himself. Thus I shall be alone for a fortnight, or perhaps three weeks, at a time. However, it is the quickest way of making money, although one of the hardest; travelling all day in wet weather up to the knees in mud, and in dry smothered with dust, or gravel—for it better deserves this name—sometimes having to go without any breakfast for want of dry wood to make a fire; which, after lying all night on damp ground, is not pleasant, to say the least of it.

This has been a dreadfully hot summer. One day the thermometer was up to 152°: the heat was suffocating. There was a strong hot wind. I opened the window for air, but was glad to close it again: it seemed like opening the door of a furnace. That day several persons died of the heat, and my baby was so ill I did not know what to do with him. My husband went to bed and slept. We had a continuance of this for some weeks. We had no rain until last week. The flies reminded me of poor Pharaoh: he could scarcely be worse off than we were. I forgot fleas. My feet swell so much from the heat I should have them leeches, only the fleas have left so little blood in me I fear the leeches would not take. I am very much weakened by this weather. Some days I can scarcely move. But now we are in the beginning of our winter, which, with the exception of night and morning, and some very few days, is much hotter than summer at home.

If people there could see some of their friends here, it would not a little surprise them. For instance: here I am myself: I go into town in the worst clothes I have, sitting on a dray—nay, I sometimes drive. I purchase all the goods for the store, and ride home on the top

of the load. I went into J.'s place the other day, who was such a dandy in C—. He had on an old hat, tossed on the top of his head; and his shirt-sleeves were rolled up to his elbows. I laughed, and said to him: "I should like seeing you in that costume on the Parade, at home."

He replied: "If I went home now, I should laugh at all their nonsensical pride."

In a recent letter from a lady-friend of mine, she tells me exceedingly small bonnets are the fashion. If the beautiful Empress of the French was seated on my dray, she would lead the fashion of wearing umbrellas on the head instead of cockle-shells.

APRIL 5.—I am in a very bad humour, I fear. My husband, who went to town this morning, has just returned, and informs me he has engaged loading for Bendigo. He is to start to-morrow, tempted by the high rate of cartage this week. He quite forgot it was Holy Thursday; so here I am left alone on Easter Sunday to fret and fume, and no one to care whether I do or not. However, I must try and recover my temper and be good. I sometimes wonder at all I have learned since I came here.

My husband says I am a true emigrant's wife, and takes my opinion on everything. In the first place I am an excellent trafficker. I attend sales, and am a good storekeeper. No one pleases my customers as well as myself. I know a good horse from a bad one, and know all he can or cannot do. We have a pet horse, called "Charley;" he knows even the children quite well, and follows my husband about like a dog. He got him a colt, and broke him in himself.

We hope to have a beautiful garden this year; we have a gardener continually at work at it. We have two men going with the horses, and two women-servants, both English. I never will take an Irish one again, if I can avoid it. We have also a young man boarding with us; so we are under great expense. Many find it hard to get employment, and provisions continue very dear; yet, on the whole, I think people in general do better here than at home. I often fret at not getting newspapers; but unless they are sent by some special mail, and directed specially by it, they never come.

MAY 22, 1856.—I have got the sweetest little girl since the eighteenth of March. She was born at two o'clock in the morning, just two hours after St. Patrick's Day. I have named her "Kate," after my dear, dear friend, at home: she is the smallest and prettiest of the family. Frank grows rapidly, and my poor Willie is getting pretty strong, but not growing fast. He does grow, though. I had to get crutches made for him. It pained my very heart to see him use them, but they assist him much; but he does not use them always. I do not fear for his life, as I once did; but my darling is hopelessly deformed.

Dick has grown out of every one's knowledge this year. I half feared for him, he got so thin; but now he is as strong as I can wish him to

be, and has rather too much spirit, the house is filled with his noise when he is in it. He came to me the other day, pulling his hair forward on his cheeks, to show me how his whiskers are growing; and that he should soon be a "big boy, like Papa." His games, too, are eminently Colonial: instead of kites or marbles, he is always making up loads for the diggings on the wheel-barrow, or something of that kind.

Our baker-doctor was not successful here, so he has gone to Ballarat; and his wife (a very nice person) has opened a school, to which I send the children. They improve fast. My husband still carts to the diggings. I am very much against his doing it, as I am not sure of his life while he is away. The roads are frightfully bad. In some places they are obliged to walk up to the waist in water, while in other parts the mud is so thick and deep, they are in danger of being thrown under the horses' feet and trampled to death: they have sometimes to tackle six horses to one dray, to pull it out of a hole, when there is not, perhaps, more than fifteen hundred weight on it. He was at The Ovens last time, and was away three weeks. He is now at the Avoca diggings. He thought to be back to-day: it is the tenth since he went; but I do not expect him for three or four more days. Oh! the money so earned is dearly got.

We are about selling our shop and business, as I cannot attend to it now, with the children. My husband comes home so worn-out, he cannot do so either. For me, it is a call to the store; then baby wants me, or Frank is in some pickle; the boys from school want their dinners, and a thousand other things; so that I must give it up.

CONNER'S CREEK, August 4.—We have left Kew, and taken a farm one mile beyond it, so that we are now farther from Melbourne than before. We are much more comfortable, as we have a fine large house of six good rooms and a kitchen and store-room outside, with every other convenience. We had a great deal to do, as the ground was not half-cleared, and there was a great deal of large timber standing; the trees had to be grubbed up by the roots, and split into fire-wood, and then sent to town to be sold. We are now getting it ploughed. I, as usual, have quite enough to do, as we only keep one servant now, and she and I have to cook for four men, beside the work of the house. Men here require meat three times a day: so it consumes a great deal of time.

Since we came here, a horse of ours was stolen from the door, worth fifty pounds; but I cannot be very sorry for anything since we came here, the little ones improve so fast—Willie so much, that he walks into Kew with Dick every day to school. We had a very severe winter: a great deal of ice and rain; but this is a very fine day. We are beginning spring. If Willie continues well, it will be the first spring he was so, since his birth.

I am not so strong myself as I used be, but enjoyed the cold of the winter very much. The heat debilitates me a great deal; but I am very

happy, and very thankful for the blessings bestowed on me. I have no society, which at first I missed a great deal; but, now I have my husband at home constantly (he has given up carting), I do not mind it. We have a nice dog-cart, in which (when the weather permits), we drive out, to the great delight of the children, and there are some lovely places about us.

AUGUST 16.—Spring advances, and we *all* continue quite well. This place seems to me the first *home* I have had since we came to the colony. Willie walks, without any aid, to and from Kew with Dick to school.

TYLDEN WOODSIDE, August 30, 1857.—Here we are again, moved into the very heart of the bush. In December last my rather restless lord and master had another fit of fidgets, and sold his interest in our farm at Connor's Creek, where we were so comfortable, and purchased three-hundred-and-thirty acres of land within six miles of Kyneton, Victoria, and fifty from Melbourne. All December we were in the height of confusion: packing up all we intended taking with us, and giving up possession of what we had sold. We then started on our journey, which lasted two days and two nights, and at last got safely to our own ground, which was very difficult to find. Indeed my husband rather imprudently bought it at a land auction, thinking at least the greater part cleared, but on going to take possession of it, could only discover it by the aid of a guide and a compass, with only twenty acres ready for use, the rest being heavily encumbered with trees—some of which were as large in girth as the centre table of a drawing-room.

Immediately on arriving we slung a pole between two of those great trees, threw a tarpaulin over it, got our beds under, and after preparing supper for the hungry little ones and ourselves, "turned in," and slept soundly. Next morning, we got up our tents and a very nice American cooking-stove. By the way, I, in common with many other emigrants, owe a great many thanks to the Americans for all their inventions. I have my stove, without which I never could get on; also my American washing-board, equally useful, and twenty other American contrivances to save lazy people trouble. But the first rain that fell taught us our tent would never do. The children were like so many wild animals confined in a cage, and I was often glad to let them run off out of it, even in the rain. So we had to get up the walls, and roof of what is to be a house: it shelters us from the weather, which, however, has been very fine this winter, although we had severe frost all July; and last Thursday we had snow. I have a nice little bed-room, and my stove makes my other generally useful room very warm, although we have an earthen floor.

So much for our habitation: now for our *estate*. Our ground had to be fenced all round, the trees to be cleared off, and posts and rails provided for the fence. Besides men who had contracted for part of the work, we had some- times from six to nine others who were obliged

to be boarded in the house: the tent did to sleep under, &c. I could not get a servant to come with me so far into the bush (my English girls are married): I was cook and house-maid for the first month: I washed and cooked even though little Kate could not walk, nor was she weaned; but I got so seriously ill, that I was obliged to try and get a servant of any kind, when I was recommended an old woman over sixty, but who would not come for less than thirty-eight pounds a-year. I hired her for one month, but the old creature could scarcely do anything; so when her month was up I gladly let her go. In the mean time I had weaned Kate, and she began to walk: she walks now very well, in a pair of leather boots as strong as Frank's. I got better, though not very strong, and fortunately got a woman to come and wash for me two days in every fortnight, at six shillings a-day.

About this time I was surprised by a visit from my sister-in-law, Mrs. P——, who lost her husband rather suddenly some time ago; and as she had to take a situation at his death as nursery governess to five children, I took her child from her for some time. She had now come for him, as she had received permission to keep him with her; but as we are quite in the bush, and she had come without letting us know, she had great difficulty in finding us. She was losing her way when she met a trooper, and asked the road to our place. Fortunately he knew my husband, and told her to get up behind him, and he would bring her to the door. It was in this way they came up to me, and we had a good laugh over it. I wonder what would be thought of such an adventure at home; everyone would of course be shocked. We only consider her fortunate to have met him, as it is no unusual sight to see a man lying dead under a great tree, who has died from hunger and exhaustion, having lost his way in the bush.

The instinct horses display in finding the right path in these wilds is very curious. A horse of ours strayed away some days back, when, after a two hours' search, my husband succeeded in catching him, and endeavoured to force him to come home by what he imagined to be a shorter path; but in vain: the horse obstinately refused to go, until at length wearied out, he loosed the rein, and bade him take his own road wherever it led. But the animal was right, and brought him safely to our door. We learned, since, the other path led deeper into the bush, and by many dangerous ravines.

It cost Mrs. P. half her year's salary to come, as she lived a hundred miles away, and travelling is very expensive here. I was very ill during her stay: I thought I was about to die; but I am getting on again, and hard at work. I bake a twenty pound loaf every day. The men must have tea and meat three times a-day, besides vegetables and pudding.

With all my work, I do not forget my boys' lessons: while I am washing-up my plates and dishes I have them learning them beside me.

Willie is Kate's nurse: he feeds and walks with her: he has grown quite strong, and is scarcely ever sick: he is very small, but very sensible. Dick is my handy-man of all-work: he has to go a mile for milk every day (we having no cow as yet): he chops wood for firing, drives home the horses; in fact helps at everything. He has grown very tall. Frank is a fine big boy for his age; he is taller than my little Willie; but *all* look up to Willie as a superior genius. They are very good affectionate children: I should be lost but for them; and my dear little Kate, she is nearly as broad as she is long, with fine blue eyes and flaxen hair; she is as fair as snow, little darling: we all so love and pet her.

I have had a letter from another sister-in-law, asking advice about coming out here; but with a family of two mere infants, and an aged mother and aunt depending on her, without any capital, I have written to say such a step would be worse than madness, and that my husband and I were totally against it. How weak I feel! yet I never know pain except from toothache.

We have a river, the Colaba, running through our ground, which makes it very valuable: I hope to bathe in it, in the summer: it may strengthen me; and bathing always agreed with me.

JANUARY 7, 1858.—On Christmas-eve last the weather was fearfully hot, and the country round took fire. The Colaba washes our ground on one side; there is a hilly country on the other, which was burning all day; and at night I never saw anything more grandly beautiful. The fire ran up the trees; and in some places, where there was dead wood and bark in heaps, it formed immense bon-fires. It looked like a colossal illumination, and reminded me of Queenstown, with its tiers of houses one above the other, all lit up the night her Majesty arrived. The fire caught the other side, on our next neighbour's land, and as they were all absent (we feared it would reach ours) had all to turn out—children, servants, my husband, and myself—armed with branches, to beat the burning grass around acres of ground until it was all out. At any rate we had good Christmas blocks, and plenty of them, and we got it out without any harm; but many people were ruined by bush fires this year.

MARCH 22.—I returned from Melbourne last week: my husband, who has again taken to carting on the roads, took me there. I found it much improved since I saw it first: there is not a single tent to be seen now, though at that time people could earn four pounds a week sewing them up. We went to a great many other places—Castlemaine, Friars Creek, and other diggings. How often I regretted my inability to sketch, as I longed to send home views of the lovely landscapes I saw all through the country.

Mrs. P. was married a couple of months back. It was a romantic affair enough. The people with whom she lived have been settled

on their farm for years, and now form quite a patriarchal colony, consisting of father and mother, sons and daughters, with their wives and husbands, and grand-children. She had charge of five of the latter, being allowed a house of her own, with thirty pounds a-year and her diet. She was allowed to have her little boy with her, which was a great comfort; but, unfortunately, he got the ring-worm in his head, and, as she, of course, had to attend to him, after a time the mother of the children got alarmed lest they should also take it, and naturally enough, though kindly and with much regret, gave her notice to leave. It was a sad blow to her, poor thing; and she was otherwise awkwardly placed, as, some time before that, a person named F—, who was accustomed to call at their place on his way to and from the diggings, had asked her to marry him, which she, as he was a stranger to her, and fearful lest he should be already married, as many unprincipled men had so deceived others, declined doing. However, on the last occasion of his passing up to the gold fields, he renewed his offer, and on her again refusing, begged her at least to take charge of some money for him until his return, lest any accident should occur to it, which she did. She now therefore felt it to be impossible to leave or seek another situation until his return, when she could give him up what she had taken in charge. She lingered on there for a few days, when he came back sooner than she expected, and on hearing what had occurred, for the third time entreated her to become his wife: much touched by his entire conduct, she really wished to do so; yet her former fears held her back, and after some conversation she promised to give him her answer next morning.

Young, inexperienced, and with a child not two years old depending on her, no one near her who had her real interest at heart, she did not know where to turn for advice, until at length she thought of an old Scotch shepherd over seventy years of age, who had lived years upon years in the bush. She had often called into his hut to rest, when out walking with the children, and had often been struck by the simple wisdom and piety of his remarks; and recalling them now to her memory, she resolved to be guided by his opinion. She went to him and told him all; and on hearing the man's name, he instantly said he had known him for over two years, passing by; that he had always liked him; and had asked other diggers about him, who all agreed in stating that he was unmarried and of excellent character.

His advice, then, was that she should take him. She did so, and they were married the following week. He is an Englishman, and I am told likely to make an excellent husband to her, and a kind father to her little boy.

I am much better myself. My husband brought up a married couple from Melbourne as servants, and not having so much to do, I have recovered my usual health, but not my flesh. I continue very thin, but do not mind

that, as long as I am well. I have some friends here, who are very kind to me—amongst others a French lady, who, like myself, was unused to hard work, and is constantly annoyed with servants. She has three children younger than Frank.

I suppose it is in virtue of the French blood in my own veins, but I like her vastly. My great grandmother was a Frenchwoman. I have her portrait, nearly at full length, in a richly-laced riding-habit, and, if I indulged in such costume, have been often told it would almost pass for my own. The rest were, in their earlier days, servants themselves; but are now very independent. After spending an hour with me, or I with them, I feel sad, thinking of the friends I had long ago, so different from them. Even as I sit writing, tears are in my eyes as I think of them.

It is Sunday night: all my dear children are in bed: my husband and the men are in Melbourne; so I may say, I am alone with my servant in the bush, without a house within a mile and a half of ours! No one who has not experienced it can tell how lonely it is to be so situated: I sometimes get quite tired of it. I was always fond of society, now I do not see a strange face perhaps for weeks; but the children enjoy it so much, I would not dream of leaving this place. And I am not idle either: I teach the little ones three hours a day, and make every article of clothing, even my husband's; so that, together with looking after household matters, I have enough to do. Harvest is just over, and it is too soon to plough, so my husband will keep on the roads until it is time. We are all quite well.

MAY 27, 1859.—Thank God, everything has been as prosperous as could be expected during the past year. The harvests were all good; we have twenty milch-cows, beside young stock, and a very respectable poultry-yard; the children are well and good, and my husband and myself in excellent health.

Notwithstanding all the discouragement given by us to Mrs. N.'s coming here, she has done so, arriving most unexpectedly about two months ago, *alone*, to see for herself whether the colony would suit her family or not. Her adventures in coming were at once pitiful and amusing. She arrived in Melbourne in a steamship, nothing particular having occurred during the voyage; and, immediately on landing, fancied, like many others, she had nothing to do but to find her friends.

On inquiry, however, she learned we had gone fifty miles into the bush; the nearest town to us being Kyneton. She had her trunk taken to an hotel; but found the charges there so high that they would soon have exhausted her scanty funds. She therefore changed her first intention of writing to us, and awaiting our answer, and she next morning started by coach for Kyneton, paying thirty shillings for an outside place; and arrived at that town about eleven o'clock the same night, weary and exhausted.

Entering the hotel, she asked the landlady if

she knew a Mr. Robert E., living in the neighbourhood. The woman replied in the negative, but said she knew a Mr. William E. But, alas! he was not the one wanted. After many more questions, to which she received unsatisfactory answers, the mistress of the house recommended her to have tea, and a bed there for the night, when in the morning she could inquire at the post-office, which was the most likely place for her to be directed aright. She asked how much the charge would be, and was answered six shillings. She confessed candidly to the woman she had not so much in her possession, but would go seek a cheaper lodging. The landlady then asked her how much she had, and on being told four shillings, she kindly said she might stay for that sum *that* night.

In the morning she arose early, and was at the post-office door at seven o'clock, when she was informed it would not be open until eleven. In her present excitement and anxiety, to wait four hours she felt to be perfectly impossible; so she immediately set off along the road leading to the toll-bar, hoping the man there would be able to give her some information. In vain; he too knew Mr. William, but knew nothing of Mr. Robert E.

Leaving the toll-gate behind her, she pursued her way until every house where she could make inquiry was left behind, and the road was becoming a mere wood-path, when, fearful of losing herself altogether, she determined on returning to Kyneton, and offering her services to anyone who happened to want an assistant in washing and other house work, even for her food, until she could get some account of her brother.

The morning was intensely hot, and as she crept back to the town, now completely fatigued and disheartened, she saw by the roadside a verandahed cottage, through the open window of which she perceived a man engaged in shaving himself: he was of middle-age and of a good expression of countenance, and it immediately struck her that, without heeding his employment, she would ask him for information.

He answered her civilly, but, alas! only knew the same everlasting Mr. William E.; but, seeing her turn away with such a hopeless face, he called her back, and asked her many questions, until at length, after much thought, he exclaimed, suddenly, "Oh! I think I know him; has he not a little, deformed boy?" (my poor Willie) and on her answering in the affirmative, he said: "I often pass his door, but it is too far in the bush (eight miles) without a guide or a compass, if you understand it."

She, to be sure, said she did not; and felt nearly as badly off as ever, when he went on to say, "I do not know anyone here who would go with you even for money, if you had it; so if you wait until after breakfast, I think," he said, hesitatingly, "I will, as you are in such a predicament—go myself."

She thankfully accepted his offer, and, after a severe walk of some hours scrambling over palings and logs, crossing streams, &c., arrived

safely here about four o'clock. She remained with us until last week, when she went to her sister's place, at F., and is to return home by the first opportunity. She sees now how totally unfit such a place would be for her helpless family.

She was shocked at the work I had to do, and thought my children little slaves; she was shocked at the appearance of my husband, grubbing out the root of a great tree, and declared nothing would induce her to stay here. I wish she was well at home.

JULY 15, 1860.—It was only by this mail I heard of the safe arrival of Mrs. N. in Ireland, only too thankful that she had not entirely broken up her home; she found all well, and they have returned to their business with more energy than ever.

For ourselves, thank God, we are as well and as happy as I believe it is possible to be in this world; and I, without forgetting the old home which I left eight years ago, am beginning to call this place "home;" the children, but for me and my old stories, would not even dream of any other.

My little Kate is a very good child, and thought, even by impartial eyes, to be very pretty. She is the greatest talker of the family: her tongue and feet are never at rest, except when she is in bed.

Dick is a fine open-hearted fellow: he would kiss me every hour in the day if he could; he calls me his "good, kind old mother." Before I got a servant he would get up in the morning (our hour for breakfast in the bush is half-past six, and then we have candles lighting), kindle the fire in the parlour, which is outside my bed-room, hang my clothes before it, bring me a cup of tea and bit of toast, in bed; then my slippers and wrapping-gown, when I must go by the fire to dress; I could not tell all the kind things he does for me. He is the ringleader of the sports of the others, and does many things to oblige his governess: he is, indeed, a general favourite.

Poor Willie is also very affectionate, but in a quieter way. They are the extremes of strength and weakness; yet Willie walks to and from school, and is perfectly erect, but of very low stature, my darling's back and chest being alike rounded; he is highly intelligent, and everyone is kind to him.

Frank is a little playful fellow, merry and good-natured. It is a joy to me to see him and Kate meet, when he comes from school: they kiss so lovingly.

In the morning, when the three boys are going, she runs to the gate, which she calls the "toll-bar," and they must not pass without paying toll, which is a kiss from each. They have two dogs, which go to school with them, and they often have a hunt on the way, for opossums and native cats. I often stand looking at the poor animals, watching, with a sort of patient eagerness, until their young owners are ready for school. I often tell my little ones of my own school-days, and, although I lead the

life of a recluse, for their sakes I am glad to live in the bush.

No one can form an idea, without personal experience, of what an awful country this is to bring up children in cities: but here we are, entirely away from all others, and mine are innocent and good. Our neighbourhood, too, is improving very much. We have lately got up a very nice little church, my husband being one of the trustees. Every one subscribes to support a minister. The church and minister's house were built with money borrowed for the purpose, and on last Good Friday we had a tea-meeting, the proceeds of which were to help towards paying it off.

The way such things are managed here is, a certain number of ladies provide tea at their own expense. I for one. We had tea, two sorts of rich cake, and sandwiches. The tickets were two-and-sixpence each, and the meeting was held in the church. It was very crowded, although the week before was wet; but they came from all the country round, and we made twenty-four pounds.

Mr. M., the minister, had been here for some time, but his family were in Geelong: they are now settled here, and form a nice addition to our limited circle. Mrs. M. is a very ladylike woman; and Miss M., the daughter, is a very clever and kind young lady. It is she who has opened the school to which my boys go.

I have another friend—a Mrs. A. She is my nearest neighbour, and was married since she came here. She had a dear little child, about one year and a-half old, who was a great favourite of Kate's. She caught a bad cold, and died about a month since; and as we are more natural in the bush than elsewhere, I went with others to see her buried. The place where she is laid is in a reserve not enclosed. The day was a cold winter one; and the roads were scarcely passable: she died at her aunt's, about nine miles from this, where she was sent to be out of the way during her mother's confinement.

We had to go a long way to meet the funeral. As her grandmother's place was about half-way, we all drew up, and had some refreshment. They were all in deep mourning: we then proceeded to the place of interment. We had to pass through private property, and cross a rustic bridge. On arriving here the horsemen drew up on each side, and allowed the car to pass: we then got on until we reached the foot of the hill, on the top of which the minister was walking up and down, wrapped in a cloak. His horse was tied to a tree, and as we ascended the hill, we saw the little grave—the last resting-place of dear little Annie. There, in the wilderness, without habitation or any sign of life, and everything standing as it came from the hands of the Creator, only that several trees had fallen through age—there, in that lonely spot, are some half-dozen graves: and when we all collected under the great trees, with the little coffin in the midst, I can say, with truth, I felt the awful presence of the Great God more truly

and deeply than I ever did within the finest temple made with hands.

The weather continues very severe, and I cannot go out; yet I am not lonely. My household affairs keep me fully employed. My husband works very hard also—reaps, ploughs, sows, in short does everything his men do. But we both labour cheerfully, as we know it is for our dear little ones, and feel that at length, after all our struggles, and some disappointments, we are getting on well. Our children are growing up fast, and will soon be of great help—nay, they already are, while our land is being rapidly cleared. But before I lay down my pen, I wish to record the result of my eight years' experience in this colony, which is, that the fathers and mothers of grown-up sons and daughters, having some capital to purchase land, could not do better than come out; also single young men and women, strong, and accustomed to hardship. But for persons of education and refinement, for aged people, or the parents of infant families, I wish again and again emphatically to declare that Australia is no home!

"LOST IN GOD."

The end! Where is the end? Who knows? We see
The eternal circle of the years go on,
And Spring return, and all the world grow rich;
Its promise, still repeated as the last,
Which came and grew to fulness, makes the earth,
Erewhile so desolate, a temple wreathed
With leaves and flowers, as for some festive day:
And man, his heart exultant in the freshness,
Feels that life is worth the living; nor dreams
That earth is old.

And what of those that sleep
The sleep that wakes not? What of her who late
So quick to feel the influence sweet
Of all things beautiful, and now so cold—
Of her who lent a second grace to Spring;
Who seem'd a portion of its loveliness;
A promise full of deeper melody
And music richer than the Æolian airs
Of summer twilight, when the world is seen
Folded in purple splendour, or half veiled
In silver mist; when, all unknown their source,
Sweet scents float by, and even as the hour
Which is nor day nor night, man neither wakes
Nor sleeps; but in deep twilight-trance, dreams,
Watching still the landscape as it fades, of Love,
Life, Death, and Immortality; nor knows
Whence come the dreams.

Thus emanating,
Grew round her, that is not now, a vision
Of her years to come; of hopes fulfilled, and
Love's full circle made; and backward runs
The eye, with vain regret, along the picture,
While seeing all that might have been of hearts
Made happy, and of home made rich, when she,
The sister-bud, had grown full blossom, and, as
Wife and mother, with her deep love and faith,
Had taught young hearts Life's solemn truths; and
both

By precept and example shown (a mother's
Duty) that unshaken trust which ever marks
Earth's noblest women, and her bravest men.

Like stars to heaven, and beauty to the earth,
Each all a part of that they do adorn,
Was this to her—like perfume to the flower,
That to the marvellous perfection
Of design and colour adds one grace more,
And that so rich a grace, that, were all else
Forgotten, it still were priceless, and beyond
Expression beautiful.

The Spring returns;
But while God's seasons grow to fulness,
While a thousand blossoms burst and ripen
Into fruit around us, in our hearts
Is still a want. Oh! never now can be
The vision realized. Oh! never now,
Through all our coming years, can that dear voice
Make music in our ears, or wake up
Gladness. Yet, with no shallow faith, no trust
That is half fear, we lay her in her grave,
And, wondering, weep that this is so; then
Weep again, remembering what has been;
And, even through all, trusting God's wisdom
And His love, see, glimmering through our tears,
The star of Hope.

H. A. C.

YES.—Eyes are bold as lions—roving, running,
leaping, here and there, far and near. They speak
all languages. They wait for no introduction: they
are no Englishman; ask no leave of age or rank;
they respect neither poverty nor riches, neither
learning nor power, nor virtue, nor sex; but intrude,
and come again, and go through and through you,
in a moment of time. What inundation of life and
thought is discharged from one soul into another,
through them! The glance is natural magic. The
mysterious communication established across a
house between two entire strangers moves all the
springs of wonder. The communication by the
glance is in the greatest part not subject to the control
of the will. It is the bodily symbol of identity
of Nature. We look into the eyes to know if this
other form is another self, and the eyes will not lie,
but make a faithful confession what inhabitant is
there.—EMERSON'S "Conduct of Life."



The Hunt for the Stag
 by W. Henderson
 1871

WARING'S COURTSHIP.

BY W. E. W.

At one of the large packet stations on the south coast of England, there is an uncomfortable looking room, where intending travellers may wait for the time of sailing, and meditate on the forthcoming miseries of the voyage. It is just one of those rooms where one knows from intuition that the *London Directory* will be lying on the table, and that there will be a framed Insurance Company's almanack above the mantel-piece; a bad, uncompromising apartment, which plainly declares, in the stiffness of its furniture and the severity of its paper pattern, that comfort is not guaranteed by a public company to the public, and is therefore only to be expected by utterly unreasoning and unreasonable persons. Round a tolerably good fire in this room there were assembled, one bleak and wintry afternoon towards the end of November, a number of people, whom business or some other necessity had obliged to leave their homes, and cross the channel that divides us from our friendly enemies. They were of the ordinary character of individuals that are usually to be met with under these circumstances—generally speaking middle-aged; decidedly on the average not agreeable-looking; much wrapped up in themselves and railway rugs; men who feel that hope is an absurd chimera, and “making the best of it” a false and ridiculous delusion. And can they be blamed for not at that time presenting a more fascinating exterior? for are they not, most of them, turning over in their minds the many infallible receipts that they have read or been told of, for averting that calamity which respects none, from the Prince Consort downwards. There was the man who imagined that a recumbent position with his eyes shut would save him from the enemy; and there, too, was the man who, on the advice of some false friend, had just finished an extensive dinner, which he fondly hoped would take his part, and save him; but which, it is to be feared, would prove traitor, and go over to the enemy, in more ways than one.

It may well be imagined that a party composed of such elements as these would be neither inclined to be particularly pleasant or unusually communicative, and this was very much the case; for, with the exception, now and then, of a remark on the prospects of the weather, and the voyage, the time was either spent in gazing gloomily into the fire, or studying the advantages of insurance, before undertaking a journey, from the almanack above the fire, or looking out of the window, where the clouds, torn to pieces, and racing one after the other, the white-tipped waves, and the steamboat in the harbour rolling to and fro, did not offer sub-

jects from which either comfort or satisfaction could be drawn, and consequently melancholy reigned with undisputed sway over all.

The papers of that day had brought before the public a more than usually brutal case of wife-beating, where the unfortunate victim had survived but a few days the treatment she had met with from the man who once had solemnly sworn to love, honour, and protect her. The group round the fire had gradually thawed a little, and got into conversation on this case, which diverged into a discussion on the numerous cases of the sort that were constantly coming before the magistrates, and their particularly heartless character. As this was going on, a gentleman, one of the circle, who had not before joined in the conversation, asked whether there were any circumstances under which a man would be justified in striking a woman. The answer was a decided negative, and the faces of his hearers expressed some surprise at his having any doubt on the subject.

“Nevertheless,” was his reply, “I have heard of a man who once struck the woman he was engaged to, between the eyes, with his clenched fist; yet his conduct met with universal approval, and her father, who had until then withheld his full consent to their marriage, was induced to give in, and they were actually married, through this affair, much sooner than they would have been had it not occurred.”

This announcement produced so much astonishment that the gentleman laughed; and on being asked for an explanation, he said that it certainly had a strange appearance; but he thought that he could soon bring all to agree with him in heartily commending this curious application of the art of self-defence.

“It was customary,” said he, “in olden times, for story-tellers to beguile with their romances the tediousness of those hours which could not be devoted to the activity of out-door sports and occupations, nor, from the rudeness and ignorance of the times, be spent in any of the refined accomplishments of the present day. We are now, for an hour or so, like our ancestors; in this most uncomfortable apartment we have no means of employing our minds; and I will, therefore, with your permission, take the office of story-teller, and read to you, from a manuscript I have in my pocket, the history of this blow, its giver, and its victim: it is called ‘Waring's Courtship,’ and is in two chapters.”

The party were only too glad to have their thoughts turned from the English, into a more attractive channel, and accepted the offer with thanks. He accordingly drew a roll of paper from his pocket, and read as follows:—

CHAP. I.—WARING IS STRUCK.

There is on the east coast of England a little town, which I shall call Sandborough, and which was once a place of some importance, and carried on a brisk coasting trade before railways were invented, but which could not stand competition with them, and has degenerated into a place where fishing and oyster-catching are the chief employment of its inhabitants, who are, with very few exceptions, entirely of the lower orders. This town lies on the north bank of a river, which, in its palmy days, was navigable up to the stone bridge which joined the town to the opposite bank, and which was perhaps half a mile from the sea. This harbour had, however, from want of care, been long choked up, and was only deep enough for the fishing-boats which, small as they were, were often left high and dry on the mud. The two piers which formed the entrance to the harbour still remained in very good condition, and formed a pleasant promenade for the few visitors that its extensive sands and its quiet retirement brought down every summer to this humble little watering-place. For these individuals' accommodation there were a few lodging-houses, built at the top of the cliff to the north of the town; but at that time there were none of the usual attractions for sea-side visitors, and libraries, concerts, and donkeys were not to be had for love or money.

The gentleman who provided for the spiritual wants of this place was a widower of about seventy, of kind and courteous manners and benevolent appearance, and much liked by his parishioners. He had one daughter, who was, at the time I am speaking of, about eighteen, a fair and very pretty girl, almost equal to a curate in the help she gave to her father among the poor and in the village school, and equally beloved with him by all the population. Having spent her life in this village with scarcely any society, and away from the usual attractions that are so much thought of among girls of her age, she had grown up entirely simple, natural, and unaffected, was scarcely conscious that she was extremely pretty, and was totally ignorant that, from her *naïveté* and innocence, she would prove a dangerous companion to any youth of the opposite sex with whom she might be much associated.

Among the visitors to this place, one autumn, there arrived a party of young men, with their tutor, who had determined to put themselves out of all temptation to desert their reading, by locating themselves at a place which they knew to be distinguished only for its unmitigated dulness. One of these young gentlemen, Arthur Waring by name, brought with him a letter of introduction to the rector; and the day after their arrival he walked down with it to the Rectory, imagining that the result would possibly be an invitation to dinner, where he would meet the lawyer and the doctor of the place, and be more bored than ever. The Rectory was nearer the town than the houses on the cliff; not within

its limits, but just sufficiently out of them to command a country view, which, by the way, was like that of most sea-side places, not particularly interesting; and to be surrounded by a large garden and shrubbery, which shut out the town and its chimneys from view, and gave the place a pleasant, country appearance.

When Waring opened the garden-gate, a girl of slight figure, and in a gardening costume, which was picturesque as well as useful, drew herself up from the stooping position which the proper doctoring of some pet plant required, and looked with some curiosity to see who the intruder might be. No, Miss Vere; it is not the butcher's boy; nor is it the doctor's assistant, in whose bosom rumour has enshrined your fair self; nor is it your father; no, it is a stranger, young, not unhandsome, well-dressed, and, above all, from "wide-awake" to "balmorals," a thorough gentleman.

When Waring rung the house-door bell, an old servant appeared, who told him that "the Rector was out, but that Miss Margaret was in the garden; would he go and speak to her."

Waring thought he would, and out he went. Margaret came forward to meet him, a figure very unlike the young ladies he had lately been accustomed to: a not very new brown straw hat, —a fashion or two behind the day in shape—was half on and half off a small, well-shaped head, the brown hair of which formed a curling and rather—no, not untidy, but charmingly disarranged frame for a very lovely portrait; and yet it was by no means a perfect face—the nose was a little too much inclined to rise, the mouth was the merest trifle too small, the eyebrows might have stood a shade more pencilling. It was just the more charming for its imperfections, which proved that it was the face of one who was "no angel, but a dearer being."

Waring had sufficient of the poet and the artist in his composition to thoroughly appreciate her, as she came to meet him in all the picturesqueness of her half in-door, half out-door costume, and altogether, to his eyes, as charming looking a girl as he had ever seen. Lifting his hat, he explained the object of his visit, and informed her who he was.

"I am sure my father will be very glad indeed to see you," said she. "I have often heard him speak of his old college friend Waring, and the pleasant hours they spent together in Christ Church."

"I, also," said Waring, "have heard lively recollections of Mr. Vere. They have met, I think, since?"

"Yes, once in the Strand, and another time on King's Cross Station."

"Oh," exclaimed Waring, "fancy the reviving of old reminiscences of youthful days, with the 'move on' of policemen, and the 'take your seats' of railway guards dinning in your ears! But Miss Vere, I am afraid that your *protégée* yonder will suffer from your absence, and I could not really have the death of that small vegetable on my conscience, so I will wish you

good-bye for the present, and shall hope to meet Mr. Vere another time."

As he spoke, the garden-gate opened, and the rector himself appeared—a tall, clerical-looking old gentleman, who, seventy though he was, walked as straight and strong as a Life-guardsmen. He was evidently somewhat puzzled as to who was, or what chance had brought there, the gentleman who was talking to his daughter; and, as Waring came to meet him, he was about to bow in a formal manner, when a gleam of intelligence came over his expression, and he said, "If you are not a Waring I am very much mistaken!"

"You are right, sir," said Waring; "I am your old college friend's eldest son."

"And you're like your father, very like, with just his eyes and smile. I am glad to see you, sir: come in and lunch with us, and tell me how my old chum is getting on."

In they went, and Margaret did not at all fall in Waring's estimation when she appeared, the picture of neatness and simplicity, at her father's table, and did the honours of the frugal meal, which they dignified with the name of luncheon.

If Waring's friends, who by this time had half-found out the dulness of Sandborough, and were contemplating with anything but satisfied feelings the pale ale, which, after much difficulty, had been procured for them from the one inn on the hill, had seen him eating bread and butter, and drinking water, in a manner not merely indicating content, but even considerable pleasure, they would have been tolerably astonished. Waring, however, forgot everything but that he was in the company of two educated and refined people, who, in everything they said, and all around them, evinced the fact that the general rustiness of Sandborough had not penetrated into the rectory; but that, retired as it was, somehow or the other its inmates were as well qualified to talk on all the topics of the day as if they had lived in the heart of Belgravia.

While we leave Waring in this pleasant society, let us describe his friends. They were three in number: first Brown, the coach, a double first, and, notwithstanding, a good fellow; then young Martindale, who cared much more for Tennyson than for Euclid, and did a good deal of lying about in the sun with his hat over his eyes; and lastly, there was Johnson, the sporting-man of the party, who was always going out with his gun and a cheerful smile, and generally—from the poor sport-supplying character of the place—coming back much depressed, and half-inclined never to go out again. Waring was the Crichton of the quartette: he could, when he liked, beat Brown at Greek, and Martindale at English verse, and wipe Johnson's eye in a way that almost brought tears to that ill-used member. Just as the little party at the Rectory sat down to luncheon, the one up at the lodging did the same; but the views of that meal taken by each were very different.

"I say," said Martindale, as he extracted an only too willing cork from a bottle of beer,

which did not at all assist the parting between them, "look here, you fellows, here's the secret of the time it has been in coming—this stuff was in a cask five minutes ago, notwithstanding that it comes to us with this certificate of character."

"It's too bad," cried Johnson; "but it's just on a par with everything else in this hole of a place. I have been all round, and there's not a shop where you can buy a cigar, except at the linendraper's, and he sells cheese too!"

"Johnson," said the tutor, most emphatically, looking up from his book, "if you attempt to smoke a cigar, bought under the circumstances you describe, in this room, I'll leave the place at once!"

"Now, Brown, said Johnson, in a soothing manner, "don't be agitated: take something to calm yourself. I would advise a little differential calculus, or a conic section or two. But, by-the-bye, Waring has been an unconscionable time paying that visit! What can have kept him?"

"Perhaps," suggested Martindale, there may be a daughter in the case: we all know our friend's weakness on such points!"

"Ten to one that's the thing," said Johnson. "Let's have the landlady up, and worm it out of her. My dear," he began to the girl who answered his bell, "tell Mrs. Robinson to step up."

The lady referred to accordingly appeared—a widow of course—in black satin—also of course—and curtsied to Johnson, who, from a certain old-looking appearance, she fancied was officer in command."

"Oh, Mrs. Robinson," he began, "who is the clergyman of this place?"

"Mr. Vere, sir: he is a very nice gentleman, sir; and so is Miss Margaret his daughter!"

"Unprecedented fact in natural history!" observed Johnson (*sotto voce*) to his friends; "but Mrs. Robinson, continued he, "is there no Mrs. Vere?"

"No, sir, she died many years ago, when Miss Margaret was quite a little girl."

"And she takes care of her father's house, then?"

"Yes, sir, and she does a deal of good among the poor besides."

"Indeed," said Johnson. "Well, Mrs. Robinson, we won't detain you further. There," said he, triumphantly, "didn't I say so? You won't get much grind out of him now, Brown: he's done for. But perhaps the opening of his young affections may prove an interesting study, unless it should only happen to be 'an embassy of love to—' what's that your friend Tennyson says, Martindale?"

"For heaven's sake," said Martindale, "don't add the crime of murder to your many sins! Keep your sacrilegious hands off Tennyson, whatever you do!"

If there was one thing that Brown enjoyed more than another, it was the getting what he called a "poetical rise" out of Martindale, and he therefore grinned with delight at that youth's

indignation. The party had come down with the strongest and firmest of resolutions as to reading, and this being the first day, they were carried out tolerably well. Accordingly, luncheon over, they began the two hours which they had previously determined to devote during the afternoon to study, and this was half-over before Waring appeared, with all the air of a man very well satisfied with his morning's work. He was at first inclined to be very reserved as to the details of his visit, but his companions were no novices in the art of "pumping," and soon found out all they wanted; and, as he warmed with his subject, and expatiated on the general charmingness and beauty of the Rector's daughter, his tutor listened with mixed contempt and despair—contempt at the weakness of man's nature, and despair when he thought of the poor chance there would now be of knocking sufficient into his amorous pupil for him to "pass" next term.

CHAP. II.—WARING STRIKES.

Some one once said, that, put a man in a country-house, away from the excitement and temptation of society, with a young woman staying in the same house at the same time, and that young woman, whether she were the plainest of the plain or not, would, if she liked, in a fortnight's time have *that* man at her feet. Was it, therefore, extraordinary, or at all to be wondered at, that Waring was very soon Miss Vere's devoted slave? And was it not within the boundary of chance that his feelings were reciprocated? Such was the case, and, to the Rector's utter astonishment, he was informed of the fact one morning by the principals themselves. Such a thing had never entered his head as that his Margaret should leave him; and he could not endure the thought when it did come: besides, Waring was so very young, and all young men are so very fanciful; and, on the whole, he thought that it would be better that there should be no settled engagement, but that Waring should finish his Oxford education, and then, if he felt in the same mind, he could come down to Sandborough, and they might talk more about it. Although not satisfactory, it was better than a regular refusal; and, notwithstanding the Rector's advice, they were, to all intents and purposes, engaged—if constant reading, talking, and walking together constitutes it. Among the places which they most frequented was the pier on the north side of the harbour mouth; for, owing to the cliff above, it was hidden from the inquisitive gaze of the telescopes on the terrace, and was very little frequented by any except a few old pilots, who were generally on the look-out for vessels in the offing. One very lovely afternoon, towards the end of August, they were, as usual, slowly walking up and down this pier, the only occupant of which, besides themselves, was a very weather-beaten and aged

pilot, who was sleepily leaning over the pier-head and smoking a short black pipe. This individual had about as much idea of love-making as Barkis of happy memory, who, by the way, in his constant inquiries as to whether the object of his affections was "comfable" or not, showed the aim and object of marriage in that class of life, viz., the giving and receiving, not so much of love as of comfort. It may be imagined, then, that this ancient mariner did not take the smallest interest in the couple near him, and therefore did not at all disturb their privacy by over-inquisitiveness. The sea was almost perfectly calm, and the stillness of the day was only broken by the soft sound of the water lapping gently against the piles of the pier, the occasional crowing of a distant cock, and the boat-builder's hammer in the town. They were thus walking quietly to and fro, when, too much absorbed in each other to notice where they were going, they gradually got nearer and nearer the edge of the pier, and all of a sudden Waring felt Margaret's arm slip suddenly out of his, and before he could catch her she had fallen into the water below! His first impulse was to immediately jump in after her, but the imminence of the danger brought with it a calmness that would have been, if he could have thought about it, astonishing to himself. Running up to the pilot, he pointed to Margaret struggling in the water, and said, "A boat as quickly as possible!" The old man, aroused from all his lethargy by the urgency of the case, immediately ran off, and Waring, throwing off his coat and waistcoat, sprang into the water. When he came to the surface he found himself three or four yards from Margaret, who was throwing her arms about and shrieking for help. In vain he called to her to be calm: all presence of mind seemed, from the suddenness of the accident, to have left her; and Waring was in utter despair as to what he should do. He did not dare to go near her, for he was only a very indifferent swimmer; and he knew, if she once got her arms around him, they would both go to the bottom without a chance of being saved. He looked at the pier near him to see if there was anything he could cling to for support; but there was no hope of anything of the sort, from the long row of gaunt, black piles, slippery to an extreme degree with green, slimy seaweed. He at once saw that it was useless to think of that side. And could he swim across to the other? that was the question. The sight, however, of a large iron ring, used for mooring boats, made him resolve to attempt it; and he immediately began to consider how it should be accomplished. Margaret still continued the throwing of her arms about with apparently unabated vigour; and Waring knew that, unless she were perfectly calm, it would be quite out of the question to attempt the passage across. He shouted again and again; but it was of no use, and he began to think that they were then and there to end their too short courtship! All of a sudden an idea came into his head, which he at first indignantly repelled, but which, from its

evidently being the only thing to be done, returned again and again. What if she were to be rendered temporarily insensible! He could then carry her across without danger, and they would be saved. Waring was a very strong man, much given to athletic sports, among which boxing was a very favourite one. Gathering all his strength together, then, he drew back his right arm, and, waiting his opportunity, he struck the being he loved best in the world right between her eyes with his clenched fist! She immediately fell, perfectly calm and still, on the surface of the water. In mental agony not to be described he seized her with his right arm, and began his passage across; but it was only by an almost superhuman effort that he accomplished it; and when, at last, he had his arm through the welcome ring, he had scarcely strength left to support himself. Luckily he had not to wait long: the sound of the sharp stroke of oars came on his ear, and in a little while he was pulled into a boat, with his insensible burthen, when he immediately fainted away.

It is satisfactory to have to relate, that no more harm came from this adventure than a few days' care and quiet could cure. Margaret certainly went about for some time, with a very decided pair of black eyes, the sight of which invariably made Waring so miserable, that the doctor insisted on his going home for a fortnight, and on his return he found his *fiancée* as lovely as ever. The Rector, after this incident, could no longer refuse his consent to a regular engagement; and Waring went back to college, determined to work for honour and Margaret!

"Such, ladies and gentlemen, is the little tale that has been confided to me: I hope that it has proved to you that there is a case where a man may strike even his wife, and be commended for the blow!"

There was no denying this; and the boat being announced as ready to start, the gentleman was thanked for his pleasant beguilement of the time, and the whole party prepared for their prospective miseries.

R A I N.

BY JOVEN.

This morning was a tantaliser. The sun was shining brightly—the air was crisp and fresh—and out in my garden the buds upon the lilac, with their thickening green, said to me, as plainly as buds could speak—"Young man, invest a little spare cash in a railway ticket, and run down to see my relations in the country." Very trying to a townsman are such mornings, if he is *not* a townsman at heart, and feels that he can never become one. When the clouds are thick and dun—when yellow fog swathes the cold sloppy streets in its folds—when the mud is splashing under your feet—when every carriage that passes by is bespattered and beplastered and befouled, and the very policemen wear a woeful air—on such occasions it seems right and fitting to proceed to Babylon the Great, to unlock the desk, and to enter with gloomy determination upon the business of the day. What else can one wish to do? Drudgery, the more mechanical the better, is the very thing you want—is indeed the only thing that would harmonize with the "local colour" of such a day. But this morning! It was very hard. How tenderly the sunshine would be falling over the fields—how blithely the birds would welcome it! Think of the Hedges, bless them! greening away for very life: think of the spring flowers stirring restlessly under the warming mould: think of the wavy wind lines upon river or pool; and then don't think

of them anymore. For you have nothing to do with them: you have to attend to your profession, and to that only, and you must not let your attention be distracted. Mind *that*: on no account let your attention be distracted. Don't think of Hedges; think of Pattenon "On Roads." Wordsworth is a pleasing poet? I own it, yes; but oh, what ecstasy to ponder over the pensive pages of Byles "On Bills," to mark his *curiosa felicitas* of expression, his sly delicacy of inuendo!

Thus communing with myself, and bidding my wayward heart be calm—calm as my coat—I enter Babylon; but to-day my work requires me to be somewhat locomotive. I have to pass print-shops: and I know, I *know*, that I shall not be able to do so without pausing often and long. I have to go on board penny steam-boats; and I *know* that I shall be admiring my dear, my beautiful old Thames. Noble old river: let them malign thee as they like, thou hast work for the Artist yet, as well as for the main drainage engineers! Bring me hither a man who can steam up that old Thames at high water on a bright spring morning, and yet see no beauty around him—bring me hither such an individual, and I will tell him, in the accents of withering scorn, that, having eyes, he sees not, but that, having ears, he shall listen to me as I state that he is a dullard.

And if he resents the imputation, my uniform

is up stairs—my weapon is the Armstrong gun—my favourite distance, a mile and a half.

As I foresaw, so it befell. I have come home again, and I have done what work I had to do, gloomily and well; but, whilst my hands were doing it, what was my brain about? (The satirical person who says I have yet to prove the *existence* of a brain, is respectfully informed that his sarcasm does credit to his head and heart.) Why, I think my brains have been rambling about the country in the most unbusiness-like manner. I caught them remembering some verses. I detected them in the very act of creating a couplet. But chiefly, during the day, they have been thinking—I know not why—of Rain. I have been, during the day, Rained-up in country inns—Rained-up under an elm tree—Rained-up in a blacksmith's shed—Rained-up in a cricket tent—Rained round on the Sussex Downs; and through all these ideal misfortunes I have been the most Tapleyan of men.

Anybody can enjoy *fine* weather. The true lover of Nature is he who can appreciate her when she is under the influence of pluvius Jove. A Political Economist—a Poor-law Commissioner—a Member of the Board of Works—each and all of these can say "Magnificent" when they see a broad rich landscape under the glare of a noonday sun; but you must have a touch of the Artist in your blood to feel a tingling of joy at momentary half-glimpses of sunshine through driving rain. Rain; why I love it! Time was, when I held it in severe dislike. Ah me, how often I have pressed the boyish nose of sorrow against the window-pane, when, grieve as I might, the rain came steadily down in a flood! We had got the ground so nicely rolled, you know, for our cricket-match: nay, the very night before, we of the Eleven (which may have been somewhere about our *age*, also!) had been deliberating whether it required *watering*. If it did, it certainly got it. And then, the early morning was so bright! Not a cloud in the sky! Hot, hot: how fresh and pleasant was the morning plunge into the stream! I suppose I had no Nerves then: at any rate, if I had, that plunge braced them up to full concert pitch. I was never a good player; but, in the Irrecoverable Past, I was rather hard to get out—had a dogged manner of keeping up my stumps, though I might make few runs. Pleasant was the homeward walk from the bathing place: right heartily and with a cheerful soul did I gaze upon the cold boiled beef that adorned the breakfast-table, and I laughed the laugh of incredulity when older heads suggested rain. Here occurs an opportunity for the gloomiest eloquence: here might I tell how the laugh of incredulity was frozen on the lips of bounding boyhood by a sudden fear: for to windward was a cloud: and there came a few hot heavy drops—and there came a patter, patter, patter—and then, with a swish and a sound, down it came, the pitiless fluid, and would not cease. Through the live-long day it rained: and when still evening closed in, and

the rain ceased—when I walked up to the ground, and beheld in the turf a Great Dismal Swamp, and in the tent a Soddened Failure, I could have cut deep gashes in my hat for very rage: I could have fled to some savage land, beyond the weary main, and there dragged out an ignominious existence in futile chase of the 'possum and the 'coon.

How much more calmly can I treat a similar occurrence *now*! When the cricket club, to which I have the honour of being Treasurer, finds itself in a difficulty, and chooses me to make one of its Eleven—always an augury of approaching disaster—I receive the tidings calmly. I calmly procure a holiday. With deep (but serene and undemonstrative) pleasure, I look out my cricketing costume, and wend my way to the field of fight. The match begins. Our dear little ground gets bright and fair with the ladies who drop in. Ere long, the Ladies' tent is a bewildering bouquet. The remarkable beauty of the ladies in my suburb has been acknowledged by every stranger who is competent to judge: and there they sit, not intensely interested in the game, perchance—not scientifically cognisant of the various merits or demerits of the play, perchance—but, at any rate, enjoying it, and stimulating, by their presence, to deeds of reckless daring and of personal agility, the thrice-happy gentlemen upon whom they cast an approving eye. With *such* lookers-on, dost coldly marvel, oh reader of mine, that our Eleven work in a manner which combines the determination of the cart-horse with the rapidity of the steam-engine? Surely, it is but natural: and lo, we leap into the air, exultant, for the Enemy's Chieftain—a daring and a rapid hitter, who has left his mark ere now on bowling far finer than ours—the Enemy's Chieftain has fallen! fallen nobly, and as it behoves a Chieftain to fall, for his hit was a fine one, clean from the bat, and far and free. Little did he think, little did he guess, that such a blow was mortal to himself! Crafty, however, was *our* Chief—and by gentle little wavy motions of his hand, seen only by the eyes he meant to see them, but seen well by those—he had put both bowler and fieldsman well on the alert. Deep, deep far away in the field was one of our men: the enemy gave a round of applause when they saw their Chieftain's hit; another second, and it was *our* turn to cheer. *Our* Chieftain had been right in his calculations: the little wavings of his hand had not been fruitless: the fieldsman was upon the spot, and by a neat clean catch settled the question. Whereupon, enheartened, we proceeded to demolish the remainder of our adversaries; and with such effect that they were soon all gone for but sixty-five runs. The victory is surely ours. Rings the dinner-bell with a merry tinkle: and we all sit down together ('bar ladies) with honest cricketing appetites. When the dinner is over, *our* innings will begin: and miserable indeed will be our luck if we do not get sixty-five.

As I am in the middle of a pigeon-pie, I look

to the top of the tent, and I see a stain there; and I see another; and more and more! And I slip furtively through the canvas—and the ladies are going or gone, and the sky is blackening or black; and the Rain is upon us once more!

Do I *now* get excited and enraged? Do I *now* long for the back-settlements of Wisconsin? In faith, not I. With a considerable amount of cool happiness, I take from my cigar-case a guaranteed Havannah (I always smoke cigars when we seem winning, short black clay-pipes when we appear to be losing), and smoke, and look out upon the pleasant rain—the dear, fresh, quickening shower. I protest it is beautiful. Never mind the match. Some of the unpoetical tribes have already started loo in the back of the tent; but most of us look wistfully upon the shower, and talk critically of the game, and are really not so *very* unhappy after all. And for myself, looking at summer rain (early autumn rain, rather), and being in want of fresh vivid words to paint it with, I will just fall back upon the charming verses of a young American, gifted alike as Poet and as Painter—Mr. Thomas Buchanan Read. They have been widely quoted already, but will nevertheless be new to some readers; and those who have seen them before will thank me for again reminding them of a poem so charmingly true, so briskly musical, so unaffectedly and sweetly natural:

Before the stout harvesters falleth the grain,
As when the strong storm-wind is reaping the plain,
And loiters the boy in the briery lane;
But yonder aiant comes the silvery rain,
Like a long line of spears brightly burnished and tall!

Adown the white highway, like cavalry fleet,
It dashes the dust with its numberless feet.
Like a murmurless school, in their leafy retreat,
The wild-birds sit listening the drops round them beat;
And the boy crouches close to the blackberry wall.

The swallows alone take the storm on their wing,
And, taunting the tree-sheltered labourers, sing:
Like pebbles, the rain breaks the face of the spring,
While a bubble darts up from each widening ring;
And the boy, in dismay, hears the loud shower fall.

But soon are the harvesters tossing the sheaves;
The robin darts out from its bower of leaves;
The wren peareth forth from the moss-covered eaves;
And the rain-spattered urchin now gladly perceives
That the beautiful bow bendeth over them all.

These delightful verses remind me that, even when as a mere boy, I was terribly disheartened by cricket-disappointments, I had still some enjoyment of the fresh copious rain. Oh, Mr. Buchanan Read, why *did* you allude to Black-

berries? Could you not let us alone? Was it *absolutely* necessary to remind us of the dear old days when Blackberrying was a reality? Let me see: When was it that I went Blackberrying last? It was in the Autumn of 1860: and the scene, North Devon. I state that I went blackberrying; but, in point of fact, I simply bowed to circumstances. *He* chose to eat blackberries, the fresh and ingenuous lad for whom I had obtained a half-holiday. I accepted my destiny, and watched him do it. I had been spending a sad and moody morning; for on the morrow I had to leave that glorious coast for Byles "On Bills." I had wandered, through slight drizzling rain, up and down the streets of Appledore, and mentally touched my hat to the grand boatmen there—fellows whose gallant deeds in their lifeboat do one's heart good. And I remember wondering, as I walked along, that the un magnificent Subscribing-Public of England, which will give its thousands for the evangelization of oleaginous and malodorous blacks, will *not* come forward very readily to aid the National Lifeboat Institution. Nobler Institution, for nobler work, to be done by nobler men, has never existed in this land: and it is pitiful, pitiful, to see subscriptions raised at a rate which might almost provide three Missionaries for one Kaffir, whilst such a Society languishes through its paucity of funds. The need is so *very* urgent! Few of us but have friends at sea: few of us have listened at evening to the dull dim rising of the wind without thoughts of some one dear to us, who might, at that very hour, be drifting and driving, through blinding sleet, before a wild gale, dead on-shore: few of us but have pictured to ourselves that supreme hour, of crisis, of agony, of deliverance, when, after the ship has struck, her crew (lashed to her masts or spars) see a black spot suddenly through the wild white waves, and see it near them, and near them, with the strong sweep of oars wielded by men invincible through their enthusiasm—see it dash alongside, and know that it means *Life* when, a moment ago, wind and wave and their own sinking hearts alike spoke only of *Death*—Death close and inevitable! So I wandered through Appledore gloomily; and returning to Northam, met my appointed lad, who had walked out from Bideford. We strolled down to Northam Burroughs together: whereof there is no need for me to speak, seeing that Mr. Kingsley has done it already, infinitely better than I can ever hope to do; and walking about under the natural rampart of pebbles, we induced our "faithful dog" to "bear us company," and we chuckled when he became dripping. Surely, the Dark Spirit was very heavily upon me that day! Gleams of Autumn sunshine came but now and then. Away to the westward we caught, through lifting cloud, scant glimpses of the long ladder of white houses called Clovelly; but the wind rose, and the rain fell, and the waves were white on the harbour-bar of brave old Bideford: and when we turned away, behold my ingenuous youth took to blackberrying. He would *not*

step out. To rain he was callous; for mud he had contempt; for blackberries a keen and irresistible desire. A mad and criminal wish to rush upon him, to pinion him to a tree, and compel him to eat his "faithful dog" instead of blackberries, startled me for a moment; but as I watched his intense enjoyment, as I thought of my own miserably indiscreet indulgences in the same fruit years ago—I sat me down upon a stile, and lit my Meerschaum, and was at peace.

Yes: a time there was when to go black-berrying was a glory and a joy. Dear, dear! How one used to tear one's clothes, in strainings and strivings to get at some peculiarly tempting cluster! How, with careful hand and beating heart, a stick was gently raised and deftly guided through the brambles, that it might aid us in obtaining some one particular bunch, upon which we had so set our hearts that, without it, the whole expedition would have seemed a failure. Then we would sit down (our hands and faces all of a sweet purple) in the cool shade of the hedge we had rifled; and we caught the sound of the brook that went by, or watched the men at labour in the fields, and thought not of Virgil and recked not of Cocker, and marked not how the hours passed by. Well: it rained. I don't mind admitting *that*. It rained: what did it matter? There was a glorious elm near us, big enough to shelter half-a-dozen more of us: and to the fresh open eyes of a boy, that elm was a glory and a wonder. One of us was studying Entomology, and deep in that most admirable book "Kirby and Spence:" well, had *he* no tales to tell us of the insects that crawled over the old elm's bark? I was then a wee bit of a Botanist, and could talk "Heptandria" and "Monogynia" with considerable fluency—a faculty which I no longer possess: well, were there not little flowers, to be plucked to pieces with a scientific hand, that I might take a census of their pistils and their stamens, and talk of corolla, and anthers, and calyx, and I know not what? Meanwhile, over head, the rain was playing a dance-tune; and we, who had been hot and wearied, would make sudden sallies from under the shelter of the elm, and revel, bare-headed, in the sweet fresh cool drops. How young animals *do* enjoy mere life, to be sure! Kitten or girl, puppy or boy, there is an absolute ecstasy in the very fact of existence. To stretch out your little limbs is paradisaical—to open your eyes an entrancement.

"Never still for a moment?"—Why, of course they are never still for a moment, my dear Sir; and why on earth *should* they be? They will get still enough by-and-bye. There is plenty of time left for inertia. Yonder boy, shouting for mere happiness, and tossing his arms in the air, simply because he *must*—the time will come, I dare say, when, with a very dismal outlook in life, he will sit, still enough now, before a slowly-dying fire, a black pipe in his mouth, black care at his heart, peering wistfully and woefully

at the embers. The little girl whom you *see*: keep quiet—she will be quiet enough, in good time; quiet enough, awake, in her bed, through the long winter night, when the world and she have grown somewhat more acquainted. . . . There, there: let us get back to our blackberries.

Alas, it is somewhat difficult to do so: difficult to call up again, by any effort of remembrance, the feelings and enjoyments of a time which might be a hundred years ago, to judge by its difference from one's present mood. We may even be thankful that we can look back on these things contentedly at all: but we can't reproduce them. The effort to do so is very spasmodic. A man with a ruined digestion and confirmed neuralgia (*not* the present writer!) running after a butterfly—you don't often see *that*! Let us be very grateful for what is left.

More and more grateful do I grow every day of my life for one gift—the power to *see* Beauty and to feel enjoyment in ordinary things. This, with what I have called the "Tapleyan" feeling, will tide a man comfortably over many awkward shoals. Nor let me be told that it is merely a beggarly Barmecide-banquet to set the memory to work. I find it a very substantial advantage indeed. My memory is to me a picture-gallery, whereof I alone have the key. I can't show the pictures to any one else—haven't the power to do so: but there they *are*: I see them: I can look, and look, and look, and not grow tired. I see a little village amid the Sussex Downs; see its flint-houses, see its old pigeon-holes, see its older elms. There it rests, cradled upon the round grassy bosom of the rolling Downs. I see the Rain falling round it in a heavy, weary shower: and I call to mind that in the one inn of that little village I spent some very pleasant hours. It is said that a small village-inn, on a rainy day, must needs be a miserable place to stay at. I deny the assertion. It all depends upon yourself. If you choose to *make* it miserable, by fretfully stamping to and fro over the clean-sanded floor and shaking your clenched fist at the hostile elements, so be it. Very miserable, indeed, in such a case, it assuredly will be. If you like to go a little further, and to satirize and snub the landlord because he has nothing in the house but cheese, well and good: but you are not *obliged* to do all this. You can sit down close to the wide chimney, and make friends with the landlady—who, the chances are, will be able to tell you some stories, quite worth your hearing, of the old smuggling days. Why, just opposite to you, in the chimney-corner, may be an old man who, years ago, formed one of the gangs who rode inland with their smuggled brandy, and with pistols—which they perfectly well-knew how to use—in their pockets. Then, there are the children, who (to-day happens to be Sunday) were about to walk three miles to get some "schooling." Out upon you if you wrap yourself up in your dignity, and refuse to take an interest in the little bullet-headed,

white-haired, blue-eyed South Saxons! You grumble because you have to stop here? You were glad enough to get in! In comes one as glad—poor Irish tramp, only. Landlady is for stowing him away in an outhouse, poor creature—and I own he is dirty, and unkempt, and unshaven. "There are a great many impostors about". It is perfectly true; but I suppose the Rain is not an imposition? There is no imposition in those dull, yet restless eyes, eyes of a man who has been moving on, and moving on, without any definite object, for God knows how many years—no imposition, I rather think, in that crouching and shivering by the fireside, as though he were taking a liberty in being warmed! Slept under the Bathery, last night, did he—in that rain? Hasn't any money, hasn't he? Probably this is a falsehood; for these wondrous Celts sometimes would rather starve than spend, and will sleep out, during a night when you would not turn a dog to-doors, rather than take fourpence out of some greasy hiding-place to pay for a night's lodging. I know all this: we all know it; and we know that Spirits are a main source of crime: but I think we will give the poor wretch some whiskey, and a shilling, for all that. . . . On my life, there is something that goes to one's very heart in a poor creature's surprise at being kindly treated! Had you ordered him out, I do not think he would have sworn at you. He is used to be ordered out, you see; and though it is raining hard, and though it grows bitterly cold on these bare Downs, he is used to cold and rain. There are dogs that are used to kicks and blows, and there are men, too; and their faces get to be very much alike, with the same wistful, appealing look in both! I am not very clear that this tramp ever had the chance of being, in certain important matters, much better than the miserable dog who goes limping down the street, and avoids you as if he feared your foot—who skulks along, and seems to know that he is a degraded and a worthless animal, scarcely deserving of human recognition even in the form of kicks. . . .

There is virtue in raw whiskey, Mr. Gough! You might have lectured, in your own peculiarly intemperate style, for a good many hours, to the poor wretch, without doing him so much good as has been done by the contents of that glass! There is a feeble human look in him again. He is rather less like a suffering dumb animal.

The rain ceases, and he goes away. My gossip with the landlady draws to a close. Her children, who have honoured me with playful recognition in the shape of pulls, are kind enough to express, with the artless tumult of infancy, their regret at my departure. I assuage it.

How glorious is the walk! Bewildering in its beauty is the vivid green of the turf, refreshed by the rain. I drive away the cold by stepping briskly out. The breeze, that blows inland over the Downs from the sea, seems to smite

my cheeks, and its every blow to give health! The shepherds are leading their flocks to the fold—a patient, stolid, much-enduring race of men. And after a few hours, I see the lights of the town to which I am bound—and I think of toasted slippers, and a bath, and a bed, and I fairly quicken my pace into a run.

It may rain again to-morrow?

It did. I was, for eight hours, rained up and snowed up, and windbound, at the Coast-Guard Station on Beachy Head. Well?

It is not everybody who has the opportunity of passing eight hours there under similar circumstances. Wait till the next storm comes: run down and try it; and, if a true Tapleyan, you will thank me for the hint.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.—Much has been written about the extraordinary epitaphs found on the old graves of eccentric persons. The following has been transcribed by Mr. Hannay, watchmaker, Wyle-cop. It is taken from a brass tablet in a carved oak frame in Julian's Church, in this town:—"The remains of Henry Corser, of this parish, Chirurgeon, deceased, April the 1st, 1692, and Anne his wife, who followed him the next day after:

"We man and wife,
Conjoined for life,
Fetched our last breath
So near, that death
Who parts us would,
Yet hardly could.
Wedded again
In bed of dust,
Here we remain
Till rise we must.
A double prize this grave doth finde;
If you are wise keep it in mind."

The following is a sample of another kind, to the memory of Philip Brace, a painter, who was drowned in the river Severn in the performance of an heroic action:

"Twine garlands round the memory of the brave
Brother; a hero rests within this grave—
One of the truly noble, though his name
Glitters not starlike on the page of fame.

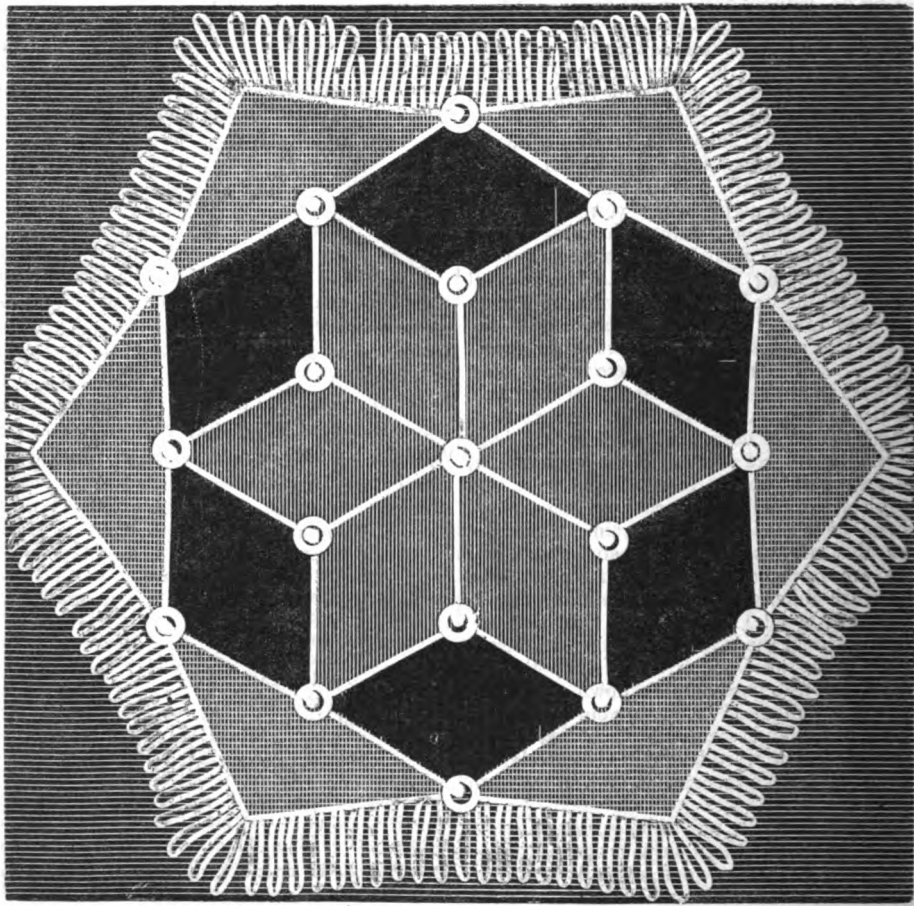
Swift Severn's swollen flood he plunged in,
A helpless, struggling, drowning boy to win
Back to his weeping friends: but ere the bank
Was gained, the boy and gallant hero sank!

He twice had braved the flood in days of yore,
Twice borne a struggler to the shore;
Calm be thy sleep, son of the toiling race,
Peace to thy memory, brave Philip Brace!"

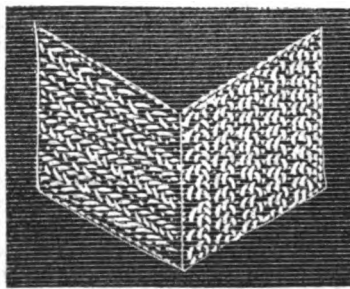
THE WORK - TABLE.

PEN - W I P E R, IN CROCHET.

MATERIALS: Fine Crochet Silk, of three harmonizing colours; small gold Buttons, and gold Beads, No. 5.



This pen-wiper is made in a sort of crochet patchwork, done in the stitch introduced by ourselves, some two years ago, and called Crochet Cross-stitch; because it appears like cross-stitch worked on canvas. It is done thus: Make a chain in the ordinary way, and work on it one row of sc, in the ordinary way; except that you put the hook *over* the silk, and draw it through the you make one at one end, and miss one at the other, in the alternate rows, to form the diamond



[Section, full size.]

stitch, instead of the usual mode. In future rows, insert the hook under both sides of the chain, instead of *one* only: you can work backwards and forwards.

In this design, every diamond is done in the same way—11 ch, miss 1, work on 10 as above. Turn, miss the first, crochet cross-stitch under the others, doing two stitches in the last, and ending with a chain-stitch. Thus

shape. Do ten rows and fasten off. Do six of one colour—say *amber*; six violet, and six green. Sew the amber into a star; put the violet next, and the green for the outside. It may be lined with silk, and a fringe of gold beads added, as well as small gold buttons in the centre and at

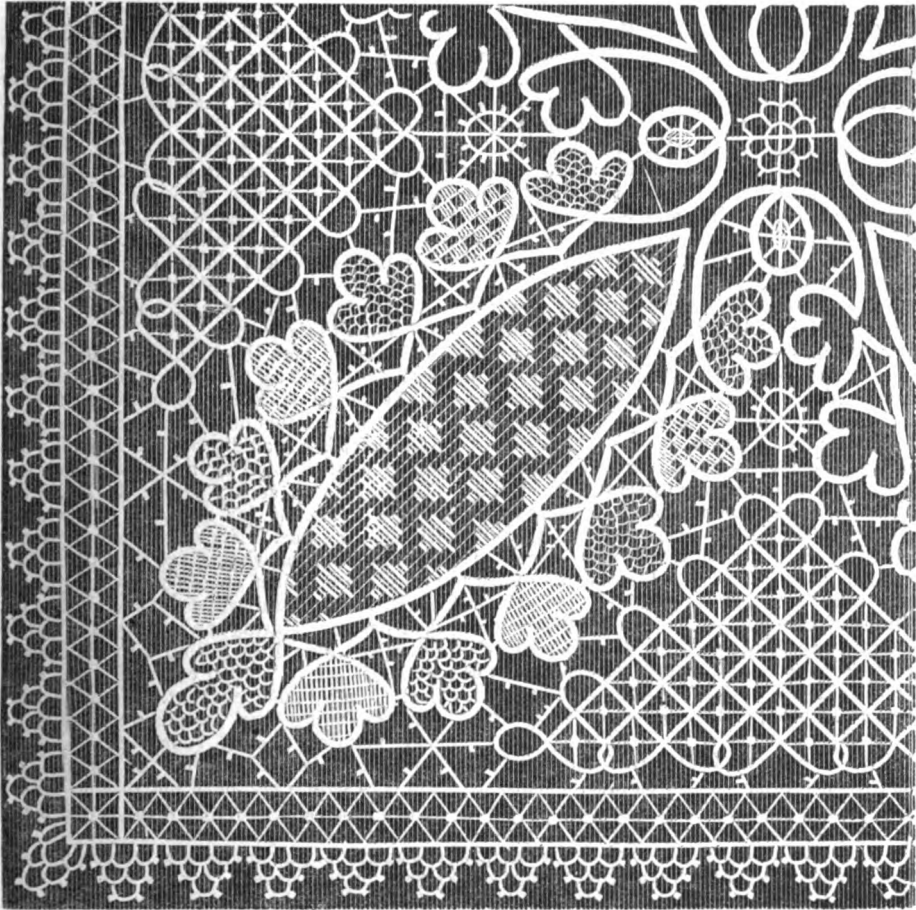
the points. The linen or cloth on which the pens are to be wiped, must be cut in the same form.

Done in single or double Berlin, it would make a very pretty mat.

AIGUILLETTE.

POINT - LACE COVER, FOR A SULTANA.

MATERIALS: Fine white Cotton Braid; with Nos. 50, 70, 100 Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, and No. 80 and 100 Mecklenburgh Thread, of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., of Derby.



Our engraving gives somewhat more than an entire quarter of the full size of the lace cover of the handkerchief-case; which should be made of rich purple, green, or crimson satin, so that it will display the lace laid over it to good effect.

The entire pattern can readily be drawn from the engraving. The case itself is, of course, of double the size, the lace being designed to cover only the upper side, when it is folded book-

fashion. Should it be desired to make the cover as large as the case, two squares must be drawn, exactly alike, and connected by a double line of spots, like that which forms the border.

The stitches employed for filling-in, are as follows:

For the small, three-petal leaves surrounding the small one, Brussels and foundation lace, alternately; Brussels with No. 50, foundation with No. 70, Boar's Head.

The large leaf filled-in with open diamond-stitch, in Mecklenburgh, No. 80. The same is to be used for all the bars, forming the ground.

English lace, and open English lace in No. 70 Boar's Head; and the Brussels edge in the same,

The case should be lined with white silk or satin, newly quilted; and if done with the sewing-machine, it is incomparably better than in any other way.

AGUILLETTE.

PAUL FERROLL, AND WHY PAUL FERROLL KILLED HIS WIFE.

Whether it is expedient that the horrible should be admitted among the legitimate elements of modern fiction is a question. We are so used to mere copying of the most ordinary life in our novels that we are apt to start aside from such a book as Paul Ferroll, when, under a heap of the orthodox, it finds its way to our domestic hearths. Fiction has confessedly become such a plaything and a trinket, such an upholsterer's adjunct to our easy chairs, that we cannot help feeling virtuously indignant whenever it attempts to rise from these low functions to a higher use. We have no tragedy now, the very name is obsolete, save as applied by newspaper penny-a-liners to *real* occurrences; and the *pity* and the *terror*, to excite which was of old the highest aim of the greatest poets, are now decried as *painful*, as if pain was no subject matter for literature.

Novels being as a class what they are, we cannot grieve that we are so seldom shocked by sallies out of the common track. Those critics who systematically depreciate fiction, no doubt use the constant lash justly and wisely. It would be lamentable if the herd of story-tellers were not kept rigorously within the narrow bounds which they have chosen for themselves. It would be lamentable if we were doomed to be always coming upon conventional renderings of the jealous madness of Othello, or the chaste rage of Isabella, or the remorse of Lady Macbeth.

The authoress of Paul Ferroll, however, has transgressed these narrow bounds. When we say that she is justified in her temerity, we at once admit the book to be a work of genius. We have here a tragedy almost of the antique stamp, and permeated by a true Sophoclean irony.

The excellence of the first book has not been equalled in its strange sequel. This sequel has merits of its own; but, judged by the profession of its title, it can scarcely escape being pronounced a failure. In reading Paul Ferroll we take for granted that he had suffered some grievous wrong at the hands of his first wife. The more impenetrable the mystery that envelops this wrong, the more inexpiable we picture it to ourselves. The "Why," when we learn it, is insufficient, and our preconception of the murderer is modified. It is difficult to

assimilate the Leslie of the one book with the Ferroll of the other. The writer herself knows this, and acknowledges it *tacitly* in the changing of the names of her characters, *openly* at the close of her task.

In the first book it mattered little to us what the exact wrong might be; the problem was what manner of man could do the retributive deed? We were satisfied with the working out of this problem in Paul Ferroll. We felt that this man could and did kill his wife. We are not so satisfied that Leslie under the given provocation (nay, under *any* provocation), could or did commit this murder.

However, both books are written, and we must take them as they are. The great merit of the sequel is in the delineation of Elinor. We learn from this how it was possible that his passion for her should grow into Ferroll's heart, how the prize could be in his estimation worth the winning at such a price. In laying more plainly before us his necessity of possessing Elinor, the sequel fulfils so far what it promises.

The plot of the whole story runs thus. Paul Ferroll having just achieved at Oxford all the honours which authoresses love to shower upon their heroes, is staying at a country-house, where he amuses himself by flirting with his hostess, a Miss Chanson. Thither comes Elinor, a child fresh from a French convent. Nothing can be more charming than the picture of this innocent, helpless, ductile, young girl. For her, Ferroll conceives a passion. At first his intention is to seduce her, or, if not that, to gain her child's heart, and play with it and throw it aside. However, her very innocence defeats him, and the upshot of the matter is a marriage engagement. Miss Chanson, bitterly jealous, plots to ruin Elinor in the eyes of Ferroll. She succeeds in making him believe that the girl is deceiving him, and by forging of letters and other not very cleverly conceived stratagems, convinces him that his betrothed has held assignations with another man. Hence a rupture. Elinor is sent back to her convent, while Ferroll is made to believe that she has gone off with his supposed rival. The deceived lover has a long fever fit, through which he is nursed by Laura Chanson. The fever past, while he is yet morbidly weak in body and mind, Laura proposes marriage to him, telling him that her good name

is compromised on his account. He vainly tries to escape his persecutress, and, at length, under the conviction that he must die soon, and that what becomes of him meantime is of little consequence, consents to the consummation of the marriage. He recovers his strength, and finds himself bound irretrievably to the woman whom he already begins to hate. Then comes the discovery of Laura's former deceptions. He learns that Elinor had been true to him, and hastens off to the convent. Finding that she loves him still, he tries to persuade her to become his mistress, and, failing in that, returns home. Soon after this, his wife is one morning found dead in her bed, with a wound of some sharp-pointed instrument below her ear.

With this murder "Paul Ferroll" opens. All that precedes it is related now only in "Why Paul Ferroll Killed his Wife." If the chain of events had been told at first in its natural sequence, it seems certain that "Paul Ferroll" would have failed of being the masterly work of art that it is.

In the writing of this story, we may suppose that the first thing that presented itself was the plot, that is to say, the simple fact of a man deliberately killing his wife. The outline of the character which would suggest itself simultaneously with the plot would then be gradually filled up and elaborated. The kind of man that could do such an act, and how he would be affected by the act in his after-life, would be questions that would very soon rise into infinitely greater importance than the plot which originated them. In the last place, the immediate causes which led this already-conceived character to do the act would claim attention. This seems to be the probable manner in which the story arose. It becomes, in the telling, a psychological study of a single character. The plot is nothing, save in its moral causes and effects as exhibited in the murderer. The objective immediate causes are, in the first book, only hinted sufficiently to make the reader cognizant of the existence of a wrong to be avenged, and an intolerable obstacle to be removed. It is this last element, scarcely necessary to the first book, which has been, by an afterthought, worked out with very variable skill in the second.

To continue our plain analysis of the story: The husband is not suspected of the murder. He has so carefully pre-arranged his plans as to feel himself safe from detection; while, at the same time, he provides that, should conviction of the murder be brought home to anyone else, he shall be able to lay before justice proofs of his own guilt. He is determined that none other shall die for his crime. In the coffin of his wife he encloses a confession that he did the deed, together with the instrument wherewith he did it. This prologue having been told in commendably plain language, the terrible story is dismissed. Only the silent horror of it hangs, like the sword of Damocles, over the innocent happiness of the following scenes. In a few years Ferroll returns to his tower with another wife and a little girl. This new wife is Elinor. The sole

peculiarity of these people is that they keep themselves apart from their neighbours. Why an exception to this rule is made in the case of the Bartletts, does not appear; but something must be allowed to the exigencies of the story. The familiarity between the Bartletts and the Ferrolls, results in a love-affair between the son of the one, and the daughter of the other house. Mr. Ferroll, determined that his neighbours shall not say, in the case of discovery, that he had unwarrantably mingled with them or formed alliances between his family and theirs, opposes this love-affair; and thus Janet becomes involved in the consequences of the secret crime. The story, from the relation of the murder to that of its confession, is made up of a series of episodes, little coherent, but all tending admirably to work out and complete the character of Paul Ferroll. The most remarkable of these episodes is the shooting of the ringleader of a riot by Ferroll, and the conviction of the latter on the charge of murder for this act. The verdict of the jury is of course an absurd mistake, and a pardon is granted immediately; all the county vying with each other in tokens of respect for the convicted murderer. This, as it were, burlesque foreshadowing of the trial to come, is wonderfully impressive; and the behaviour of Ferroll under the circumstances so true and yet so untrue, is displayed with an admirable skill. At length the confession of the crime arrives: An old servant of the murdered woman returns from Canada, whither she and her husband (who had been at first suspected of the murder) had been sent by Ferroll. She is found to possess some jewellery which had belonged to her mistress; suspicion is aroused; she is taken up on the charge of murder, and the verdict is against her. Then Paul Ferroll confesses.

From this point the book is disappointing enough. By an impossible conjunction of circumstances, Ferroll makes his escape from prison, and, with his daughter, flies to America, where, after a time, he dies penitent; Elinor had been stricken dead by the first news of her husband's guilt.

Now, the plot is in many points, it must be confessed, not only untrue to nature, but also inartistically conceived and clumsily executed. That, notwithstanding such defects in the *Mythos*, the effect of the book is so triumphant, is owing to the wonderful skill displayed in the *Ethe*.

If we remember right, the character of Paul Ferroll has been already likened to, or mentioned in conjunction with, "the sinful soul" of Tennyson's *Palace of Art*:—

"A glorious Devil, large in heart and brain,
That did love Beauty only, (Beauty seen
In all varieties of mould and mind),
And Knowledge for its beauty; or if Good,
Good only for its beauty."

No doubt both creations are akin in their primary idea. Paul Ferroll lives for pleasure only. He is endowed with the most perfect capability of pleasure. Bodily and mentally he

is formed by nature to enjoy all that life has in it of enjoyment. Health, strength, aptitude for bodily exercises, indomitable energy, unshakeable nerves, a courage that cannot realize what fear is—these corporeal possessions are conjoined with intellectual possessions equally complete. Mind and body are in equilibrium. He is, on the one hand, no muscularian or voluptuary; on the other, no pedant or enthusiast. Further, his mind is in exquisite balance with itself. While he has in perfection the imaginative and creative faculty, he has, too, in perfection the ratiocinative and practical faculty. A poet, he is also a diligent magistrate and the most active of country-gentlemen. Under whatever crisis, he is always ready at the moment, equipoised on his own centre. He possesses (paradox as the assertion may seem) a steadfast morality. He is just, he is honest, he is truthful, he is helpful, he is liberal, he is temperate; he never violates his moral code in his conduct to those out of the circle of his own life. This morality, this sense of what is becoming, crowns and completes his capability of pleasure, keeping, by its moderating influence, his other strong faculties within due bounds. The feeling of his own self-command and self-sufficiency, the knowledge that his deliberate will holds in control each exquisite sensation, gives the last keenest edge to his enjoyment of life.

This self-dominating power we are allowed to see not only in the continual check which he holds over himself mentally, but also in the momentary disclosure, now and then of strong animal propensities. Tigerish qualities look out at us sometimes through the bars, as in his intoxication under danger, and his absolute relish for blood. We feel that there is a terrible amount of brute force caged in the man, which but for these iron bars of his self-command, would rage forth in inhuman violence and lust.

To his neighbours Paul Ferroll would seem eminently unselfish. When he reasons with the refractory boy, Hugh Bartlett; when he arranges Lady Bartlett's affairs; when he labours day after day among the cholera-stricken; when he shoots down the rioter; what is he doing, in each case, but taking upon himself for the good of others a trouble which he might have escaped? That, in his truthfulness, he denies all claim to such unselfishness, only makes his virtue the clearer. Men are not to be judged by their talk, but by their deeds. If they can accuse him of selfishness, it is in that which was to a certain extent an instance of self-denial, namely, his living apart from them.

In fact, the man is utterly selfish. His morality is nothing but his sense of what is befitting himself. His self-respect is hideous when one knows his crime. Is it ruth for, or is it even justice to the accused, that leads him to confess the murder? It is rather his knowledge that it would be unbecoming himself to suffer an innocent person to die for his misdeed. Another man would have balanced between the life of his wife and that of the accused. Surely

matters being as they were, there was room for question what course of action would be right.

In his devotion to the cholera-stricken, his neighbours would see noble proof of a merciful disposition. From his journal of this time we learn how these scenes of woe were to him a pageant and theatrical show; how he rejoiced in this opportunity of using his exuberant energies; how the misery which he witnessed all day was foil to the happiness of his home at night, enhancing his enjoyment a thousand-fold by the contrast of pain. He analyzes these real sufferings as he would analyze some tragedy, getting much satisfaction out of his own clever criticism of them. He is a Parrhasius, perfecting his art by studying the writhings of the tortured slave. We see him discovering not only a certain spice of the ludicrous, but a false sentiment and bombast in the last gasps and shiverings of humanity.

We have remarked above that the episodes of the book are all chosen admirably for elaborating the character of the hero. This cholera-episode deserves special mention on that head. Nothing could display so forcibly as the passages in his diary, Ferroll's keen sense of pleasure as the contrast to pain, and his deliberate use of pain as an artistic instrument to enjoyment. "After pain, to be at the end of pain, to be enjoying the hours, instead of suffering the hours—that is the bliss of human nature." One begins to conceive the possibility of his really enjoying the life he had purchased by his crime; the possibility that after due weighing of circumstances for and against, he should have decided that it was worth while to commit the crime.

The few passages of Elinor's diary given here show Ferroll's influence over his wife, or, rather how he had so absorbed her into his own life as to make her incapable of having other feelings than his. There is no sorrow for the misery around, in this gentle, tender woman's thoughts. Unconsciously she rejoices in the cause that brings all her husband's energies into exercise. "I have been looking out the passages about great national plagues and sicknesses," she writes: "the cholera is brooding in his head into an article, and those passages will contribute to it." There is something terrible in the picture of these two sitting apart:—

"On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind.

For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurled

Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curled

Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world:

Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands.

* * * *

But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song."

We may find here, if we choose, a moral to our story; marking how violation of human laws

brings inevitable severance of human ties and sympathies. The man thus severed degenerates from his humanity. How bitter to himself the severance, we may see in the yearning which he still has, to learn the verdict of that society from which he is cut off. Through Ferroll's ostentatious disdain of human opinion, we discover a constant eagerness to know what men would think of him if they were aware of the truth. Even his morality is but human opinion taken to himself as a private conscience.

Ferroll's love for Elinor, though we feel it to be natural and true, is not easily to be explained. That a man of such clear reason and perfect self-command should be so ruled and subdued by love as Ferroll is, strikes us at first as improbable. No reader could have conjured up in his mind the sort of woman who would have power thus to influence him. Elinor married has become so much a part of himself, that the story of their earlier love is, in the first book, an unsolvable mystery. In its way, the drawing of the Elinor of the second is as great an achievement as that of Paul Ferroll. The character is of course subordinated to his; she would never have been, unless the problem of his love had needed to be solved; but, over and above her singular fitness for the predetermined part she is to play, she stands out as a real and original creation. As to her influence over the hero, we feel at once that she is the only woman who could have had this influence. No woman who was in opposition or in active contrast to him could have exercised over him the slightest power. An equal intellect he would have combated; mere bodily charms he would have loathed; from a will like his own, unalterable in good or evil, he would have turned away appalled. Elinor is so ductile that her personality becomes absorbed in his, even while she adds to him the innocence that he lacked, completing him with her own grace and goodness.

The selfish character of his passion is manifest enough from his whole treatment of her. He would have betrayed her in the first instance; afterwards he asks her to become his mistress; his crowning wrong is that, stained as he is by crime and lying exposed to its consequences, he makes her his wife. He scruples at holding the most distant intercourse with his neighbours. He will not let his daughter marry among them. The justice which rules his conduct towards them has no effect on his conduct towards Elinor. He has never, in minor matters, the considerateness for her which he has for others. We sometimes discover in him a consciousness that he has bought her at a great price, and that she is bound to pay him the utmost that she can.

He has not that class of affections which we usually call by the name "heart." His love is of the intellect. He finds his craving for beauty satisfied in Elinor. She is to him not so much a possession of beauty, as the very idea of beauty itself. She raises his faculty of appreciating beauty to a higher power. Through

her all nature and art are seen with a clearer insight. Her influence once felt, he would as soon consent to give her up, as to give up any portion of his intellect. The exquisite sensuousness of the man must also be taken into account. His senses are of the strongest. That he is not a voluptuary depends only on the equal strength of counteracting forces.

* * * * *

That Paul Ferroll should find it possible to live a life of happiness after committing the murder seems at first sight incredible. True it is, nevertheless, that he is exquisitely happy. He chose to kill his wife that he might attain to this after-life. He calculated the chances, and ascertained beforehand that the crime would pay its price. He does not repent having done it, for a moment. We must remember that in his own estimation the murder was a simple act of justice. Her existence was to him too great an injury and wrong to be bearable. He can pity the poor, dead woman, while he rejoices with his whole soul that she is dead. To kill her out of his way was a necessity to him—terrible, no doubt, in the accomplishment; but, once done, a cause of constant thanksgiving. The feeling that the price he had paid for happiness was so great would give to his happiness the keener edge. He would *will* to enjoy to the utmost what it had cost so great an effort of will to gain. The contrast, "after pain to be at the end of pain," to him who felt so well the uses of pain, would be a constant source of pleasure. The sweet, innocent life would acquire a more delicious tranquillity from remembrance of the terrible passage of evil by which that harbour had been reached. "So much innocence and so much happiness!" The struggles and the torments and the necessity of cruel deeds were past; all achieved that had been striven for; and, like a hero raised to the skies, he enjoys his perfect bliss. Even the uncertainty as to discovery, for which he was always prepared, would, no doubt, make him seize each passing moment with a more eager grasp, and wring from it to the last drop the honey it might bear. "Still there would be all to-night and part of to-morrow," Ferroll says to Harrowby. Again, he is free from all superstition. There are no terrors of a tender conscience to be borne. Mark how, when Elinor is absent, he pictures her face on the pillow—"that forehead fleshy white under the muslin whiteness;" and under no circumstances that other dead face, with the stab below the ear. Knowing the man's capability of pleasure, we can understand that he could be happy. Knowing his inflexible will and cool reason, we can conceive how he would receive his crime into his life in much the same manner as we all receive the inevitableness of death.

Another striking episode is that of Ferroll's fall at Pontaubé. The whole scene is written with consummate skill. His command over his crippled body and over his succumbing faculties is merely a further example of that

power of will which we know him to possess; such, too, is his justness in estimating rightly the time of Janet's absence, which by torture would appear so long. But we see him here for the first time under real corporeal suffering, suddenly deprived of his self-sufficiency. His dread of assassination as he lies helpless, is touched upon in a masterly manner. One can conceive how, as that intense horror of the unseen assassin's blow came over him, another scene would rise up, wherein he had played the assassin's part. We find him unready for this stroke of fortune never calculated upon, and all his forces for a time shaken by it. "I have thought to die often; but never, never thought of this."

* * * * *

Space fails us, or our attempts at analyzing this character of Paul Ferroll might be carried to a much greater length.

When we consider the living reality and completeness of this creation, the *manner* in which it is presented to us adds to our wonderment. We have no soliloquies; we are never (save in those few diary-passages) admitted into the confidence of Ferroll's thoughts. Until the close of the book there is not a hint dropped that he had committed the murder. We only see him *act*; it is through his actions alone that we learn to know him. In each episode the reader is made to fill up himself the thoughts and feelings of the hero, from merest outlines infallible in their truth.

We have before likened this book to the dramas of Sophocles in the point of its *irony*. The contrast here between the seeming innocence and happiness, and the real guilt and misery, is scarcely less awful than that between the conscious virtue and the hideous crimes of *Oedipus*.

March 1st, 1861.

J. A.

"IN MEMORIAM."

BY SHIRLEY GERARD.

"A child is man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam, before he tasted of Eve or the apple; and he is happy whose small practice in the world can only write his character. * * * * * The older he grows he is a stair lower from God. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden, and exchanged but one heaven for another."

BISHOP EARLE.

Business called me to London—important business, they all told me: and perhaps it was so. I have not much inclination, and less capacity, for business. I have always recoiled instinctively from red tape and parchment. I remember, upon one occasion, being quite distressed when my favourite niece Mary provided me with a piece of red tape to tie up the tall carnations and other overgrown flowers in my garden. The contrast was not disagreeable, it is true, among the green leaves; but I was glad when a long continuance of wet weather despoiled it of its bright hues. Old people have such strange fancies.

The time of year was spring—a season when my country-home looked almost its loveliest; when the bright, captivating rays of the sun begin to push themselves everywhere, and will not be denied. They have been strangers to us for so long an interval, that we feel tempted to welcome them with shouts. And how they warm up the tree-buds which quickly expand to meet them, as it were, half-way! How they coax the flowers into bloom, the birds into song—all God's beautiful earth into smiles!

But this important business called me to

London, and I went. Oh! the beauty of the country through which I passed! The hawthorn still lingered in the hedge-rows, but I could only imagine its perfume. I saw the flowers blooming almost beneath the grim wheels of the flying train. My dear, my well known favourites! it went to my heart to have no time to give you even a nod of recognition as we sped along.

It was Whitsuntide. The season when the artisan world of London take holiday, and with their wives and families are conveyed by van-loads, omnibus-loads, and boat-loads to the quaint old gardens of Hampton Court—the chestnut shades of Bushy Park, or to Richmond and Kew. There were shilling days at beautiful Sydenham, and the attraction of "eight hours at the sea-side" to blow the dust and smoke from off the work-weary crowds, and send them back freshened and invigorated to their monotonous life of toil.

Although I love the country with every fibre of my heart, and would never willingly be absent from its smiling aspect, I must confess this business trip of mine to the great metropolis gave me some real pleasure. But my enjoy-

ment was after a fashion of my own. The life of clubs and drawing-rooms is not for me, and doubtless all that I looked upon as enjoyment would not be so regarded by the gay inhabitants of the *beau-monde*. I loved to wander about alone early and late, studying mankind under the variety in which he must of necessity appear in a teeming population like that of London.

It is with genuine pleasure that I enter some of those public haunts, and unnoticed and unknown, read life-histories in the faces and actions of those around me. It is also a habit of mine to picture to myself a home-life for some family about whom I am totally ignorant, and to map out a future for their children, according to some peculiarity of disposition which has fallen under my notice. This is harmless castle-building, and, moreover, it is castle-building in which we can never indulge until we have crossed that bridge dividing the hopes, the passions, and the ambitions of youth from the "still life" of a serene and contented old age. I was detained in London until the end of June, and my favourite haunt on the glorious summer afternoons was Kensington Gardens. Day after day I was there sitting under one of the shady trees. My resting-place was judiciously selected, for it commanded a view, not only of the gaily attired pedestrians in the gardens, but also of the superbly mounted and most elegant-looking women, with their attendant Cavaliers who thronged the ride. The soft murmur of their low-toned but animated conversation came at intervals to my ear, mingled with the tramp of their beautiful and high-bred steeds upon the soft yielding earth.

The last day of my sojourn came. At an early hour the following morning I was to return to my country home, and in the afternoon, as usual, I found myself upon my accustomed seat. It was one of the gala days. The splendid band of one of the Life-Guard regiments—my nieces doubtless would have known if it were the First or Second—was performing a selection of most exquisite music; merry children were playing about; fair girls were laughing gaily; gentlemen, old and young, were gathered in groups to converse and criticize. It was a joyous scene. Like Charles Lamb, I could "have shed tears for joy at the sight of so much life."

The crowd increased. Up and down the *promenade* it was a perfect forest of parasols. Such greetings between friends; such bright faces; such a flow of animated conversation I had never heard and seen before. Presently the open space around my seat was covered with chairs, which until then had been piled together, and the tired promenaders rested themselves thereon. It was then my peculiar enjoyment began; but I had so many interesting groups to observe, that I was puzzled upon which to bestow my undivided attention. Ere long, however, a party approached, and its appearance seemed to promise ample food for those speculations, as to character and temperament, in which I am so prone to indulge.

The group consisted of five persons, two of whom were children—boys, of apparently ten and twelve. There were also two ladies and a gentleman. Of the former, I had little difficulty in deciding which was the mother of the attractive children. There was an unmistakable air of serene, happy matronhood in the face and carriage of the elder lady, which bespoke her the mistress of a family. Her dress, rich and substantial, told of wealth more than sufficient for the common wants of life. The honest beaming expression of her dark, hazel eyes, and the frank ease of her manner were also proof that she was not tainted with the languid indifference of fashionable life. The father was also a perfect type of a country gentleman—handsome and manly-looking, with a clear, healthy colour upon his fine good-humoured face. But the children—the two boys, especially—attracted me.

They were totally unlike in form and feature, and but for their dress and companionship, I should not have thought they were connected by the close tie of brotherhood. The eldest was a slight, delicate-looking child. His face was principally remarkable for the clear outline of every feature. His eyes were large, dark gray in colour, and their expression shy and fawn-like. A soft, exquisite flush rose to his pale cheeks at the simplest word, or slightest gesture addressed to him, and at intervals a perceptible quivering of his mouth and nostrils impressed me with the belief that the boy was sensitive, and even timid, in the highest degree.

What a contrast to his brother, whose figure was strongly but gracefully built. His face lacked the regular outline and delicate beauty of the elder boy's, yet to some eyes it would be more attractive from its ruddy glow of health, and the animated expression which varied with every object upon which he turned his restless, eager gaze.

They had no seats. The three elders of the party, the father, mother, and the younger lady—an aunt most likely—had taken the only unoccupied chairs.

The shy boy did not feel at home. Presently he stole to his mother's side, but she was pre-occupied with the gay scene and took no notice of him. But I soon perceived how tender was the love she bore that sensitive plant. A very slight movement on his part drew her attention towards him. She made room for him upon a corner of her chair, and placing her arm round him, retained him with that loving clasp in his not over comfortable position:

"Ah!" methought, "how shall it fare with you when the day comes for you to leave that protecting arm to face the wide world alone?"

Meanwhile, the other boy stood a little apart, with his arms crossed behind him and his eyes wandering over the gay groups surrounding him. There was some shyness about him also; but it soon gave place to an inherent love of fun; and ere long his brown eyes were dancing, and genuine boyish laughter (subdued by cir-

circumstances, it is true) was excited by some object which caught his ever-restless gaze.

Then followed a very pretty scene. The younger lady of the party caught sight of some acquaintance at a little distance. She rose, and for a few moments stood undecided as to the probability of finding her chair unoccupied when she returned. But suddenly turning to her young nephew (as I supposed the boy to be) she exclaimed:

"Oh, Harry! will you, like a good boy, come and sit here until I come back? I shan't be a moment."

The boy grew crimson, made a few hesitating steps in advance, and then glanced round as though inclined to run away.

"Will you?" repeated the young lady, coaxingly.

"Harry, sit down directly," said mamma, in a reproving tone, and the boy instantly obeyed. But he placed himself upon the extreme edge, and I could perceive that he considered it was decidedly *infra dig.* for a boy of his age to be seen sitting in public upon a cane-bottomed chair. He was not miserable for more than ten minutes, however, and I shall never forget the expression of relief upon his bright face as he jumped up to restore the seat to the young lady again.

In due time the band ceased. The gentleman rose, and gave an arm to each of his companions. The shy elder child held his mother's hand with a firm clasp; the younger followed at a little distance alone—and so they all moved away, and out of my sight for ever.

For ever!—It is strange what power those words possess to make me sad. Sometimes I cannot bear to think that I shall never again see those whom I have met perhaps in the most casual manner. You may think that if I can make my interest in human life so universal, I should also make it momentary; that, in fact, a union between universality and permanence is not possible. But I have not found it so. I have called myself an old man when I saw those attractive children. I am many years older now, yet I have never forgotten them. If they are living they are men now; but sometimes I think that the fragile elder boy was taken by an All-wise Providence from the "evil to come." I saw, in fancy, his pale cheeks growing gradually paler—his steps slower and more feeble; I saw the darkened room, the anxious faces; I heard the low, thin voice asking for "dear mamma;" I saw the strong, handsome younger brother overwhelmed with grief, and impatiently longing to defy and baffle the mighty Power that was taking his dear companion from his side. I saw the last scene of all, when the mighty Power had conquered; I could hear the rustle of angels' wings, as they bore the pure spirit to its home above.

I have stood, in fancy, beside the quiet grave, situated in some peaceful spot far from the riot of human life. Years have passed since he was laid there. The father's hair is white; the mother's beauty has faded; the handsome bro-

ther is a child no more. I see signs of preparation in the quaint old house where they reside. A chamber is made ready; some old toys are dusted and placed in sight. They are, for the most part, rude models of ships and boats—worthless in the estimation of many; but the mother's eyes glistened as she took them out one by one, for were they not fashioned by her only son? His love of adventure and wild longing to take part in some daring deeds, such as have made men famous in the past, overcame, at an early age, even his great love for his dear home, and he has been for three years roving by land and sea, a midshipman in Her Majesty's navy.

But he has won his epaulet now; for did he not fight gallantly in the foremost rank of Naval Brigade in the Crimea, his brave young heart swelling as he cheered on his comrades to a glorious death or glorious victory! And now Peace has been proclaimed, and he is expected at the home where he was born; and the old toys are taken out, and the mother's heart grows young again.

I see the arrival; I see tears upon the brown cheeks of the youthful hero, as he feels around him the clasp of those loving arms. I hear the quiver of his voice as he tries to speak gay words; but the effort is in vain. He thinks of the dangers through which he has passed, and the sight of his dear old home has taught him what it would have been to die.

I see him the next morning standing beside his brother's grave. There are bright flowers blooming upon it; the grass is fresh and green. He kneels reverently, and I know that he is thanking God for having spared him to the hearts which still bleed for the love of their first-born. When he rises, some of the bright flowers are in his hand, and as he turns and walks slowly from the place, I feel that the remembrance of that quiet grave, and the beloved being who is dust beneath, and a pure angel above, will do much to keep the young man "unspotted from the world."

AMY ROBSART'S DEATH.—"A jury [he tells us] was impanelled—every man of them a stranger to him (Leicester) and some of them enemies. Antony Forster, Apple-yard, and Arthur Robsart, brother-in-law and brother of the lady, were present, according to Dudley's special request; 'and if more of her friends could have been sent,' said he, 'I would have sent them;' but with all their minuteness of inquiry 'they could find,' wrote Blount, 'no presumptions of evil,' although he expressed a suspicion that 'some of the jurymen were sorry that they could not.' That the unfortunate lady was killed by a fall down stairs was all that could be made of by a coroner's inquest, rather hostile than otherwise, and urged to rigorous investigation by the supposed culprit himself."—*Motley's United Netherlands.*

THE COURT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

BY W. R.

There are times I think in the life of everyone when he becomes, so to speak, wearied of the present, and seeks recreation in the contemplation of the past. This remark applies not only to the recollections of private life, but to the contemplation of past epochs in history. Such a feeling is predominant in my mind now, and I am about to go back in thought some three centuries, and pass in review the reign and manners of the Court of her whose name heads this paper.

Elizabeth succeeded to the throne when the kingdom, rent and torn as it had been with intestine dissensions and misfortunes since Henry the Eighth's reign, desired repose. It had passed from the sway of the Protector Somerset to that of the Protector Northumberland—the religious risings in the West had frequently broken out—the currency had been debased—and it then passed under the sceptre of Mary, who deemed herself chosen by Heaven to re-instate the authority of the Pope and the Roman Catholic religion. During her reign persecution had flourished in horrid success, and when she died, an universal sigh of relief burst from the country at large on the accession of Elizabeth. She, remarkable for talent and learning, naturally surrounded herself with the wisest in the land; and the result is, that if we wish to behold a conglomeration of stars, so to speak, all beaming with undying lustre, we picture to ourselves her Court and courtiers. I do not, gentle reader, hope or endeavour to treat the matter logically or succinctly; but if you will wander for a little time with me into the regions of the past, amid the manes of the greatest and noblest, I trust you will derive some little pleasure therefrom.

Let us be courtiers for the nonce and enter the regal halls. See the Queen is witnessing a masque-stage play, or what else you choose to call it. Round her chair are grouped our notabilities, and the back-ground is filled in with gentlemen-in-waiting—the yeomen of the guard, *et hoc genus omne*. Let us look first at the grave, silent man who stands on the right. Care has marked his brow and deepened the lines round his mouth; but the calm, sagacious look on his face shows that he has learnt the ways of the world and gauged its pretensions.

His rise has been prosperous—his labours well repaid—and he is now the successful and honoured statesman—the valued of the sovereign—"her faithful Burleigh."

Do we know him who stands next? I think so. The handsome form, the rich dress, the well-cut features, the proud, joyous, confident smile can belong but to one. He is beginning his career, and is but a new courtier; but before him lie the honours showered upon the sailor,

courtier, and poet in one. For him is prefacing the fame to be showered upon him from his voyages and discoveries of strange lands and people; and after that the dungeons of the Tower—that cell, upon whose walls still remain the sacred words carved by his hand—the cell in which year after year, of a life which would have been glorious for himself and his country, passed away, closed at length on the scaffold at Tower Hill. He is Walter Raleigh.

Behind him is Essex, the spoiled darling of fortune, whose career, so strangely chequered and so marred by his self-pride and headlong rashness, is a mournful lesson to humanity. At present his face is radiant, for the Queen's smiles shine on him in full favour, and he has chosen to behave himself dutifully lately.

But, let all our looks be fixed on him who stands next; for it is William Shakespeare. Mark the broad forehead and the deep thoughtful eyes—the fine lips, and the fire of genius that seems to sparkle in every feature. Yet not even here do we behold him in the full zenith of his fame; for the truest appreciation of his writings was not felt for many years after he had departed.

But what words can describe the colossal intellect, "the boundless realm of richest thought," from which sprang *Lear* and *Hamlet*! And just as we are about to pronounce on the character of his achievements in literature from these tragedies, we remember that he wrote the exquisite *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *As You Like It*. Who can adequately pourtray, or even picture to himself, the universality of his genius?

But we can at least look at him in admiring wonder, and watch the expressive face, and see the lightning glance that takes in the thousand peculiarities of nature and disposition which are immortalized in his plays, and which have made those plays not only prized and worshipped by his countrymen, but by all of every nation who love to study the joys, sorrows, passions, hopes, fears, despair, and sum total of life.

We must pass on to his companion, whose rapt air of thought and speaking eyes stamp him a poet. He seems unconscious of what is going on round him—and with good reason, too. He is moving in an ideal world of his own, peopled with the bravest and the fairest—a land where goodness and virtue reign supreme, and where pain and sorrow are unknown. Dream on, O Poet! the fruits of thy reveries will live for ages, and embalm thy name as the author of the "*Fairy Queen*."

He on whom our eyes next light is well worthy of gaze. He is a man of handsome form and face; with brilliant eyes, and the firm

mouth that speaks of stern will when needed. He is a soldier—"chevalier sans peur et sans reproche"—valiant, accomplished, and faithful; foremost in battle, and yet with a tender, noble heart, and a humble Christian soul. His future we may look into with unmixed pride, or at least unmixed save with sorrow; but sorrow blended with pride that he was an Englishman! Peer into the future, my friend, and see the battlefield; hear the shouts of victory, and see him struck down at the moment of conquest. His thigh is shattered by a bullet, and he is stretched on the sward, agonized with pain and fever. His throat and mouth burn, and with difficulty a cup of water (more prized than the richest wines of Spain) is brought: but, before he drinks, he hears the imploring moans of one of his soldiers, who views with eager longing the cup, and with his last breath he murmurs, "Take it: thy necessity is greater than mine!"

You know him well enough; and I need not tell you that he is Sir Philip Sidney!

There are many more—brave, true, witty, learned, and famous—but we have seen the greatest now. We have finished, reader and friend, our visit to the court of the Tudor Queen, and must perforce return to this present year of Grace: so we drop the curtain on the splendid array, and come back to the contemporaries.

But we have seen those who have excelled all in the highest and noblest gifts man can possess; and I think we shall derive benefit in many ways for having for a few moments gone back through the intervening centuries. We might have spent time, in very many ways, far less profitably than in endeavouring to realize the presence of those who bore the most illustrious names in an age which was endowed with a wreath of fame.

LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

THE LOST CANARY.

BY HANNAH CLAY.

Caroline Moore was standing at her mamma's dining-room window, looking out into the little stone court, where the snow was drifting in thick masses. At the further end of the court was a portion trellised off, and devoted to some choice poultry—bantams, silver and golden pheasants, pencilled Hamburgs, and one or two huge buff-coloured Shanghai hens. All these had for some time been stalking disconsolately about the yard, occasionally raising their legs with a comical expression of bewilderment, as their claws sank in the snow. Poor birds! it was their first winter's experience in this hard world; and, like all other mortals, they had to learn to endure. At the moment when we first make their acquaintance, these sapient birds were puzzling little Caroline by a new and unaccustomed movement, the motive of which she was totally at a loss to discover. They had entered their enclosure, the door of which was only kept strictly closed during the summer-time, for the preservation of the garden near at hand; and they were standing in a half-circle near the corner, which contained their darkened nests and sleeping perches. Every fowl had his or her neck extended at full stretch; every eye was intent on some object within the nests; every other leg, with few exceptions, was tucked up in meditative attitude.

For several minutes Caroline gazed and wondered; then she turned eagerly towards her mamma, who opportunely entered the room, and exclaimed, "Oh! Mamma, do let me run out and see what the fowls are staring at!"

Mamma did not say "no;" she merely requested her little girl to take time to put on her garden-honnet, which was hanging in the hall, and her India-rubber goloshes.

Then Caroline ran straight to the trellis-work, scattering the startled fowls by her hasty approach, and, quickly stooping to look into the nests, uttered an exclamation of delight.

"Oh! Susan," she said to the housemaid, who had followed her, "do stoop down and put your hand in—for I cannot reach far enough—and get me that pretty, pretty canary! How could it have come here?"

A canary truly it was, with bright, black eyes, and a coat of feathers as yellow as gold—not a starved canary, either, for it was about as plump as a partridge; and not a very scared canary. In fact, the dapper little gentleman, wherever he had come from, had evidently been an indulged pet of some person or persons unknown; for he hopped on to the outstretched finger presented to him, and came out of his temporary refuge as pert and fresh as a daisy.

"Mamma, may I keep him?" eagerly entreated Caroline, as she presented her prize to the wondering eyes of her mamma.

"Surely, my dear," replied Mrs. Moore, putting on her glasses to examine the bird, "at any rate until he is inquired for by his rightful owner. He is, in truth, a beautiful creature, and must have been tenderly dealt with. See! how he extends his little beak for a caress!"

Caroline put a morsel of sugar between her rosy lips; the tiny bird took it from them, and rubbed it; then letting the crystal fragment drop to the ground, hopped on to another finger and commenced a gleeful song.

"There is that pretty gilt cage, ma'am, in the

attic-room," said Susan the housemaid, who had been standing by all the time.

"O yes, Mamma, the one you bought for your poor goldback. And I think the seed and water-bottles are among the old china in the store-room—the very thing, Mamma!"

So Mrs. Moore desired Susan to give the cage a thorough cleaning and polishing; while Dick—the boy who cleaned the knives and ran errands for the establishment—was despatched to the village-shop for rape and canaryseed. This, with a supply of sparkling water, and a lump of sugar to fix between the bars of the cage, completed Master Canary's preparations for housekeeping; and before nightfall he was established in his new and handsome residence, where he speedily curled himself into a yellow puff-ball on one leg, and lost in peaceful slumbers the memory of his morning's agitations and reverses.

Meanwhile the snow fell heavily, heavily, and the clouded dawn of the next day shewed a yard and garden filled with snow, and a wide level country beyond, with every load and landmark obliterated by the same universal covering. The poultry did not come out at all to-day, but cowered a melancholy and bewildered group, in the extreme corner of their trellised enclosure. The old Grange was snowed up; and not even the postboy could get at it with the morning's letters till men had been set to work to clear the roads. However, as soon as this had been partially done, the letters arrived; and almost at the same moment came Alice Hurst, a dressmaker, who worked for Mrs. Moore.

Alice Hurst was a thin, pale, gentle woman, a widow, who worked closely at her business to support herself and her consumptive daughter. This daughter, whose name was Jane, was once the prettiest and most industrious girl in the village near which stood the Grange: but her health gradually declined, until she could do little but lie on a sofa in her mother's poor cottage; feebly endeavouring, with her transparent fingers, to shape a cap or trim a bonnet with some of her wonted neatness. Hour after hour, through the long winter nights, would Mrs. Hurst sit up, trying to accomplish the work which would keep together her little knot of customers, and buy a few simple dainties to tempt the sickly appetite of her fading child, whose hollow cough sounded from the room close by.

Deprived of the common pleasures of her age and class, Jane Hurst's only recreations consisted in arranging a few flowers culled from the tiny garden, and in listening to the sprightly warbling of her pet bird—a beautiful canary, whose cage hung within reach near her sofa. The door of the cage was frequently left open, and care being taken to ascertain that all was safe, the house-door shut, and no prowling grimalkins within scent of their coveted prey, Dicky was allowed to fly at large through the room, to nibble the bunch of fresh groundsel placed ready for him, and to sit pruning his

glossy feathers on his mistress's wan finger, lovingly held out to receive him. But he had now been missing for a day and a night, and on the morning of which we speak, a heavier shade of melancholy than usual hung on the widow's pensive brow, as she busily plied her needle in Mrs. Moore's dressing-room, and thought of her daughter's sorrow over her missing favourite.

Suddenly the clouds, which had already shown symptoms of breaking, cleared off the sky, and the sun shone brightly forth, making the snowy expanse glitter in its beams, and sending a shower of welcome rays into every corner of the principal apartments of the old Grange. Simultaneously with the revivifying sunlight burst forth an exulting carol. Caroline Moore was standing beside the little round table at which Alice Hurst was working. She looked up delightedly into the dressmaker's face, and was surprised to see her listening transfixed, while her work dropped unheeded on her knee, and her hands were tightly clasped together.

"It is only my canary," said the little girl—"the canary that I found in the snow yesterday morning, at least, not exactly in the snow, but in our snow-covered henhouse."

"Your canary, miss, that you found in the henhouse?" stammered Alice, unconsciously, repeating Caroline's words. "Oh! tell me, please, or, better still, let me look at him! My poor Jane lost her favourite, her only comfort and amusement, two evenings ago; and oh, how she has mourned him!"

A cloud came over Caroline's sunny brow; but she led Mrs. Hurst to the room where the canary's cage was hanging. Alice chirruped to the bird, and extended her finger to caress him. He immediately came close to the gilded bars, and submitted his little yellow head to her touch. The recognition was evident.

Caroline ran out of the room, and sought her mother with tears in her eyes.

"Oh, Mamma! my sweet pretty canary belongs, after all, to Jane Hurst! Must I part with him? Can we not buy him of Mrs. Hurst?"

"There are some things, my Carry, that money cannot buy," gravely replied Mrs. Moore. "I have heard of poor Jane Hurst's attachment to her bird; nevertheless, as you are so anxious to retain it, I will offer Mrs. Hurst a handsome sum for the pretty creature. Fetch her here, and I will try what I can do."

The offer was in vain, as Caroline's mamma had foreseen. Poor Carry felt as if her heart would burst when she opened the cage, and delivered the canary to its owner's mother. But she was amply recompensed for the self-restraint she exercised when, as soon as the weather was a little milder, she went over to Alice Hurst's cottage, and witnessed the playful pranks of the joyous little bird, and the entire confidence and ardent affection that evidently existed between him and his gentle mistress.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

MYSTERIES OF LIFE, DEATH, AND FUTURITY. Illustrated from the best and latest authors. By Horace Welby. (London: Kent & Co. Paternoster-row).—This is really the boldest experiment in book-making that it has ever fallen to our lot to notice. When an individual puts his name to a work we naturally look for something of his own in it! but Mr. Welby thinks it sufficient to have strung together, not always in the clearest sequence, two-hundred-and-seventy-two pages of printed matter, not one of which is his own; and modestly slurs over this wholesale acquisition of other men's opinions already in type—in the smallest print upon the title page, as *illustrating*, forsooth, that which is wholly made up of them. The volume is curious in bringing before the reader a mass of abstract ideas and speculations upon the solemn and little understood subjects with which it professes to deal, and does deal, as we have before said, at second-hand. The authorities for the various paragraphs on every page are most voluminous, and if our ingenious practitioner with paste and scissors, who exhibits a creditable amount of industry and research, had entitled his work simply and truly a collection from the best and latest authorities (if any such exist upon these mysteries), we should not have been so inclined to quarrel with him on the score of these wholesale clippings. How much of real light is thrown upon these mysteries may be gathered from the fact, that the inquiry as to Life resolves itself almost at the first page into nothing more satisfactory than Bichat's definition, that Life is the sum total of the functions which resist death, "which amounts," says a writer in a past number of the *Saturday Review*, "merely to this, that life is life." We have quotations from Plato and Paracelsus, from Aristotle and Darwin; the extremes of mysticism and of materialism meet and jostle; and belief and scepticism are treated of in the same breath. Here is a chapter on the "Tree of Life," and presently a paragraph on life insurance. Anon comes a passage on Christian revelation, and possibly, by way of illustrating it, a chapter on the "Glastonbury Thorn." Nevertheless, it is to this versatility of subject—this olio of philosophical and theological opinions—that the book will owe the readers it obtains; for no one can deny that it contains a vast hoard of recondite and curious matter. It reads in brief, like the emptying of a note-book kept for many years by a person studious on these questions, and who inserted whatever he met with that had reference to them without regard to classification or context. And, though this is in some degree obviated in the present volume, the arrangement

is sufficiently incongruous and bizarre. It is a singular feature of the work that, in discussing these mysteries, incomprehensible to finite querists, upon the greatest of all, *Futurity*, the boldest assertions, the most astounding descriptions, are brought together. "Man after death"—we do not allude to the chapter so headed, but to the speculative, and, as it often seems to us, profane and familiar attempts to elucidate his *condition*—the "*business of the Saints*," the *re-union of the soul and body*, &c.—appears to us rather beyond the scope of human ratiocination, and as well left to His unfolding, who has hidden from our understandings the things that belong to Himself. As a collection of very singular annotations on mysterious texts, and theological opinions the volume has interest.

THE SQUIRE: a Biographical Sketch.—(*Brighton: Robert Folkhorpe, 173, North-street, and all booksellers.*)—There is an air of truth in the characters depicted, and the incidents treated of, by the wisely anonymous author of this volume, which confirms the assurance on the title-page. But biographical sketches, to be of value to the general reader, should have a wider interest than the domestic history of a worthy squire of the good old Tory times, whose home-circle consists of his two maiden daughters, the rector, doctor, and curate of the parish, and whose farthest transits vary between Brighton and London. Here and there, however, we meet with glimpses of society and peeps at fashionable life as it existed fifty years ago, which are even now curious, and fifty years hence will have an absolute antiquarian value. In those bygone days, Bond-street and St. James's-street were the favourite haunts of the pedestrian exquisite—or, as they were termed in the coarser phrase of the day, Bond-street bucks. Here, from half-past two till half-past four, during the London season, the uninitiated might look at and envy the unapproachable perfection of the Brummel cravat. Here Pea-green H—s, and the handsome guardsman Delmé Ratcliffe, Prince Lascelles, and other fashionables and beauty-men disported their nether limbs in top-bots and Hessians. Sir Thomas Stepney alone, we are told, was sufficiently independent "to dress his legs in blue-striped silk stockings."

Then there was Sir Harry Peyton, in blue coat and metal buttons, and top-boots, driving his four greys, and Buxton, an admirable whip; and old withered white-hat Q—in his *vis-à-vis*; and lastly Romeo Coates, in a curriole formed according to the pattern of a large shell, and painted with various devices. Romeo Coates, a particularly ugly man, whose figure was nothing but a collection of

sharp angles, had played as an amateur the part of *Romeo* at Covent Garden till he had been laughed off the stage, and now enacted another ludicrous part in his curriole in Hyde Park.

In those days there was but one tailor in London (Stultz), but one boot-maker (Hoby); but our author believes there were two hatmakers, and is certain there was but one haircutter—just opposite the upper end of the Burlington Arcade—who received half-a-guinea for turning out a gentleman with a fashionable crop—we believe the *Brutus* was just then the mode. Our author introduces us to the only four clubs (all in St. James's-street) which then existed; and at that period there were but two coffee-rooms, in which sanded floors had subsided into carpets.

The inns where travellers stopped at that time, were the Saracen's Head on Snow-hill, the White-horse in Fetter-lane, and the Golden Cross Charing Cross—very unpleasant places for a night's lodging in a winter's night, as your bed-room opened upon an open-railed wooden outside gallery, overhanging the court-yard where coaches were loaded and unloaded.

The whole of the twenty-second chapter is filled with amusing matter, and the opinions and arguments introduced in the course of the sketch, in spite of the crude style, renders the volume in many parts amusing. The contrasts presented in manners, and ways of thinking, from those prevailing in the present day, exhibit an advance almost as remarkable as the progress of science and sociology. We can conscientiously recommend the "Squire" as an agreeable companion for a wet afternoon.

THE OYSTER: WHERE, HOW, AND WHEN TO FIND, BREED, COOK, AND EAT IT. (London: Trübner and Co., Paternoster Row.)—The author of this little volume exhibits that intimate knowledge of his subject which is a chief virtue in a biographer, whether men or mollusks are in question. He dilates with real *gusto* on the gastronomical excellence of the self-contained and self-sufficing bi-valve; and opens up its natural, classical, and commercial history with a fluent chattiness the result of considerable observation and reading. We are reminded that the oyster—the "real native"—had a reputation long prior to the Conquest. The Romans, who were an oyster-eating race, were not slow in discovering the superior quality of the Richborough and Reculver oysters to those of Baia and the Lucrine Sea. From those localities they imported the famed Rutupians eulogised by Juvenal, and which, Macrobius tells us, were never absent from the Pontifical table (a not altogether miraculous exercise of piscivorous judgment on the part of the successors of St. Peter.) The chapter which deals with the statistics of the oyster-fisheries contains much interesting information. Whitstable, Milton, Queenborough, Rochester, and Faversham (in

Kent), are chiefly supported by these popular shell-fish, whose long-established superiority gives them a pre-eminence in the market. The Milton oysters are considered the best; and next to them rank the Colchester oyster (for Essex is also famed for oyster-beds). But we remark, *en passant*, that Colchester oysters are so called from being bred on the river Coln, which passes through the town where Helena, the mother of Constantine, was born (the ancient *Colonia* of the Romans); and whence she doubtless carried to imperial Rome the fame of the *Colonia* oysters. Oysters have been legislated for, and are protected by law at certain seasons. In the Channel Islands the fleet of dredging-boats are conveyed by a steam-tender, bearing Her Majesty's pennant, which rigidly oversees that the fishers do not poach upon the French oyster-beds on the coast of Brittany. The Jersey oyster-fishery employs about 3,000 persons in the season (men, women, and children), and 250 boats. Housewives who desire to serve the oyster in the best taste at their tables, will find a chapter devoted to the cooking of this delicate shell-fish; and many hints are given of its restorative qualities. According to our author, persons,

when suffering from almost incurable indigestion, by eating oysters daily, very soon find the most agreeable effects in the human kitchen and laboratory: its functions become regular without the use of strong medicines—always dangerous. Depression of spirits, and other disagreeable feelings consequent on impaired digestion, soon cease to affect them; they become cheerful and happy, and are enabled again to see clearly through the misty atmosphere which has hitherto enclosed them in a kind of living shroud.

Again:

Physicians of old recommended the oyster as a general remedy, and employed it on all occasions with success. It has been proved beyond dispute that it possesses a remarkable vivifying influence in all cases where the nervous organs are affected, more than any other food.

In pulmonary complaints, indigestion, and nervous diseases, oysters taken before mid-day, with a glass of wine, are asserted to produce most salutary effects. They are also recommended to persons suffering from gout; and the author cites a case under his own knowledge of an aged person suffering from influenza, who was entirely cured by eating oysters. In brief, it is impossible in the scope of our brief notice, to point out half the value of the oyster as set forth in these pages. We recommend our readers forthwith to procure the work, and consult the information for themselves. In describing the "treasure of the oyster," the pearl, and the *nacre*, our author quotes old Dampier, "the sailor with a poet's mind," who tells us the inside of the shell is more glorious even than the pearl itself.

It is glorious [continues our author]; it has the look of the morning, and the tint of the evening

sky; the colours of the prism, chastened, softened, retained, and made perpetual in it, this is mother-of-pearl.

In this chapter the author has crowded considerable information from Sir Emerson Tennent and other reliable authorities on the pearl fishing at Ceylon, which is a monopoly of the British Government, and, like many other Government monopolies, costs more than it produces.

PERIODICALS.

ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL. (*London: 19, Langham Place, Regent Street; Kent and Co., Paternoster Row.*)—The March number of our contemporary has our hearty praise: it is an excellent one. The opening paper, on "Emigration for Educated Women," deserves—nay, demands—the serious attention of many hundreds of our countrywomen, who, in the plan now organizing by the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, have a new field opened for the remunerative exercise of their educational and housewifely skill; which promises, if taken up in a proper spirit, to afford that relief to the self-dependent class of Englishwomen above the rank of domestic service, who are so much required in New South Wales, and such a dead weight at home. It is mere folly to say that women whose talents are inadequate to their self-support in the old country would prove useless in the Colonies. Here the market for remunerative woman's work is overstocked; there the demand for it, as families and colonists increase, is always growing. Here, too, that dreadful chain of *caste* is always encumbering and fettering an educated woman's efforts. Such,

and such things only, may she do to save herself from starvation, and at the same time conserve the social status in which she has been bred; but in a new country these obstructions to the real bent of one's talents and capabilities (for many an educated woman, with domestic tastes and an active disposition, would make a far better housekeeper or family help than a governess), fall away, and she finds herself free to enter upon duties for which she is best adapted and which will repay the best. Two adopted papers follow—a memoir of "Bianca Milesi Mojon," from an American magazine; and an account of "Gheel, a Lunatic Village in Belgium," of which M. Jules Duval has given so interesting an account, and from whose work the editor has condensed this very curious account. "Fruits in their Season" reads pleasantly as ever, and so does a paper entitled "A Visit to Handa." The remainder of the contents are on matters specially connected with the purpose of the journal.

THE TOWN OF TOYS. By Sarah Wood. (*London: Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster Row.*)—This pretty story, which appeals to the natural and best aspirations of young hearts, forms the second part of the second volume of "Magnet Stories," a series of juvenile tales, which do infinite credit to both authors and publisher. Home-affections, the love of occupation, invention, and the final crown of success which awaits the little German boy, Franz, are the pleasant materials wherewith Miss Wood has woven her interesting narrative, which we know will find ready appreciation on the part of thousands of little readers; and, we may add, on that of children of a larger growth also, judging from the pleasure with which we have from time to time perused the series.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

There is not much to record as regards novelties, in the theatrical account of the past month. The Christmas pieces, after a long run, have been "shelved," and preparation has been everywhere made for the glories of Easter Monday. At

THE ADELPHI

there has been no change in the bills, and crowded houses have attested nightly the curious popularity of the "Colleen Bawn." At

THE HAYMARKET,

"She Stoops to Conquer" was presented at the beginning of the month, and we were much

pleased with the acting of the company altogether therein. Miss Fanny Stirling, who played *Miss Hardcastle*, portrayed the character with natural ease and pretty vivacity, that fully merited the applause they evoked. A new comedy, called "A Duke in Difficulties," has also been produced, and appears to have been chiefly marked by the acting of Mrs. and Miss Stirling, who played the parts of mother and daughter. The plot seems in the opinion of all to be cumbrous, and the dialogue flat. The gist of the story is the assumption by a company of actors of the posts and dignities of a German Ducal Court, the ministers of which have all resigned office, leaving their sovereign in the

dilemma, until provided with mimic dignitaries in the shape of the players. At

DRURY LANE,

Mr. and Mrs. Kean have been replaced by Mr. and Mrs. C. Mathews. Mr. Kean took his benefit on the 28th of February, on which occasion he played *Richard III.* with a fire and energy which evoked thunders of applause from a thickly-crowded house. He made a short speech at the conclusion, mentioning that he had accepted an engagement for a limited number of nights next winter at Drury Lane, and on his retiring was greeted with a perfect ovation, the whole pit rising and waving their hats. The Drama of "*The Savannah*" has been produced here, Mr. and Mrs. C. Mathews supporting the principal parts. It is a melodrama full of striking situations and scenic effects. The plot turns on the adventures of a young Englishman, *Will Wandel* (Mr. C. Mathews) in recovering the inheritance of a Spanish girl, *Rita Fuelle* (Mrs. C. Mathews), whom he ultimately marries. If, however, the first act has not been revised since we witnessed the performance, we would strenuously advise judicious "cutting." We next must glance at

THE PRINCESS'S,

where Mr. Fechter appeared for the first time as *Hamlet*, on the 20th of February. His performance was a fine one, and evinced a careful study of the play. His pronunciation of English is, with the exception of a few words, wonderfully good. His best scenes were those with

Polonius, with *Rosencrantz*, and *Guildestern*, and his soliloquy:—

"Why, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!" &c.

His worst scene, in our opinion, was that with *Ophelia*, who was touchingly rendered by Miss Heath. The scenery, dresses, and stage business were good. Taking a look at the little, but fascinating

STRAND,

we see the comedy of "*Court Favour*" has been playing, the principal part being taken by Miss Marie Wilton, with a lady-like ease and grace that much adorn the character. The farce, entitled "*Hit Him, he has no Friends*," which on some nights preceded it, was valuable in one sense—namely, as a foil to set-off the comedy, for a more clumsily written and stupid production in the shape of farce it was never our lot to see. At

THE OLYMPIC,

the staple *piece de resistance* has been a play called "*The Chimney Corner*," by Mr. Craven, affording scope to Mr. Robson's peculiar style of acting. It has met with merited approbation, and is well written and put on the stage. Here we must bring our present article to a conclusion, though we shall have even too great a profusion of new entertainments to record in our next. We trust that all our readers are play-goers; and, acting upon the hope, we shall invariably endeavour to present them with as large a choice of amusement as we can, albeit venturing to point out what is most worthy of attention. But it is time, for the present, to conclude our remarks, bearing in mind "*Quicquid præcipies esto brevis*." W. R.

VOCAL ASSOCIATION,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

This society has established a well-earned popularity, and may now fairly be considered one of the best-drilled and most efficient of our many metropolitan choirs. Its fifth season has just opened, and the first subscription concert of the series took place under the most favourable circumstances—judging from the appearance of the beautiful hall, which was filled with a fashionable and discriminating audience. The programme was excellent, and included two chorales by Luther, harmonized by J. Sebastian Bach, which were carefully executed by the choir. The appearance of the Quintet Union was a marked feature of the entertainment; and, although the performance of these artists was admirable, and Onslow a composer whose works

are too little regarded, and whom one is delighted to listen to at a chamber concert, the quintet was not on the whole appreciated, and indeed was scarcely suited to the taste of a large and mixed audience. The solo singers were Miss Banks, and Madame Laura Baxter, both of whom won deserved applause. Nothing could be more delightful than the characteristic and sparkling song, with chorus for female voices (from Benedict's "*Undine*"), "*Mark the waves that rippling play*," and Miss Banks's clear warbling of it produced a spontaneous encore. Madame Laura Baxter afterwards merited the same compliment in the talented conductor's popular song from the "*Bride of Venice*" ("*By the sad Sea Waves*"), which was perfected by the com-

poser's personal accompaniment. Of Miss Goddard's performance it is unnecessary to speak: her skilful manipulation and wonderful mastery of the resources of her instrument always command the admiration of her audience. Of the part songs—of which, by the way, there were fewer than usual—the gems of the evening

were Benedict's charming cradle-song, "Sweet repose is reigning now," Francisco Berger's "Lovely Night," and Bishop's "Where art thou, beam of light?" The next of these delightful concerts will take place on the evening of April the 3rd.

HORTICULTURAL GARDENS,

SOUTH KENSINGTON.

South Kensington, already popular as the site of the valuable and interesting collections known as the South Kensington Museum, will shortly offer to the public another attractive feature, in the new gardens of the Horticultural Society, which it is intended to open early in June. The ground they occupy is a space of some twenty acres in extent, quadrilateral in figure, and, with a natural incline of thirty feet, which allows of an ample fall for the water, of which considerable use will be made, a lakelet, fountains, and canals being in course of preparation. This incline in the formation of the ground, also permits of a succession of slopes and easy flights of steps, and terraces, already so far advanced, that, having availed ourselves of the courteous invitation of the Council to the fellows of the Society and their friends, we are in a position to give our readers a few of the details of the general design.

The entrance, not more than one hundred yards' distant from the South Kensington Museum (when finished) will be through an oblong hall or vestibule, lighted from above, and ornamented with pilasters and mirrors; from this a corridor leads to the garden by a flight of steps, which meets the centre walk of the garden, to be hereafter ornamented with statues. On either side of the enclosure—east, west, north, and south—extends a continuous arcade, the monotony of which is wisely broken at intervals by various designs at different elevations, from the several schools of Italian architecture. But the most striking feature will be the Grand Conservatory (two-hundred-and-fifty feet long), and to which the beautiful colonnade of Ionic pillars on either hand, will look like additional wings. As it is intended to give visitors the advantages of a winter garden, this colonnade will at all seasons afford a sheltered promenade, while on thero of a balustraded balcony, at an elevation of some fifty feet above the lowest level of the grounds, will admit of a delightful view of the whole.

It is intended, we hear, to continue this ele-

vated promenade at some future time, when the funds of the society will admit of it, on two sides of the garden; leaving the south arcade, which is exceedingly beautiful in its design, free from all excrescences on its light and graceful architecture.

Byzantine in style, with arches subdivided by slender shafts of terra cotta, with spiral mouldings, and flower-wreaths, and other ornaments of the richest and most elegant designs—even in its present unfinished state, this portion of the arcade delights the spectator by the exquisite lightness of its proportions and the beauty of its ornamentation.

The covered way is broken at intervals by alcoves and recesses, in which fountains, statuary, and flowers will be placed, while others will serve as orchestras on *Fête* days, and the whole will afford pleasant shade from the sun, and shelter from the rain; nothing like it is at present to be found in any of our public gardens. On the raised terrace, opposite the great Conservatory, a group in bronze commemorative of the Exhibition of 1851, (in process of execution by Mr. Denham), will be placed; and below this, will extend the sheet of water, or lakelet, we before mentioned, to be supplied by an artesian well at the rate of forty gallons of water per minute; besides this, there will be basins for Nymphæa and other aquatic plants. Already groups of exquisite Deodars and other trees, grouped here and there, give beauty and diversity to the ground, which (as we have said) is broken by banks of turf, and terraces of flowers, and shallow flights of steps and statuary—all intersected by canals, through which a continuous stream is kept up by means of a double-action pump. One curious feature of the garden is the introduction of beds of coloured clay, gravel, slate, and Derbyshire spar, delineated in quaint patterns, with edgings of box, and intended to supply colour when the brighter flowers shall have passed away.

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Exhibitions; an enclosure devoted to American plants; an aviary is projected; and a maze of hornbeam and holly, after the fashion of Hampton Court, about a quarter of an acre in extent.

Added to these attractions for general visitors,

we hear that the refreshment department promises ample provision—an essential addition to an attractive place of information and amusement—such as the South Kensington Horticultural Gardens promise to become.

THE TOILET.

(Especially from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—Walking dress of light green silk, ornamented with plaitings about four inches deep, between rows of black lace. Body high and round. Sleeves open, half large, trimmed like the skirt. Lace epaulets, and Duchess bow of lace at the waist. Long Indian cashmere shawl. Mauve crape bonnet, trimmed with feathers and black lace.

SECOND FIGURE.—Silk robe of a checked pattern, claret and black. Body square in front, *à la Raphaël*. Sleeve half-wide, slit up underneath. The whole bordered with black velvet.

Long jacket of pearl-gray woollen poplin, trimmed with a plaiting of claret ribbon; and finished with pockets, and lappels on the body. Muslin chemisette and under-sleeves. Bonnet of white spotted blonde tulle, and claret silk. On the right, a tuft of flowers of the same colour. Inside the front, a tuft of similar flowers with loops of black velvet. White blond down the cheeks. Parasol of claret velvet.

Spring-time and autumn are the seasons most favourable for the shawl. It is therefore impossible to overlook it in my present letter; for of all vestments the shawl is the most aristocratic. Only there is an art in wearing it which all women do not possess. N'importe, so that it is attached at the throat and falls lightly over the shoulders. It comports at this season with every kind of dress.

For simple walking-dress, black silk and alpaca robes are much in vogue. The skirts are frequently trimmed with narrow flounces, graduated and varying in number from a dozen to fourteen. Others are only trimmed with little flounces placed *en tablier* in front. *Cor-sages* remain high and buttoned, and are worn either round or pointed, though this latter

style is generally reserved for grand toilets, or evening-dress. Sleeves vary much in form and fashion, and yet there is nothing absolutely new: what were worn last month are worn this. The principal fabrics are French moires (plain or striped), moire antique, *taffetas gros grain*, or sprinkled with bouquets, with plain and fancy silks. These latter offer an extreme variety.

Bonnets remain a mixture of shades and materials, and in general are very varied in their ornaments. For instance: one model is of white tulle-blond spotted with black, the bavolet and the front of plain mauve velvet. On the side of the bonnet, a bouquet of mauve feathers, fringed with white; in the interior a bandeau of mauve velvet flowers, with *brides* of mauve velvet. Another is of mingled white velvet *épinglé*, and plain velvet rose *Trianon*, ornamented at the side with a bouquet of roses de *Trianon*. Bonnets for the theatre or concert-room are generally of crape or lace; sometimes of crape and silk, ornamented with flowers or plumes.

Flat ornaments of *passementerie* were never so beautiful and varied. Buttons—oval and round and lozenge-shaped—are all in favour. Lace is greatly worn, and fancy buttons in silk and velvet are frequently surrounded with it. Quilted bonnets, I should have told you, are still in favour. In some of the gored dresses, where each separate breadth of a plain skirt is gored, one edge of each breadth is trimmed and made to lay over the next: it is a pretty style in some materials, but few persons like to waste the material and prevent all future alterations by turnings upside down—at least, few persons with whom economy is a consideration.

PASSING EVENTS RE-EDITED.

Once more the great bell of St. Paul's has pealed its solemn burden above the city, in token that another august head has put off royalty, and succumbed to the common lot of mankind. Full of years and honours, the Duchess of Kent has passed away, leaving a debt of gratitude in a loyal nation's heart, to be repaid through many years we trust in faith and devotion to her sovereign daughter. She, whose name sounds like a trumpet in her people's ears, an augury, and let us be thankful as yet the seal of victory. It is the fate of children to see their parents pass out of life before them; but those who have suffered the irrevocable severance, know how bitter, under any circumstances, is that final parting—how large a share of our own life seems taken from us—and what a blank remains that on this side of existence can never be filled up again! It is the sympathy with this common grief, joined to the knowledge of how large a share the wise and careful training and womanly counsels of her illustrious mother have had in forming the character of our revered Queen, that in this hour of her first great trial, places a people in mourning, and moves then, as with one heart, to condole with her. Outside the precincts of the palace, in many ways the event is felt as a calamity. A season of mourning puts a present stop to all the promised gaieties of the London season, which it will necessarily shorten, and upon which, the well-doing of so many tradesmen and artisans depend.

Coventry, too, where the distress has been alleviated by subscriptions exceeding a million sterling, and whose trade in commercial parlance gave signs of looking-up as the demand for ribbons progressed, must again be brought to a temporary stand-still. Let us hope, however, that the same resolution to assist this branch of manufacture, which has rendered the Rib-

bon Balls a success, will induce our fair and zealously charitable countrywomen to return to that prettiest of all spring fashions the simple straw-bonnet, trimmed with lilac, primrose and other light shades of ribbon, which, to maintain their freshness and delicacy, frequently require renewal. We are reminded by a lady correspondent that, by this means, employment might be given to another suffering class of workers—the straw-plaiters.

Amongst other novelties and improvements in the metropolis, we notice the formation of a London-book Union, which will be to literature what the Art Unions have been to art, diffusing the love of its possession among classes hitherto satisfied to depend on book societies, and lending libraries, without a hope of possessing one of their own. By this scheme working-men will be enabled to pay their subscription in twenty-one instalments; and, as the association will be under dependable literary auspices, the class of works will be of a superior order, and conduce to an improved taste amongst a wide and increasing class of readers. The past month has witnessed the introduction of street railways in London, the first experiment in which took place on Saturday the 23rd ult. with success. The cars commenced running from the Marble Arch, in the direction of Bayswater, from 10 o'clock A.M., and continued to run every ten minutes throughout the day. The concourse of spectators was immense, and the greatest interest was exhibited in the undertaking. The projector (Mr. Charles Francis Train), with true American hospitality, inaugurated the proceedings by a turtle-lunch at the St. James's Hall, to which invitations were liberally dispensed. It is, however, a question, whether such a mode of locomotion can be safely introduced into the comparatively narrow and overcrowded thoroughfares of London. C. A. W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POETRY accepted with thanks: From A. A. F., "Sunlight upon Snow;" "Thy Dying Girl." We are becoming nervous at the repetition of this subject.

Declined with thanks: "To the Snowdrop." The poetical conceptions of our correspondent are at present in too rudimentary a condition to be available in our pages.

"The Sick Child."—The author is thanked for the offer of these verses, which exhibit poetical feeling, but are not sufficiently finished for our acceptance.

"The Curse Removed."—Will our esteemed correspondent kindly exchange this poem? We do not admire the subject.

FASHION.—Subscribers to the *Ladies' Companion* and *La Belle Assemblée*, are informed that the non-appearance of the coloured fashion-plate

on two occasions since Christmas is solely due to the late gales in the Channel, which have prevented the arrival of our Paris parcel till after the publication of the magazines. Subscribers who desire them may have the plates for January and March on application to Mr. Alger, 246, Strand.

CORRESPONDENTS are informed that we can in no case undertake to return MS. unless stamps are forwarded for the purpose. We must also, as a rule, refer them to this column for answers to their inquiries. Our correspondence, averaging fifty letters per month, makes it impossible that we should personally reply.

PROSE accepted: "The Broken Fuchsia." *Merrivale.*—We cannot use the articles sent, till we have our correspondent's answer.

RUTSON MORLEY.

BY JAMES B. STEPHENS.

CHAP. VIII.

It seemed well that I had taken my measures so promptly; for on the same evening on which I had had the interview with M. Mounier, just related, I received a second note from M. Biot, requesting me to call on him in the course of the following afternoon. I did so, and, trembling like a guilty traitor, was ushered into his presence by my former friend of the poignard. Though I still cowered before him with the unconquerable feeling of being suspected, I felt, notwithstanding, that much of the mysterious influence that had formerly made his presence to me so august and imposing, had vanished before the revelation of M. Mounier—that the arch-schemer himself was a suspected man, and that the toils were secretly, but surely, weaving around him. I felt a mingling of pity, too, when he received me with evidently unsuspecting cordiality, as I looked at his noble and gentlemanly bearing, and thought how well he was fitted to represent authority, instead of to undermine it by means that could only lead to death or exile.

"I have kept you waiting longer than I thought would have been necessary," said M. Biot, after we had interchanged a few irrelevant sentiments. "Several unforeseen circumstances have prevented some of our *compères* and myself from acting in concert till within these few days. Now that all is settled we must lose no further time. You will set out to-morrow."

"It will depend, of course, considerably on the consent of the gentleman in whose family I am residing. How long shall I require to be absent?"

"If you start to-morrow morning, you will be in London the same evening. You will require a little time next day (Wednesday) to get your passport, which will throw you too late for the express train; so that, for convenience' sake, you might wait till Thursday, and be here on that evening. You may detach yourself from Cassiano as soon as you arrive in Paris, and go straight to your present home; so that altogether you will require no more than a three

days' leave. You are aware the thing must be carried through, whether your employer's consent be given or not; though of course it will be better to have all things peaceably arranged, in case of any awkward interruption. Your situation is a matter of small importance when you consider the reward that is awaiting your success in this."

"How shall I find out Cassiano?"

"He will meet you at Temple Bar on Wednesday morning, at nine o'clock precisely. I have sent him a minute description of your person. He will know you, and will address you by name. By the way, I see you have adopted a moustache since I last saw you; but, as that was not an item in my description, you will do well to leave it behind you."

I was glad to conclude, from the detailed manner in which he entered into the subject, that he had no suspicion of my defection from the cause. He next reiterated his former directions regarding the management of the passports, and concluded by informing me, in his usual cool manner, that he would have some one waiting at the station, to ascertain whether or not I did set out as agreed; and that my not doing so would be taken by him as a sign of treachery, which he would be compelled to act upon at once. As he bade me farewell, he put a purse in my hand; which, I judged from the weight, contained much more than was necessary to defray the expenses of the journey. I refused, however, to take a single superfluous franc; and, having pretty well calculated beforehand what I would require, I took out the sum I had fixed upon, and laid the purse with the rest on the table. He would have been pleased to see me make myself still more his creature by receiving his guilty gold. As it was, I left him frowning.

I found it an easy matter to obtain a three days' leave of absence from the generous-hearted Mr. Delby. Though I did not even state the nature of the "necessary business in London" which I pleaded, he, with his usual kindness, was only solicitous lest I should be inconveniencing myself by limiting my absence

to so short a time. How little did he know that I felt his kindness like coals of fire heaped upon my head!

Why should I linger on the long and wearisome journey of the next day? Under other circumstances how my heart would have bounded with wild delight as the iron distance that hid me from the view of my native land glided away beneath me! As it was, I tried to bury my thoughts in the oblivion of sleep; but in vain. Even when now and again the senses were gradually yielding to the drowsy influence, my half-waking dreams assumed forms so much more terrible than the reality of my position, that a sudden start would send me back again to my own dreary consciousness. I changed carriages several times, the small-talk of my fellow-travellers so irritated me; but wherever I went, I found myself a black shadow in the midst of laughing, sandwich-eating annoyances.

Boulogne again! Not so lightsome, certainly, as before; but still cheerful down about the beach. A steamer in waiting, speaking the English language! How nice it would have been but for the contents of the last six chapters! A franc to a Commissaire to run and fetch me a "permission of embarkation." Said permission delivered, I enter, just as the gangway is being pulled ashore; and we are again in motion. Customary number of contributors to the unrejecting deep clinging to leeward. Customary number also of those who, after having contributed their all, do, nevertheless, continue to go through the form, with much pain to themselves.

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The white cliffs once more! Some are around me who have not seen them for years, and whose eyes are full of tears of joy. Can I weep no welcome at the sight of them?

I am again in my own land. The honest manhood and the kindly womanhood of England are speaking all around me. Everything seems so happy, so solid, so truthful! Can I not throw off the feelings that make me a stranger among my own people, and drag me ever into the prison of my own unhappy self? Alas, no. How horrible to think that, even in my own happy home, my presence would be as a shadow and a blight! Once in the crooked path, where is the exit?

I am in London; and within all its wide circuit there is no one who shrinks more cowering than myself from the face of man. The safest refuge is sleep: and yet the inexorable dawn *will* break, and the light *will* stream in, and rouse me to the strange and awful duty before me of decoying a miscreant into the path of doom.

At nine o'clock I was standing at Temple Bar, an unnoticed item among the thousands that were sweeping this way and that; each one bearing his own story along with him: surely none

more strange than my own. Unnoticed, save by one. All happened as M. Biot had said.

Antonio Cassiano (I believe this was not his real name; but no matter!) had nothing about his appearance which would have suggested his nation. Though his hair was dark as jet, and his eyes no less so, his complexion was unusually fair for an Italian. His features seemed to have been formed on some eclectic principle, as they belonged to no class in particular. Had I known him to be of gentle birth, I might have found some indication of nobility in the delicate curve of the open nostril. Had I known him to be ignobly born, and grossly bred, I could easily have traced a brutal sensuality in the protruding upper lip. It was a face that might indicate anything or nothing. It threw no light on the subject in question, having in it no evident regard to conspiracy. The usual typical face of the Italian brigand would have been in consistent sequence with all I had heard regarding him. Such as it was, the face struck me as a gross incongruity. Cassiano was a man of middle size; of a slight, but firmly-knit frame; exhibiting in every motion a cat-like lithelessness of limb. I guessed him to be somewhat upwards of thirty years of age.

Very few words passed between us. He addressed me by name, and I replied by likewise naming him. He then asked in English when I intended to start for Paris, and, on being informed, begged to know if M. Biot had given me any money for him. He seemed angrily disappointed when I assured him that I had nothing for him beyond the sum requisite for his travelling expenses, which sum I told him I intended to keep in my own charge. This last clause elicited a fresh scowl. I then asked him if he had made all his preparations for leaving; to which he replied, with a coarse laugh, that he had no preparations to make, but if I would lend him a sovereign, he thought he could manage to discover a few wants. I did so, and read at once in the look with which he regarded the money, that the whole soul of the fool was a thing of hire.

"Do you require anything further of me to-day?" he asked, when I had returned my purse to my pocket.

"Nothing further. Can I depend on your being punctual to-morrow?"

"Ha, ha, ha! I should think so, when a mint of money depends on it!"

"Well," said I, "you will come first of all to the — Hotel, and I will give you a small portmanteau of mine to carry. You know the part you are to play, and you had better assume it at the very outset."

"All right, sir. Good morning, sir!" And, touching his hat, in the true valet style, by way of rehearsal, Cassiano disappeared into theathomless depths of London.

I obtained my passport easily enough, and found myself with an aimless day before me. For a while I walked the streets, a prey to my own thoughts, which were hourly growing darker. All at once a terrible suspicion shot,

like a poisoned arrow, through my brain. No; this was too terrible to think! I would not think at all! I was reeling like a drunken man, and would have fallen (I cannot help the well-known proximity of the sublime to the ridiculous) but for the strong and timely arm of X 17. However, the functionary thus labelled had none of the "insolence of office," and, at once believing my statement that my present condition was the result of anxiety, he kindly assisted me to a cab. The Polytechnic was the only place that suggested itself to my mind, and thither I was driven. The effect was a success; so I spent the day in uninterrupted sight-seeing, winding it up with "Othello" and "Buried Alive."

Next day, at two p. m., Cassiano and I arrived at Boulogne. I followed M. Biot's instructions to the letter, and in an hour we were on our way to Paris, our passport describing us as master and servant.

The night was very dark when we arrived in Paris; but the streets shone with their accustomed brightness and their exhaustless gaiety. When we got to the Boulevards, I spoke to Cassiano for the first time since we had left Boulogne. I asked him if he intended to go at once to M. Biot's.

"I would prefer, first of all," replied he, "to go to the Hôtel —, to secure a room for the night. M. Biot directed me to go to that hotel. I believe it is in the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal."

"It is. Do you know the way?"

"No."

"Then I will go with you so far."

And so we proceeded, each wrapt in his own meditations; I doubting within myself what course to pursue next; he, probably, gilding his expectations with a brighter and brighter hue, as he believed himself approaching the promised reward.

We were just turning into the Rue Richelieu, when we were met by four or five flaunting denizens of Rougedom, who stepped slightly aside to allow us room to pass. We were only a few steps beyond them, when one, detaching herself from the rest, brushed hastily past us, and, taking her stand by a lamp-post a little way on, turned towards us, and waited till we had so far advanced that the light fell full on our faces. She then, to my extreme astonishment, burst into a wild laugh, which continued till we were close upon her, when she pointed her finger at Cassiano, exclaiming, in Italian:

"Guiseppe, my brave lad, is your head still on your shoulders?"

Cassiano suddenly dropping my portmanteau, turned fiercely round, and I saw under the light that he was deadly pale. He caught the woman rudely by the arm, and, dragging her into the middle of the street beyond my hearing, talked with her for several minutes, during which she remained perfectly silent, only exclaiming, as he turned away from her, loud enough to be heard by me:

"Well, then, in two hours exactly."

When he returned to me he apologised for having kept me waiting, saying that the lady he had just left was a countrywoman of his own and an old friend. "She has an odd way with her," he said, picking up the portmanteau, and trying to laugh, by way of lessening the significance of her salutation to mere eccentricity.

I said nothing in reply; but saw him to the door of his hotel, and then, having relieved him of his burden, parted with him, desiring him to say to M. Biot, on my part, that I would wait further instructions before calling on him. With a weary heart I turned from him, and bent my steps towards the house of my generous employer.

M. Biot had promised to place Stephanie under my charge as soon as Cassiano should have arrived in Paris; but in consideration of the counter-workings of the police, as revealed by M. Mounier, I had made up my mind, on the way between Boulogne and Paris, not to press my claim, but to abstain as much as possible from any communication with M. Biot, believing that Stephanie was safe under the plighted guardianship of M. Mounier, and that it would be better to receive her on her own true footing, and of her own free accord, when she came forth unscathed from the trial that was awaiting her.

I had reached the Rue de Rivoli, and was under its piazzas, when I felt an arm slip lightly under my own. I looked down and saw the same wild creature that we had left a few minutes before in the Rue Richelieu. Beautiful as she was, I tried in disgust to shake her off; but she clung to me firmly. As I looked at her, I saw in her eyes what was either the light of madness, or the inspiration of a better spirit, and I felt as if I could not but listen to her.

"The Signore may thrust me away," she said, in her own beautiful tongue, "but he does not know how much he stands in need of a friend at this moment. I will be that friend. I am to see Guiseppe to-night again. He has only told me a little; but in a few hours I shall know all. I will be on the front steps of the Madeleine to-morrow night at eight. I shall wait a whole hour for the signore; but if he does not come, I will think that he does not believe me, and I will let him die."

She looked up in my face, and then, as she bounded from me, I caught another glimpse of that mysterious light in her strangely beautiful eyes. The next moment she was lost in shadow, and again I was alone. Fatigued and encumbered as I was, I felt that it would be a vain thing to follow her.

What was all this to end in? Had I not yet reached "the very sea-mark of my utmost sail?" Had I become so worthless that the very refuse of society could weigh the question of my life, and lay me under obligation? Could not a shout—a single shout—bring all Paris around me, to take the burden of my secret, and turn its oppressive darkness into the blaze of day? Ah, Stephanie! my beautiful, my own! If, during these few days, thine image has slum-

bered, it is not because the thought of thee was less dear to me, but because I had need to be strong for thy sake! But for thee, and the fear of harming one hair of thy dear head, how easily could I break these fetters, and startle the open streets with the terrible truth—ay, even if I should die for it! A little longer, and surely the danger will be past.

In a few moments I was once more a member of the kind and worthy family, whose confidence and generosity I was treating so lightly. Mr. Delby hailed my return as if it had been an era in the family history. My irrepressible melancholy was attributed to fatigue. Christian charity threw a gloss over all my unworthiness, and covered a multitude of sins—the covering, however, only adding to their oppressiveness.

CHAP. IX.

I was hovering round the Madeleine long before the appointed time. I was somehow convinced that the worst had come; and the perpetual balancing in my mind of many possible evils was more terrible to bear than the reality of any one of them. I was therefore impatient to front the utmost issue in some definite shape. Philosophy is powerless against suspense. Until it be found where the wound is, the healing balsam has merely a potential virtue.

I was glad to see that some special service was being performed in the church. Anxious to find some method of "killing the time," and yet to be near the place of rendezvous, I entered, and mingled with the worshippers. At such a moment how strongly I felt the allurements, so tempting to frail humanity, of that splendid, world-adapted ceremonial! Exciting and yet narcotic, soul-stirring and yet soul-soothing, how easy to resign oneself to the potent influence, and, amid the breath of incense and the gush of music, to lapse into a sensuous beatitude! How delightful to think that, though my iniquities were crying out for judgment, this great peal of harmony was filling the ear of the Almighty—that I was hid even by the very glare of many dazzling lights from the eye that cannot look upon sin—that above my corruption hung the cloudy fragrance, a sweet-smelling savour to God, and thus, sin-oblivious, self-oblivious, find rest for my soul under the wing of a universal mother church! How enticing a great organization—a mighty and visible whole! What a load of uncomfortable individual accountability flies off to the winds when we cast the care of our souls on an all-protecting system, and sink them in an all-responsible unity! What are petty doctrinal wranglings compared with this? Is not this the visible representation of the glory of God to the world that walks, and *must* walk by sight?

A priest approached me with something like a smoking-cap in his hand, open to receive the contributions of the worshippers. As he chinked

the money to attract attention, lest the praying devotees should be so wrapt in spirit as to forget that this was only the world after all, the sound sent such a rush of real history through my mind as swept me at once from my new heaven, and fortunately stranded me safe on the old earth just as the clock was indicating eight.

Paying little heed to the generous obtrusion of a brush dipped in holy-water, which the faithful were expected to touch, I passed out into the air, and stood on the broad flight of steps, looking round me for my mysterious friend. Coming suddenly as I did from a blaze of lustre into the night, a few moments elapsed before I was able to separate from the obscurity a figure, like hers, leaning against one of the pillars. I approached it, and knew by the fascinating eye that was flashing in the darkness that it was she whom I sought.

"Let us go," she said hurriedly, as soon as I was within whispering range of her; and, slipping her arm under mine, she pointed in the direction of the Place de la Concorde.

I obeyed her signal, and we proceeded down the Rue Royale in perfect silence. It was impossible to restrain my curiosity to obtain a more perfect examination of her appearance; and, by the aid of the lights, I could see that her face was as the face of a beautiful demon! The features were exquisitely moulded—a very miniature of beauty. The complexion was dark, even for an Italian, yet the skin of a softness that seemed too delicate for any pressure save that of loving lips. But the eyes, with their wild lightning, spoke of tempest and horror within. They seemed her whole soul. Her lips were utterly expressionless. Nothing in the shape of any of her features indicated anything beyond mere material beauty; and the soul might as well have dwelt unbetokened in cold and faultless marble, but for the flashing of her restless eye. How different from Stephanie! Though the eye was the prevailing power in each, what had the angel light of my darling's glance to do with the anticipated glare of unquenchable fire? Her figure was very slight and diminutive, and, as we walked together, the light pressure of her hand on my arm, and her noiseless motion by my side, were more like revelations of spirit-land than realities of earth and Paris. For the rest, she was dressed entirely in black; and, simple as was her attire, not a lady in the land could have better exemplified that mysterious adaptability of drapery which, in all the successive stages of investiture still continues to express the very form which it is meant to conceal.

I was interrupted in my examination by her suddenly gazing up into my face. Perhaps mine wore an expression of admiration at the time, as hers was suddenly lit up with a gleam of pleasure; and over her hitherto inanimate features there flashed a sudden life. But it was only a momentary gleam—a meteor-flash in her inward night. The next moment I felt that a tremor was passing over her slender frame; and, when I again looked down on her, she put her

finger to her lips; and then, as we were just issuing from the Rue Royale, pointed onward to the Pont de la Concorde. So we traversed the great square, and without much observation. The street-frequenterers were unusually few, and when we reached the middle of the bridge we were in perfect solitude. There was nothing moving near us except the Seine—dark bearer of many a guilty secret to the sad tale-burdened sea!

My companion now suddenly stopped, and, taking both my hands in hers, said softly, "We may speak now: no one can hear us. My name is Béatrice. You will call me Béatrice, will you not?"

"I have no objection, if that is your name, or if you choose to be known by it," I replied, wondering how such a preface could have any bearing on the nature of our interview.

"Ah, how cold the Signore's words are!" continued the strange creature. "Béatrice is my real name. No one has called me Béatrice since I became what I am. But I want the Signore to speak to me fondly. Bend towards me, Signore, and call me Béatrice."

My impression that she was mad became stronger than ever; but, as there was a method in her madness, I thought that perhaps the best way to get at the secret she seemed to be possessed of was to submit to her strange caprices: so I bent towards her, till my face was almost close to her own, saying, with as much fondness of tone as I was able to extemporise,

"Well, why have you led me here, Beatrice?"

"Ah, that is as it ought to be!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms round my neck, and kissing me passionately. "Why have I led you here! . . . because I love you! You will love me, too, when you know what I have done for you. What I have been I am no longer! I am Béatrice once more—you called me so just now! Yes, and I will be *your* Béatrice, and we shall be so happy—oh, so happy!"

Half-bewildered, and more than half-disgusted, I extricated myself from her embraces; and, putting her from me, "Is it possible," I said, "that you have duped me into an interview merely to try your fascinations upon me? Away!"

And, had I followed my inclination, I would have hurried off, with self-ridicule added to all my previous self-reproach: but the look of the poor girl arrested me. Injured innocence never looked a stronger appeal into the face of its offender. With one little hand on her forehead, as if doubting the reality of such unexpected treatment, and the other placed for support against the balustrade of the bridge, her tearful eyes rested on me with an expression that extorted pity, in spite of suspicion.

"Never yet," she at length said, in a faltering voice, after a few moments of silence—"never yet has woman done more for man than I have done for you this day: and thus I am requited! But it was a black deed, and how could I expect that good would come of it? Oh, where shall I go now?"

And, with a low wail of anguish, the poor creature turned away towards the south side of the city. Mercy of heaven! how was I to treat this delicate piece of business? Was this nothing but the scientific continuation of her professional wiles? Or was it reality, strange as it might be? Might I not be losing an opportunity that was pregnant with fate? Was it not worth trying a little longer? I hurried after the retreating figure, and, when sufficiently near, I had only to pronounce the word "Béatrice" to cause her to stop short and turn round, as if unable to resist the spell contained in the name she had borne in other days. Seeing her evident look of pleasure, I advanced to her, drew her arm under mine, and led her gently back to the middle of the bridge.

"I was wrong, Béatrice," I said, when we had reached our former position; "but I am sure you will forgive my suspicions, and tell me what you have learnt from Guiseppe."

"Then you may love me after all, mayn't you? For years my dreams and my waking thoughts have pictured to me a kind being, who was always coming, coming—coming to take me away from this darkness; and I am sure you are he—are you not, now? Will you not lift me into a better life? Shall we not both go away to some better place?"

"Stay, stay, Beatrice! Be assured that, if you need one, I will be a friend to you; but I must tell you that all the love I have is given away already. However, let us be good friends; and, to show that we are so, tell me all about Guiseppe."

"Yes, when I know that you love me. As for the other girl, you will never see her again."

"How! For God's sake tell me if you have heard anything about her!"

"All I know is she's gone—both she and her father: so you need not think any more about her!"

My poor Stephanie gone! and whither? Are you sure you know nothing further of her?"

"Nothing. But that is enough. I would not have done so. I would have struggled—I would have screamed—I would have bitten—I would have died before they would have taken me from him I loved! *She* is gone quietly enough; and here am I, just as beautiful—for I have seen her—and oh, what I have done for you!"

"What, in the name of heaven, have you done for me!"

"Ah, you speak harshly to me again! Then I must away. . . . What have I done for you? I have sold my soul for you! Is not that enough? And will you not try to save it again, by wrapping it round with your love? Tell me, or I must go and hide it deep down in the waters; for God is frowning at its nakedness, and I cannot bear it!"

With a sudden spring she released herself from my grasp, and stood at a short distance, waiting my answer, evidently prepared for flight in case it should not prove favourable to her

wishes. New dilemma and new responsibility. She was plainly hinting at suicide! My fancy suggested to me that she either was, or imagined herself to be, guilty of some dark deed which, in her poor crazed brain, had assumed a connection with my fate. It would be a terrible thing, indeed, if harsh treatment on my part should drive her to the desperate step she was meditating. Was it not mere prudence to humour her illusion, and to try to probe into its origin, for the very purpose of ascertaining the best method of dissipating it? Was not this, also, the best way to eliminate whatever ingredient of truth concerning my own danger might be mingling with her madness? Was it possible to get her to talk soberly and consistently without, first of all, quisting for a time at least the doubts which for the present had possession of her whole mind?

Behold the next link in the self-perpetuating chain of melancholy incongruities that hang upon the sin of one false step! Hardly four months ago the pure parting kiss of mother and sisters had blessed my lips. Now, who was this I was kissing, and calling by the name of Béatrice?

Even yet I shudder at my own baseness! Surely, the circumstances were pressing. I was hemmed in by necessities. It seemed a choice between evils, and I appeared to be choosing the least. Still I cannot but feel that I was responsible for the existence of those very necessities that were then urging me on, as if thrown from one resistless billow to another. Did they not all arise from the little circumstance of accepting a false passport for convenience' sake?

I had to wait patiently through the sore trial of listening to Béatrice as she poured forth the whole floodtide of her re-opened soul. What capabilities of love lie hid in the hearts even of the most degraded! It seemed as if her wandering spirit had at last reached the goal of its desire, and was bewildered with blessedness. Woman, in her sane affection, never uttered such words of worship and adoration as fell from the lips of this godless outcast when she thought she had gained one in whom her being found rest. I was her god for the moment. She prayed me to forgive her years of sin. It was Guiseppe, she said, who had brought darkness upon her youth. But now we would go and live far away, and she would lay her new life at my feet. And, as she spoke, it seemed, under the lamplight, as if the demon had passed from her face, and it became like that of a little child. I gazed in painful wonder at the transformation—transfiguration I had almost said. But it did not last long. No sooner did her quick ear catch the sound of approaching footsteps, than the old expression of horror returned to her eyes; and, clinging close to me, she whispered, with quivering lips, "Hide me from them! Perhaps they have found it out, and are seeking me!"

"Found what out, Béatrice?" I asked.

"What I did this morning. Hush—sh—sh!"

It was but an unobtrusive citizen crossing

the bridge. Béatrice seemed reassured as the footsteps became fainter and fainter in the distance. I seized the opportunity, before she again commenced her wild rhapsodies, to ask her what it was she had learned from Guiseppe.

"Ah yes, I will tell you now. These wicked men got you among them, did they not?"

"Yes."

"You found out what they wanted?"

"I did."

"And you found out one of the Emperor's great men, and told him all about it?"

"Yes," said I, getting impatient; "but I knew all this before!"

"But you did not know before that this great man to whom you went is himself one of the wicked men!"

The whole horrible truth flashed upon me now. The idea was not altogether new to me. It was the same idea under which I had all but swooned in the streets of London. It was the idea that had underlain all my thoughts ever since. It was that which I had inwardly refused to believe—refused even to think upon, just because it was so terrible. And yet it was true! Was, then, anything true? I felt the cold stones to assure myself that I was not dreaming. Stunned as I was, I remember I felt wroth with the poor wretch that had made the revelation, and could have smitten her down but for her womanhood.

So! so! I was fairly entrapped! How could I prevent the catastrophe now! What would my story be worth now? I myself had brought over the intended assassin: would I dare to face justice with so incredible a tale as mine? Would not my evidence be put down to the score of tardy repentance and well-thinked treachery? And, if I escaped death, would I, therefore, escape penal servitude or exile? These awful hazards on the one hand, and the guilt of murder on the other, how shall I choose! Oh ye thoughts of my love, come not to shake my soul! Oh ye thoughts of home! distract not my tottering reason! The worst has come. Now or never! Yet I cannot face it! God! Father! I have shrunk from thy grace! Send it yet! Send it yet! Yes, yes, I will face the worst! Help me yet! I will cry out in the streets till they bring me to him! I will! Nay, let me be calm. Is this true resolution, or a new frenzy? . . .

I am calm. This is the Pont de la Concorde: that is the Seine: there is the Obelisk from Luxor. I am in my sober senses! I feel as I have not felt for many a day. It is the strength of heaven. I will go!

"Why do you gasp and rave in these strange whispers, and yet speak not? Did I not tell you I had saved you?"

"Leave me, and go home, girl; I must away!"

"Away, whither?" cried Béatrice, clinging to me more desperately than ever.

"I tell you I must go. Never think to see me again. I am ruined! Take your arms from my waist, I tell you!"

"You have not heard all I have to tell you yet. Now you shall know what I have done, and how much I love you!"

"I have heard enough. Let me go, I say, or I must force you! There's life and death in this matter—away!"

I tried to release myself from her; but she clung to me in spite of my utmost efforts. Who could have believed that those little arms were so slippery and so strong?

"You must hear me!" she insisted. "You have heard the worst; but there's good news behind. There was danger, but there is none now!"

"How so?" I asked, my curiosity sufficiently aroused to induce me to stand still for a moment to listen for some new contingency. "Will you tell till I tell you all?"

"I will."

"And will you take me with you afterwards to live with you?"

"Oh, you are trifling with me!" cried I, again struggling to release myself: but it was impossible to do so without injuring her, or dragging her along with me.

"Stay, then—stay, and I will tell you; for you must love me when you know all!"

"Go on, then, quick!" cried I, as she seemed to hesitate for a beginning.

"Well, then—last night Guiseppe did not go to his hotel, but came to me, as we had agreed, when you saw us talking in the street. I made him tell me all the story; and, when I heard it was so wicked a plot, I resolved to save you, and to avenge my own wrong!"

Here she paused, her eyes gleaming with demoniacal fury.

"Go on, then, quick!" cried I again, trembling with fearful anticipation.

Her arms slowly undid themselves from my waist, and she stepped back a few paces, gleaming on me with those terrible eyes.

"And I did it!" she said at length, gasping out her words. "I rose early this morning, and locked my door. I went straight to the Seine, and threw the key into it. I have wandered about all-day since. Are you satisfied now?"

"What have you done with him?" I demanded, almost as mad as herself; and, seizing her in my horror, I shook her violently, repeating the question again and again.

"Nay, sir, why do you handle me thus? What have I done with him? He asked for wine, and I gave it him. I put something in it to save you; and, when I left him this morning—he was dead!"

I remember that I shouted "Murderess!" I remember flinging her from me. I remember a low wail that haunts me still in midnight wakings. Then there is a blank in my memory—a misty region, full of phantom shapes that grew from and into one another, silent and meaningless. At the first stage of awaking

from the swoon into which I had fallen, I imagined myself in the estate of the dead. But gradually I became conscious of rough voices, and laughter, and the occasional clank of arms. Then there was silence, and in my semi-conscious state I divined the entrance of authority.

"Ah, whom have we here, mes enfants?" said a voice, that sounded like music after the others.

"Well, M. Lieutenant, the sentinel at the Pont de la Concorde observed this petit maître in conversation with a young.... ah!.... eh!"

"Woman, you are going to say—well?"

"After they had talked awhile at the middle of the bridge, he heard a shout, and on turning round saw the young woman making off for the south side, where she disappeared. On reaching the spot where they had been standing, he found the young man lying on the ground. He then gave the alarm, and we carried him here, and have done everything to restore him. We can see no wound, and he has no money in his pocket."

"Ah! you have been looking after that, eh?"

"Merely, M. Lieutenant, because we fancied that the young woman had slipped it out of him."

"Very probably you are right. No wonder he shouted."

At this moment I felt the power of motion returning, and tried to sit up, and though unable to accomplish it, the effort was sufficient to attract attention.

"How do you feel now, Monsieur?" asked the Lieutenant.

"Better, thank you," said I, opening my eyes, and immediately recognizing that I was in one of the many little guard-houses that meet the eye in every quarter of Paris.

"You have not been very choice in your company to-night, I think," said the lieutenant again. "Have you any complaint to make as to the treatment you received?"

"No."

"Had you any money on your person before you fainted?"

"No."

"I suppose you would rather let the money go than make a police case of it, eh? Well, mes enfants, we're allies just now you know—these other English and we! So I suppose we had better just show the gentleman the way home, and say no more about it. Do you feel able to rise yet, Monsieur?"

I tried to do so, and succeeded pretty well, but found myself unable to walk. The lieutenant having some further rounds to perform was obliged to leave, but kindly promised to send the first cab he should meet to convey me home: and in half-an-hour I was at Mr. Delby's, and in my own room.

PINTURICCHIO.

BY J. A. LANGFORD.

"He appears to have made, like Andrea del Sarto, an unfortunate marriage. Whilst he was suffering under a severe illness, his wife quitted the house with a lover, closed the door, and left the unhappy painter to die of neglect and starvation!"

A. H. LAYARD.

And this, then, is the end of all my Art!
My life, so fraught with glory, ends in this!
Bound, impotent, unaided, here I lie,
A prey to hunger, and remorseful thoughts,
Each thought more bitter than the hunger-pang!
Why did I marry? Oh, my God! the fool
I was to suffer divorce from my Art,
And wed a woman, giving her the power
To curse me; to destroy me—leave me thus!

And yet how beautiful she was! I know—
For I have seen the vulgar gaze with awe;
Have seen the flush of rapture in the eye;
Have heard th' involuntary tribute said
By men whose words are honour, glory, fame,
When looking on the work of these weak hands—
I know my warm imagination has
In moments of rapt inspiration formed
Things of ideal loveliness, to which
My faithful eye, my firm and skilful hand
With visible existence have endowed,
For men to love, to worship, and adore.
But than the fairest she is far more fair.
What tints could ever paint her glorious flesh?
What genius fix her love-compelling smile?
Not even my passion-guided pencil reached
The ravishing luxuriance of her hair,
Nor made immortal any grace of hers.
The subtle changes of her beauteous face,
Still varying with her ever-changeable mood,
Were seen, and loved, and lost, ere one could say,
"Behold! how beautiful she is!" And I?
Oh God! I was entranced. I looked on her
Till fascination turned me to a slave.
Her beauty held me spell-bound; and I took
A woman's form, without a woman's soul,
Unto my heart, and called her mine. And she,
Because the people praised me, and the men
Who rule—the wise, the rich, the lords of earth,
Endowed with love of my immortal art—
Had gathered round me, honoured me as friend,
And placed me in their council-chambers—she,
From merest woman's vanity, not love,
Became my wife, and took the holy vows
She never kept—the perjured child of shame!
The beauty I had loved with heart and soul,
As only painters can—the beauty I
With wild devotion to my heart had pressed,
And placed even as a goddess in my shrine,
Proved but a venomous serpent—and it stung!

I see her now. Her matchless arm is round
Her guilty lover's neck! Her glorious head—
Crowned with the splendour of her shining hair,
In which my fingers lovingly have played,
Whilst I, with pride, have wondered at its mass,

And, playfully unwinding it, have showered
The thickly-waving ringlets round and round,
Until they hid her face, and neck, and breast,
She laughing—that head, so loved, so honoured
once,
On her deluded paramour reclines.
Her eyes—those wicked, sparkling eyes—upturned,
Gaze loving on his overhanging face,
As they have gazed on mine: and on her lips,
That pouting still the sweet impression woo,
His lavish and unholy kisses fall!
And she, this beauteous evil, bears my name,
And is my wife; and I— am starving here!

God's curse light on her! There! I have said it!
I never thought these lips would breathe a curse
On her, my beautiful! Yet she has been
Nought but a curse to me. I see it now.
My past is all before me. What has been
I see, and see, alas! what might have been,
But for the curse that one most lovely face
Brought with it for a dower. Oh, how I loved
That graceful piece of wickedness! And how
I strove for wealth, for honour, and for fame,
That I might hang them all as jewels round
Her brow, and crown her Queen of them and me!
Men praised my works, and spoke and wrote of them
As things divine and beautiful. And I—
I knew they were divine and beautiful;
For love, the love of her who seemed to me
The sum of all perfection in herself,
Was e'er the source whence inspiration came,
And gave to my Madonnas life and truth,
A mother's tenderness, a woman's grace, [power
And all those nameless charms which still have
To gladden and to bless.

How weak I am!
I cannot call for help! Is no one here?
She surely has not left me thus to die!
And yet how many hours have slowly passed
Since her light foot, her soft and gentle voice
Made music in my ears! Am I grown deaf?
I cannot hear them now. I am not deaf.
I hear the cricket's chirp, the noise of mice,
As, undisturbed, they patter o'er the floor.
There is a dimness, also, 'bout my eyes,
And yet I see the room is void and bare;
But *her* I cannot see. I call to mind
I heard two voices whispering at the door;
And one was harsh and rough; and she said,
"Hush!"
How quick and sharp the pangs about my heart
Are growing, and how quiet all things seem!
'Tis very long since I have tasted food.
How hungry I am now! *She* might have left
A little bread and water within reach,
For one too weak to rise. To leave me thus!
And once she vowed she loved me. Ah! such love!

I wonder how she feels, or will feel when
My gaunt and bone-obtruding form, my wan
And hunger-sharpened face shall dog her steps,
And haunt her—as they will—in all she does!
Ay, at the altar, as she kneels in prayer,
My presence will the murderers attend,
And damn her with her guilt! I need not curse:
Her memory will curse her evermore!

How still, and dark, and cold all Nature is!
I cannot see the sky! 'Tis very dark!

CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

"Now though Seffride bestowed the cloth and making on the church, Bishop Sherburne gave the trimming and best lace thereto. I am sorry I can follow the allegory no farther, being now informed that it is not only seam-ript, but torn in the whole cloth, having lately a great part thereof fallen down to the ground."—FULLER.

We West-Sussex people are very proud of our cathedral. We know that it is of small account when compared with its brethren. We know that there are larger cathedrals and cathedrals more famous, many of purer architecture, many more complete in their entirety, many more elaborate in their details. But, none the less, we are proud of our cathedral, and, looking upon it with loving eyes, are able to find special beauties therein, just as a mother finds angelic charms in the child which uninterested people think ordinary enough.

Turning over the pages of the "Sussex Archaeological Collection," I come upon a paper treating of its "characteristic features." The colour of its stone is "almost faultless," says my archaeologist; from *colour* he proceeds to *form*, and eulogizes the cathedral as "perfectly pyramidal in outline," referring (as is proper whenever a pyramid is mentioned) to Michael Angelo. Then from *form* he proceeds in solemn march to *number*. "The cathedral is dedicated in honour of the blessed Trinity, and the *triplicity* which pervades it is truly remarkable." This ternary arrangement, however, we find, on going into detail, is not a little interfered with by a quinary arrangement; with regard to which conjunction our authority is somewhat bothered, but comes at length triumphantly out of his difficulty by demonstrating how the quinary exceptions prove the ternary rule. Then he goes on to speak of the "quintuple effect" observable in the nave. We have *two* aisles on each side of our nave, a peculiarity unique among English cathedrals, but common abroad. So we have an opportunity of likening our own little cathedral to Notre Dame de Paris, to Cologne, to Milan, to Seville; and, further, of bringing in an artful hypothesis as to "the foreign derivation of its architecture"; clenching our paragraph with the statement that, York excepted, Chichester is the broadest Gothic cathedral in England.

We can discover plenty of special beauties in our cathedral. Sometimes, no doubt, we carry our fondness to egregious lengths, and insist upon finding beauties in blemishes, just as a mother finds inexpressible charms in her child's squint or carrotty shock. Mr. Ruskin has taught us the cant of discovering an esoteric meaning in each exoteric anomaly; and if we find in the patchings of after-days the master-strokes of the original designer, and in declina-

tions from the perpendicular and ruptures of string-courses intentional parables of mystic faith, why, we are only in the fashion. The "sermons in stones" of the thoughtful Duke is a notion not more travestied by our geologists than by our architects in these days.

However, we have, or had, *real* beauties enough in our cathedral to be proud of. And the chief and crown of these was the spire. This spire was justly called the most symmetrical in England. But few of our cathedrals have spires. Lichfield and Norwich have them, but they are placed differently to that of Chichester. In Salisbury and Chichester alone is the position of the spires exactly central. "In Salisbury and Chichester alone (to quote again from my archaeologist) is there a visible centre and axis to the whole cathedral, namely, the summit of the spire, and a line let fall from it to the ground. Of these," he goes on to say, "Salisbury was so constructed from the first; the spire of Chichester was *made* exactly central, *to a foot*, by the addition of the Lady Chapel at one end and the western porch at the other." Comparing these spires of Salisbury and Chichester, we find that the latter, though of much less height, was the better proportioned of the two. "A spire should be at least as long as the tower on which it is placed, and may safely be considerably longer. Salisbury errs against this canon, Chichester comes within it." The height of Salisbury tower is 207 feet, the height of the spire 193 feet; the height of Chichester tower was about 126 feet, the height of the spire about 148 feet.

In our spire consisted our chief and most sure source of pride; and this spire fell to the ground on February 21st, 1861, at half-past one p.m.

However clever the expounders of mystic art may be—finding in the unevenness of sunken church-pavements an intentional imitation of the waves of the sea, whereon, as on the world-billows, the firm fabric of the church rests, rising serenely heavenwards; finding this meaning, or a hundred other meanings of the same kind in the perilous marks of natural decay—I think they will not be able to put forth any such *edifying* interpretation of the fall of our spire. When we inquire why it lies there in ruins, we shall not be satisfied with any beautiful parable as answer, but shall expect effects to be traced to their mechanic causes.

As might be expected, we are in a state of great commotion in these parts. There is much lamentation and excitement. Lectures and meetings, and all kinds of irrelevant letters in the local press; maudlin verses by local poets, and sentimental wailings by local editors. I think that, though our cathedral has lost its chief glory, we are more proud of it than ever. The solemn pride we feel is not unlike that which 'Lisbeth Bede felt on the day of her husband's funeral. That our cathedral should come to be a matter of so much consideration! The fall of its spire has truly created a great noise in the world; and we Sussex-scribblers may perhaps hope for a wider hearing than that which our local papers afford us, without fear of people saying,

"They take the rustic murmur of their bourg
For the great wave that echoes round the
world."

The subject has, in fact, a wider interest than to us Sussex people. "Chichester has received a heavy blow, and England a warning," begins a pamphlet on the late catastrophe, reprinted from "The Builder." This cathedral having so suffered, and there being other cathedrals in England built under very much the same conditions, how about *these*? Every county which possesses a cathedral may, at no great interval, be mourning as we are now mourning; any town which has a cathedral spire may be at this moment in the same peril in which Chichester was before the fall. Surely bishops must tremble in their palaces, and the dwellers in cathedral-closets find their places anything but sinicures. Professor Willis, in a lecture lately delivered at Chichester, told us that our spire might have fallen at any moment of the last fifty years. Salisbury, so like Chichester cathedral, is in some respects in a worse, not a better, state than Chichester was. Our spire did not deviate from the perpendicular up to the time of its fall; that of Salisbury has for centuries had a south-westerly declination of some twenty-three inches. It is terrible to think of this immense mass of masonry, four-hundred feet high, poised in such delicate equilibrium on its ancient bases that any unusual vibration of the air may bring it down without a moment's warning. It is terrible to think of the gradual grinding together and crumbling of the Norman rubble-work of its piers under the inexorable weight; decay progressing year after year unseen, each choral service, every tremulous wave of sound from the organ, every sweet treble from the throat of a singing-boy, accelerating the speed of the destroying power, and adding the impetus of the battering-ram to the superincumbent mass. To those who have seen the ruins of Chichester, that heap of pulverized stone and mortar five-thousand tons in weight, and who have thanked God that no atoms of a human creature lie beneath—these cathedral spires, relics though they be of the religion of our forefathers, are apt to assume an ugly aspect. These monstrous creations of men, like that

unhallowed creation of Frankenstein, become a curse to mankind. We cannot rid ourselves of them when we would; we have lost our power over them; they have become subject to other laws than ours. Salisbury spire to the inhabitants of Salisbury is as irremediable a burden as the Old Man of the Sea to Sinbad. One might as well live over a gunpowder mine, or under a hair-suspended sword. We are in a great hurry to restore our spire. County patriotism urges us thereto; art and religion spur us on to the same. But, as I stood among the ruins the other day, I wished, for the moment, that interpositions of Providence had happened in every case to put a stop to the building of these Babel towers. It struck me, in that frame of mind, that the wisest thing we could do with our cathedrals would be to shut them up, and move our towns away from them, leaving them to crumble and fall to pieces in desert places.

I suppose, however, it is possible at this time to build a spire that shall be safe for some generations. In the end all things must decay, no doubt—spires and Victoria Towers, as well as huts of mud. Our generation is witnessing the last stage of decay of some of the Norman spires and towers. The generation that will witness the fall of the lofty buildings which we erect now is a long way in the future: and we need not trouble ourselves too much about the peace of mind and safety of unborn men. I suppose we know more of the mechanics of building than the Normans did. Knowledge increases with the advance of time—though, by the way, the Norman rubble-work is not nearly so safe as the older Roman brick-work. We have found out many of the defects in the Norman manner of building, and these we can guard against. With regard to materials, however, we are still ignorant. Witness the cautiously-selected stone used in our Houses of Parliament, and the cosmetic quackeries practised upon it. Surely, all care will be taken in the building of our new spire. I hope the magnanimous spirit that urges us to make the question of rebuilding precede adequate inquiry into the immediate causes of the fall, will not be carried into the practical arrangements. Our architects, notwithstanding all the resources of modern engineering, could not save the old spire. It is clear that they did not know the imminency of the danger. Service was performed in the cathedral on the Sunday before the fall. The men were at work in the cathedral until dinner-time on the day of the fall; and there was question whether they should not re-enter the cathedral after dinner. It must be remembered that the new work has to be added to the old. The first necessity is that this old work should be thoroughly tested. Restoration is a different matter to building a new structure. The patching of old stuff with new is proverbially a difficult operation.

The falling of cathedral-towers is by no means an uncommon event. There is scarcely one English cathedral which has not had its

own accident—Winchester, Ely, Gloucester, Worcester, Lincoln, Hereford. We might make the list longer. Many a pretty story is told in connection with such casualties. Under the tower of Winchester the wicked Rufus was buried, and so the monks attributed its fall to a judgment of God against the dead bones. At Ely the tower fell on the eve of the day of its patron saint, Ethelreda. Gloucester tower fell during some great feast of the church. All the people were collected in the cathedral, the huge mass of masonry trembling over them in its last throes. The bishop gives the benediction in the choir (which was not under the tower as it was at Chichester), the people press in there to hear him, and, just as they have left the place of danger, down comes the tower with a sudden crash! No one is killed; and so, as is meet, everybody thanks and praises the providence of God. It is well to have this sense of a divine guidance and care; but surely we are inclined to carry it too far. The religion of the waggoner who prayed to Jupiter to pull his cart out of the mud was a worse religion, as to its fruits, than that of him who believed in the Epicurean gods careless of men. In this late fall of Chichester spire no one is killed, and we thank God for his mercy. We are so rejoiced at this miraculous saving of life, that we shake hands all round, exonerating everybody, giving everybody a vote of thanks and a testimonial, and singing jubilant pœans, because we happen not to have to sing funeral dirges. But suppose the spire had fallen on the Sunday instead of the Thursday! Was it safe on the Sunday? No; for now we all agree that it might have come down any day of the last fifty years. It was actually falling on that Sunday; gangs of workmen were called in to shore up the cracking piers and arches before the service was finished. Again: supposing that the little question, whether the workmen should return or not return to their work on Thursday afternoon had been decided affirmatively instead of negatively—what then? The divine mercies are great indeed!

Natural decay might account for the fall of these structures, after a certain length of time; but we find that, in many cases, ruin comes upon them ages before their allotted span is measured. There are other causes at work. Even as men shorten the three-score and ten years of human life by putting upon their bodies weights and strains—whether by overwork, or luxury, or what-not—which they were never intended to bear; so these buildings come to untimely end, because additions are heaped, generation after generation, upon the original bases. The low tower of the first architect is doubled in height by some architect who succeeds; while the piers, just strong enough or perhaps not strong enough for the first tower, are not strengthened for the second. On this lofty tower some third architect piles up a still loftier spire; while the piers, already overtasked, remain precisely in their original condition. Again accidents happen; fire calcines the walls; and, when the church is rebuilt, these calcined

walls, untested, are merely coated with stonework. Or, in some siege a buttress or lateral tower is destroyed; and, when the damages are repaired, more thought is bestowed on remedying the defacement than on replacing the ancient props, which are, perhaps, essentially necessary to the safety of the building. Again, in some way or other, alterations are continually being carried on. Each generation drenches the poor patient with its own quack medicine. No matter what be the patient's natural constitution, the fashionable Doctor Sangrado treats all patients alike. Now it is an age of iconoclasm, and down fall the images and much masonry-work with them. Now images come again into fashion, and stone-giants are perched upon airy pinnacles never intended to bear them. This generation delights in plaster and paint, and all kinds of snug devices for boxing up bishops and deans and worshippers generally, in separate partitions. Every aperture is stopped with painted and gilded woodwork: neat little galleries are stuck into convenient arches; thrones and stalls are erected with no sort of reference to the original plan of the building. Here the solid wall is cut through to let in a staircase; there half a pier is knocked away to make room for some tinsel choir-fitting. The next generation hates whitewash and paint and wooden boxes, and so a general clearance is made: the cathedral is opened from end to end, galleries and staircases are pulled down, choir-fittings torn out from the core of the ancient piers, every atom of plaster is chipped away, the walls are scraped and cleansed from their whitewash cuticle. The church is to be restored precisely to its pristine condition, and everything that anybody has done there since the time of its foundation is to be utterly undone and demolished. Thus, from age to age, these poor cathedrals are tortured. Now we love symmetry, and this part is to be reduced to the measure of that, or that part to be extended to the measure of this, in order that we may get our true "pyramidal outline." Now we hate symmetry, and so again we pull down and build up, till but few fragments of the old walls remain. In a thousand ways these Samsons are shorn of their strength.

Our restorers have not the key to the plan of the first designers. They unseal the wizard's book without knowing his spells, and so often raise, to their horror and amazement, a devil whom they cannot lay.

Chichester Cathedral has undergone the average vicissitudes to which such buildings are subject; and by glancing through its history, we may get a fair notion of the general course of changes and accidents.

To begin *ab ovo* with the see, not the cathedral, Selsey was the original seat of the bishopric. St. Wilfrid, who had before been wrecked on the Sussex coast (at Selsey, we may suppose, for neatness' sake), and furiously attacked by the heathen natives, returned there afterwards, when exiled from his divided archbishopric, landing at Selsey in the year 680. He, our county histories say, was the first to introduce Chris-

tianity into Sussex, though it appears that there were already "six poor Irish monks" established at Bosham. However, the natives were still for the most part heathen savages; and Wilfrid set to work, according to the plan of operations now recommended by Dr. Livingstone, to civilize them, as a preparative to christianizing them. He taught the dwellers at Selsey to fish. Further, he performed a miracle (which was the most natural of occurrences in those days), causing the sea-novices to haul in a miraculous draught of fishes. It is curious that the Selsey people still retain their taste for fishing, at all events in one of its branches. Wilfrid, thus civilizing and christianizing them, founded a monastery there, and later a bishopric. He was the first bishop of Selsey, and to him succeeded about twenty others. The see continued at Selsey until the edict of William the Conqueror, that "all cathedrals be removed from villages to towns." Among other changes (Dorchester to Lincoln, Lichfield to Chester, Sherborne to Salisbury), Selsey was removed to Chichester,

With Selsey, then, we have no futher business. The site of the cathedral, of the palace, and its park is now nearly a mile out to sea.

Now, the town of Chichester we may take to be the Roman "Regnum." This Regnum, Cissa, one of the three sons of Ella, a Saxon adventurer, seizes and makes his chief town. So, Regnum becomes "*Cissa's ceastre*." Cissa built in his chief town a temple to Thor. When Cissa's ceastre became christianized, a monastery was founded there, and dedicated to St. Peter. Tradition says that the church of this monastery occupied the site of, probably was in part the same building as, the Temple of Thor. When the seat of the bishopric was removed from Selsey to Chichester, this abbey-church of St. Peter was used for a time as the cathedral. Tradition and archæology (judging from a very ancient arch in the present north transept) say that the abbey-church became a part of the cathedral when the latter was built, the abbey-church being included in the design for the cathedral.

I fear that this legendary genealogy is too neatly fitted one part into another to be true. But these neat legends are pretty in their way; and I wish I could find traditions carrying the root of the tree still further back, telling us how the Druid's altar became the Temple of the Roman Vulcan, and how Saxon Thor succeeded to Vulcan, and St. Peter to Thor.

However, it is a historical fact that the seat of the bishopric was removed from Selsey to Chichester. Stigand was the last bishop of Selsey, and the first of Chichester. In Stigand's time, and after, the abbey-church of St. Peter was used as the cathedral of the diocese. Stigand, it is said, drew the plan of a cathedral: but he had no money for building. Ralph, the third bishop, built the first cathedral, on the accession to the throne of Henry I., of which prince he was a great favourite. This cathedral was dedicated to St. Peter. A fire, in 1114, much damaged

Ralph's building. Again, in 1186, a fire, which destroyed nearly the whole of the town of Chichester, damaged it yet more. But by neither of these fires was the church destroyed. Seffrid II., who may be said to have been the founder of the present cathedral, engrafted new work upon the old still remaining, dovetailing his own design into that of Stigand. By him the church was re-dedicated to the Holy Trinity. For the next three centuries the cathedral was continually undergoing alterations and additions. Seffrid, as has been seen, retained the calcined work of Ralph in his own structure. In the ruined piers the evidences of calcination are plain enough. Seffrid did not build the lofty tower. That tower and the spire formed no part of the original design. Ralph had erected a tower rising some few feet above the roof. Seffrid probably repaired this low structure. The successors of Seffrid continued to make additions in all parts of the cathedral. The Lady Chapel at one end, the western porch at the other, the second aisles of the nave, and many minor additions, which need not be specified here. It appears that from the very first the state of the tower, low as it then was, had given cause for uneasiness. The piers sank, and the string courses were broken asunder. Indications of very early uneasiness about the tower were to be found lately in the marks of repeated strengthenings and repairs. Some time, however, during the thirteenth or fourteenth century, the lofty tower just fallen was reared upon the old tower, which already had shown signs of weakness. Under the increased weight it settled more and more. The piers became separated from the walls, and the tower stood as a column, resting upon its four piers alone, and deriving no support from the adjacent masonry. On this column the spire was erected in the fourteenth, or, as some say, fifteenth century. It is not known who built it. We have been accustomed to praise this unknown personage, that he had put up no brazen tablet blazoning forth his good deeds, as we degenerate benefactors of the nineteenth century, are too fond of doing. But, surely, if his name had come down to us, we should now execrate him for his blind rashness and folly. The addition of the spire very much more than doubled the height of the previous structure. So, on the old piers, originally intended to support a tower little higher than the arches which joined them, injured by fire, and already crushed and sundered by the weight of the added tower from the walls into which they had been bonded, now rested this immense mass, acting not only by its downright weight, but also by the leverage of its height, as it rocked in the stormy south-western wind, or vibrated with every organ-peal.

After the erection of the spire, alterations and restorations went on, age after age. As if the tower were not already unsafe enough, the wall of the south transept in close vicinity was at some time nearly cut through for the introduction of a staircase, and a buttress in that part

was partially destroyed. Bishop Sherburne, as Fuller tells us in the quotation at the head of this article, did much to beautify the interior of the cathedral. The choir-fittings of our time were, it is said, his work. These, however, suffered partial changes. Bishop Mawson built himself a fine Grecian throne when classic architecture was in vogue. Which throne was replaced by another, when taste for Gothic succeeded the taste for Classic. In the fifteenth century the Arundel shrine was built. It occupied the space between the two western piers; but we need not speak more of it here, as its recent removal in our latest restorations will oblige us to return to it presently. This Arundel shrine and the choir are both contiguous to the tower-piers which we have had to mention so often. It seems probable that to the builders of either one or the other we should attribute an injury done to one of the said piers. One angle of the south-west pier was, for some reason or other, entirely cut away, and the corner of that pier supported by mere wood-work. The respond, too, of the western arch against the south-west pier was cut away at the bottom.

The town of Chichester was besieged in 1642 by the Parliamentary forces under Sir William Waller. In the siege the northern tower of the façade of the cathedral was injured so much that it fell some time after. The breach was filled in without rebuilding the tower. The Parliamentary forces, after the taking of the town, misused the cathedral as they always misused such buildings. They stabled their horses there, they appropriated the brasses, defaced the images, and, no doubt, did what they could to injure the church as much as possible.

There is a tradition that at some period the spire was struck by lightning. Whether or no this was the cause of its reparation by Sir Christopher Wren, I cannot tell. At all events he did repair the spire; taking down the higher portion and rebuilding it. At the same time he inserted a "pendulum," such as appears to have existed in Salisbury spire from its first erection. This pendulum apparatus was so constructed as to counteract the effects of the prevalent south and south-western winds.

Thus, glancing at a very few of the vicissitudes of the cathedral, we come down to the time of our last restorations. "In the autumn of 1859 it was determined, as a memorial of the late dean, Dr. Chandler, to remove the then existing choir fittings, and to open out the choir to the nave in order to afford greater accommodation for the public at the cathedral services. This determination originated in a bequest by the late dean of £2,000, for the decoration of the cathedral. To this bequest a further sum was added by public subscription, and a committee was formed for the administration of the fund." These restorations were commenced in January 1860, and have been in progress ever since. Upon the clearing away of the choir-fittings,

which, with the Arundel shrine and the stair-cases of the organ-gallery, covered from sight much of the surface of the tower piers, it was discovered that these piers were in a worse state than had been supposed. The injuries done to these main props, and to parts of the cathedral contiguous to them, by former architects, were laid open. It was found that the calcined rubble of the original piers had been simply faced with ashler, without any attempt to bond this facing into the old work. The consequence was, that the stone surfaces were in many parts completely separated from the rubble cores which they overlaid, adding no support or strength to these cores. Fissures of alarming length and depth were discovered, most of which, however, were evidently of old date, and had apparently not increased of late years. It was in the two western piers that these great defects were found to be; which piers had been much concealed by the western stalls of the choir and by the Arundel shrine.

The Arundel shrine was a massive stone structure having three arches, through which was the entrance from the nave into the choir. To carry out the laudable intention of the restorers, viz., "to open out the choir to the nave, in order to afford greater accommodation for the public at the cathedral-services," it was necessary to remove this shrine. Upon the exact position which it occupied some discussion has arisen. The architects employed for the restorations say that it was not built between the two western piers, and that it gave not the smallest support to them. Its site, they say, was the first bay of the nave; and that it just touched, and no more, the angles of the two piers. There is, on the other hand, a popular belief that it formed a buttress of immense strength to these piers; and the prophecy of a certain Prebendary Valentine learned in such matters is quoted, affirming that, if ever the Arundel shrine should be taken away, the tower of the cathedral must fall. We cannot pretend to decide on this point; but clearly the knowledge of architects employed on the work must be more certain than that of non-professional people.

The defects in the building, laid open by the removal of the shrine and choir-fittings, were at once taken in hand. Strong timber centres were placed under the arches belonging to the western piers. Much of the loose facing was removed, and new stone bonded into the old core in its place. This core was by no means in a satisfactory state: The Norman rubble-work is always inclined to decay; but the rubble here was of a worse kind than ordinary. It consisted of boulders from the beach and fragments of an older building, together with a very great proportion of chalk, embedded in decayed mortar; and this crumbling mass showed clear signs of the ancient fires.

No serious alarm, it seems, was felt. The works progressed favourably. The fissures showed no tendency to extend, the supported

arches no tendency to give way; the new facing remained intact. This encouraging state of things continued until towards the close of 1860.

In November, however, the tide turned. Suddenly it was observed that the new facing of the north-west pier was beginning to crack. From this time disastrous signs came thick and fast. The same engineer who had been called in at the first discovery of the defects in the old building was called in again, and it was decided to put centres into yet more of the arches contiguous to the western piers. This work was commenced, but never completed, as it was soon found necessary to shore up the tower in a more hasty and less regular manner. None of the remedies employed seem to have stayed the gradual ruin. New signs were continually presenting themselves—the old cracks became lengthened and widened, new cracks appeared, the ashler-facing bulged from the core. A diary might be written of the fresh disasters day by day. All this time the weather was unusually tempestuous. Again and again terrific storms raged from the south-west. Undoubtedly the leverage of the spire, under the influence of these mighty winds, would quicken and strengthen the action of the destructive forces steadily at work below. Still the spire did not decline an inch from the perpendicular. Had it declined the fall must have taken place sooner, and the manner of it would probably have been different.

Notwithstanding these terrible signs of swift decay, no one seems to have been seriously alarmed. Services were still held in the nave. All day long the workmen were at work under the spire. Now, judging after the fact, it seems monstrous that experienced engineers and architects could be so blindly rash, could act with such an utter disregard of human life. We are told now that the spire might have fallen any day during the last fifty years: thus everybody who had a hand in the restorations is supposed to be exonerated. Nothing could save the spire; removal of shrines or meddling with crumbling mason-work had nothing whatever to do with the fall. All that could be done was done, but the spire was doomed half-a-century ago. Why, then, was the hopeless work undertaken? Why this risk of life, and this waste of money? Was not the condition of the tower and spire accurately tested by those who undertook the restorations? Did they not discover the signs of sure and irremediable ruin? Allowing that the plans of restoration were in themselves feasible; that, in the changes necessary to the carrying of them out, no slightest injury was done to the cathedral; still there are other questions to be explained before that comfortable verdict of "nobody to blame" is passed. Either the spire could be saved, or it could not. If it could not, the business ought not to have been undertaken. Those who pronounced that it could be saved, and who undertook to save it, should have made sufficient use of mechanical appliances to ensure its safety. We build a Victoria Bridge; we bring up men-of-war from

the bottom of Sebastopol harbour; we do a hundred more difficult operations yearly than the repairing of a cathedral spire. Even when it was too late to save the spire, surely the responsibility as to the safety of human life should have been felt to the utmost.

On the Sunday before the fall, the danger was seen for the first time to be imminent. Service was performed in the nave on that day; and, before it was finished, workmen began to put up shores and braces. From this time they worked night and day. Those people who inhabited houses close to the cathedral were warned of their danger. The doors of the cathedral were closed against visitors. The rumour of some disaster at the cathedral spread through the neighbourhood. Still, in the town, the fall of the spire was not anticipated. On the Tuesday before the fall, I was at Chichester; and, talking with some of the people there, I found that the prevalent idea was that the cathedral was in no absolute danger; but that the necessary shoring up now in progress would be a serious money-question. In the railway-train, however, I heard arguments as to whether the spire did or did not incline from the perpendicular.

As many skilled workmen as could be collected continued to work night and day at the strutting of the tower-arches. Ominous signs thickened. Crumbled mortar and clouds of dust poured from time to time out of the fissures. New cracks were seen to come in the piers, and not only seen, but heard. Flakes of facing-stone fell, and splintered on the pavement below. The immense beams with which the arches were shored up, became strained and bent under the ever-increasing pressure. Now and then there were falls of masonry-work, which spread a momentary panic among the men, and made them rush from their perilous position. On Wednesday, a great mass, weighing not less than three hundred weight, fell.

Throughout Wednesday night a tremendous storm raged from the usual quarter—the south-west: the tower rocked so fearfully, grinding together the stones of the pier-facings, that some of the men at work high up descended, thinking that the whole must come to the ground. One man, in the hurry of escaping, left his tools behind him, and durst not reascend to fetch them. The work, however, was carried on until half-past three on Thursday morning. One can picture to oneself the feelings of the workmen on this terrible night. The darkness of the long aisles of the great church, the howling of the wind without, the quaking of the tower, the audible grinding together and cracking of the stone, with the creaking of the bent shoring-timber (sounds like the last moanings of some expiring creature), the showers of pulverized mortar pouring from the fissures, the fall of stone-splinters flying off from the crushed surfaces of the piers: such were the accompaniments to the tough work of these brave fellows, who knew with practical knowledge the danger they were in, and who were straining every

sineu at their impossible task. A little after midnight, the fall of stone outside the tower was heard, and a portion of the roof was broken through. Surely, if fiends ever circled in tempest round a sacred building (routed of old by the holy sounds of christened bells), they held their triumphant dances about the spire on that night.

On Thursday morning, the men returned to their work at six o'clock. The impending ruin was visible everywhere. Stones falling out, new cracks heard and seen from minute to minute, shores bending like bows. In the midst of this extreme peril the propping and strutting operations were carried on strenuously. At twelve, the men left for dinner. Returning at one, they were about to re-enter the cathedral; some of them did re-enter. Mr. Bushby, however, one of the builders but lately employed for the shoring up of the tower, forbade his own men to return to their work. This had its effect. The rest of the men were recalled, the gates of the cathedral were locked, and the falling tower was left to its fate.

The workmen and many of the Chichester people collected in a group outside the closed gates, watching in a state of great excitement, as may be supposed. It was not yet half-past one, when suddenly the spire was seen to incline slightly to the south-west. It righted itself, and then slowly settled down, crumbling away from the bottom, and subsiding into itself as it fell. It sunk down and disappeared in the place where the tower had stood. Its extreme top falling at last to the south-west, threw the capstone and weathercock outside the walls of the cathedral. All the rest of that lofty structure lay in a heap on the space which it had for so many centuries overhung. There was little noise. The collapse and descent were so gradual, that the air vibrations brought but a faint rushing sound to the ears of the group outside the gates. A slight shock was felt. A dense wide-spreading cloud of dust arose from the ruin, and was borne away in a north-easterly direction. Some tiles were blown off from the roofs of the two transepts, some glass was blown out from the windows of the same, by the concussion of the air pent within the cathedral.

One bay of the nave, of the choir, and of each of the two transepts were included in the ruin. The western piers, from the commencement of the restorations found to be so defective, had, it appeared on examination, crumbled away under the pressure; and the tower, thus thrown for the moment out of the perpendicular, had slipped from the eastern piers, regaining its vertical position by the impetus of the sudden slip from those supports.

No more remains to be told. All honour is due to the workmen, who never once flinched from their perilous task. To Mr. Bushby, if what we hear is true, namely, that to his practical judgment and example the recalling of the men

from the cathedral is to be attributed, we owe the deepest gratitude and respect. Bishops Stigand and Ralph and Seffride, Bishop Sherburne and all the rest of the beautifiers and restorers, did no such good deed with their stones and mortar and paint, as did the man who saved the lives of near upon a hundred men.

We regret the loss of our spire. It could be seen far out at sea, being the only English cathedral that thus served as a land-mark. The Queen could see it from her Isle of Wight palace. It was visible from Arundel Castle. The guardian of the keep there pointed out to me sorrowfully, the other day, the place where it used to rise above the trees. Far and wide people mourn the loss of it.

In Chichester itself, I think their grief is somewhat mitigated by the prosperity which the accident has brought to the town. Save at the time of Goodwood races I have never seen Chichester so busy. When I was there, a week ago, the railway platform was almost crowded, the yard of the Dolphin was full of carriages, and the four Roman streets were very much more bustling and gay than was the wont of that dull little cathedral town. The nave of the cathedral, which has been partitioned off from the site of the ruins, seems to be a lounging place for the idle inhabitants. Among the visitors who kept coming and going, lingered many nurse-maids with their charges, many Chichester gamins, many old men, notabilities of the place. These aged inhabitants take the matter sadly to heart. They shake their heads ruefully, saying, "Man and boy, sir, for seventy odd years I remember the spire; and to think that it should go first!" I saw one of the sextons in the nave; not only sexton, by the way, but poet and historiographer of the cathedral. "Ah!" quoth he, "Othello's occupation's gone."

The churchyard is full of great heaps of stone, and chalk, and timber removed from the ruins; though, looking at the *debris* inside, one would think that nothing had as yet been touched. The work of clearing did not seem to be progressing very fast. A man, a boy, and a wheelbarrow I saw enthroned upon the crushed rubble. In the nave they were shoring up other arches, and in the choir they seemed to be quietly going on with the original restorations.

The Chichester people, as is right, are making their money out of the accident. The photographers have their order-books nearly as full as those of their brethren at the Kensington Museum. Prints of the Cathedral are displayed in every window—prints of all kinds and dates, some of them a century old. Well: it is an ill wind that blows good to no one!

March 30th, 1861.

J. A.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

BY C. RUSSELL.

" All suche dysport as voydeth ydilnesse,
 It fytte every gentilman to knowe,
 For myrth annexed is to gentilnesse;
 Wherefore among alle other, as I trowe,
 To knowe the crafte of hunting, and to blowe,
 As this book shall witnesse, is ove the beste
 For it is holdium, pleasaunt, and honest."

GYFFORD.

There has never yet existed a people without their peculiar sports and pastimes. The popular diversions of a nation are a part of its civilization, and they change with the various phases of its social condition: from them we discern the spirit of the national character and of that of the times. In an age of martial habits and imperfect civilization, the excitements of a game, during the short intervals of peace, are adopted as the natural substitutes for those of real war; and hunting and fishing, which in one stage of a people's progress are pursued as a means of subsistence, become in a subsequent period a principal source of recreation and amusement. Thus we find that the Anglo-Saxon and Norman kings were great lovers of the chase; and until the reign of Canute it was customary to hunt on Sunday; but this being a sport so well known as to need no description, we will turn to some of those which belonged more peculiarly to the people.

As the tournament was confined to the nobles only, and also discouraged by the earlier Norman kings, a homely sport much superior to it in merriment and freedom was greatly esteemed by the lower orders, called "running at the quintain." Stow describes it "as a pole, the top of which turns with the greatest ease. One end of the cross bar is flat and broad; and at the other hangs a large bag filled with sand. The youth being mounted on a good horse, with a long staff or blunt lance, ran singly, aiming the lance at the broad part of the quintain; and he that hit it not was of all men laughed to scorn; and he that hit it full, if he rode not the faster, had a sound blow on his neck with the bag of sand, that hung at the other end." The flat end was exchanged, during the time of the Crusades, to a misbelieving Saracen, who if he were hit swung quickly round, and struck the back of his assailant with his wooden sword. A steady aim and a firm seat were acquired from this exercise; a severe fall being often the consequence of riding full tilt and missing the point of attack. There is one of these ancient quintain poles still standing on the green of Ottham, Kent. And probably the last public display of the game took place at

the splendid festivities offered to Queen Elizabeth by the Earl of Leicester, at Kenilworth; when, after a "fruitful sermon" at the parish church, the rustics assembled at the castle for quintain; and either from decay of national skill, or from a love of fun, they turned it all into burlesque. The revolving beam wheeled at the slightest touch, while the sand bag thrashed the unwary without mercy; and many a bold tilter who missed the mark with the spear, had his head dashed against it, in his blundering career, so that the ground was soon littered with prostrate men and horses, amidst the vociferous laughter of the noble spectators. "By my troth," ejaculates Laneham, "'twas a lively pastime: I believe it would have moved some men to a right merry mood, though it had been told him his wife lay a-dying."

A similar feat, also in use among the English, was called the water quintain, and practised among the Londoners. A shield was nailed to a mast in the midst of the Thames, against which a boat was impelled swiftly by vigorous rowers, and a man standing upright couched his lance against the shield, and struck. If the spear shivered, the game was won; but if not, the boat glided from beneath his feet, and he fell back into the water. To avoid a tragic close to such mirthful exhibitions, two boats were in readiness to pick up the baffled wight.

As for the tournament, it was generally held in honour of a coronation, a marriage, or victory, and far surpassed every other sport in splendour and importance. The origin of this great military spectacle is lost in the darkness of the middle ages; but it was practised in France and Normandy long before the Conquest. Yet, on the accession of William the First, he forbade the introduction of tournaments into England, alleging the expense and danger attendant upon them as a reason. The true cause no doubt may be found in the facilities they afforded to the discontented nobles for plotting against the usurper, and they were never really sanctioned by any king until the Lion-hearted Richard ascended the throne. Then chivalry, with its accompanying refinements and splendour, was carried to a considerable pitch, increasing higher



Grand Oldenry.

London. Published by Rogers and Partridge, 246. Strand 1844

and higher under the energetic sway of Edward the First; and from it arose the singular system of institutions and manners which its laws demanded. The reign of Edward the Third indeed may be termed the noon of English chivalry, although it is questionable whether it owes its knightly renown most to Edward himself, his high-minded queen, and gallant son—the very mirror of knighthood—or to the pen of Froissart, by which its gallant exploits and gorgeous solemnities have been so faithfully chronicled.

We can scarcely forbear laughing, even amidst our admiration of its heroic daring, at the whimsical extravagances to which chivalry gave rise. Courtesy to the female sex became idolatrous fanaticism: courage was exaggerated into frantic daring, and liberality into reckless profusion. The knights fought to uphold the honour of their mistresses, and often subjected themselves to absurd penances: thus, in one of Edward the Third's expeditions to France, the knights wore a patch on one eye, under a vow that it should not be removed until they had performed exploits worthy of their "ladye love." When Alexander the Third of Scotland, accompanied by a hundred knights, repaired to the coronation tournament of Edward the First, as soon as they alighted they let loose their richly-caparisoned steeds, to be scrambled for by the multitude; and five of the great English nobles, not to be outdone in generosity by the strangers, immediately followed the example.

Edward the Third saw in chivalry the instrument suited to the temper of the age, by which his vast designs of conquest might be accomplished. Every showy tournament increased the number and spirit of his supporters, and added to his real strength. His rival, Philip of Valois, would not be left behind, and a succession of these splendid pageantries was the consequence. In imitation of his predecessor Arthur, Edward established a round table at Windsor, the maintenance of which involved a weekly expenditure of a hundred pounds; and the French king, in reprisal, established one similar at Paris, and by its attractions intercepted many gallant German and French knights who were coming to England. The lists of the tournament ground were now magnificently decorated: they were surrounded by gay pavilions belonging to the knights who intended to take part in the combat, which were distinguished by the rich armour and honoured banners of their respective owners, and the scaffolds erected for the accommodation of the ladies and nobles were hung with tapestry and cloth of gold and silver.

The spectacle began with the jousts, in which the knight with headless lance strove in rapid career to strike his adversary on the visor or crest: a difficult mark to hit; but if accomplished it never failed to unseat the firmest rider. The conqueror must then drag his prisoner through the *mêlée* to the extremity of the lists, where he must remain a useless and unwilling spectator. It may easily be imagined

that party strife made battle fields of these games, and many a wound, sometimes even deadly, was given and received: the king or person presiding, however, had always the power to still the confusion at the wildest. He threw down his warder, crying, "Ho!" and in an instant the fiercest strife was suspended, and the mailed combatants stood as motionless as statues of bronze.

Froissart gives us the description of one held at London in 1389, during the reign of Richard the Second. Heralds were sent to every country in Europe, and brave knights were invited to splinter a lance or wield a sword in honour of their mistresses: nor was the inspiring summons neglected, for London was thronged with warriors of every climate and language. Smithfield (at that time without the city walls) was surrounded with pavilions for the king and princes, the queen and the maidens of her court: and when the solemnity was about to commence, sixty horses richly accoutred were led to the lists by squires accompanied by heralds and minstrels; after which sixty ladies followed on palfreys, each lady leading an armed knight by a chain of silver. In the evening, when the lists were closed, the two combatants who had most highly signalled their skill received, as prizes, a golden crown and a rich girdle set with precious stones; after which the night was spent in feasting and dancing. For five successive days these joyous festivities were continued, and yet the appetite for blows was not appeased: the immense cavalcade passed on to Windsor, where the same combats and banquets were continued for several days more; after which the foreign knights returned to their own homes.

From various causes, the spirit of chivalry began to decline from this period. Gunpowder checked the career of the brave knights, and made them feel the insecurity of their steel panoply: the gloom produced by the Wars of the Roses, the religious awakening of Wycliffe, and the introduction of printing, gave an advancing turn to the national mind from childishness and adolescence; and chivalry was almost extinct in the time of Henry the Seventh: there was the show of its feelings and courtesies; but the tournaments were only a mimicry of the ancient knightly combats. Henry the Eighth, young, rich, enthusiastic, and skilful in every warlike exercise, made some strenuous efforts to revive the days of Poitiers and Agincourt, and even the fabulous glories of Arthur; but the spirit of the age was against him, and the celebrated Field of the Cloth of Gold was but a game, compared with the serious work of former centuries.

This tournament, held near Calais in June, 1520, had been announced by sound of trumpet in all the cities of Europe. In the midst of the arena an artificial mound was raised, and two artificial trees, the hawthorn for England, and the raspberry for France, interlaced their boughs lovingly. At the entrance of the camp were two tents richly adorned for the two kings,

and close at hand were two cellars brim-full of wine, which was free to all men, as the water of the fountain. Queen Catharine was most brilliantly equipped—her very footcloth being powdered with pearls. Henry was in a garment of cloth of silver damask, ribbed with cloth of gold, and riding on a courser caparisoned in a marvellous manner, the trappings being of fine gold in bullion curiously wrought, and all his nobles were gaudily dressed and mounted. The palace in which they dined was hung with the richest arras; the chapel walls glittered with embroidery and jewels, and the altar and tables groaned under the weight of massive plate. An immense pavilion, prepared by Francis, was in the form of a dome; the exterior covered with cloth of gold, and the interior with blue velvet set with gold stars like the firmament; the very tent ropes being made of blue silk twisted with gold of Cyprus.

Two days were spent in tilting with lances, two in tournaments with the broadsword on horseback, and two in fighting on foot: in each the two monarchs invariably came off victorious by the adroit flattery of their opponents. As the English were much given to wrestling, Henry one day challenged Francis to try a fall with him, and caught hold of his collar; but the latter, who was very agile, threw his grace. Henry rose, and demanded his revenge; but the bystanders discreetly interfered.

In the time of Elizabeth, as the joust had superseded the dangerous tournament, so riding at the ring superseded the joust. This, the most graceful as well as the safest of all warlike exercises, consisted in careering at a small ring, and bearing it off at the lance's point. Three courses were allowed at this most difficult mark, which was suspended on a level with the rider's eyebrow, when, if the point of the weapon was so judiciously aimed as to enter the circle, the fastening yielded, and the ring was borne off in triumph at the extremity of the lance.

Another of the sports which may almost be classed with the days of the past, is that of mumming. Occasionally in the North, and in wild country places the mummers make their appearance at the lonely farm-house on Christmas day; but anciently it was a most favourite amusement with high and low, judging from the illuminated MSS. It seems to have been a kind of coarse masquerade and mimicry of stags, hares, and asses—when clad in rough skins, the mummers bore the name of "savage men." At the intermeats between the courses of great public banquets, we find them introduced for the amusement of the guests; the highest and gravest personages not disdaining to take part in these puerile fooleries. We learn from Strutt that in the reign of Henry the Fourth, while he kept Christmas at Eltham, twelve aldermen of London and their sons rode in a mumming for the amusement of the king, for which "they had great thanks." In the inventories of the time we find entries for suits of buckram and visors to represent men, women,

birds, beasts, and angels, according to the taste of the wearer: Out of these arose the Feast of Fools, which was enacted by the populace at large, and was the most singular of all such exhibitions: its celebration, which took place at Christmas, somewhat resembled the Saturnalia of ancient Rome. It was a season of universal licence among the commonalty; the 'churl became a pope, the buffoon a cardinal, and the lowest of the mob were converted into priests and right-reverend abbots. In this wild merriment they took possession of the churches, and parodied every part of the sacred service; singing masses composed of profane songs, and preaching sermons full of buffoonery. Such, especially on the continent, was the way in which this sacred festival was commemorated; and such the pride and power of the church, that it felt neither alarm nor shame, and took no steps to put down the popular ebullition: in England its excesses were not so great.

One part which seems to have been peculiar to this country, was the institution of the boy-bishop; when the boys belonging to the choir of the collegiate churches dressed themselves in full pontificals, and obtained possession of the sacred building, while one of their number, for the time being became their prelate, and was adorned with mitre and crosier: they prayed, chanted, and the boy-bishop delivered a sermon to the crowd that assembled to witness the sport, and received from them contributions. After this profane parody, they sallied into the streets, dancing and singing, from house to house, scattering clerical benedictions, and receiving offerings in their progress. Proper dresses were kept in most of the churches where the pageant was performed, and it maintained its ground until suppressed by Henry the Eighth. Mary endeavoured to revive it, but after her reign it was wholly annihilated. The present Christmas festivities of children may be a modification of these sports, and Warton supposes that the Eton Montem originated in the procession of the boy-bishop.

Of all the festival days in the calendar, Christmas held the highest place in England; to the astonishment of foreigners, who celebrated it in a different manner and with greater reverence. Work and care were thrown aside, and the land rung from one end to the other with mirth and jollity; carols were trolled in every street, masquerades and plays took possession of houses and churches, the Lord or Abbot of Mirkale was elected in every noble house, a madcap potentate, whose reign lasted from All-Hallows-Eve to the Feast of Pentecost, and who is described by Stubbs with some anger, "as a grand captain of mischief who chooseth from twenty to a hundred guards, whom he investeth with his liveries of green, yellow, or some other wanton colour, and, as though they were not gaudy enough, they bedeck themselves with scarfs, ribbons, and laces hanged all over with gold rings, precious stones, and other jewels: this done they tie about either leg twenty or forty bells, with rich handkerchiefs in their

hands, and sometimes laid across over their shoulders and necks, borrowed for the most part of their pretty Mopsies and loving Bessies for bussing them in the dark. Then have they their hobby-horses, dragons, and other antics, with their pipers, and thundering drummers to strike up their dance withal; then march these heathen company towards the church and church-yard, their pipers piping, their drummers thundering, their stumps dancing, their bells jingling, their handkerchiefs swinging about their heads like madmen, their hobby horses and other monsters skirmishing amongst the throng, and in this sort they go to church (though the minister be praying) like devils incarnate. Then the foolish people, they laugh, they stare, they flee, and mount upon forms and pews to see these goodly pageants. And who will not show himself buxom to them and give money shall be mocked and flouted at shamefully; yea, many times carried on a cowl-staff, and dived over head and ears in water, or otherwise most horribly abused."

Another Christmas pastime was the Fool's Dance, performed by a number of persons habited like the court fool, who capered to the sound of bag-pipes and other instruments, whilst many small bells attached to their dress rang in various scales of forebell, treble, tenor, &c.

A dance which was in great repute among the Saxons, because derived from their ancestors the ancient Germans, was called the sword dance: a number of young men fantastically attired wove the mystic circle among the points of swords and spears with the utmost agility, and with really elegant and graceful movements. It may still be seen occasionally in the North of England, when the mummers come round on Christmas day morning, in which case they are always accompanied by a man dressed as a woman, who insists on entering the house, and with his besom sweeps up the kitchen hearth amidst the screams and laughter of the servants and children. Early in the seventeenth century we find this dance performed at Bartholemew fair by young women attached to a juggler's band, and a child eight years of age danced with several naked swords; one girl held four unsheathed swords, two in each hand, and to the sound of music formed a great variety of figures, holding the swords over her head, behind, and occasionally thrust them into her bosom. She went on for ten minutes, and stopped without appearing in the least giddy from the repetition of the same motion.

The egg dance is one of considerable antiquity: in an old comedy of Queen Elizabeth's reign we meet with the lines:—

"Upon my one foote prettily I can hoppe,
And daunce it trimly about an egge."

One way in which it was performed was to place twelve eggs at certain distances on the stage; the dancer was blind-folded, and music being played, he went through all the paces and

figures of the dance passing backwards and forwards between the eggs without touching one of them. Dancing on one foot was common among the Saxon glee singers, to whom Chaucer gives the name of "hoppesteres;" from which we no doubt get the vulgar name for dancing meetings, which among the lower classes are always denominated "hops."

Dancing has always been the most studied of all elegant accomplishments; both Henry the Eighth and his daughter Elizabeth were famous in their day. In the court of the latter due skill in treading a measure would naturally be acquired by all candidates for royal favour after they had seen Sir Christopher Hatton dance into the Chancellorship. We read of corantoos and gillards; but the favourite was the pavo or pavin (peacock), which consisted of a set of slow and stately movements like those of the bird after which it was named. It had descended from the chivalrous ages, when it graced the banquet at the close of a tournament, and continued to adorn the more peaceful festivals of later days. The lavolta seems to have resembled the waltz or gallopade, and is described by Sir John Davis, as

"A lofty jumping or a leaping round

Where arm-in-arm two dancers are entwined,
And whirl themselves, in strict embraces bound,
And still their feet an anapest do sound."

High leaping and stately movements seem to have constituted the essentials of fashionable dancing, in which the English were lauded by foreigners as surpassing all other nations. Melvil especially compliments Queen Elizabeth on her "high dancing."

Whilst on the subject of in-door amusements, we must not omit the intellectual game of chess, which is undoubtedly of oriental origin, and is supposed to have been introduced into England by the Crusaders: though there is reason for believing that it was known to the Saxons before the Norman conquest. A very old ballad thus mentions it:—

"When they had dyned, as I you saye,
Lordes and ladyes rede to play;
Some to tabils and some to cheesse,
With other gamys more and lesse."

As far as we can judge from the illuminations, it was played in much the same manner as at present, though sometimes the board is round and the form of the men slightly varies. The latter were often exquisitely carved, or made of chased silver.

Card-playing, though practised on the continent in the early part of the fourteenth century, was not known in England until the fifteenth. The cards first used were painted or illuminated by the hand, like missals; and as they were rich in gay colours and gilding, while the figures upon them were delineated with all the skill of the best artists, a pack must have cost a considerable sum and confined the amusement to the wealthy. The process of printing was

curiously enough applied to card-making before the production of books, and after it was discovered that the outlines of the figures could be stamped with wood in blocks and coloured by the hand, card-making became so important a craft that Edward the Fourth prohibited the importation of cards from abroad. The figures differed considerably from those of the present day, and were certainly more graceful, being designated by flowers. The oldest and most favourite games were Trump and Primero. The latter is supposed to have had a considerable resemblance to Whist; but they were continually varying, and we read of prime, maw, lodam, noddy, bankerout, lavatta, gleck, and new cut.

A favourite in-door amusement during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was Shove-groat, which was played in the following manner. A parallelogram was drawn upon the middle of the table, and divided into nine compartments, each of which was numbered. The players then placed in turn a silver groat, or smooth half-penny, upon the edge of the table, and, by a smart stroke of the palm, sent it among the partitions, where it counted according to the number on which it rested. Shovel-board, of which we so often read, was played upon nearly a similar principle. It seems to have been more fashionable than the former game. The surface of the board required to be perfectly smooth and even, and in some cases it was made of the richest wood and finest workmanship, thus constituting an ornamental article of furniture. Merelles, or nine men's morris, is still played by our children, and, when indulged in by the rustics of former days, was an out-of-door game. The compartments were marked on the sod; and holes in the ground served instead of a board: white stones took the place of pegs. Backgammon became a favourite amusement in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and Draughts had been popular long before.

We read loud complaints of the propensity of both Saxons and Normans for gambling. They had ten different games that were played with dice: and the large sums of money that were lost, as well as the quarrels that were stirred up, by what the clergy of those days emphatically called "the damnable art of dicing," may be surmised from the curious enactments on this head by Richard the First and Philip Augustus, in their expedition to the Holy Land. Matthew Paris also is careful to reproach the English barons who revolted against John with their fondness for dice, and the same charge was brought against the clergy in general by those ecclesiastics who censured the vices of the age.

A festival of great importance, and standing next to Christmas in the estimation of the people, was the first of May. On the midnight preceding that morning, the people of each parish assembled, and repaired in companies to the woods, groves, and hills, where they spent the rest of the night in sports and pastimes; bringing back with them birch boughs and branches of trees, with which they adorned the

places where they meant to hold the festival. "But the chiefest jewel they bring from thence," says Stubbs, "is the May-pole. They have twenty or forty yoke of oxen, every ox having a sweet nosegay of flowers tied to the tip of his horns, and these oxen draw home the May-pole—their stinking idol, rather—which they cover all over with flowers and herbs, bound round with strings from the top to the bottom, and sometimes painted with variable colours, having two or three hundred people following with great devotion: and, thus equipped, it is reared, with handkerchiefs and flags streaming on the top. They strew the ground round about it; they set up summer-halls, arbours, and bowers hard by it; and then they fall to banquetting and feasting, to leaping and dancing about it, as the heathen people did at the dedication of their idols." Poor Mr. Stubbs looked upon these things with the eye of a stern Puritan.

It was also the great day for the milk-maids, who, on this occasion borrowed all the silver plate which their friends could muster; and, having raised a pyramid of cups, tankards, and salvers upon their pails, they placed the whole structure on their heads, and danced from door to door, receiving a small gratuity from their customers in return. The old tales of Robin Hood, which were printed in the fifteenth century, had excited such esteem for the bold outlaw, that he was gradually adopted as the presiding genius of this festival; and he and his beloved Maid Marian assumed the place of lord and lady of the May sports. This multiplied the characters, and raised the splendour of the pageant; for Little John, Scathlock, Friar Tuck, and other worthies of the Sherwood band, attired in proper costume, danced and paraded together before the delighted spectators, accompanied by the never-failing hobby-horse and dragon. An old writer tells us that "Henry the Eighth, on a May-day morning, with Queene Katherine his wife, accompanied with many lords and ladies, rode a maying from Greenwich; where, as they passed by the way, they espied a company of tall yeomen clothed all in greene, with greene hoods, and with bowes and arrowes, to the number of two hundred. One, being their chieftain, was called Robin Hood, who required the king and all his company to stay and see his men shoot; whereto the king granting, Robin Hood whistled, and all the archers shot off at once, their arrowes whistled by craft of the head so that the noise was strange and loud, which greatly delighted the king, queene, and their company. Moreover, this Robin Hood desired the king and queene to enter the greene wood, where, in arbours made with boughes and deckt with flowers, they were set, and served plentifully with venison and wine by Robin Hood and his men, to their great contentment, and had other pageants and pastimes."

On this day, too, young ladies, and even grave matrons, repaired to the fields to gather May-dew to beautify their complexion; which,

if the walk were continued through the summer, we might very safely predict its success.

Midsummer Eve, or the Vigil of St. John, was also a great festival. The houses in London and other towns were ornamented with branches of green birch, long fennel, St. John's-wort, and orpin; and at night a large fire was kindled in the street; while the young leaped over it, or played and danced round it till midnight, or even dawn; supposing that by looking through their garlands at the flames, they would have their eyes freed from all pain; and that by the addition of certain prayers, they would be delivered from ague. In London on this night the people illuminated their houses with clusters of lamps, and performed the ceremony of setting the city watch with great show and splendour. The watchmen were clothed in bright harness, the lord-mayor, the city officers, and a crowd of minstrels, henchmen, giants, pageants, and morris-dancers, formed part of the procession, over which a flood of light was poured from hundreds of blazing cressets and huge torches carried on men's shoulders. Very large sums were expended on this custom, which is said to have originated in the reign of Henry the Third, who first appointed armed guards, in consequence of the many robberies that were committed; but the watch and pageant were both abolished in 1539 by Henry the Eighth.

One of the most cheerful of our national festivals was that of Saint Valentine. How it was that this good bishop and martyr came to preside over lovers cannot be determined; but probably it was to christianize the pagan practises of Luperalia—a sort of love-lottery, in which the names of young women were enclosed in a box and drawn for. In the middle-ages the birds even were supposed to select their mates on this day. The practices of St. Valentine's Day varied; but in all cases the young men and women selected their true love for the season—sometimes by looking out at the door or window in the morning, and the person first seen, if unmarried and of the opposite sex, was considered to be the destined individual. Or an equal number of each sex assembled; the true or feigned names of the company were written on slips of paper, and thrown into two heaps. Then a general drawing took place; and after the whole party had been thus paired by chance, amidst a great deal of mirth and laughter, the men gave balls and treats to their mistresses, wearing the *billets* on their breasts or sleeves for several days. Gentlemen sent such presents as gloves, silk stockings, garters, or even splendid jewellery, to their fair valentines, whether married or single.

New Year's Day brought with it the custom, still kept up among our French neighbours, of giving and receiving presents; and this friendly interchange prevailed from the palace to the cottage, accompanied with feasting and merriment. When evening came, a mighty flagon, called the wassail-bowl, filled with spiced ale and roasted apples, was carried from house to house by young women of the towns and villages; every person who tasted the beverage giving a

small trifle to the fair bearers. On the week before Easter, a popular piece of festivity was to bring a twisted tree, or *withe*, with great rejoicing, into the king's palace, and the houses of the nobility and gentry. The Easter holidays were celebrated by games at hand-ball, for tansy-puddings. The old Saxon festival of Hock Day was kept on the Tuesday following the second Sunday after Easter. It was also called Binding Day, the men and the women being wont, in sport, to bind each other. In some parts of Hampshire the women obstructed the highways with ropes, and each traveller had to pay a toll, in order to pass on his way. This was called hock-money, and devoted to pious purposes.

Maundy-Thursaday was observed throughout the Christain world by kings and queens, in imitation of our Saviour, girding themselves with towels, and washing and kissing the feet of a certain number of paupers, to whom food and money were afterwards distributed out of a basket, whence probably the name of the day, from the Saxon maund, a basket. This lowly duty was repeatedly performed by Queen Elizabeth during her reign, after the maids of honour had first prepared the way by a previous washing of the mendicants' feet, and perfuming of the water with essences. In the reign of Henry the Eighth, Cardinal Wolsey after his disgrace held his Maundy in the Abbey of Peterborough, where he washed and kissed the feet of fifty poor men, (answering to the number of years he had lived,) and gave to each twelve pence, three ells of good canvas for shirts, a pair of new shoes, a cast of red herrings, and three white herrings. In the same reign the broken-hearted Queen Catherine, after her divorce, proposed to hold her Maundy as she had been accustomed—that is as rightful Queen of England—but was prevented by an order arriving from her imperious husband that she should perform it only as princess-dowager.

There is every likelihood that the game of tennis was introduced into England in the fifteenth century, as we do not find any previous allusion to it in English authors; though it had been in high favour for a considerable period on the continent. The taunting present of tennis balls which the Dauphin of France sent to Henry the Fifth, and the answer it provoked, is the first historical notice of this amusement.

Ambassador.—"He therefore sends you meeter for your spirit
This tun of treasure, and in lieu of this
Desires you to let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. Thus the Dauphin speaks."

King Henry.—"What treasure, uncle?"

Exeter.—"Tennis-balls, my liege."

King Henry.—"We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us,
His present and your pains we thank you for:
When we have matched our rackets to these balls,

We will in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.

Tell him he hath made a match with such a
wrangler,

That all the courts of France will be disturbed
with chases."

SHAKESPEARE.—*Henry Fifth*.

At first the game in England was played in the open air; but, as it soon became a favourite, especially with the nobility, covered tennis courts were built, of which the fine one of Hampton Court is a well-known specimen. Charles the Second was so passionately addicted to it, that, having a steel-yard in which he weighed himself after the sport was over, he found he had lost four pounds and a-half in weight at a single bout. This, scarcely credible story, we give on the authority of the amusing Pepys.

Minstrels, tumblers, mountebanks with trained animals, were as popular in former days as now, and jesters and court fools played an important part. They were common among the Anglo-Saxons, and after the Norman Conquest a court fool was an officer in every reign until Charles the Second. Fuller quaintly observes "that only he who had wit could perform the duty well, while only he who wanted it would perform it." Sometimes it was filled by a wretched idiot, whose real infirmity was made the butt of the household; but oftener by a shrewd mad-cap, who could shelter himself behind his folly to utter his satirical observations. In the sixteenth century we find the following description: "In person comely, in apparel courtly, but in behaviour a very ape, and no man; his employment is to coin bitter jests and sing profligate songs and ballads. Give him a little wine in his head, he is continually fleering and making of mouths; he laughs intemperately at every little occasion, and dances about the house, leaps over tables, outskips men's heads, trips up his companions' heels, burns sack with a candle, and hath all the feats of a Lord of Misrule." The official dress in the time of Henry the Eighth consisted of a party-coloured suit, hung with bells at the skirts and elbows, with breeches and close hose, of which the legs were sometimes of different colours. Another dress was a jacket and petticoat, also of motley, fringed with yellow; a hood covered the head in shape like a monk's cowl, decorated with asses' ears or terminating in the neck and head of a cock, ridiculously garnished with a feather. But, above all, the bauble must be particularized, which was a short staff ornamented with the carved head of a zany or some other fantastic ornament: it was at once his sceptre and sword, to which a blown bladder was sometimes attached, with which to buffet his contemporaries.

It would occupy too much time to enter on the games of archery, hawking, and many other sports; or the magnificent pageants and masques which were the delight of the Tudor and Stuart dynasties. And of the mysteries and miracle plays, with their gradual development into the drama of the present day, we intend giving

another paper. The popular sports and games received their death-blow from the Puritans, and the "Merrie England" of former days scarcely deserves its title now. Habits and men have changed, in some ways much for the better, in others the reverse; and we cannot but look with pleasure on the revival of archery and rifle clubs, as tending to improve the young men of the present day, and banish the effeminacy which our in-door life and amusements tend to produce.

IN THE GARDEN.

BY ADA TRENVANION.

We leaned beneath the lilac-tree,
'Mid fount and statue hoary;
And on before us rolled the sea
In rosy, twilight glory.

His parting kiss the sun had left
On clouds yet warm and tender:
One star gleamed down the rocky cleft,
And lit the mirrored splendour.

We reached entwining hands to seize
The blossoms round us glowing:
Our hair was lifted by the breeze
From hills beyond us blowing.

Like fairy pair in royal bliss,
We paced a land enchanted,
Till hooded Night, with solemn kiss,
To darker realms transplanted.

She drooped in stars; she whispered low;
The wooded crags grew dimmer;
And the waves in their rippling flow
Glanced by, a silver glimmer.

Scents of night-blowing flowers pale
The dewy air was bringing;
And, hid in the near leafy dale,
A nightingale was singing.

It sang of bliss, of woe, of love,
And did infuse a spirit
To misty shapes round and above—
Again I seem to hear it!

Against the slowly fading west
The rock and tower darken'd,
And, hand in hand, half breast to breast,
We silent gazed and hearkened.

CERTAIN EXPERIENCES OF THE MILITIA.

BY DERRY RICHMOND.

The militia coming out, Mrs. Jones? Then I leave Kingston to-morrow. I would'nt stay again in the place with the militia, no, not for a thousand pounds. I've had my experiences, Mrs. Jones; and I can tell you those militiamen are right-down scoundrels. I know what they are, both officers and men, the wretches. I've had my experiences; I don't mind telling you about it, only keep it a profound secret, my dear; and just give me another half-cup of tea, and the least morsel of that nice muffin—there, thank you.

You know poor dear Mr. Donithorpe left me the houses in Bellevue-terrace, to revert, after my death, to his niece Janet, whom we had brought up. We had lived for years in No. 1, the corner house, just opposite the high red brick wall with buttresses that surrounds Mr. Aymer's grounds. No. 1 is the best house of the set, for only the kitchen and one of the bedroom fires smoke, and out of the side-windows we have a sort of view, looking across Egbert's Alley, of the Dale Hills, with a distant tree here and there; all the other houses face the red wall in front, and the outbuildings belonging to Commercial-street at the back.

Living in a corner house was one of my greatest misfortunes, when the militia was out. No matter when, or how often, I might walk round, there was sure to be a militia-man with his head in at the kitchen-window, talking to the maids; and once—would you believe it?—I caught the cook handing a glass of beer to a man with moustaches! I was perfectly scandalised, and, marching into the kitchen, asked the hussy how ever she dared to do such a thing. The man had made off before I could get round; but there was cook, the glass still in her hand, her red small-poxed face shining with heat from the fire, and perhaps, too, from inward trepidation. I'll do her the credit to say that she really did look frightened; she fumbled the corner of her apron to her eyes, and burst out crying; she begged my pardon; she was sure she meant no harm—she was only speaking to her *cousin* in the militia.

I gave her a sound rating, as she deserved; but, after all, it did seem only natural to speak to her cousin when he was passing, and I could not but forgive her, conditionally that such a thing should never happen again. She promised, with a choking, hysterical voice, and, as I thought, really took my lecture to heart; at least I hoped so, when she sent up the dinner not fit to be touched, the meat burnt to a cinder, vegetables like bullets, and a pudding so oniony that it poisoned the whole room. I know I said to Janet, "We must overlook it this once, my scolding has upset her." But before the week

was over, things were worse than ever; no more beer was given out that I saw, but over and over again I detected militiamen stealing round the corner. One Sunday evening, when I had stayed at home on purpose to allow all the household to go to church, and was sitting reading in the front parlour window half hidden by the curtains, a man passed and began making signals. It was growing dusk, and he had a great coat on; but—I am not sure—he certainly was a militia-man, only he looked too well dressed for one of the common soldiers. I thought him very like an officer; I won't say positively, it was too dark to see plainly. Of course I took no notice, but presently a pebble rattled against the glass; and then, unable longer to endure such impertinence, I rose and stood forward. I was resolved he should see who I was.

He came nearer. I drew myself up, showing my double-chin, and looking as imposing as ever I could. I was in my best green poplin, and my red-rose cap (you can just imagine me!)—and in another instant he darted behind the laurels, vaulted over the iron rails, and I saw him hurrying down the road as fast as ever he could. Oh! I was so annoyed; I had quite a headache before the others came in.

"Janet," I called over the head of the stairs, when I heard the front door open, "Janet, I want to speak to you directly."

"It is'nt Miss Janet, ma'am," a soft voice answered from below, and I saw I had mistaken Janet's little maid, Katherine, for her mistress. She was coming up the stairs, and I moved back to let her pass me, noting at the moment how smartly she was dressed, and how pretty she looked. Yes, she looked so very pretty, with her long-lashed grey eyes and pink cheeks, that I had half a mind to take her into the parlour and give her a little good advice on her deportment. I had just pronounced her name, and she had turned round, holding her books in her Sunday pocket-handkerchief, with an old parasol of Janet's in her other hand, when I suddenly remembered it might not be well to suggest even a thought of evil in so young and unsuspecting a mind; at least, it was better not to do so until I had consulted Janet: so I only said, "Who preached to-night, Katherine?"

It struck me that Katherine hesitated, and I wondered she did so, for she knew the clergymen well by sight; she played with her books, and, seeing that I waited for an answer, looked up pleadingly, and replied, "Mr. Scott, ma'am."

"Oh, Mr. Scott, that lives at No. 2. Why were you so long in remembering his name, Katherine?"

I spoke without the least suspicion of evil,

but Katherine coloured up like fire; she was beginning some excuse, when Janet interrupted us, and in the confusion that ensued she made her escape. I quite forgot the circumstance, in my anxiety to tell Janet what had occurred, and consult her about questioning the servants; but she suddenly brought it back to my mind, by observing, as she removed her bonnet, "Mr. Knowles gave us such an admirable sermon this evening."

"Mr. Knowles!" I exclaimed; "why Katherine told me Mr. Scott preached."

"Katherine's wits were wool-gathering, then," Janet said, laughing; and she turned to Katherine herself, who was just coming in with the tea-things, and said, merrily, "Whatever made you say Mr. Scott preached, when you know it was Mr. Knowles, Katherine?"

"Oh, did I, ma'am," said Katherine; "I made a mistake; it was Mr. Knowles, certainly—I do miscall names so."

Something in her confused tone and blushes awakened Janet's suspicion for a moment; and she asked quickly—

"Will you tell me where the text was taken from?—I forgot to mark the verse."

Katherine grew redder and redder.

"Really, ma'am, I can't be quite sure," she stammered; "I have the leaf doubled-down in my bible—I'll just see, it's upstairs, ma'am."

She was gone before we could stop her; and for a moment Janet looked at me, and I looked Janet, without speaking. We heard her tripping overhead, opening and shutting a drawer, and the next instant she was back again. How ashamed we both felt of our unbreathed doubt, when she came forth smilingly and ran out the reference quite glibly.

She began chattering the teacups and saucers, making so much unnecessary noise, that I said at last—"Katherine, do be quieter." But she was a very long time over her business, and, indeed, all the evening was in and out of the room on various pretences. I grew cross at last with her interruptions, though Janet made a thousand excuses for her. Dear Janet! she thought she had judged her harshly in her own mind, and was doing her best to make up for it.

We sat talking till quite late; I in the great arm-chair, she on a low stool opposite, her elbows on her knees, and her little well-formed head resting on her hands. People do not generally think Janet pretty, but to my mind she is quite beautiful; she has such a fresh complexion, clear hazel eyes, and thick masses of brown hair. Her features are not regular, and she is inclined to be stout; but her expression is so open and charming, and she carries herself so well, that one hardly perceives the faults—one almost imagines them to be beauties.

In our little town Janet was an universal favourite with rich and poor, ever good-tempered and unselfish. Her £15,000 entitled her to a little consideration, and made her much sought after; but not one morsel spoiled was she either by her money or popularity. To-night something had occurred to put her out of sorts; and

as we talked confidentially in the dusk, she told me about it, shedding a few tears. But that has nothing to do with my story, further than that it led her to clasp her arms round my knees, and hide her face on my lap, murmuring—

"Oh, aunt, that's the worst of having money; people like one for it, and not for one's-self. I shall never marry, now, aunt; but I'll tell you what"—and she raised her head, and her eye brightened—"we'll always keep together, and make one another happy, and we'll do what we can for our neighbours and their children, won't we?"

"Yes, dear," I said innocently, "and I hope that they'll all be just such nice little girls as Mr. Scott's, next door."

Janet looked almost as red as little Katherine had done, and pulled herself away pettishly. I wondered what I had said wrong. The curate next door was a widower with two dear children, great pets of Janet's, who helped them to dress their dolls, and sometimes took them out walking. I thought I should please her by naming them, but it seemed otherwise. There was an awkward pause; and then Janet got up, and lighted the bed-room candles.

As she handed me mine, I said, "Then you advise me not to mention what happened this evening to any of the servants?"

"Oh dear no," she said, in her usual tone, "certainly not; it is putting ideas into their heads, and for my part I believe it was only a drunken man."

She had opened the door, and extinguished the lamp. I went out on to the landing, and began sniffing.

"Janet," I called, "what a strong smell of tobacco; do come and see. We've no men in the house; I can't think what it can be."

"Some one is, or has been, smoking," said Janet decidedly; "it really is a great shame, the maids ought to have been in bed hours ago. I shall go down to the kitchen, and see."

Downstairs ran Janet, the sound of her footsteps echoing in the passage. I heard her where I was standing, and anyone in the kitchen must have heard her too. The door was shut; she threw it open. No one seemed to be there. A few glowing embers were at the bottom of the range, some chairs by the fire. She called, no one answered. The smell of bad tobacco was strong and stifling; on the table were some half-emptied tumblers, and a red-and-white china-jug in the shape of an old man's bearded head.

Janet's eyes ran quickly round, noting every particular. She at once detected that the candle had been recently blown out; a blue puff of smoke was still rising from the wick, and straight opposite was an open window, an easy means of egress. She swung the door far back; it did not bang against the wall, but struck some soft substance. Quick as thought, Janet's candle was pushed forward, and flared in the cook's red, small-poxed face.

"Oh ma'am, dear ma'am, please Miss Janet," supplicated the woman.

"What are you doing here?" asked Janet sternly; "get up immediately. There, there's no good in crying. What am I to understand by finding you in this manner, having evidently been drinking? Where is your companion?"

Janet spoke with so much spirit, that I was quite surprised to hear her. Before I got down, she had fastened and bolted the window, made the woman solemnly affirm that her companion had left the house; and as to her explanations about its only having been her brother in the militia and so forth, Janet was bidding her hold her tongue and march off to bed. Nothing was left for me to do but to give the wretch warning for that day month, leaving the lecture I had already prepared to be administered next morning, when she might be in a more fit state to profit by it.

Oh! the fuss we had for the next few days. I had the kitchen-windows fastened down at the bottom, and a bolt put on the door, and I took care to see every servant upstairs before I went to bed myself. I spoke to them all round, and gave some very serious advice to pretty little Katherine, who with many tears and lamentations promised to take warning. Then something took off my thoughts into another channel, though still the militia. One of the captains of the regiment, a fair, sandy-haired, long-nosed, dandified young man, of the name of Tempest, made Janet's acquaintance, and, hearing of her fortune I suppose, paid her all sorts of attention. If we went out walking, we met him; wherever we visited, we were sure to find him; he was at every party and concert, attaching himself at once to Janet's side, and, to my great surprise, he was not repulsed. I disliked the man from the beginning; his manner of talking *small-talk* to young ladies, and turning over their music, his nasty sandy moustache, and lisping voice, annoyed me beyond measure. I only wondered how a girl with Janet's common sense could endure him. I tried to sound her on the subject, but unsuccessfully; she immediately turned the conversation to other things, and I would not risk hurting her feelings by giving my opinion rashly, when she so pointedly avoided asking it.

But we were going to have a small party, and she requested me to invite Captain Tempest. Unable to find any just reason for refusing, I agreed. We wrote the invitation, and he accepted it, and came. I thought the evil was inevitable when we had gone such lengths, and battled hard to resign myself to what was coming. I even determined to find out all the good I could, and try and like him.

So that evening I kept him talking by me for a long time. I began about Janet, and he was all attention. Of course I sounded her praises as loud as I ever I could; then I told him about poor dear Mr. Donithorpe's will. I wanted him fully to understand that Janet would not have Bellevue-terrace till after my death. He seemed so interested in all I was saying, that at last I thought it might be possible to reconcile myself to him as a nephew after all. But I wanted to

try his heart further; so I went on about the parish and its charities and societies, and asked his opinion, finally consulting him as to the moral and social condition of his regiment. Just as we had got nicely on this topic, Janet went to the piano, and he rose to attend her. He was never near me again. I saw him once talking very earnestly to Janet, and my heart beat fast. I noticed that she was flushed, and looked excited; but an old gentleman was asking me about the new brewery, and I could not watch her. At last they all went, he last of all, shaking hands with Janet in a very marked way, and speaking cordially to me, just as though he were one of the family.

The door closed after him, and I waited for Janet to speak; but she did not. As soon as her candle was lighted she kissed me, and said "Good night," pretending she was sleepy. I had half a mind afterwards to go up to her room, and make her tell me all; but I did not like to thrust myself into her confidence. I was too anxious and excited to go to sleep soon, and lay awake counting the strokes of the clock and revolving the circumstances in which we were placed. That Captain Tempest was certainly not the man that I should have chosen for Janet; but I had heard nothing against him: he attended church on fine Sundays, and was pretty well off. I did not fancy he was anything very clever or superior; but he was gentlemanly in his manner, and he seemed to please Janet.

The staircase creaked as though some one was going down. I raised my head, and listened; but all was silent. Half an hour after, I was convinced I heard some one moving—a door banged—there were footsteps below. The clock struck half-past one. I am very nervous about robbers and housebreakers, and I shivered and shook again as I pushed my arms into my dressing-gown and struck a match. I thought I would go to Janet; but hardly had I opened my door, before I heard her voice below-stairs raised to an unusual pitch.

I hurried down a few steps, and looked over the bannisters. Some one was unfastening the bolts of the front door. It was Janet in her night-dress, the flowers in her hair just as she had left the drawing-room two hours before. Beside her was little Katherine, white as a ghost, and with clasped hands evidently imploring for something; but what, I could not hear. I saw her seize a bit of Janet's dress between her fingers, and Janet push her hands hastily away, with an expression of horror on her face which quite startled me; it was so hard and unlike herself.

"Janet," I called, "what is the matter?" But the last bolt was undrawn, and the door burst open; the cold wind sweeping in slammed the passage door and flared the candle out. A man's figure came in—the light fell on Mr. Scott's face, and I heard Janet explaining something to him, pointing to a large key which was in her hand, and then on towards the end of the passage. I called her again, and she came rushing up to my room. "Don't be fright-

ened," she said, while she looked frightened enough herself; "it is only one of those nasty militia-men, who has been in the house with the maids. I was sure there was something going on, and stealing softly down, I caught him in the kitchen with Katherine. She heard my footsteps, and thrust him into the scullery, fancying to hide him; but I suspected mischief, and turned the key. He is there now, quite safe. Mr. Scott heard the scuffling when he was trying to burst through, and came to ask what was the matter."

"There is no fear of the man breaking the door and getting out to us, Janet?" I said in terror.

"Not the least," Janet answered; "the door is as firm as a rock; and he could not even get his head out of the little window. We've got him safe for the night, and as soon as it is day-break we will send and ask one of the officers to come and take him into custody." It struck me that Janet clapped her hands, as though she had hit on a grand notion.

I hurried on my clothes, and went down as fast as I could. Both Mr. Scott and Janet were in the front kitchen, little Katherine sitting on the steps crying as if her heart would break.

"Why don't you go to bed, child?" I asked sternly. "You can do no good here, and you are best out of the way. Oh, Katherine," I added, "I should not have believed this of you; I thought we might trust you."

"Oh, Ma'am," she sobbed, "I am so sorry. I will do anything, indeed I will; it's all my fault. Oh! if you only knew; if you would only let him out. Oh, do let him go, please, please, if you have any mercy in you."

Janet heard my voice, and came out to speak to me.

"Mr. Scott thinks it would be best to send for a policeman at once," she said, with a quivering voice; "he will send a messenger, and also ask Colonel Denton, who is lodging at the end of the Terrace, to come at the same time; we can have a summons on the charge of house-breaking."

"Miss Janet," screamed the girl, "you mustn't. Oh, don't! You do not know what you are doing."

Janet threw back her head, and her eyes flashed—"I am sending a rogue to prison," she said, "and I have pleasure in doing it;" but she spoke in a hard cold voice. She flung back Katherine's imploring arms, and drawing me into the kitchen, closed the door. Mr. Scott asked if we were afraid of being left for three minutes, while he despatched a messenger. I hesitated; but Janet said "No," quite boldly. He took his hat and went out, and I whispered Janet to give me further explanations. She had been sitting up reading, she told me, when she heard a footstep, and opening her door followed Katherine as she stole down stairs with her shoes in her hand, and on a given signal carefully unfastened the back door, and admitted a stranger. In the shadow of the staircase Janet had waited, till they were safe in the kitchen,

and then surprising them, had led him as she expected to conceal himself in the scullery, which luckily for her locked on the outside. Her first impulse had been to secure the door, in spite of violent opposition from little Katherine, who fought like a lion. But the serving-maid was no match to her strong high-spirited mistress, and the door resisted all the captive's attempts to force it open. The noise attracted the curate's attention, as he returned from visiting a sick person, and led him to the rescue. Janet had heard his voice, and was letting him in when I came down.

So far she had told me, when the prisoner made another violent attempt to force the door; it shook on its hinges, and I jumped up in turn and screamed. Janet re-assured me in a louder voice. The accents penetrated to the scullery, and were recognized. To my surprise we heard a familiar tone pronounce her name. "Janet, Janet, dear." It was so imploring.

I looked at her, she was blanched a dead white; but she neither spoke nor moved—did she recognize the voice that had sounded so differently in her ears a few hours before?

"Janet, Janet, I implore you, just speak to me."

I was roused, and stood forward. "If you have anything to say, Captain Tempest," I said, sharply, "you may speak to me."

"Oh! Mrs. Donithorpe, it really is a mistake, a misunderstanding; for heaven's sake, unlock the door, and I will explain all."

"It shall be unlocked presently by your own Colonel, and you may make your explanations to him."

My words seemed to confound him. "You can't mean it," he said; "you are joking. What do you take me for?"

"For a housebreaker and a rascal, as you are, Sir," I answered.

"Listen, Mrs. Donithorpe," he said, in a changed voice, "I have been—but just let me out, and I will trouble you no more. I will leave the regiment at once, if you will; you could not wish a thoughtless young fellow, who means no harm, to get into a scrape, when your unlocking the door would save him, you are too kind." He went on trying every argument in his power, I laughing him to scorn. . . . As a last resource, he again appealed to Janet. He implored and prayed her to save him, and I stood by, in fear that he would prevail. But, no, she never spoke or moved, with the key before her.

"Won't you answer me?" he asked at last. "Won't you give me one word?—won't you even pity me?" He little knew she had the key in her own hand. "Just say you pity me."

She got up then and answered him, with a scornful laugh. "I pity you so much, that I trust you may benefit materially by the lesson. I shall have great pleasure in giving up this key (she laid an emphasis on the words, to show that the key was in her hand), to allow your particular friend, Colonel Denton, to set you at liberty. I think I hear him at the door now."

Truly the girl was too provoking; but I did not wonder that her spirit was up, after all she had gone through. I advised her to leave the room before the others came in, but she would not. She wrapt a shawl tightly round her, and stood upright like a statue, shaking hands coldly with the Colonel when he came in, and giving the key to Mr. Scott.

"Won't you go?" whispered Mr. Scott in Janet's ear. She gave him a faint smile, but said "No, I will see the end."

The Colonel was a little pompous man, and he bustled about most officiously.

"So I find, Mrs. Donithorpe," he began, "that one of my men has been annoying your household. Locked him in there? Ha, ha! Capital joke. Corporal, here. You'll march him off at once to the guard-house—open the door."

The lock turned, and the door was thrown open; the Corporal and his assistant dragged out *Captain Tempest*!

The astonishment of all present, excepting Janet and myself, was extreme; the Captain himself looked so humiliated, and the little Colonel so perplexed about his duty.

He drew me aside, and asked if matters could not be arranged more quietly. I despised the man; he was afraid of annoying the Captain's grand relations. I merely observed, "You do as you like with him now, Colonel Denton, he is off my hands. I believe that if we leave him

alone, the town will hardly give him an opportunity of forgetting what has occurred."

They marched off together, the Colonel and his Captain, one more shamefaced than the other; the men laughing in their sleeve; and I turned to thank Mr. Scott. He looked anxiously at Janet, and feared she had been annoyed; poor man, he did not know the real cause of annoyance. But Janet laughed off the matter, joined in my thanks, and not until the door had closed upon him dropped her head and burst into tears. I was so sorry for her, and troubled too. "Janet," I softly asked, "tell me, you did not really care for him, did you?"

"Care for him, I hate him!" she said, stamping her foot. "No really, dear auntie, I only thought him agreeable, and so forth; after this I despise him. Oh! I cannot say how." After a while, she added, "Don't you think we might go away for a little, just till the matter has blown over?"

She was right, and we did go away; we went to a seaside place, where, oddly enough, Mr. Scott followed with his little girls, and you know the end of that, for I've just been telling you all about Janet's wedding. But haven't I reason to hate the militia? Haven't I had my experiences?

Mrs. Jones nodded her head, and said, "To be sure—but dear Mrs. Donithorpe, won't you let me give you another cup of tea?"

SKETCHES BY SEVERN'S SIDE.—VALE OF MONTGOMERY.

BY JOHN RANDALL.

PART III.

Old coach-travellers are tolerably familiar with the valley of the Severn from Newtown to Welshpool. It comprises the pleasant vale of Montgomery, formerly the favourite route of summer tourists from Shrewsbury to Aberystwith. But coaches are fast becoming things of the past, even among the hills where, like old customs, they appear to have taken refuge upon being driven by railways from the plains. As the latter spread themselves along the valleys, the former leave the roads, villages lose their accustomed sights, wayside inns their customers, and travellers their opportunities of seeing the country to advantage. Her Majesty's mail is the only one that still keeps upon its wheels; and it is a rare treat, on a fine summer's morning, to sit behind its four fine horses along the vale. It leaves Shrewsbury early, with mailbags the guard delivers by means of ropes, let down by nightcapped postmasters and post-

mistresses from the bedroom windows of wayside offices, or by flinging them into paddocks and foldyards in passing.

The road on either side is diversified by fields, fine woodland patches, and pleasant hamlets—the latter being yet asleep. As you approach the Briedden Hills, the morning mists that creep along the mountain-sides are busy distilling their dew on fields and woods and lichened rocks; and, as the country wakes up, you see the labourer trudging to the fields, and the cock—whose clarion called him—strutting proudly near his cottage, with a troop of admiring hens, as though conscious that he had done his duty. You hear the anvil of the village smithy ringing cheerily through the morning air, and meet strings of lowing cows coming up, with well-filled udders, to the farm. The coachman levels his whip to cattle-dealers and large farmers on their way to the fair; tells you

the names of gentlemen's residences along the road, and relates anecdotes which give you good ideas of their owners. But the days of even the "royal mail" are numbered: its fast horses and fat coachman, its scarlet-coated guard, with his loud horn and large chronometer, will soon disappear, and the reader will have to search out the beauties of the valley for himself—thanks to good maps and cheap guides, this will now be no great hardship to the tourist, who, if he takes the river-side, need not complain of want of company. "Blessed things," says Bulwer, "are those remote and unchanging streams. They fill us with the same love as if they were living creatures. No haunting tone of music ever recalled so rushing a host of memories and associations as that simple, restless, everlasting sound, the murmur of the sunny rivulet, fretting over each little obstacle in its current, the happy child of Nature! Everlasting! All else may have changed, yet with the same exulting bound and happy voice the streamlet leaps along its way." And Kingsley, speaking of a river, lovingly remarks—"It may be but a collection of atoms of water—what is the human body but a collection of atoms decaying and renewing every moment? And is not the river, too, a person—a live thing? It has an individual countenance, which you love, which you would recognize anywhere: it marks the whole landscape; it determines, probably, the geography and society of a whole district. It draws you to itself, moreover, by an indefinable mesmeric attraction. If you stop in a strange place, the first instinct of the idle half-hour is to lounge by the river. It is a person to you: how do you know that the river has not a spirit as well as yourself?"

Now, the Severn not only converses as you wander by its side, but conducts you to the choicest bits of landscape along the vale: it brings before you pre-historic times, half-fabulous legends, and traditions, highly interesting in themselves. Struck with the beauty of the valley before us, a lady has thus described it:

"Hail, ye majestic wilds! sweet Cambria hail!
Music and magic float in every gale:
Distant the tall rocks, rough and hoar,
Nod o'er Sabrina's rapid wave.
Where her shelving sedge-crown'd shore
Invites the blue-ey'd nymph to lave
Where the whisp'ring zephyrs breathe
Through the woody dell beneath."

Before entering the more sequestered portion of the vale thus described, the scenery escaping from the mills and weirs of Newtown, passes the villages of Llanllwchaearn and Llanymrewig (or the village on the Deer's Hills, which, like many others, has its legend). It passes, also, an eminence of steep ascent, surrounded by a dusky shingle—a deep, dark fosse of Nature's making—and one of those time-rent fortresses whose history, like that of the hill on which it stands, is only to be made out by digging beneath the surface. Trenches have been cut in the solid rock, coins of ancient date

and earthen vessels of a primitive kind have been found: but neither these, nor any written records yet discovered, throw light upon its history. Equally lost is the meaning of the "Maiden's Meadow," excepting that it revives the story of Caersws, namely, that after that place had fallen, the guards of Gwendolorie brought to the castle on the hill her rival, the fair daughter of Locrinus, and that from what is called the "Meadow of the Maiden" was witnessed the catastrophe to which the Severn owes its name. Milton has thus immortalized the legend:

"The Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death—
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure:
Whileome she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged step-dame, Gwendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That stayed her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water-nymphs, that in the bottom played,
Held up their pur'l'd wrists, and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall;
Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbath
In nectar'd lavers stow'd with asphodel;
And through the porch and inlet of each sense,
Dropt in ambrosial oils till she revived,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made goddess of the river. Still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-lack signs,
That the shrewd, meddling elf delights to make,
Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals;
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream,
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
And as the old swain said she can unlock
The clasp'ng charm, and thaw the mumb'ling spell
If she the right invoked in warbled song;
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard besetting need."

In its progress through the vale it enters many sequestered glades and dells and dingles, and meets many bright emblems of itself, that come down from the hills to do it homage. It foams, at times, over craggy rocks, with stronger voice and deeper current: at others it retires into still lakes and quiet nooks—nooks disturbed by no sound but that of birds, who pour floods of music from the latticed branches of overhanging bush and tree. At the confluence of some of the larger streams, the noise of lichen'd wheels is heard, and names they had a thousand years ago still linger; as Abermule (literally the mouth of the mule), where from Druid's grot or hermit's cot a little green hamlet has arisen.

Here (four miles from Newtown) the rail, the road, and the river, like the well-wooded valley-sides, approach each other. The houses look snug amidst the trees, conspicuous among which are seven tall silver firs, known as the "Seven Sisters."

Crossing the river by Brynderwyn bridge, Dolforwynn Hall is seen upon a grassy slope; and a little lower down, other stately residences succeed. In the darkly-wooded pass of Glen Severn is the hall of that name; while, lower down still, is Penwent, both the property, and the latter the residence of, Pryce Williams, Esq. These slopes and uplands command an undulating foreground of river, field, and wood, beyond which the ruins of Montgomery Castle are seen above the trees; and in the distance appear the Corwen, Shelve, Longmynd, and Briedden groups of hills.

Refusing to be tempted by associations that hang about the place, we find, as we descend, the rivers Rhiew and Camlet, from long distances, on opposite sides, coming down to meet the Severn. The Camlet is a lazy traveller—so slow and sluggish, that a little elevation at its mouth would throw it into a lake; but its graceful windings through Marrington Dingle, and elsewhere, add very much to the beauty of the country. Its opposite neighbour, on the other hand, is brisk and busy as a bee. It sports and gambols on its way among the hills; dividing itself among the stones, but uniting again to master any great barrier to its progress. It flows smoothly, at times, past the little flowers whose forms are reflected on its surface; at others it leaps swiftly along in deep channels, dashes the hardest rocks into fragments, and strews their *debris* triumphantly at its mouth. Its name—derived from the noise it makes along its course—it lends to the little village of Berrhiewd. It is known to anglers for the fine trout caught in its stream; to botanists for *Ornithogalum pyrenaicum* (spiked star of Bethlehem), *Cardus eriophorus*, and other rare plants found upon its banks; to antiquarians for an ancient stone, called Maen Beuno, or Beuno's pillar—commemorative of a Welsh saint of the seventh century, and brother to the miracle-working Winefred. Like his virgin sister, his sanctity had an efficacy that out-lived him; and till his tomb was opened, a little more than half-a-century since (when no saint was found there), children were dipped in Beuno's well and laid all night upon Beuno's tomb, as a cure for the rickets.

What changes since that old stone was placed there! The wide green swamps of Beuno's time have become green fields of to-day; the fertile tracts now returning harvests of rich grain, were then dark forest lands. Yet, wet, cold, and cheerless as they were, they appear to have been the leafy temples in which the first Christian missionaries sang their hymns—the sylvan solitudes where men retired to meditate and pray. Amongst their openings primitive wooden churches arose, and subsequently monasteries, of which no vestige now remains. The old Romans had carried their roads right through it, and planted at each end the germ of civilization; and tradition tells of the disaffected upon whom the invader's yoke sat uneasily; and outlaws, during troubled times, who here sought security, and of how the bugle horn was wont to start

luckless wayfarers, or bearers of supplies to neighbouring strongholds.

History adds, that Henry the Third ordered five miles of this forest to be burnt; and that the Welsh, jealous of their covers, came out in force, and drove away the men. The stout old oaks these spoilers left have, at different times, assisted in winning and maintaining for us the sovereignty of the seas. To give some idea of their magnitude we may mention that those cut down for the navy, in the reign of George the Third, one, at the height of seventy-three feet, measured sixty-eight inches in circumference; and that one old oak, in particular, fifty feet in length, was ten feet in circumference in the middle. Vagnor park, where much of this fine timber was cut, overlooks both the Rhiew and the Severn. High up on the other side is Gaer House, near the old Roman camp of that name, and Nant Cribba formerly the residence of Viscount Hereford, Premier Viscount of England. Below Kilkewydd bridge is the church and little model village of Leighton. Science overcoming climate, has here produced prolific crops from the most sterile soils, making the desert place to smile amidst bleak surrounding hills. Buildings of the most approved kinds are connected by railroads for conveying those elements from the farms, which the fields require to supply the loss successive crops create, and which from the high grounds are distributed in the liquid state.

Upon a slope, within one of the many windings of the vale, stands Welsh Pool, the town, the castle, with their associations; and as the buildings follow the inequalities of the ground, the town presents a pleasant aspect. On two sides are its churches, which, from their elevated position, seem, literally, "links between earth and heaven." The one rising peacefully from the crest of a hill, whose green fellow lifts the old red castle to the sky, is a modern structure just within the park; the other, although of ancient date, has few points of interest, excepting to archaeologists. It presents, however, the singular anomaly of having its grave-yard on a level with its roof. The town, like its tradesmen, has a well-to-do appearance. It has a Welsh name, but an English face; and from its half-way position, enjoys the advantages of good fairs and markets. Welsh farmers come long distances, over miry roads, mounted on hardy ponies, to attend them; while their wives preside over the produce of the dairy and the poultry-yard, which they set out on cloths of snowy whiteness and in baskets scrupulously clean. In autumn, the goddess of plenty herself would appear to have visited the streets, looking at the abundance of fruit with which the market is supplied. The fair vendors have cheeks rosy as their apples, speak English, but converse, among themselves, in Welsh. It is pleasant to see them coming into town, or jogging homewards, on their ponies; it carries one, in imagination, to cottages and homesteads on the mountains, to the wide commons and

elevated sheep-walks, to the heather hills, and upland glens of Montgomeryshire. Powis Castle Park, adjoining the town, is, through the kindness of the Earl, accessible to the inhabitants. In the former are two pools, from one of which the latter derives its name. It is the winter-haunt of wild fowl, and, from its dark and glassy surface, was wont to be regarded with superstitious fear. A few years ago, during one of those political fevers when electioneering excitement ran high, and the cardinal points of political creeds were more marked than at present, a poor wretch who had sold his party, and whom even his own wife had vowed to kill, in the hopelessness of despair—and in the presence of the Earl, to whom he made a last appeal—plunged into its deep and sullen waters, terminating at once his cares and his life. Such thoughts, however, are foreign to the impressions the scenes themselves produce. Woods and lawns, with their interchange of sun and shade on either side the drive, have a soothing influence. Oaks and elms, and other trees, spread their giant arms above your head, casting a deep wide shade, beyond which groups of fallow deer are nibbling the long rank grass, and impart character to the scene. The effect of the picture is aided by the inequalities of the ground, larch and fir letting down their pendant branches to the grass on one side, while, dipping into the declivity on the other, are forest-trees diminishing to their tops, and losing their identity as they recede.

Now the turrets of the castle appear above the trees; and presently an opening up a steep ascent displays the eastern gateway—once the chief approach; but where the stone statues of the Mexican kings—of Egbert and Offa—now look down upon worn and grassy steps, but seldom used. Following the dark, deep chasm of the ancient moat, where, from seeds the winds have sown, tall trees have sprung, the advantages of the position become apparent; still more so as, following a dyke of Nature's own making, we reach the postern-gate, and, entering the court-yard, look down its precipitous southern side.

The founder of this formidable fortress was John Chereilton, who bore a conspicuous part in the military transactions of the fourteenth century, and who, marrying the last representative of the princely house of Powis, became possessed of large estates. The oldest portion of the present building is said to be the roof, the chimnies, and postern-gateway; the others being indicative of the reign of James II., and marking the transition from a frowning fortress to a domestic residence. Although condemned by the Parliamentary Commissioners, it was spared by Cromwell, upon condition that its owners demolished portions and gave security that the remainder should not be used to the prejudice of the Commonwealth. We were shown through the interior, and, among other features of interest, were struck by the massive grandeur of the great staircase, erected by William, son of William, first Earl of Powis,

and by the magnificent paintings, the work of Lancelot, upon the walls and ceiling. The latter is the Coronation of Queen Anne, the former a mythological subject, the figures of Neptune, Amphitrite, Apollo, Venus, Poetry, Painting, and Music being conspicuous, and that of the third Fate at the bottom, supposed to be cutting the thread of life. We were struck by the thickness of the walls of the hexagon rooms in the towers, on the south side, the ceilings of which are quaintly modelled and embellished. They contain some ancient tapestries—subjects representing passages in the life of Nebuchadnezzar. The state-room, fitted up for Charles, whose ciphers are in gold letters in the door and window panels, presents a scene of faded grandeur. The drawing-room is of considerable size, and has a ceiling of plaster of Paris, elaborately worked, and representing the twelve signs of the Zodiac, with Phœbus and chariot in the centre, and the arms of the Powis family at the four corners. The rooms contain pictures by Claude, Rubens, Poussin, Cuyp, Canaletti, Carlo Dolce, and numerous portraits of those stern old chiefs who made the family name widely known, and fought their country's battles, as well at home as in foreign climes. Among them is Herbert of Chierburg, lent to the Manchester Exhibition. One is reminded, too, by the antique furniture of some of the rooms, of times when the rich squire, the boar's head, or venison haunch graced the social board—and the juice of John-a-Barley-corn ran freely:

“Then rose the riot and the din
Above, beneath, without, within;
For from the lofty balcony,
Rang trumpets, shalms, and psaltery.
Their clanging bowls old warriors quaffed—
Loudly they spoke, and loudly laughed;
Whispered young knights, in tones more mild,
To ladies fair, and ladies smil'd:
The hooded hawks, high perch'd on beams,
The clarion join'd with whistling scream,
And clapp'd their wings, and shook their bells
In concert with the stag-hounds' yells:
Round go the flasks of blood-red wine,
From Bordeaux, Orleans, or the Rhine:
Their tasks the busy servants ply,
And all is mirth and revelry.”

On leaving the castle by the covered walk, or colonnade, in a long room, near which we observed some large and finely-executed busts of the Cæsars, a magnificent landscape bursts upon the view. You look down into the trough of the vale, and out upon the tops of the Briedda—a view which Lady Clive has admirably sketched, which Sir R. Murchison has given in his first work on Siluria. Turning to the south, and looking from the Sun-dial Terrace, a view of a different kind presents itself. In the foreground are terraces cut out of solid rock, with parterres displaying considerable art and taste; next are lawns and shrubs; and beyond, where the Severn rolls through one of its richest pastoral vales, murmuring at fords fiercely

disputed ere now, the eye rests on camps once the scene of mortal strife, and mounds and savage rocks, that figure in bardic annals as the Thermopylae of early times. The scene takes

back the mind a thousand years, and through an atmosphere of history and tradition, peoples in imagination the heathery hills around with combatants.

NO. 2, CARBROOK-STREET, W.C.

CHAP. I.

Is a tall London house, so close to the top of the street, which opens into one of those central squares lying near the British Museum, that Mrs. Deane, sitting at her dining-room window, enjoys a full view of the Duke of Bedford in black marble, presiding like the statue of the Commander over the garden of the square. It is a good-sized dingy room, heavy with furniture, old-fashioned, and ill-kept; the telescope table drawn out to its utmost extent, the carpet bearing tokens of the going to and fro of many feet, give it that caravansera air which marks the dining-room of a boarding-house. You see at a glance that its mistress must be that dry widow-looking figure, with a sharp face, and a sharp cold eye, at the window. Mrs. Deane is neither a lady, nor a poor woman; she belongs to a class of individuals who are always spoken of as "persons." Poor thing! she was much more of a lady when Lieutenant Deane, R.N., deceased, made that foolish love-match with her. But twenty years of boarding-house keeping, of cheapening, managing, and small economies, are apt to coarsen a woman's mind, and deteriorate both her manners and appearance. In general she is in a fidget till her late boarder has finished breakfast, and set her free to attend to her household cares; but this March morning, though the clock points to ten, and he is not yet down, she waits patiently; her thoughts taken up by the black-edged letter open on her knee. And, the widow's soliloquy being very much to the point as regards my story, I shall inflict it *verbatim* upon my readers, in lieu of a page of explanations of my own.

"Well, Frank's last sister is dead," so ran her thoughts; "and here Marian writes begging me to go; just as if I could, with my house full! But girls have no notion of business. Why, she has her Aunt and Uncle Tom: whom can she want beside? They'll see to her mourning, and bring her up to London. Marian won't get much; the annuity goes, of course. Deborah told me last summer there might be five hundred for her when she died. The interest will pay her clothes and pocket money; and as to her board, that must come upon me. Not but that I shall be glad to have Marian back; my only child she is, and so like her poor father. And then I shall find her useful; why shouldn't she make Mr. Madden's

breakfast, and save me waiting here till eleven or more? Well, poor Deborah's gone—we must all go sometime. What queer fancies she had, to be sure! I'm glad, now, I didn't take the child away last summer, when Deborah and I had that quarrel. It was too provoking of her to tell me to my face that mine wasn't a proper house for a pretty girl like Marian. Not proper indeed! as if anybody was so fit to take care of a girl as her own mother! and every one of my people, too, as good, or better than Deborah herself! Why there's—" And here the widow made a mental review of her people, as she called the boarders.

In the eyes of the country old maid who had brought up Marian Deane, a London boarding-house came next door to the Agapemone; but her prim notions did injustice to Mrs. Deane's establishment, for the party in Carbrook-street was quiet, and never large, even with the house at its fullest. First came the Evanses—father, mother, and two daughters. Could there possibly be better people than the Evanses? Mr. Evans was secretary to some society; and, to look upon, remarkably like every one of the scribes on the Assyrian bas-reliefs at the Museum. This family had been staying some time with Mrs. Deane, till they could settle in a home of their own; "but, then," as Mrs. Evans said, "it really is next to impossible to find a house in London." The only lady beside, was Miss Pomfret, a spinster, who got quite intoxicated every evening with whist, sixpenny points, and quarrelled over her cards just as some people do in their cups. Over and above Mr. Evans, the sterner sex was represented by two gentlemen with offices in the city; and a couple of medical students, one a quiet sandy-complexioned young man; the other was—well, not exactly the black, but the whity-brown sheep of Mrs. Deane's fold, to whom, after changing the dimity of his bedroom for moreen, the lenient widow had granted a latch-key, and whose step sounded somewhat shaky on the stairs in the small hours. Mrs. Deane did pause one minute when she came to Mr. Roper. But what did he signify? Couldn't she manage so that he never even spoke to Marian? There was no one else; for people coming and going counted for nothing—except, indeed, Mr. Madden, whose appearance just then broke off her cogitations. One look Mrs. Deane, bustling off

to the teapot, gave out of the window; as much as to say that the statue of the Duke in the square was quite as likely to strike a girl's fancy as the gentleman who now entered: probably you might have thought the same. A tall, dark, gentlemanly-looking man, and five-and-thirty years old at the least. That was all you saw in Mr. Madden at first sight—all Mrs. Deane, in whose house "he had," as she used to say, "been a boarder ten years, off and on," ever saw in him. But a second glance, supposing you to be more of a physiognomist than the widow, must have awakened your sympathies. You would have connected the careful shading of the eyes from the light with the melancholy foreboding written on the face: its jaded, disappointed air, the sad expression of the mouth, feminine in its tenderness, might have touched you. And you would have seen Mr. Madden, among his fellow-boarders, with the same sort of surprise, as if you had come upon an exotic in a potato field; the unmistakable signs of high breeding, his quiet superiority, even his hands and feet, not merely well shaped, but as if modelled from those of a Greek statue, made his whole appearance so completely incongruous with the house and its belongings. Nature had done much for Arthur Madden; and if, when he went up to Lincoln's Inn from Cambridge, he had only been a poor man, deeply in love with a girl as poor as himself, it would have been the best thing possible for him. As it was, he entered life, his affections unfixed, with a competency, and the prospect of a large fortune in the distance. So Mr. Madden, not loving work for its own sake, and without a strong motive to drive him to it, threw up his profession, rambled about the world with no fixed purpose, and gave himself up to the influences, at once exciting and enervating, of living in and for society—mostly foreign; for the salons of Paris and the sunny people of the south attracted the pleasure-seeker. But no man, born for better things, can make his life one long holiday with impunity; and Mr. Madden began to reap the consequences. He was a man of many tastes, yet without a single pursuit; weary even of change, yet always seeking it; society began to pall upon him, and yet he was impatient of solitude. And worse than all, this life had fostered the defects of his qualities; so that five-and-thirty found him restless, and fickle, more the slave of circumstances than in his youth, through the want of that daily work and self-denial which puts a moral backbone into the human being; while the world had taught him to be selfish, and to look through its eyes on men and things.

Mr. Madden spent little of his time in Carbrook-street, though he made it his headquarters in England, but whenever he found himself there, he took particular pains never to come down to breakfast till after the clock had struck ten. The sight of yesterday's joint, red at the bone, and the way in which the boarders paid their respects to it, would have been too much for his appetite in the morning,

so he chose to wait till the cold beef and its devourers had vanished, leaving him to eat his crisp morsel of bacon in peace. Just as he was addressing himself to it this morning, Mrs. Deane imparted her piece of news.

"Only think, Mr. Madden! my husband's sister is dead, and I must have Marian come to live with me!"

Who "Marian" might be, was a puzzle to Mr. Madden at first; but by the time he had finished his mouthful he did recollect a little girl, whom, once upon a time, he had rejoiced with a doll that opened and shut its eyes.

"Poor little thing!" he replied, by way of saying something; "how she will miss the country! Can't she run about in the garden of the square?"

"Bless me, sir!" almost shrieked the widow; "Marian run in the square! Why she's grown up, taller than I am, and over seventeen; but, you know, she's always lived with her aunt at Welbeck, so you haven't seen her since she was a little thing. Marian run about in the square! He—he—he!"

The widow's talk, and her little sharp laugh, always grated on Mr. Madden's ear; so, not feeling any particular interest in the subject of conversation, he escaped from it by taking up the paper. But he was himself amused at his mistake, when, a few days afterwards, the party at dinner was increased by the slight figure—not tall, indeed, but quite full-grown—of Marian Deane. "Is it possible she can be that woman's daughter?" thought Mr. Madden, as he watched the timid glance from one to another of the strange faces; till, when the violet eyes met his, a little light, like a pleasant memory, came into them. "She is still a child, and remembers the doll," he said, to himself, with a languid interest in the new comer.

Mrs. Deane often boasts that she can find work for twenty pairs of hands; and Marian, who arrived on Saturday, had all her tasks planned out. She was to begin on Monday morning by making the late boarder's breakfast, thus releasing mamma to perch herself on the hall steps leading to the pantry, and sort the linen for the wash with the housemaid. Her injunction, as she hurried out, "Now, he's dreadfully particular, remember; mind you have the beef taken away, and the crumbs swept off," was quite superfluous. Nobody could be more "particular" in such matters than Marian herself; and the table, when Mr. Madden entered, bore tokens of the dainty household ways in which she had been trained by Aunt Deborah. The table looked inviting, the room almost cheerful, with a broad band of dusky London sunshine slanting into it.

Mr. Madden felt the change of tea-makers from Mrs. Deane, sniffing over the tea-pot, and in a fidget to call the cook to account for the remains of yesterday's pudding, greatly in his favour. If he took up *The Times*, as usual, that morning, it was only because he saw Marian had rather be left to herself; for her face told him, what no one else in the house

read in it, that her black dress was no conventional mourning. And this sympathy heightened the interest with which he watched her; he saw the calm quiet life she had led reflected in the complete harmony between her movements and the whole expression both of face and figure. Neither demure nor a coquette was Marian Deane; she was simplicity itself. And yet no "deportment" taught even by Mr. Turveydrop could ever have been one-half as distracting as the ignorant grace of this little country girl. Then what a picture she made so unconsciously in the evening when tea was brought up, and she sat with a candle all to herself by the table at the far end of the drawing-room, to cut bread-and-butter, and spread bits of dry toast, sipping between whiles at the half-cups of weak tea sent her by mamma, and nibbling with the daintiest little teeth at the hard corner crusts nobody else would venture upon! As she sat there, the light thrown off at a painter's angle from the pale gold hair rippled over her forehead, that sweet innocent face brought to the wanderer's fancy the head of a wood-nymph in the Pitti Palace, which had haunted him when he first visited Florence.

Marian's heart lightened as the spring went on; the little feet, so ready to serve every one, running lightly about the house, and her child-like laughter made a pleasant sound. Mrs. Deane forgot to count the cost of her board, and often said it was a comfort to have Marian: she was so handy in her ways. With the boarders she speedily became a favourite. Miss Pomfret, when prepared with a perpetual victim in the room of dummy, really did not scold so much at whist. Mr. Evans was delighted to find some one always ready to laugh at his small jokes, at which his own daughters undutifully turned up their noses sometimes. These good-natured girls were, as their mamma said, with a smile, "wordly-minded:" they had a hankering for the opera, and that sort of thing, though Mr. Evans consulted both his pocket and his principles by limiting their public recreations to a weekly lecture, and the singing at the Foundling on Sunday afternoons. Somebody to whom they could complain of these restrictions, and describe that delightful winter spent with their cousins at Portsmouth, the balls they went to, and the officers they danced with, was quite a godsend to Mary and Annette Evans. Marian listened to them. She was a first-rate listener; perhaps because she had nothing to tell in return, for she felt somehow that her little stories about Aunt Deborah's bees and the robins that came for crumbs at Welbeck would hardly interest the London folks. But, then, there was Mr. Madden, so—so different to the others. He always liked her to talk about Welbeck while she made breakfast for him.

Mr. Madden had said he should leave in April; but he was still staying on, week after week, and Marian felt glad that breakfast-making was so strangely pleasant. Ah! her simple talk of birds and bees and flowers had brought the

very breath of spring to this man's heart. Among a set of people so different to themselves, these two natures—one so fastidious, the other so refined—had grown to each other like kindred among strangers. Aunt Deborah, old maid though she was, would have known why Marian's sorrow had melted as snow melts before the fire; but her mother, who would have found out a friendship between her cook and the policeman in a week, guessed nothing of this. And if Mrs. Deane had, she might have looked at the Duke, now basking under the midsummer sun in the Square, and quieted her mind by the comparison she had made three months back. But Arthur Madden. What delicious flattery the love of the young is, to one who feels himself no longer young! He knew the tokens: no man better. The dawn of a new life in those eyes; the tremulous colour that came and went; the shy, unconscious glances. And, looking into Marian's heart, he came to know his own. Under the circumstances, he acted like an honourable man in leaving Carbrook-street, that he might decide more dispassionately on the course he should pursue.

"If I never come back she will soon forget her childish fancy," said Mr. Madden, as his cab drove from the door; but the thought cost him a pang.

Perhaps, among scenes of life and pleasure, Arthur Madden might have tested his affection more truly than in the Devon coast village to which he went. Here, everything around him, from the calm of sea and sky, to the wavelets rippling at his feet like little voices, pattering on the sands like tiny footsteps, woke all the instincts of true happiness in the solitary man. Ah! how dear, how unspeakably precious this little pet had grown! She was the sunshine of his life—he could not exist without her: and why should he? Any day now might bring him the news that he was a wealthy man. When this came, why not marry Marian at once; take her to Italy; and watch the tastes, which must be dormant in her mind, develope? A delightful day-dream! But the question showed its other side. There was Mrs. Deane! Mr. Madden actually groaned as he pictured himself the widow's son-in-law; and, oh! horror, if Marian ever were to grow the least bit like her mother! Again, such a marriage was so different from the match he had always intended to make when he came into the Carysford property—some woman, well connected, highly bred, who would do him credit at the head of his table, and play her part well as the brilliant and fashionable Mrs. Madden Carysford. Now, no amount of training would ever develope Marian Deane into such a personage; just as no amount of gardening can make a tulip out of a lily of the valley. Mr. Madden knew this; but then, if that calamity more than one oculist had foreboded really fell upon him, what advantage would a fashionable wife be, and what a world of comfort for him in that unselfish loving nature! Of the decision to which he came, I need only say, that at a fortnight's end he was

at the door in Carbrook-street again. Very silent seemed the house that evening as he entered it. Mr. Madden drew a deep breath. Could Marian be out? had she gone away somewhere? No; he found her alone, in the drawing-room. Had he never guessed her secret, the joyful surprise in her eyes, the crimson flush right up into her hair would have betrayed it. Not the prospect of twenty mother-in-laws, every one of them a Mrs. Deane, could have kept back Mr. Madden then. He opened his arms trembling: fluttering she came to her resting-place. Never had the old story been told with more passionate tenderness; never poured into a more trusting ear. As he claimed that first kiss—so shy; but oh! how loving—as he felt the heart, wild with its first great happiness, throb against his arm.

"Let the dark years come," said Arthur Madden to himself; "thank God, here is sunshine!"

CHAP. II.

Marian's timed whisper that evening, about telling mamma, was met by a decided refusal. Her lover explained his position: Mrs. Deane should be told the very day he came into his property, he assured her; but till then they must keep their engagement secret. She acquiesced: everything he wished must be right in her eyes: and then, somehow, it was much easier *not* to tell mamma. Had Aunt Deborah been alive, Marian hardly knew how she would have kept this wonderful news to herself. Dear me, if Mrs. Deane had known it, how she would have talked, and glorified herself over her daughter's prospects to everybody all day long! Still she had some cause for satisfaction. There was Mr. Madden, as she said to Marian, "quite a settled boarder in the house, like Miss Pomfret;" and her daughter, too, held up bravely through the heat; wanting no change to the sea-side—an expense which her mother had calculated would be necessary, Marian being a delicate girl. Little did she imagine that the turquoise ring she saw every day on Marian's finger might have explained both these pieces of good fortune. So the days went on—a halcyon time for Arthur Madden: his heart had hushed its unrest. Where had the bitterness, the satiety, the sad monotony all gone? The false nature, which had crusted itself round him in the world, melted away, and all the nobleness and tenderness of his own came out. He even threw off a good deal of his reserve, and was in such gay, good humour with the people about him, that Marian found a world of pleasure only in seeing how much he pleased others. There never was a pair of happier lovers, with so little of what is called "love-making." Right feeling kept Mr. Madden from seeking her society much while her mother was ignorant of the engagement; so they never were alone, except when Marian made his

breakfast; and then Mrs. Deane was always flying in for bits of string or preserves from the side-board, and people running in and out, or stopping very inopportunistly, Mr. Madden thought, to read the paper. October was just in, when, coming down to breakfast, Mr. Madden for the first time missed his tea-maker from her post. In her place sat Mrs. Deane. Somewhat anxiously the lover hoped Marian was quite well, as he drew to the table.

"Oh! yes, quite well, thank you," replied the widow; but she's busy, so I told her I'd take the teapot this morning. There's a letter this post to say fresh people come to-day; and the notice being so short, makes us all in a hurry. I sent Marian off to put up the muslin curtains and toilette covers in the bed-room: she's so tasty about matters of that sort. We're to have a Captain and Mrs. Emsley, friends of the Archers. You remember the Archers last summer, Mr. Madden? Mrs. Emsley called here on Mrs. Archer, and liked the place I suppose. A very elegant woman Miss Pomfret said she was."

Everybody mentally confirmed Miss Pomfret's verdict that evening, when Mrs. Emsley joined the party in the drawing-room—one of those women whose heads are so well set, with such tall lithe figures and such a general air of style and breeding, that at first sight you never think of looking to see if the face be pretty or not. She was about thirty, though you might have given her credit for full five years less. Mrs. Emsley entered as if she fully expected to be the admiration of the room, as indeed she was, and decided at once which would be the most comfortable place, and took possession of half the sofa which Mr. Madden generally had to himself, and the whole of a cushion, especially worked for him by Marian, slipping it down at her back with the most graceful gesture possible. This done, she exchanged a little weather-talk with the Evanses, scanning her companions meanwhile with those haughty, careless eyes of hers, precisely as if they had been figures on a Chinese screen; and then, as if she had looked about for something more interesting than Thibet knitting, and had not found it, she silently devoted herself to that occupation, while the gentleman by her side watched the diamonds on her white fingers flash among the shades of crimson, purple, and orange with amusement, not unmixed with pique, at the new comer's nonchalant air. Philosophers tell us that we don't know the springs of half our actions. I am sure we do not of one quarter of our words. When Mr. Madden began talking to his right-hand neighbour about his last visit to Italy, he had not the smallest notion that this was a manoeuvre to acquaint his left-hand neighbour that there *was* a person in the room whom he had no right to class and ignore with the others. To the excellent Mr. Evans, who neither knew, nor cared to know, anything more of Rome than he heard of it at Exeter Hall, Mr. Madden might just as well have whistled as have talked; but Mrs. Emsley

soon entered with interest into the conversation, whereupon her neighbour dropped Mr. Evans precisely as she had dropped her knitting, and the two had it all to themselves. Mrs. Emsley knew Rome as well as an Oxford man knows the High-street. She had been in Paris, Vienna—half-over Europe, in fact—as travelling governess in Lord Cairngorm's family, though she did not think it necessary to say so. The conversation ranged from the cities to their galleries; from art to music and poetry; till little Marian at the card-table put Miss Pomfret sorely out by a revoke, in her wonder that there should be so many fine things to talk of, and her despair of ever learning half enough to please Mr. Madden. Both he and Mrs. Emsley talked well: the lady not *too* well. She possessed the great art of making her interlocutor thoroughly self-satisfied by deferring to his opinions on most subjects instead of propounding her own, and leading him to believe that she thought him "more wise, more learned, more everything" than herself. Can there be a more dangerous compliment than this from a really clever woman? No doubt it is wisely ordained that so very few of them should know how to pay it.

That night, when he went to his room, Mr. Madden stood moodily over his fire, like a man with a headache after champagne; he could not forget the air with which Mrs. Emsley had scanned Marian; it just showed him what a poor bit of glass the world would count his jewel. Oh, shame upon him, that he should ever look through the world's eyes on a creature never made to bear so false a light; and Marian had been too forward with her good-night, he thought; the stranger must have guessed at the relation between him and Mrs. Deane's daughter. Mrs. Emsley guessed nothing of the sort; at that moment she was making a pleased little mow at her reflection in the glass, as she took off her ribbons, and saying to herself "Really a very pleasing man to meet, in such a stupid place. Well, I don't think I shall be so very dull here, after all."

That first evening Mrs. Emsley had worn a brown silk, plain and high; the next she appeared to great advantage in what I believe the ladies call *demi-toilette*; a roll of scarlet and gold twisted into her dark hair, something scarlet and gold to match, floating over her black dress, and half displaying such fine arms, and such sloping shoulders, that Mary and Annette Evans, with shoulders somewhat square, and elbows of a make extremely useful to their owners in a crowd, found much relief in discussing with Miss Pomfret, the absurdity of such over-dress. But Mr. Madden, who had his full share of the vanity common to us all, felt flattered as the lady drew in her skirts to make room for him on the sofa. Why, everything about her, the bracelets on her arm, even the perfume of her handkerchief, said plainly enough that she had found some one worth dressing for, in the boarding-house. Mrs. Emsley was paying Mr. Madden, after her own fashion, the same com-

pliment Marian had unconsciously paid him, when, from the first, she could be a different Marian to him than to all the world beside. Let no one misjudge Captain Emsley's wife, nor impute her conduct to any motive but vanity prepossession. It was just that, and nothing more. She wanted some amusement while she stayed, and found it in making herself particularly agreeable to Mr. Madden. She never talked to anybody else; and then, that *was* scandalous, Miss Pomfret said, the two mostly spoke French together. Miss Pomfret nearly split her ears, trying to catch a sentence here and there; and not being able, made up her mind that it was very wrong. She was mistaken; not a word passed in French which might not have been said before the whole room in plain English, even including that little bit of sentimentalism about elective affinities, which the lady contrived to edge in cleverly enough. There were many points of contact between her and Mr. Madden; but they differed in this: Mrs. Emsley never knew a better impulse; one of "our daily world's true worldlings," cold, heartless, vain, and, under the glitter of accomplishments and phrases learned by rote, as common-place and as common-minded as Mrs. Deane herself.

Well, Captain and Mrs. Emsley left at the fortnight's end. Not at all was she sorry to go; she had begun to tire of Carbrook-street, in spite of that "harmless flirtation," as she would have phrased it. Yes, harmless enough! I wonder how much mischief is every day done in the world by things that have no harm at all in them. Perhaps—though I am by no means sure about it—even Mrs. Emsley's gratified vanity might not have smothered uncomfortable feeling, could she have ever known all the consequences of this "harmless flirtation."

I have said nothing of her husband; he was too completely a lay figure to claim a place in my picture. A heavy middle-aged man, with a large white face and stony eyes, who seldom spoke, and was constantly falling asleep in his chair by the fire. Though Captain Emsley did not seem much of an invalid, his country doctor had sent him up to London for Dr. Watson's advice; and, a few days after leaving, Mrs. Emsley wrote to beg that a prescription, which had been forgotten on their dressing-table, might be forwarded.

"What a beautiful hand she writes," remarked Miss Pomfret, as she looked over the note. "I wonder she isn't uneasy about the Captain. My father was a surgeon; and I've heard him say that always going to sleep is a very bad sign."

"Captain Emsley will sleep sound enough before long," said Mrs. Deane, coarsely; "mark my words, his wife will be a widow before six months are out, and—"

"Ay, and married again by the end of the next six months," interrupted Miss Pomfret.

What was there in this idle gossip to make Mr. Madden start? He could not have told you himself, any more than Marian could have

told what strange instinct made her raise her eyes just then. They met his. Ah! how often since has Arthur Madden recalled that mute appeal—that look of terror, like the terror of some dumb thing which can only find utterance through the eyes. The silent cry of the poor girl's heart went straight to his own, which smote him, as he saw for the first time that she was drooping, and through his neglect. A few bright days followed for Marian, and she thought the happy time was come again. But how quickly they faded! Her lover was fevered both in heart and brain, angry with himself, dissatisfied, more unjustly dissatisfied with her. He thought her hardly the same Marian. Nor was she; ill at ease and sorrowful, she had lost half her charm; the light grace of movement gone; all the pretty fancies which had once delighted him frozen, like birds that lie dead in a bitter frost. Poor child! everything about her was so true, so spontaneous, that she could not find a single art to win back her recreant lover. Let me hasten over this part of my story. I cannot dwell on the thought of Marian through those dreary days when the people in the boarding-house came and went like shadows to her, and there was no eye to read that secret grief. I cannot paint the struggle which went on in the mind of this man—so cruel, because so weak. I cannot drag my pen through all the sophistry by which he persuaded himself at last that he should act the wisest, the kindest part towards Marian, by telling her that he had made a great mistake in seeking her affection; that they could not make each other happy; that, in short, they had better part at once. What share that speech of Mrs. Deane's had, in bringing him to this resolution, might tax a subtle anatomist of human nature to determine. Mr. Madden never knew, himself. All I can tell you is, that he came down to breakfast one chill December morning, his mind fully made up. He would break the determination—very gently, he thought, he would break it—to Marian that very day. No wonder he dared not look her in the face, or he must have seen how white and trembling she sat. Whiter still she grew, as he took up the paper, which he had done of late, to avoid anything like conversation. And now he was coming to it—that notice in the first column, which Mrs. Deane, with the preface, "I told you, Miss Pomfret, how it would be!" had read aloud at the breakfast-table. Marian's heart stood still. He had forgotten her very presence, when the next minute flinging down the *Times*, he cried out "Good God! *She* is free then!" The words might have called up a spectre, so pale a shadow rose before him, so toneless the whisper—

"Yes, Mr. Madden, and you too—you are free."

There was the little blue ring lying on the table, and he felt rather than heard the door open and close. Obeying his first impulse, he sprang to it to call her back; but just

then Mrs. Deane's voice sounded from her perch on the pantry steps, crying to her daughter, as she went upstairs, "Here! Marian, if you've finished your tea-making, come and help to do the linen for the wash."

Back into the room shrank Mr. Madden. That woman's daughter—a girl brought up to "do linen for the wash!" No, she was not; could never be the wife for him.

Mrs. Deane had to get through her homely task by herself that morning. Some hours later, when she found time to bustle up stairs to Marian's room, she found her lying down, her eyes heavy, and her head aching.

"Why, child," she said, as she sat down on the bed-side, "you got a chill at church yesterday; I declare I never felt the place so cold myself."

In her anguish Marian longed to throw her arms round her mother, and tell her all; but one glance into the hard sharp face took away her words, and she turned silently on her pillow. Mrs. Deane never noticed the gesture; she was very full of the day's calamities, and, one after the other, she poured them out. A water-pipe had burst in the cellar, to begin with; then one of the very best table-cloths was missing at the wash—pawned by the laundress, Mrs. Deane felt sure. That careless thing of a cook, too, must leave the area door open, with a hare on her dresser, and a strange cat had carried it off over the walls in a twinkling. "And, only think, Marian," was the climax, "who's gone this morning, without ever a word of notice, but Mr. Madden! So provoking! when I might have let his room to Mr. Evans's brother, if I'd known, only so late as Saturday. However, I *did* tell him about it, and I will say Mr. Madden behaved like a gentleman," added the widow, feeling, by way of consolation, in her pocket.

The last piece of intelligence might have been spared her listener; she knew it but too well. Lying there, her sense of hearing sharpened by agony to the acuteness of a savage, Marian had listened to the footsteps pacing to and fro in the room under her little attic: she knew the moment when they ceased, and her doom was finally sealed. She had heard every trunk packed and locked, the cab drive to the door, then *his* step on the stairs—the step for which, a few short weeks since—yet oh, how long it seemed ago!—she had listened with such joy. And then the hall door shut—shut *him* out, away from her—shut *her* into this dreadful solitude, this dull, deadly sorrow!

If ever you pass a winter Sunday at No. 2, Carbrook-street, Mrs. Deane will certainly ask if you found the church cold, and then tell her story of the dear child she had, struck with a chill at church, and "never held up her head afterwards." Poor Marian! this love of hers had taken such deep hold on her life, that at one blow both were shattered. All through that spring and summer she failed fast, and one

week in autumn there was just a unit added to the registrar-general's report, and all was over. She left no message, she gave no sign; her death was as silent as her love. All the house regretted Marian, and Mrs. Deane mourned so sincerely that she hardly knew how comfortable that prospect of five hundred pounds to add to her savings was, in the midst of her affliction.

Meantime, how had it fared with Mr. Madden? On leaving Carbrook-street he had fully intended to write; after all, a letter would be less painful to both than an interview. But he found this letter neither pleasant nor easy to write, and put it off from day to day till he came to think Marian would forget him more easily if he never wrote at all. Then came his cousin's death; and in the hurry of business and excitement which followed, it was by no means difficult to forget her altogether. And no sooner was he fairly installed into the property than he left England for Geneva, where Mrs. Emsley was spending her first months of widowhood, to whom, after a decent interval, the new Mr. Carysford offered his hand and fortune. Mr. Madden, of the boarding-house, would have been summarily refused; but Mr. Madden Carysford, of Carysford Park, a different person altogether—a very good match—quite as good a match as she could expect to make, though the poor dear captain *had* left her so handsomely provided for—decided the lady, as she folded up the letter which asked the question. Still, from the very day on which she had donned her weeds, Julia Emsley had determined not to be in too great a hurry about her second marriage. This was an excellent offer, but a better party than even Mr. Carysford might present himself. How admirably the widow played her part in that touching interview with her admirer! She sighed—the sigh melancholy—over her black dress, as she said her mourning was too recent at present for her to entertain Mr. Carysford's proposals; but, if he would consider himself her friend till the first year had passed, why then—&c., &c., and &c.—into no better English can I render the blush and the sigh—this time the sigh tender—with which the conversation ended.

A very clever woman indeed was Julia Emsley, and she proved it by keeping her admirer in a fool's paradise for months; indeed, until a rival appeared, in the person of a wealthy baronet, whom she accepted without the slightest hesitation. Then Mr. Carysford found out for the first time that he had not a single promise, written or verbal, he could bring forward against her. Nobody likes to be jilted; and I think the older we grow, the less we like it. Mr. Carysford, like other men on such an occasion, found some unpleasant things to say in his wrath—worldly! cruel! false! such words he had for Mrs. Emsley. "Worldly! cruel! false!" No wonder his conscience echoed them back to

him! By the wrong from which he was suffering he learnt to measure that he had dealt to another, till the sense of his own broken faith haunted him day and night; and then he dwelt, with a softened fancy, on Marian's love, with its simple earnestness, its entire devotion, and wondered that ever he could have been false to her.

And so Mr. Carysford gave himself up to the reaction which, under the circumstances, was certain to come upon a temperament like his. He hated himself for the months of suffering he had caused her. He pictured her going through them with a sweet and patient silence, waiting, hoping still that he might come back, and always ready to forgive him. Ay, and at once he would claim her forgiveness; all his future life should be an atonement for his fault; she should have wealth, happiness, everything his love could give. Full of these thoughts and hopes, Mr. Carysford was hurrying back to England, when, in a Paris café, the parade of "inexpressible grief" and "sufferings borne with Christian fortitude," which Mrs. Deane had inserted in the *Times*, caught his eye. Very slowly the reader spelt it over as if he could not get at the meaning of the words, though every one of them seemed to be burning itself into his brain. He sat there long, the voices and bustle round coming to him as sounds come to a man buried in a well, the paper still before him, till others grew impatient for it, and a *garçon* took it out of his hand. Ah, in all the slow despair which had sapped that young life there was no agony like the remorse which threw him on a sick bed, which hastened on the calamity which he had dreaded!

The party at No. 2, Carbrook-street, remains very nearly the same. The Evanses are still there; they have not yet got over the difficulty of finding a house in London. Mr. Madden's old sofa corner is more than filled by a stout German, who plays what he calls "de robber" every evening with Miss Pomfret. Last night, when they had finished their game, by some chance the conversation turned on its former occupant. Mrs. Deane looked up her sixpences, she had been a winner.

"Ah!" she said, "I wonder we never hear anything of Mr. Madden—Mr. Carysford I mean. Let me see, he left two years back, just when my poor girl caught that cold. I should like to see Mr. Carysford again, and wish him joy of his fine estates. Bless me, what luck some folks have in the world!"

And so let us leave our acquaintances in Carbrook-street to discuss the good fortune of the man who, blind, restless, and solitary, wanders through Europe only that he may keep the sea between himself and that grave.

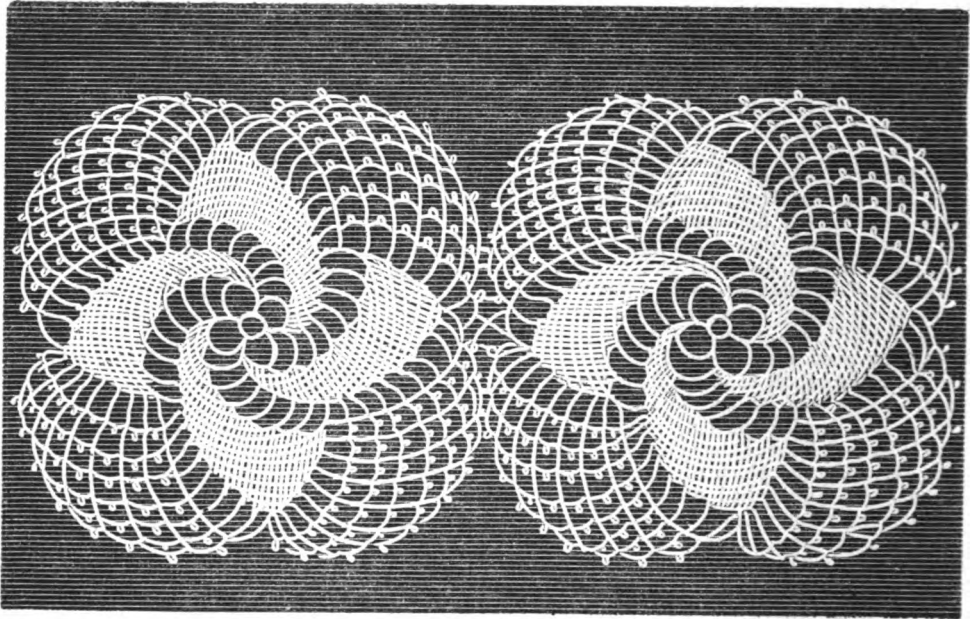
C. W.

THE WORK - TABLE.

DESIGN FOR A CROCHET COUNTERPANE.

(INTENDED TO BE THROWN OVER AN EIDER-DOWN QUILT.)

MATERIALS: The Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, No. 4, 6, or 8, of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., of Derby; with a suitable hook.



It is made in squares, of which each is joined to those already done, in working the last round. 8 ch. Close into a round.

1st. $\times$ 6 ch, s c under ch, $\times$ 4 times. The directions are to be worked four times for every round.

2nd. 6 ch, 4 s c under chain.

3rd. 6 ch, 7 s c (4 under ch, 2 on first 3 of 4, inserting the hook *always* under both sides of the stitch). In future rounds, the first 4 s c are always to be under the ch.

4th. 6 chain, 9 s c.

5th. 6 ch, 12 s c.

6th. 6 ch, 15 s c.

7th. 6 ch, 18 s c.

8th. 6 ch, 21 s c.

9th. 5 ch, 1 s c under chain of 6, *picot*, 6 ch, 20 s c over 21.

10th. 5 ch, 1 s c under loop, *picot*, 5 ch, 1 s c under next loop, *picot*, 6 ch, 18 s c on 20.

11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th rounds the same style, there being in each one loop of 5 chains more than in the preceding, and 2 s c stitches less, so that there are 10 only in the last.

15th. 6 ch, 1 s c under a loop, *picot*; $\times$ 5 ch, s c under loop, *picot*, $\times$ 6 times; 6 ch, 6 s c over 10, omitting the first 1 and the last 3.

16th. 6 ch, 1 s c under loop, *picot*, $\times$ 5 ch, s c under loop, *picot*; $\times$ 7 times. 3 s c on 6, omitting first and two last stitches.

17th. 6 ch, 1 s c under loop, *picot*; $\times$ 5 ch, s c under loop, *picot*; $\times$ 8 times; 1 s c on centre of 3.

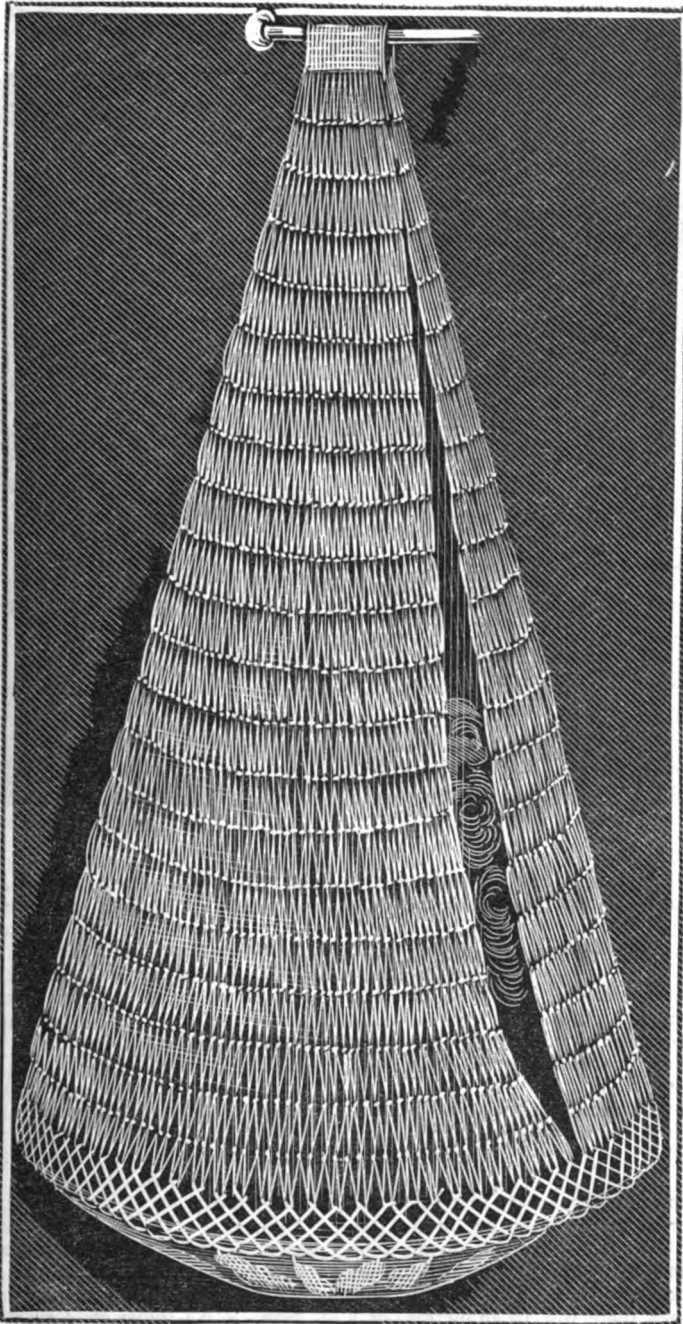
This finishes one square. The second is to be joined to the first by the first four loops of the first quarter, and the last four loops of the fourth; the third piece, being united to the first at another side in the same way, and the fourth to the second and third, the loops by which they are not joined will form a diamond in the centre. Successive squares to be joined to correspond.

This pattern would be pretty also for an antimacassar; but, being very light, would be improved by a bead border, finished with fringe. It would also look well in wool, or in crochet twine, for a cushion.

AIGUILLETTE.

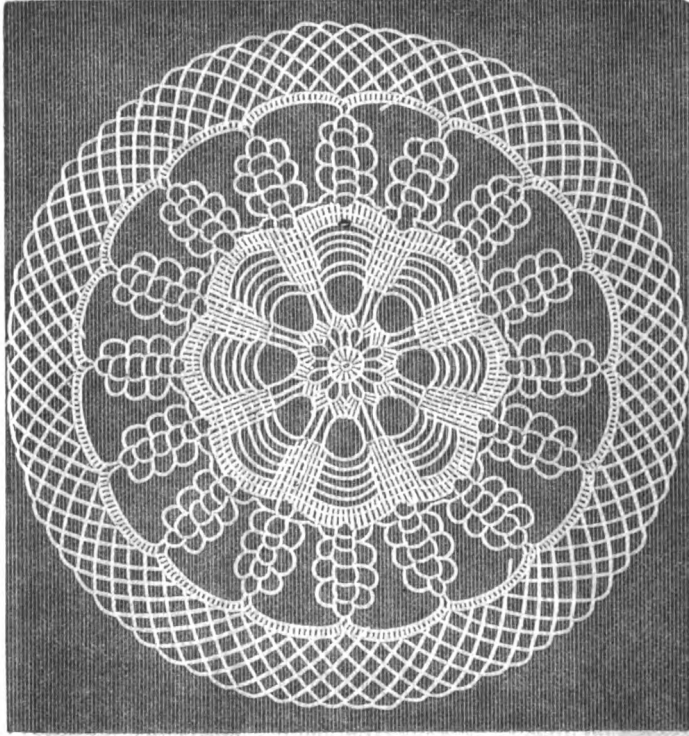
S P O N G E - B A G .

MATERIALS : Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, No. 4 ; a coarse crochet-hook, a steel netting-needle, and flat mesh $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch wide.



This pretty and useful little article is an improvement—as far as ornament is concerned—on some used in Germany and Switzerland, for holding the sponge. It is to be suspended, on a very strong nail, above the wash-stand. The foundation is round, in crochet, the size of a

small or medium-sized plate; and above it is worked a bag, or net, in netting, done backwards and forwards, so as to leave an opening to put in the sponge. It is gradually decreased, so that a few stitches only are at the top; and these are sewed to a strong band of tape, passed over the nail. A white china plate is slipped in, and rests on the crochet round. It is the most convenient and neatest repository for a sponge.



THE ROUND.—8 ch, close into a round, and work one sc on each stitch, with one chain before it.

2nd. $\times$ 1 sc under ch, 4 ch, $\times$ 8 times in the round.

3rd. $\times$ 2 sc under ch of 4, 3 ch, 2 more sc under same, $\times$ 8 times.

4th. $\times$ 3 to under ch of 3, 9 ch, $\times$ 8 times.

5th. $\times$ 6 sc, 7 ch, miss 6, $\times$ 8 times: end with 1 slip-stitch on first of 6 sc.

6th. $\times$ 7 sc, beginning on the second of 6, and doing two in one for the last, which comes on a chain, 7 ch, $\times$ 8 times: end with slip-stitch.

7th, 8th, and 9th. Like 6th, increasing one in the number of the chain in the 7th and 9th, and one in the sc in the 8th, always ending with a slip-stitch and commencing the round on the 2nd of the sc stitches. The pattern being repeated 8 times, there will be an increase of 8 in every round.

10th. Sc, increasing 8 altogether.

11th. $\times$ 4 sc under both sides of the stitch, 14 ch, miss 4, d c on 5th, 2 ch, miss 2, d c, 2 ch,

miss 2, d c, 2 ch, miss 2, d c, 1 ch, miss 1 (of the 10th round), 4 more sc as before, $\times$ 16 times. This makes as many veins, or centres of leaves, round which you work in the next round, thus:

12th. $\times$ 4 ch, sc under the first, 2 ch, 4 ch, sc under next, and so on all round the veining, but working twice in the loop at the point; 2 slip on centre 2 sc of the right in last round, between the veins, $\times$ 16 times. Fasten off.

13th. 2 sc under the loop at one point; then as many chain, before joining to the next point, as will make the work lie perfectly flat: probably about 15 will suffice. The 2 sc under the next point, and so on all round.

14th. Sc.

15th. Dc, $\times$ 3 ch, dc in the same stitch, miss 2, dc in the next, $\times$ repeat all round: end with 3 ch, dc in same stitch as last dc, slip-stitch on next dc, and 2 ch.

16th. $\times$ dc under ch, 4 ch, dc under same, $\times$ repeat this under every chain.

17th. Sc under ch, $\times$ 3 ch, sc under next chain, $\times$ all round.

This mat supports the plate. Put a string in

the centre, and tie it into a loop, long enough to go over your foot; then work the netted part, doing two stitches under every chain of 3. Work about four inches in honeycomb, going backwards and forwards; then plain netting, decreasing by taking two together every 8th stitch; in the next row but one, every 7th; in the next but one, every 6th—and so on, until only about 40 stitches are left, which are either sewed to a piece of broad tape (one half to each end) or worked on a band of crochet, thus:

Do a row of s c, inserting the hook every time under one stitch of netting, till you have taken up half the stitches; work backwards and forwards closely in s c for an inch and a half; then join to the remaining half of the stitches. This crochet band is used to suspend the net over a nail.

AIGUILLETTE.

THE KING OF ITALY.

BY MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

“ Il bel paese ch' Apennin parte
Il mar circonda e l'Alpe.”

PETRARCH.

The King of countless Palaces! He yet must have
two more

Ere he can hold the war-horse in, and rule from
shore to shore!

What matter that his fair Turin has pleasant regal
state,

Where freemen with their mien erect round throne
and altar wait;

Or that white Florence smiling sues, and opens wide
her doors,

Where “ Pitti ” asks a monarch's tread upon its
marble floors;

Or that at red Vesuvius' foot, and by the sapphire
bay,

The brightest city Europe boasts her beauty yields
to-day?

A nation bids to Bourbon halls its King—“ the
honest man ”—

But he must keep his saddle-seat with soldiers in
the van;

What matter Genoa the Superb has merchant homes
so wide,

They'd hive his royalest retinue in all its martial
pride?

What matters that a score of towns have Palaces to
spare,

And crowned kings might be enthroned in pomp and
splendour there?

The King of countless Palaces demandeth just Two
more

Ere he can lay his sword aside, and rule from shore
to shore!

We know that loud Te Deums rise in Milan's
beauteous fane

From grateful hearts surcharged with joy, and tried
by recent pain—

But prayer is mingled with the praise, and there's
an Ear can hear,

And in St. Mark's such strains must rise in accents
loud and clear.

King Victor claims, and he must have, those
Princely Ducal Halls,
Where portraits of the Doges dead are hanging on
the walls!

Ah! how they seem to watch and wait for brothers
brave to come,
Italia's sons, with masters' mien, to hold their an-
cient home—

For glad bright eyes to break the gloom, and quick
free steps to sound

Where now the sullen stranger treads, and scatters
victims round!

'Twould be a pleasant sight to see that poor white-
coated thing

March out the while from every tower the clanging
joy-bells ring,

To see the three pure colours placed by hands un-
stained with gore

Upon those ancient masts that rise before St.
Mark's great door—

To see some summer holiday King Victor, true and
bold,

Ascend the Giant-guarded Stairs, his ceded rights
to hold:

New ritual then for 'spousals with the Adriatic Sea,
But oh, what ring were rich enough to wed fair

Venice free?

Only the gem of Truth, set in to self-adjusting law,
Could be the fit espousal ring, without a speck or

flaw,
To girdle all the jutting isles that rise from out the
wave,

And point like fingers to the sky from which they
justice crave.

What pleasant sights! Well they may be, for close
beside the Throne

A Statesman holds the mystic reins, whose one great
mind alone

Is match for all the shallower brains he readeth o'er
and o'er—

And walls may fall by wisdom's words as well as
cannon's roar.

But if the foe cannot be taught what is a Nation's
right,

He'll have to learn—some happy day—what is a
Nation's might:

If belching guns must rake and tear, and shake the
still lagoon,

And make a midnight of the air in bright and sunny
noon—

If foes must starve, and soldiers die, and women
weep and wail,

And war's red horrors measure out their very ut-
most tale,

So be it—in God's chosen time—much rather than
the peace—

Which is not peace, but only wrong's extended
shameful lease.

If Venice, “ emerald-paved,” must see her waves
half-ruby dyed,

Thus dashed against her marble white, the foe
would be defied;

Death-blent her Colours thus she'd flaunt—and bet-
ter this should be

Than that the black and yellow flag she should tri-
umphant see!

Somehow the Bridge of Sighs must wake an echo of
the note

Which only cleaves the lightened air from out a
freeman's throat;

Somehow the quaint Rialto mart must throng with
happy faces,
And childhood grow to youth and see but dimly
sorrow's traces;
Somehow with White, Green, Red at prow the gon-
dolas must dart
On busy errands 'mong the homes of Commerce
and of Art;
Somehow the captive State must have her fair limbs
all set free
To join her hands with sister States beside the an-
cient Sea!

And then—or first?—another spot must own King
Victor lord
Ere he can mount a stedfast throne and lay aside
the sword!
Believe, oh Nations of the North, that 'neath its
modern masks,
The Roman nature still bounds high, and sighs for
noble tasks;
Its wrongs have all been double-edged to slay both
flesh and spirit,
And yet it still has strength to be, and the great
Name inherit.
Oh, Rome, the heart, the aching heart, until its
pulse beats true,
The nation is not hale and strong its earnest work
to do!—
Oh, Rome, all Italy declares among its seven hills,
Must rise the throne for him who well the kingly
office fills!

The Cæsars' ruined Palace-walls are bared to every
eye,
And bats and owls keep lonely rule beneath the
midnight sky;
But there are fouler things than these that rule in
pride of place,
And need the scourge of right and law their being
to efface.
Between St. Peter's priestly Chair and Capitol of
old,
The yellow Tiber's parting stream by God's own
hand is roll'd;
Let this be type of what shall be when dawn has
grown to day,
When foreign swords no longer gleam, and free-
dom's progress stay,
Let thunders of the Vatican still hurl from Papal
seat,
To pierce the hearts which deem that there great
powers and mysteries meet;
But let the other shore behold a simple human
king,
To rule by law, and shower the good that must from
justice spring:
As haughty flowers that bow their heads to where
the sun is shining,
Would rival cities bow content without a moment's
pining—
Content that Rome, their queen of old, should have
chief honour still,
Without the blast of envy's breath her bounding
heart to chill.
Not till within the Capitol he signs himself a King—
Not till Venetian voices shall their loud Te Deums
sing—
Will Victor doff the warrior's helm, and wield his
sword no more,
The King of countless Palaces must rule from shore
to shore!
April 8, 1861.

SUNLIGHT ON THE SNOW.

BY MRS. ANDY.

Where is the verdure on the distant mountain?
Where is the ivy on the castle-wall?
Where the clear waters of the trickling fountain?
Alas! a cold, white shroud is o'er them all!
Yet turn not from the barren scene, since Heaven,
Ere long, may brightness on the gloom bestow:
Even while I speak, the wished-for sign is given.
Look round you—there is Sunlight on the Snow

On its pure bed how softly it reposes!
It never seemed so lovely to my sight
Resting on leafy trees or banks of roses,
As on this fair expanse of spotless white.
Then tell me not of outward desolation;
Verdure still lives the spreading pall below,
Nor lack we store for pleasant contemplation,
Watching the glancing Sunlight on the Snow.

Soon may we know a season of dejection,
When Joy's fair flowers shall sorrowfully droop.
Frozen may seem the fountain of affection,
And mute the sweet and silvery voice of Hope:
Yet, firmly trusting in a Power above us,
O'er our bleak path in patience let us go,
Assured that God can never cease to love us,
Or fail to send us Sunlight on the Snow!

CONSTANCY.

(Song.)

BY P. LOUIS JAQUEROD.

Oh, deem thou not this heart can wander,
Truant-like, 'though far from thee.
As the sunlight to the flow'r,
Dearest, so art thou to me!
Maiden-lips in vain may smile,
Sirens weave the luring spell:
No—on other eyes than thine
Ne'er shall mine enraptur'd dwell.
Deem not, then, this heart can wander,
Truant-like, though far from thee.
As the sunlight to the flow'r,
Dearest, so art thou to me!

'Mid the blooming meads and bowers,
As the bee, although he roam,
Charm'd awhile with Nature's treasures,
Gladly seeks his dearer home;
So my soul, through Life's wide scenes,
Doom'd 'mid anxious toils to stray,
Pants for her whose angel strains
Chase my ev'ry cares away.
Deem not, then, this heart can wander,
Truant-like, though far from thee.
As the sunlight to the flower,
Dearest, so art thou to me!

Morges Castle (Switzerland), 1861.

LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

THE BROKEN FUCHSIA.

BY Y. S. N.

"I shall be ready to start with you directly, Laura, my dear. I am only going into the children's room for a moment, to speak to Miss Layton."

"There is plenty of time, Mrs. Everley. We have quite a quarter of an hour to spare; so I will go with you, and say good-bye to them," rejoined Laura Creswell, accompanying her friend into the apartment—half play-room, half study—in which the younger members of the family were generally to be found, at that time in the morning.

The only occupants, just then, were a little dark-haired, dark-eyed girl, with a very pale face and swollen eyelids, whose deeply craped frock was still sparkling from the effects of a recent shower of tears; and in perfect contrast to this melancholy-looking child, a roguish, merry-faced boy, bending over his lesson-books, at a table in the window, and apparently altogether absorbed in their contents. He was too studiously disposed, even to notice his mamma's entrance. His hands, buried in his thick chestnut curls, were vigorously pressed over his ears; and eyes, nose, and mouth seemed alike busied with the work before him. The little sobbing girl was crouching in a remote corner of the room, looking, half sullenly, half timidly, at the industrious young gentleman: her own books were scattered on the floor, near the seat which she ought to have been occupying.

"Lawford, my boy, where is Miss Layton?" inquired his mamma, putting her hand caressingly on his head.

(She had not noticed the little dark figure behind the door.)

"Gone into the garden, Mamma, to gather the flowers you asked her to get for you. She will be back directly, I dare say."

"Well then, Laura, we may as well go down to her. Good-bye, my child! Be good, and attentive to your lessons. It is very kind of Miss Layton to take so much pains with my boy—is it not, Laura?"

"Very," rejoined Miss Creswell, readily; "but, O dear! what a sad pity! Look at this beautiful fuchsia: it has fallen from its stand," added the young lady, pointing to a large pot, now lying in fragments on the floor, the mould scattered about, and many of the finest branches and blossoms broken off.

"It is indeed a pity," said Mrs. Everley, ringing the bell for the servant to clear away the dirt and broken earthenware. "Miss Layton's pet flower, too! I am afraid it has been knocked down carelessly. Lawford, have you done this?" inquired his mamma, somewhat angrily; for she was annoyed at the boy's indifference to the ac-

cident, however it had occurred, as he was once more buried in his studies.

"No, Mamma," he answered immediately; "it was Eleanor Stirling."

"That child is always at some mischief," said Mrs. Everley: "there was the alabaster basket smashed last week, the ink thrown over one of the best table-cloths yesterday, and this flower-pot broken to-day—it really is very annoying!"

A half-choking sob, and then a violent burst of tears, startled the two ladies at this moment, proclaiming the little culprit's whereabouts.

Miss Creswell was down on her knees, in a moment, trying to soothe the poor child; and Mrs. Everley, who would not have spoken as she did had she been aware of the little girl's presence, bade her not fret any more about it, but ask Miss Layton's pardon, when she came in, and try to be more careful in future. But the child would not be comforted.

"O mamma, mamma, dear mamma! I wish you had never sent me away. I am so miserable—so very miserable!" This was all the reply that either lady could elicit, in their attempts to console her.

"Come, come," said Mrs. Everley, "you must not break your heart about this fuchsia. You shall go with me to Gardener, and ask for a finer one, to give to Miss Layton."

But this proposition did not afford the relief that it was intended to do; and, as there really was no more time to spare, Mrs. Everley put the little girl from her lap, and told her friend they must leave her to come round by herself.

Miss Creswell did not follow immediately. She walked back to Lawford's side, and whispered something in his ear.

"Why of course she did. Didn't I tell mamma so?" was the angry retort. "What should I go and knock Miss Layton's flower to pieces for, I should like to know?" And the hands went up to the ears once more, and the mumbling of his Latin declensions was again resumed.

Laura said one more word of kindness to the little girl, who never ceased sobbing, and then rejoined her friend in the garden.

"I am afraid that child will be a great trouble to me, Laura," said Mrs. Everley; "but I could not refuse to take the charge of her for my old friend. You heard of her troubles, I think?"

"Mrs. Stirling's you mean? Yes; I was told that her husband was barbarously murdered, somewhere up the country, just as she was getting strong enough to leave Calcutta and join him. Had she other sorrows besides?"

"Yes, indeed. She lost all her children of fever, but this one—and was some time in doubt whether she had not lost all her fortune also; but that, through the exertions of her

friends, has been secure to her. An invalid sister, whom she cannot leave, and who is herself too delicate for the voyage, is the cause of her remaining in India; but little Eleanor's life was too precious to be risked by a longer residence in a climate which the medical men had pronounced decidedly injurious to her, and so I undertook the charge of her—at least for a time. She is not strong enough to go to school at present; and whilst Miss Layton is my boy's instructress, she does not object to the little girl being in the room and learning a few lessons. She is very backward, poor child."

"And not strong enough, I should think, for much brain-work just yet."

"No, perhaps not; but Miss Layton, who is so fond of teaching, is delighted with my boy as a pupil. He is very clever," said the mother, proudly. "He is going to school next year, though. I shall have Madelaine home then, as a daily companion; but I shall miss my boy."

"I think, my dear Mrs. Everley, it will be a good thing when Lawford does go to school. I fear he is rather in danger of being spoiled at home."

"Spoiled? I hope not. I never mean to spoil him; but I cannot help being a little proud of his good looks and his abilities."

"And he 'cannot help' being quite aware of it, my dear friend. Believe me, as an only boy, thought so much of, and made so much of, he runs a very great risk of being made a very disagreeable boy, and you of being seriously disappointed in him."

Mrs. Everley had a very high opinion of her old schoolfellow, Laura Creswell; but she did not quite like this decided expression of that lady's sentiments respecting her darling Lawford.

They walked on in silence, for some minutes. At last, Mrs. Everley inquired:

"How has my boy offended you, Laura? You are the first person I know who has said a word against him. All my visitors and acquaintances think so highly of him. His manners are so pleasing, and he is so good-humoured and amusing."

"Oh, yes; I know all that can be said in his favour, and I like him very much indeed, although I have only been a few days in the house. His good looks, his abilities, his good humour, and his powers of amusing, which you value, I do not disparage. For a lad of his age—only ten, you say—he is a decidedly precocious young gentleman; but there is one thing of which I think you are unaware, and which seems to me likely to become a serious fault, if not corrected in time."

"Well, some fault or other I dare say he has. For instance: I know that he is foolishly jealous of poor little Nelly—as if the love shown to that desolate child were a wrong to him; but as my only boy—my youngest, now that those other dear ones are at rest—he has been so accustomed to be petted and made the first consideration, that, though a fault, it is a very excusable one, and he will grow out of it."

Miss Creswell sighed—"The fault that I mean is of a graver nature: one that, as I, alas! have but too good cause to know, may end in very sad results, if not carefully guarded against and checked ere it becomes a permanent flaw in the character. All loving children, or nearly all, perhaps I should say, are prone to jealousy—a disposition often more fraught with suffering to themselves than to others. The fault that I think I have detected in Lawford is of a yet graver character—nay, the very gravest of all, in my eyes."

"Dear me!" exclaimed her companion, in astonishment, not altogether free from displeasure, "what can you mean by such a long tirade? What is this dreadful offence? Of what can you possibly accuse my boy? Something short of murder, surely?"

"Untruthfulness. I fear I shall offend you, my kind friend; but it is for his own sake and yours that I entreat you to be strict with him on that point—a matter of incalculable moment, for his present as well as his ultimate well-being."

"Untruthfulness? My dear Laura, you must be dreaming! Why you cannot mean to charge my Lawford with telling falsehoods? The idea is quite absurd, I assure you. How could it have entered that usually wise head of yours?"

"I trust that I may be wrong in my conclusions, although they have not been hastily arrived at. I certainly think, from one or two things I have noticed, that Lawford, with all his good qualities, does not invariably adhere to facts. He is so fond of praise, so proud of enjoying the good opinion of his elders, that I almost think he would feel tempted to throw the blame of any wrong-doing of his on another, willing to bear it, or unlikely to denounce him."

"And I most certainly think that you are very unjust to the child, Laura," rejoined her companion. "It is useless to argue the point, but I cannot say that it is like your usual charitable forbearance to attribute the worst of motives to a child's actions, when you are so invariably averse to pronouncing judgment upon other people's."

"Dear Mrs. Everley, it is from a feeling of justice towards another that I venture to differ from you on this point, and appear unjust towards Lawford."

"What other can you mean?"

"Poor little Eleanor Stirling. I cannot help fancying that she was not altogether to blame, with regard to that flower-pot; although, perhaps, too frightened to vindicate herself when accused so decidedly."

"If the child had not done it, what was the good of her moping in the corner and playing the martyr, then? I should not have punished her for a mere accident, if accident it was. Why could she not speak up for herself, supposing Lawford guilty of the deliberate falsehood with which you charge him?"

"Undoubtedly she should have done so; at least I think it is not a wholesome discipline to suffer a wrongful accusation, without the slightest attempt at self-vindication. It does

no good to the real delinquent, and I think does decided harm to the supposed culprit, who either writhes with the bitter sense of injustice, or glories in the Pharisaic feeling of superiority to another—sentiments which I consider altogether hateful in a child."

"Then you have no dislike to tell-tales, Laura, I suppose?"

"Indeed I have. I would never desire children to be the *voluntary* accusers of others, without some very good reason for such a proceeding. If the question, 'Who did such and such a thing?' be put to a whole school, or family, and the culprit, lacking courage to bear the blame and punishment, suffers all his comrades to be suspected or implicated in the matter, I do not say but that there is a certain honourable feeling in the silence of those who refrain from denouncing the perpetrator, in spite of his meanness. But where a deliberate statement is made, by which blame is decidedly attached to an innocent person, it behoves that innocent one, for Truth's sake, if not for his own, to deny the charge, as far as it relates to himself."

"And what if the blame be shifted to equally innocent shoulders?"

"Let it be dislodged till it rest on the right ones, then," said Miss Creswell, laughing. "But there are some natures so timid, that once accused of wrong-doing, they would rather submit to accusation, and perhaps punishment also, than protest against either, lest they should be disbelieved. This I think would be Eleanor's case. She knows that, with all your kindness to her, she has been so short a time under your care, that her word is far more likely to be doubted than Lawford's. Moreover, I fancy that Lawford is, boy-like, a bit of a tyrant towards that young lady, and she might be afraid of the revenge that would follow were she to turn his accuser. His anger might bring worse consequences to her than even yours or Miss Layton's displeasure. You forget what tyrants and torments children can be to each other."

"My dear Laura, you speak so warmly, and to a degree so *wisely*, upon the subject of children, that I could fancy you the mother of a large family, or at any rate the governess of one. Where have you gained your experience?"

"In a measure from my own heart—from the memories of early days, not altogether the happiest of my life. Remember, I was once one of a large family myself—rather a precocious member too, perhaps; and most certainly a very faulty one. I required the loving guidance of a mother's example, rather than the very injurious influence of the incompetent governess with whom I lived till my happy school-days with you began. Ah! dear Mrs. Everley, believe me, when I speak of the heinousness of untruthfulness in others, I never forget that 'lying lips' were well nigh my own destruction, and that I was the cause of more sorrow and cruel treatment of a younger sister than I can calmly

reflect upon. Pray, pray guard your darling Lawford from a similar error!"

The arrival of the train, for which the two ladies had been waiting, put an end to the conversation. It was not resumed, for other passengers were in the carriage with them; but Mrs. Creswell's earnestness had not been without its effect upon her friend, who began to reflect that it was possible that she had herself been a little hasty in her conclusions respecting the breakage of the flower-pot.

But now that the train is fairly on its way with Mrs. Everley and her friend, we will leave them to their day's shopping and return to the Glen House and the occupants of the school-room.

Miss Layton rejoined the children, very soon after Mrs. Everley had left them. She had heard of the disaster which had befallen her plant, but was not prepared to find little Eleanor still in such violent grief. She spoke very kindly to her, without the least anger, on the subject of the breakage, assuring the sobbing child that with a little careful training and trimming and a proper amount of patience, the fuchsia would eventually quite recover its good looks. Eleanor returned Miss Layton's warm kiss, but she did not appear greatly relieved by this intelligence.

"Come, my dear child, you must not give way to such violent grief for so trifling a cause," said Miss Layton at length: "the breakage was only a piece of carelessness—not a serious crime. You will have sadder trials to bear, and perhaps graver faults to weep over, some day; look at your lessons quietly now, till I am ready to hear them. By-and-bye, when you have a little recovered from this dreadful shock, you shall tell me how the accident happened."

Eleanor looked, if possible, still more distressed at this last suggestion, and Lawford immediately volunteered to relieve her, by giving his account of the disaster; but Miss Layton at once frustrated his attempt with the words:—

"My dear, Eleanor shall tell me herself. I am going to hear your lessons now, and we will dismiss the subject from our minds for the present."

Lawford was unusually attentive that morning, and was very justly praised for his good writing and his quickness at his cyphering; poor Eleanor had been too much upset to give proper attention to the work before her, although she did try very hard to fix her thoughts upon what she was about, which her kind instructress perceived, and was therefore disposed to be very lenient with her.

Eleanor Stirling was a quiet, timid little thing, who hardly yet felt at home with her new friends, and was often quite unable to understand Lawford's rough, fearless ways.

Lawford, for his part, had as little power of entering into the feelings of his young companion, and was not unfrequently extremely angry with her, "for being such a silly," as he expressed it, as to hesitate about doing things which had been forbidden them. However, she

was very good-natured, and, in consideration of this redeeming quality, Master Lawford, when amiably disposed, would honour her so far as to enlist her service in any matter in which she could be of use to him.

It was something new for him, and by no means unpleasant, to have such a meek little creature to order about and do what he liked with. His mamma had at first tacitly encouraged this relationship between the two children, although quite unaware of the probable results of such partiality and favoritism, or that Lawford was in reality fast assuming the character of a tyrant towards her little guest, who became daily more and more under his power.

Miss Layton, who studied both children with equal interest and greater impartiality, had noticed that little Nelly stood in considerable awe of her elder play-mate, and that he was not only perfectly aware of the fact, but evidently rejoiced in the consciousness of his superiority and power.

Some days elapsed without any further allusion to the injured fuchsia—days in which little Eleanor seemed happier and more at her ease than she had been since her residence at the Glen House; a change perhaps mainly attributable to the kind notice invariably bestowed upon her by Miss Creswell whenever she had the opportunity. To this lady the little girl was gradually led to confide all her troubles and pleasures, the hopes the fears which the shy retiring child had hitherto buried in her own bosom, feeling that Lawford would only laugh at her, that Miss Layton might not quite understand her, and that Mrs. Everley would probably care very little about knowing more of her than she knew already. Mrs. Everley never meant any unkindness towards her; but her manner was often cold and repellant, so that she had not won her way into her little charge's heart so readily as Miss Creswell.

This was easily accounted for; as Eleanor knew how doatingly fond Mrs. Everley was of her darling Lawford, and how blind the mother's faith in him. Knowing this, she was hindered from striving to win a love, which she scarcely hoped ever to gain, although hers was a nature sorely needing and dependent upon the love of those with whom she lived.

Her bright, happy smile when Miss Creswell entered the school-room, the radiant face with which a word of praise or encouragement from that lady was received, were sufficient proofs of this necessity. Mrs. Everley noticed the change in the little girl's manner; but unaware of its real origin, attributed it to her being more reconciled to the separation from her mamma and her present home.

"She is really getting quite a nice child," observed Mrs. Everley one afternoon, upon noticing the little girl's eagerness to oblige Miss Creswell in some little commission which had been intrusted to her.

"I always thought her one, my dear friend; 't is only that you know her better now, and that she, being less timid and self-distrustful,

appears in more natural colours. Eleanor's nature would not bear much coercion; over-severity, unjust suspicion; unkind treatment of any kind would ruin that child's naturally amiable disposition."

"You are certainly a very warm and kind friend to the poor little stranger, Laura: she ought to be very grateful to you."

"So I believe she is: she has made me quite fond of her in these few weeks."

"By-the-bye, was the mystery of the broken flower ever solved? I had forgotten all about it."

"Had you? The mystery, as you call it, never puzzled me from the first: this afternoon I hope to make it clear to yourself, although I have never once spoken to Lawford about it."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of the two children. It had been a pouring, wet day, and they having tired of their various amusements in the play-room, had been invited down-stairs, with the promise of a story from Miss Creswell, if they would be very good and quiet.

The only thing to keep Lawford really still for any length of time was "a story;" and, Mamma having long ago exhausted all hers, Miss Creswell's narratives were especially valued. Lawford generally selected the style of story for which he was most in the humour, impossible adventures of wonderfully clever boys, alarming accidents and frightful catastrophes, in which fire and water, steam engines, and thunderstorms were alike required to keep up the interest and bring about the climax of the tragedy.

On this particular occasion, however, the story was to be a true one, without any adjuncts of a supernatural or horrible tendency, and the subject entirely of Miss Creswell's selection:

"But perhaps you will not quite like it, Lawford, when I tell you that it is only about little girls; you do not care for them."

"Oh! yes, I do. I like little girls—when they are nice ones," he added, correctively.

His mamma laughed; but Miss Creswell whispered.

"If you do then, I hope you are always very kind to them. Are you so to little Nelly?"

He did not answer the question; but burying his head in the cushions of the sofa on which he had perched himself, begged Miss Creswell to begin, as he was "quite comfortable, and all attention."

I have neither time nor space just now to give the details of Miss Creswell's "true story:" it was about two orphan sisters—the elder of whom behaved so unkindly to the little one, that her health, both mentally and bodily, might have been permanently affected, had not the deception practised been discovered in time to remove the poor child from her unhappy home, before more serious harm had been done.

"How dreadfully cruel!" exclaimed Lawford, when Miss Creswell had concluded her narrative.

"I should like to have horse-whipped that great bully of a girl, making out that her siste-

had done those wicked things, which she did on purpose to throw suspicion on the young one."

Miss Creswell sighed, as she stroked the boy's chestnut curls, and looked at his intelligent face now glowing with indignation.

"Then, Lawford will never do anything that is mean and cowardly?"

"Never!" he answered vehemently; "but I want to know her name. It is a true story, so you can tell me their names. The youngest was Edith, you said; but the eldest, the horrid girl, what was she called?"

"That unkind, cruel sister was named Laura; Laura Creswell."

"Why, your name is Laura. Oh! Miss Creswell, you cannot mean that it was yourself: you could never have been so unjust, so unkind?"

"Indeed I was, though; and cannot to this day forget the misery I caused, or forgive myself for it. But do you know, Lawford dear, why I have put myself to the pain of telling you all this?"

Lawford shook his head. Little Eleanor, not being very well, had fallen asleep in an arm-chair almost before the story had commenced; one reason, perhaps, for Miss Creswell's selecting that particular subject just then. Miss Creswell pointed to the sleeping child.

"Look at Nelly, and tell me whether you cannot answer that question."

"Oh! do you really think that I am like, like—"

"Like what I was? you would say. No, my child; but I think you are in danger of becoming, if not as cruel, equally untruthful and unjust."

Lawford coloured, and hung his head in confusion; for the first time for many days, the thought of the broken fuchsia flashed across his mind. He looked up at Miss Creswell anxiously.

"Do you mean about that flower-pot? How did you know that I broke it?"

"I happened to be in the adjoining room just afterwards, and heard what you said to Nelly; but I was so anxious for you to be generous, or

rather just enough to confess your error, that having comforted Nelly with the assurance of my belief in her innocence, I never openly accused you of your fault."

"But you do not know the worst even now," cried Lawford, bursting into tears. "Mamma, mamma, you will never forgive me; you will never believe that I could be so wicked." He ran to her, and, falling on his knees, buried his face in her lap, sobbing out—"Do pray forgive me. I threw the flower-pot at Nelly, to punish her because she would not hear my lessons till she had finished her sum for Miss Layton, and I wanted her to do so: I was in a passion."

"Do you know that you might have killed your little play-fellow, my boy?" said his mamma, seriously. She was indeed very shocked and surprised to find how grievously he had been to blame, and felt most grateful to Miss Creswell, for having thus convinced her that he needed more judicious management than the blind indulgence she had been wont to lavish upon him.

Lawford lived to become all that his mother once fondly imagined him—not altogether without faults, but a very estimable character—a man distinguished for his talent and ability, but still more respected for his truthfulness and uprightness.

Eleanor Stirling left her kind friends, the Everleys, with real regret, when her mamma at length returned to England; but she often pays a visit to her old home at Glen House.

The play-room has long been converted into a study for Lawford—a room in which he still passes a great deal of his time very happily too. His mother's old friend Miss Creswell was invited into his snuggery a short time ago, and was surprised, as well as pleased, to see the value he still sets upon a painting she had given to him many years ago, in remembrance of her. It had just been put into a handsome frame, and hung against the wall, immediately facing his writing-table. The subject was a very simple one, being nothing but a shattered flower-pot and a broken fuchsia plant.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

SILAS MARNER.*

"The art itself is Nature."

The Winter's Tale.

I am inclined to think that this is George Eliot's best novel. Doubtless many beauties may be found in her other books which are absent from this. We have here no character which can at all compete with the wondrous

Hetty; we have no such finished humorous portrait as that of Mrs. Poyser; we have no such instance of subtle analysis as that which separated distinctly from each other the four Dodson-sisters. But "Silas Marner" is a perfect book. The ordinary reader will say that it is thoroughly true to nature from the first page to the last; the critic will find in it a consummate work of art. Neither "Adam Bede," nor "The Mill on the Floss," when considered as stories, could be highly praised. Much of the latter portion of "Adam Bede" should never have been written. "The Mill on the Floss" was throughout deficient in that coherence, in that due

* By George Eliot, author of "Adam Bede." W. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.)

subordination of the parts to a central idea which is essential to fiction. "Silas Marner" is much shorter than those novels. If by its brevity we lose something in the scant filling up of characters after George Eliot's own heart, such as Dolly Winthrop, we at least have not to regret the marring of incomparable work by *post mortem* additions, or by episodes little relevant, which are not unsuggestive of the exigencies of the three volumes.

The plot of this novel is complete. We do not mean to spoil the pleasure of those who have not yet read the book, by telling the story. All we wish to do is to draw the reader's attention to the skill with which the Cass-portion of the plot is worked into the Silas Marner portion. Silas Marner occupies a very different position as we look at him in reference to the Casses, or at the Casses in reference to him; but in both cases the position is equally natural.

Silas, before he came to Raveloe, had worked at his loom in a gloomy alley of some town. This Lantern-Yard division of his life is told in episode. We hear, briefly, that he had a bosom-friend ("David and Jonathan" the two were called), and a sweetheart, Sarah. Silas was a Baptist. He was afflicted with catalepsy; and, being once stricken by a fit during religious service in the Baptist Chapel, he was afterwards looked upon by the members of that sect as "a brother selected for a peculiar discipline." It is remarked that he was too sane to imagine, too honest to invent subsequently any spiritual vision as accompanying the outward trance. His "impressible and self-doubting nature" is contrasted with the self-complacent arrogance of his friend William Dane. Silas never arrives at more than a trembling hope of "salvation"; while Dane triumphs in an unshaken assurance derived from a dream, wherein "he saw the words 'calling and election sure' standing by themselves on a white page in the open Bible." It chanced that a deacon of the Baptist community falls sick. Certain of the brethren watch by his sick bed turn by turn; among the rest Silas Marner and William Dane. One morning Silas, who had taken his turn by the deacon's bed-side on the previous evening, and should have been relieved by Dane at two o'clock, suddenly becomes conscious that the deacon is dead—has been dead some time! It is four instead of two o'clock. Silas has been again stricken by catalepsy. His friend does not appear, and Silas goes to his work in much perturbation of spirit. He is summoned to the chapel, and there arraigned before an awful conclave of the Minister and the Elders. In the past night the bag of church-money has been stolen from the bureau by the bedside of the dead deacon. In the bureau Silas Marner's knife has been found. Quoth Silas, "God will clear me." The empty money-bag is found hidden behind the chest of drawers in Silas's chamber. Still quoth Silas, "God will clear me." He remembers suddenly that he had lent his knife to his friend William Dane. "I am sore stricken," he says: "I can

say nothing. God will clear me." A resort to *legal* measures for ascertaining the culprit is contrary to the principles of the church, just as it had been contrary to their principles to seek a *medical* explanation for Silas's cataleptic fits. They pray and draw lots. The lots declare Silas Marner guilty. Then Silas accuses his former bosom-friend of the theft: "But," he goes on, "you may prosper, for all that: there is no just God that governs the earth righteously, but a God of lies, that bears witness against the innocent." Silas is cast out from the church: Sarah (his promised wife) deserts him, and is soon after married to his false friend.

So Silas Marner comes to Raveloe—a disbeliever in the justice of men and of God. He could not separate the religious form from that which it strove to represent, George Eliot tells us in one of her wise sentences. It never occurred to him "to question the validity of an appeal to the divine judgment by drawing lots:" he doubts not the lot-drawing process, but the justice of God. It must not be supposed, for a moment, that this atheistic misanthrope scowls upon heaven and earth in a tragical or sentimental manner. He is a poor, "*mushed, mothered*" creature—a pale-faced man, with short-sighted, brown, protuberant eyes. The Raveloe people are inclined to look upon him as somewhat uncanny. He comes from an "unknown region called North'ard:" no one knows who were his father and mother. He makes up to none of the Raveloe lasses; he never asks a soul over his door-step; he never takes his pint at the Rainbow Inn; he never goes to church. Here, surely, were enough causes to excite the suspicions of the Raveloe folks: but, besides these, there were Silas's cataleptic fits—so different from common fits; there was the sound of his loom, so different from that of the flail or the winnowing machine; and, moreover, Silas betrays a knowledge of herbs, curing Sally Oates when Doctor Kimble had failed to do her any good. It was natural that the physic of the established doctor should have an effect; but when Marner's "stuff" has an effect the occult character of the process is evident. If Marner has a knowledge of herbs, it follows that he has too a knowledge of charms, like the Wise Woman of Tarley. So Silas is besieged for charms; and when he refuses, in his honesty, to make money by pretending to that knowledge, he is looked upon as malevolent. If he can cure he can afflict too; and, as he will not cure, it is probable that he will afflict. So Silas, poor *mushed* creature as he is, comes to be treated with a certain fearful respect.

Meantime the weaver finds his sole consolation in his loom. At Lantern Yard work had been the means whereby he might earn money enough to settle in life with Sarah. The end taken away, working becomes in itself the end; and, "like the spider, Silas weaves from pure impulse." He finds plenty to do in that region "where women seemed to be laying up a stock of linen for the life to come." From one of these provident housewives he receives, in payment,

five bright guineas. The money becomes to him "another element of life." Henceforth money is the end which he lacked. Silas becomes a miser. He works early and late, that he may add to his secret store of coins. He pinches himself of food; he is always contriving how he may save more. At night comes his grand pleasure. He takes his hoard out of its hiding-place, and spreads the coins upon the table; he bathes his hands in them, he counts them, he piles them symmetrically, he feels their rounded outline; he has a love for each particular coin; he thinks of the guineas half-earned by the work in his loom, of the guineas to be earned through all the time to come. So, year after year his life narrows and hardens itself more and more, becoming reduced to the mere functions of weaving and hoarding. "His face and figure shrank and bent themselves into a constant mechanical relation to the objects of his life, so that he produced the same sort of impression as a handle or a crooked tube, which has no meaning standing apart."

Fifteen years have passed by in this manner since his arrival at Raveloe, and "old master Marner" is known among the villagers to be a rich man. At this era another crisis in his life takes place. While he is absent from his house one evening his money is stolen. In his bewilderment he doubts whether it is a mortal thief who has stolen it, or whether the loss is not, rather, another stroke from that cruel power which delights to make him thus a second time desolate. The description of his desolation is sad to read. He has no wish to take vengeance on the unknown thief, if he could only get his money back. He seizes on every stray suggestion as to who the culprit may be, liking to imagine the whereabouts of his treasure. Thus he has a certain satisfaction in the popular notion which, without a shadow of cause, points to a pedlar as the thief; because he can picture his money in the pedlar's box. He has a blind sort of half-hope that the money may come back as mysteriously as it went. He stands gazing from his door when evening closes in, "as if he thought that it might be somehow coming back to him, or that some trace, some news of it, might be on the road." The effect of Silas's misfortune is to arouse a kindlier feeling for him in the breasts of his neighbours. Mr. Macey, parish-clerk, goes to see him; and Dolly Winthrop takes him the memorable I. H. S. cakes. Dolly Winthrop drops for his benefit some few hints on the subject of religion; but the church-religion of Dolly and the old chapel-religion of Silas are so different in their idioms and their forms that he cannot at all assimilate the two. Moreover, her reverential plural "*Them*," when she speaks of the Divine Power, might signify the most mystical of Trinitarian heresies, or the simplest polytheism, for all that Silas understands by it.

On a snowy New-year's Eve—while they are making merry at Squire Cass's, while Godfrey Cass is dancing with prim, pretty Nancy Lam-meter, while other characters of the book are

engaged in other ways—Silas opens his door, and gazes out in his vague manner, watching for some trace or tidings of his lost money. Coming in again wearily, and being on the point of closing his door, he is stricken by one of his fits, and stands, with the latch in his hand, sightless, unconscious, dead for the time to all that passes around him. Recovering, he completes the arrested action of shutting the door, utterly unwitting of the chasm in his consciousness. He turns, and sees upon his old sack coat, spread to dry before the glimmering fire, what he at first takes to be his long-lost guineas. A heap of gold is there, glittering in the dim red light. As he stoops to grasp it, the gold changes into a form yet more marvellous. His hand encounters not cold hard metal, but warm soft curls. "It was a sleeping child—a round, fair thing, with soft yellow rings all over its head." The thought flashes upon Silas that it is his little dead sister come back to him.

This foundling the weaver keeps. "It's come to me—I've a right to keep it," he says. "My money's gone, I don't know where—and this is come from I don't know where. I know nothing—I'm partly mazed." The child revives in Silas the old feelings and sympathies long dead; it creates new ties between him and his fellow-creatures, in place of those which had years ago been broken; it arouses in him a new faith in the justice and goodness of God. "There's good i' this world—I've a feeling o' that now. That drawing o' the lots is dark; but the child was sent to me. There's dealings with us—there's dealings!" Dolly Winthrop advises that the little girl should be christened; and as she affirms that that operation will be "for the good of the child," Silas accedes; though he cannot at all identify that ceremony with the adult baptism of his chapel-religion. "For the good of the child," too, as she grows older, Silas takes her to church, like a decent man, though nothing that he hears or sees there recalls in the least the Baptist worship. His shrivelled, blighted soul unfolds again with that of the child, and, though to the last there are some marks of the ancient canker round about it, it grows strongly and healthily. To the very last the drawing of the lots is dark to him; but he takes to heart Dolly Winthrop's lessons of life—"All as we have got to do is to trusten, Master Marner—to do the right thing as far as we know, and to trusten. . . . It's the will o' Them above as a many things should be dark to us; but there's some things as I've never felt i' the dark about, and they're mostly what comes i' the day's work."—"Since the time the child was sent to me and I've come to love her as myself, I've had light enough to trusten by," Silas says. At last, too, he begins to be able to assimilate his old Baptist-faith with the Raveloe-faith, seeing dimly that both, however different from each other, had reference equally to the same truths which he felt intuitively in his daily life.

The above are the chief points in the life of Silas Marner. How in the end his money mys-

teriously came back to him, the reader must go to the book itself to learn. The plot of the story is, as I have said above, perfect. The incidents just related, which, taken apart, seem to have happened solely for the sake of influencing Marner's life and of working out in his nature a regular series of psychological effects, when viewed in relation to the whole story take their place as events of the greatest importance to the other characters and to the conduct of the plot. We have heard of Hamlet, with the character of the Prince of Denmark omitted. The character of Silas might be omitted from this book, and the story of it would remain substantially the same. The theft might have been committed upon Mr. Macey; the child might have been adopted by Mrs. Winthrop. Those events which seem in one light invented specially for Silas and for him alone, appear in another to have happened to him rather than to any other character only by the veriest chance.

The perfection of the plot, however, is not mere mechanical perfection. The reader never feels that sense of general bondage which very cleverly-conceived stories sometimes excite. Incidents and characters are not seen to be working, under stress of hidden springs and wheels, to an inevitable goal. The author does not think it necessary to bring the whole of her characters on the stage, each with his bow and couplet, before the falling of the curtain. Thus the Lantern Yard episode remains dark to the reader, as it does to Silas. William Dane and Sarah pass out of sight. We have no retribution cunningly introduced as falling upon the false friend, though nothing would have been more easy than to bring William Dane again upon the stage by such an artifice. Silas makes a pilgrimage to Lantern Yard, and finds the whole place swept away, and a great factory built in its stead.

Speaking of retribution, we may make a passing observation on the kind of retribution which falls upon Godfrey Cass. His worship of "Favourable Chance," his creed of "Something may happen," bring him, beyond all hope, safely and triumphantly out of his difficulties. His youthful crimes and follies pass away unexpiated. He has his wish. He is delivered from the secret torment which clung about his life; he is delivered from his brother; he is free to marry Nancy Lammeter, though she had been utterly out of his reach; he does marry Nancy Lammeter, and leads the happy, quiet, domestic life for which he is fitted. But for all this, he suffers due retribution. In the necessity for duplicity and cruelty, abhorrent to his nature; in the knowledge of the wrong that he is doing, in the keeping of the secret from his wife; in the enforced childlessness of his hearth; in his ever-increasing longing to own that which he dare not own; and, finally, in the rejection of him by the person whom he has wronged for so long, and whom at length, with contrite and humble confession, he would right—here we have the true retribution which follows his evil deeds, in the simple sequence of effect and cause.

We want no thunder-stroke, no gibbeting in the sight of Heaven and earth, to point the moral.

The characters of the book, if we find among them none that stand forth so prominently as certain in Adam Bede, yet show, from the highest to the lowest, that originality of real nature which George Eliot never fails in seizing. What character can there be more truly humorous than that of Dolly Winthrop? Her deep, heartfelt religion and never-failing faith, with her dense ignorance of the meaning of habitual religious forms and ceremonies; her opinion of the men—"God help 'em!" her early rising, and consequent long mornings, whereby "the clock seems to stan' still tow'rt ten;" her voluntary office of village-nurse—trait after trait develops itself in her talk, and she grows into a person whom we know well. Compare her with any of Dickens's facetious characters, and mark how Dolly *thinks* as a woman, while Sairey Gamp, or whoever it may be, *speaks*, as an actress, the clever words put into her mouth. The "Saturday Review," I see, dares to liken George Eliot in some degree to Shakespeare. Surely, since Shakespeare, no one has ever had, in like fulness the divine gift of creating human creatures. Then, pretty Nancy Lammeter, in her "drab joseph and drab beaver bonnet," or in her "silvery twilled silk and lace tucker," rises before us, neat as a little bird, prim and innocent as a daisy. We see, in the firm lips and honest eyes of the little Puritan, the precision that rules her life from the smallest to the greatest matters. She has her own code—a most narrow, a most unreasonable code—of what is right. It is right for sisters to dress alike; it is not right to adopt a child when God takes away your own. She is obedient to the will of heaven; and finds that will in oracles of showers of rain.

If George Eliot's sex were not already known, if it had not been before this discernible in the treatment of some of her male characters, I think no one could have failed to discover it in the passages about the child in this book. Its happy occupation "with the primary mystery of its own toes," its "wide-gazing calm," and such-like matters, are "open secrets" which a blind male creature could never have had the sense to see.

In making some observation in these pages upon "Adam Bede" when that novel first appeared, we drew attention to the author's dramatic similes. Not only Mrs. Poyser, but all the rest of the characters sprinkled their conversation with similes drawn from the objects of their daily life. In "Silas Marner" we have the same peculiarity. The butcher says, "Some are for cutting long ribs—I'm for cutting 'em short, myself;" and again, "He's no meat o' mine, nor none o' my bargains." The parish-clerk says, "I was worreted as if I'd got three bells to pull at once;" and again, "There's windings i' things as they may carry you to the fur end o' the Prayer-book afore you get back to 'em." Housewifely sister Priscy says to Nancy, "You're the

colour o' cream;" and again, with regard to Nancy's constancy in love affairs, "I haven't a bit o' patience with you—sitting on an addled egg for ever, as if there was never a fresh un in the world."

At first sight these similes appear the most natural that could be. From whence should people take their similes, if not from the most familiar things? But in reality, I think, similes thus made are very rare. People generally do not take their similes from familiar things. The gift of seeing analogies is by no means an ordinary gift; to see them requires a mental power of abstraction which ordinary people do not possess. The truth is that, as a rule, we use none but stock similes. Clever people no doubt originated the popular sayings, "As dead as a door-nail;" "As blind as a bat;" "As clear as a bell;" "As green as grass," and suchlike; but they are commonly uttered by rote, without any sense of analogy. When people turn their attention to making similes, as Mistress Margaret does in "The Fortunes of Nigel," their first care is generally to make them, not familiar, but pretty. An ordinary ignorant person would, I think, use none but stock similes; an ordinary person sufficiently educated to set knowingly to work to discover analogies would, I think, invent pretty similes.

It is evident in the narrative portion of George Eliot's books that she has naturally the gift of seeing analogies. Her similes are neither of the stock kind nor of the pretty kind. "The long pipes gave a simultaneous movement like the antennæ of startled insects;" the child gurgles before the fire "like a new-hatched gosling beginning to find itself comfortable"; the child's garments which Dolly brings to Silas are "clean and neat as fresh-sprung herbs." When we do get a pretty simile it is not introduced solely for the sake of its prettiness, as in the passage where Eppie's hair, contrasting with her white bridal dress, is said to look "like the dash of gold on a lily." George Eliot allows to her characters the gift which she herself possesses, only modifying it according to the different circumstances in which different characters are placed.

Perhaps, however, those shrewder northern folks have other lights in this matter than have the dull southrons, from whose habits we form our judgment. It is to be noted that the greater the education of our authoress's characters, the less are they addicted to metaphor. We may remark, too, that Silas Marner utters no simile from beginning to end. J. A.

April 18th, 1861.

PERIODICALS.

ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL. (London: 19, Langham Place, Regent Street; W. Kent and Co., Paternoster-row.)—The April number of this periodical is full of interesting matter. The summary of Emille Souvestre's memoir of "Bianca Milesi Majon" is completed; so is the

Editor's account of "Gheel." "Fruits in their Season" is continued, and reads as freshly and pleasantly as ever. "High Living with Low Means" directs attention to an evil dominant in these times, and points to the common-sense modes of dealing with it. Other papers, excellent in their character, complete this very capital number.

THE ODD-FELLOWS' QUARTERLY MAGAZINE. (Judd and Glass, New Bridge-street, London.)—A paper on the "Progress of Provident habits amongst the People," by Charles Hardwick, is full of hopeful and suggestive matter. Speaking of the wholesale depreciation of the working-classes, so frequently heard in what is called good society, he pertinently inquires—

From whom have sprung the numerous manufacturing and mercantile class that within the past three-quarters of a century has added so enormously to the wealth of this country, and the members of which now make their influence felt with singular potency in every department of social and political life? Not from the aristocracy, certainly. This body, notwithstanding its respectability, has never been remarkable for provident habits. On the contrary, it has generally contributed its fair share toward the national per-centage of spendthrifts and reckless livers. No: a large proportion of the enormous commercially-acquired wealth of England is held by men who either were in their youth themselves working men, or whose immediate progenitors earned their bread by direct manual labour. But certain gentlemen, who find agreeable employment in depreciating nearly every self-sustained effort of the provident operative to improve his condition, have a very convenient method of absorbing into their own class all the provident-working men who, by industry and forethought, raise themselves to the position of capitalists. They, in their nomenclature, cease to be working-men when they become peculiarly respectable, and they reflect their virtues not upon the class from which they sprung, but upon the class to the level of which they have risen.

The truth involved in these sentences adds all the more force to their quiet irony. Always practical, Mr. Hardwick enters into the statistics of savings'-banks, to show that the majority of the depositors are poor men, whose savings vary from a few shillings to fifteen pounds deposits, which have increased from fourteen millions in 1828 to forty-one millions at the present time. The author repudiates, and very justly, the too common injustice of including the whole criminal population amongst the operative classes. The article is throughout forcibly and fairly written. A pleasing sketch by Y. S. N. follows, and the Editor (Mr. George Frederick Pardon) supplies an essay, entitled, "What makes a Gentleman;" and a very interesting resumé of M. C. Cook's "Seven Sisters of Sleep." Altogether the number is a very fair one.

MAGNET STORIES: "NOT CLEVER." By Frances M. Wilbraham. (London: Groombridge and Son.)—This series of juvenile tales, far from falling off in interest as they proceed, appear in an ascending scale of excellence. This

story illustrates very sweetly that there are better qualities for home-wear than brilliant talents—that kindness of disposition, good sense, energy, self-command, and self-sacrifice are far more loveable and useful gifts. The character of Elsie Micklathwaite, let us be thankful, is by no means an imaginary one: many an eldest daughter in our English homes might have sat for the portraiture; but the type is worthy of universal emulation, and its value can never be too much insisted on. No girl, or boy either, but must admire and love such a sister as Elsie, whose practical sound sense is always to be depended on, and whose cheerfulness and patience, order and industry, more than compensate for the absence of showy accomplishments and ready wit. The story is an interesting one, well written, and truly excellent in purpose.

JOURNAL OF THE WORKHOUSE VISITING SOCIETY. (Longman, Green, and Co., London.)—The efforts of this association have

been productive of so much good in improving the condition of the inmates of our workhouses, that the journal which records its doings has a special and growing interest. We are glad to see that the condition of workhouse incurables has been considered by many influential and philanthropical persons, and a subscription opened to meet the pressing needs of this section of workhouse inmates. Through a communication from Miss Cobbe, we drew the attention of our lady-readers some months since to this subject,* and asked from them a trifling expenditure of time and money to afford a little physical relief to the sick and bedridden in these dull and unchanging wards. The need, like the poverty of the patients, is ever with us—the help will be most gratefully received.

* See the February part of the publication.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

Easter has at length brought various novelties to the metropolitan theatres. Crowded houses have repaid the endeavours of the managers, and a great variety has been presented to playgoers. Not altogether new pieces, however, have been brought forward; but, in some cases, revivals, the most admirable of which will be hereafter described. At the

ADELPHI

A melodrama from the French, entitled "*Magloire, the Prestigator*," has been splendidly put on the stage, and is graced by Mr. Webster's fine acting. The plot is briefly this: The daughter of a Frenchwoman, *Marie Duval*, is adopted by the *Comtesse d'Arcy*. Her name is *Cécile* (Miss H. Simms), and she is beloved by *Albert de Viellecour* (Mr. W. H. Eburne). One *Lanières* (Mr. David Fisher), the "villain of the piece," professes to love the girl; but learns that she loves *Viellecour*, and that she is not the daughter of *Madame d'Arcy*. To prevent her marriage he bribes *Magloire* (Mr. B. Webster), who is a conjuror, to personate *Cécile's* father, which he does; but eventually discovers that the girl is really his own daughter. A burst of passionate remorse on his part follows and he defies *Lanières*. *Cécile* pines away, and is only restored by the presence of *Madame d'Arcy* and *Albert*, who have been sent for by *Magloire*, who restores his daughter into their hands, and prepares to resume his old occupation. The *Comtesse*, however, promises that he shall return to his daughter after the marriage; and thus all ends happily. Mr. Webster's performance throughout is marked with that impassioned energy which characterizes him. Mr. Toole, as *Riggleboche* the jester, evoked peals of laughter by his song and dance, and exuberance of fun throughout. Mr. Fisher's acting, as

usual, is most excellent. A little ephemeral trifle called "*The Census*," has been produced, with great success. Going westward, we arrive at the

HAYMARKET,

Where has been revived a famous melodrama of former generations of playgoers—"The Miller and his Men." The dresses are splendid, the scenery exquisite, and the music all Bishop's original compositions. The *Miller* (Mr. Howe), *Lothair* (Mr. Farren), *Karl* (Mr. Compton), and *Friberg* (Mr. Villiers), all pourtray their several parts with energy and excellence. Miss F. Haydon and Mrs. Poynter fill the respective parts of *Claudine* and *Ravena*. Altogether it is a most attractive and capital performance. At

THE PRINCESS'S,

"Hamlet" has still been playing three days a week, Mr. Fechter's original and successful impersonation drawing crowded houses. We adhere to the opinion that it is a brilliant but unequal performance. On the off nights "*The Hunchback*," "*Rent Day*," and other sterling English pieces have been presented, forming a strong contrast to many other houses where French adaptations alone flourish. At the

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

There has been no alteration in the bills except the production of a little extravaganza called "*The Pacha of Pimlico*," and a three-act comedy called "*A Scrap of Paper*." This house shows every sign of brilliant success under Mr. Alfred Wigan's excellent rule. Going very eastward we come to the

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD,

Where Mr. and Mrs. C. Kean have been "starring," going through their usual *répertoire*.

The night we were present "Hamlet" was played, and we are firmer than ever in our opinion that Mr. Charles Kean's personation is a most splendid, even, and incomparable performance. His soliloquies, ghost scene, and closet scene are marked with depth of thought, and impassioned strength, which never fail to elicit thunders of applause. At

THE OLYMPIC,

The "Chimney Corner" has been running, and producing very large audiences. In a farce called "The Little Rebel," an adaptation from the French, Miss Louise Keeley sustains the principal character with much talent. At the

STRAND,

Has been produced a new Easter burlesque, entitled "Aladdin;" and as the adventures of that youth form the ground-work of the plot, we need scarcely describe it. It is full of puns and good parodies, and in that respect merits praise; but as regards plot, construction, and strongly-marked character, very little can be said. It is written by Mr. H. J. Byron; but the present school of burlesque writers is a very different one to that of Planché, and some others. Puns and dances are paramount in the former; in the latter, neatness of plot and polished wit are regarded as indispensable. With respect to scenery, dresses, and music, "Aladdin" is excellently produced. W. R.

tainment most likely to awaken comparison, and in which the reader exhibited the only symptoms of trepidation visible through the evening; and her admirable reading of Edgar Poe's "Raven," which followed, with its variations of feeling and paramount suggestions of hidden anguish and supernal terror, resulted in spontaneous and deserved applause, and at once set the reader right with her audience. Again: "The Bells," by the same author, with all its changeful harmonies and inflections, was deliciously rendered; while nothing could be more forcefully pathetic than this lady's declamation of Sydney Dobell's sad poem, "How's my Boy?" or more sweet and spirited than the silvery clarion of Tennyson's "Bugle Song," as her recitation of it realized the scene, and almost awoke the sounds to the senses of her audience. Her comic reading is clever, but not equal to her capabilities for giving expression to the Beautiful or Pathetic, which are further increased by the intellectual expressiveness of her looks, and the naturally plaintive cadence of her voice. Mrs. Lesdernier has evidently studied the best models; and, with a little attention to the minuter points of gesture, &c., promises to become a popular exponent of the poets.

VOCAL ASSOCIATION,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MRS. LESDERNIER'S POETIC READINGS:

MARYLEBONE LITERARY & SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

Every little while America sends us a representative of the talents of her children, to prove her inheritance of the best gifts of the motherland, and to seek amongst us that sympathy and encouragement which she so generously lavishes on English visitors of genius. Now it is a novelist who enchants us; now a poet; anon, a sculptor surprises us, or a histrionic genius, or a band of sweet singers from the "Old Granite State"; or, as in the present instance, a professor of that charming art which Mrs. Fanny Kemble, and Miss Glynn, and, yet more recently, Miss Amy Sedgwick, have so charmingly illustrated—the art of declamatory reading. To come before a London audience after these ladies is to hazard a severe test; yet Mrs. Lesdernier has accepted the ordeal, and in her first essay has exhibited unimpeachable evidences of dramatic power, pure enunciation, and poetic feeling of no ordinary quality. The programme on the evening of the 10th ult. had the usual mingling of pathetic and comic subjects. It would perhaps have been better had the selections from "Romeo and Juliet" been given later in the evening, instead of at its commencement. This was precisely the part of the en-

The third concert of the season took place on the 17th ult., and, in addition to the attractions of the choir and of the singing of Miss Louisa Pyne and other soloists, had the merit of re-introducing M. Ole Büll, the Scandinavian violinist, after an absence of more than twenty years, to a London audience. The *aria* from Bellini's ever-favourite "Sonnambula," "Come per me," was very sweetly given by Miss Horder, one of the ladies of the choir, possessing a voice of considerable promise. Meyerbeer's grand "Pater-noster" followed, and was very finely sung. The choir have at last almost mastered the difficulties of this composition, which has always been a favourite at these concerts. Miss Louisa Pyne's singing requires no comment, especially in a song which she has made so completely her own as "The Power of Love." But the grand event of the evening was the performance of Ole Büll. The hall (which was in an uproar of acclamation on his entrance), at the first note of his violin became so quiet that had a feather fallen it could almost have been heard, so intently was he listened to. To the majority of the audience the artist's playing must have been a wonder and surprise; while to others, who had heard him while yet Paganini reigned supreme, and admired the disciple *sub rosa* almost better than that king of melody-run-mad, it was like an hour of enchantment, taking them back to the days of their young manhood; the spell ceasing only with the last touch of the

wand-like bow; for we noticed that many grave-looking gentlemen left the hall as soon as the *virtuoso's* part in the programme ended. In originality, expressiveness, versatility of manipulation, and exquisite harmonies, M. Büll fully realizes all we had heard of his wonderful performance, and surpasses our conceptions of it. To return to the other marked features of the concert: Bishop's part-song, "Sleep, gentle Lady," received the honour of an encore; and Mr. W. G. Cusins' brilliant performance of Thalberg's fantasia for pianoforte on themes from "Sonnambula," was enthusiastically applauded. Amongst the solo-singers were Miss Lascelles, and Miss Chipperfield, another member of the choir. Altogether, the concert—which was very fully attended—was an exceedingly interesting one.

FINE ARTS.

Almost as soon as our magazine shall have reached the hands of its many subscribers, the fate of pictures forwarded to the Royal Academy for exhibition this year will have been sealed. We confess to some degree of interest concerning one work, though the painter is personally unknown to us, and his picture is only a portrait. But Mr. Walton's likeness of the Duchess of Wellington is no common production; nor should we have any doubt of its acceptance at the hands of the dread tribunal in Trafalgar-square, but for the knowledge that this painter was last season the victim of a cabal. His portrait of the Duke of Malakoff was, after having been formally accepted, put aside, for no reason that the committee choose to assign. That an artist of high repute should have thus been sacrificed to what we can only surmise to have been an unworthy political feeling, is very far from creditable to his brethren in authority. This year Mr. Walton has painted the beautiful duchess whom the first portrait-artists of the day would consider it a privilege to paint; and it is the judgment of leading critics in art that his work is every way worthy the subject. We can only hope to see the graceful form and noble features of the Duchess of Wellington, as Mr. Walton has faithfully and artistically rendered them, exhibited to proper advantage in the Royal Academy.

A knowledge of the modern continental schools of painting has made some way in this country, since Mr. Lambart and others took up the subject. Among those foreign artists who are becoming familiar to the English public, none is likely to be more popular than the great Belgian cattle-painter, Eugène Verboeckhoven. We have looked with delight, on more than one occasion of a prolonged visit to Mr. Amos's Gallery, 3, Hanover-square, at Verboeckhoven's

masterpiece "Cattle leaving a Farm-yard." It really seems impossible to exhaust the interest of this charming representation of rustic life: since Landseer's "Halt of the Highland Drovers" there has been nothing in art that we can bring into comparison with it for a moment. Though the dimensions of the work are extraordinary, its measurement being ten feet by seven, there is not the least tendency to diffusion in the picture. Up to each of the four corners of its large extent of canvas and paint, it is so admirably thought out, that the idea of canvas and paint never presents itself at all. Nor is it in mere portraiture of human and animal form that the painting excels. The passing incidents are so linked as to give it the character of a subject-picture. Taking, for example, the extreme right and left groups, we find a connection which may be carried through the whole assemblage of living objects. On one side a boy is playfully struggling with a female goat; and when we turn to the opposite direction, we see at once that his object is to divert the notice of the mother from her kid, which is being carried away to market. And, as in every great composition, while the whole story is treated as one subject, the episodes are numerous, and each perfect in itself. This picture, in fact, so wonderfully homogeneous, would cut up into about fifteen pictures, equally complete. There is the little subject of the boy and goat, already noticed; there is the wooden bridge, and the brooklet beneath, on which is admirably grouped a life-like brood of ducklings with their mother; there is the noble black bull, tossing up his broad head and eagerly drinking in the fresh morning air; there are the awkward cows, and the heifer meekly turning her head round the gate-post as she emerges from the yard; there are the sheep, and the two lambs striving with each other for the larger share of maternal caresses; there is the aged grandam with the baby in her arms; there is the young farmer, the maiden, the clod of a cowherd, the carter sitting on a large water-barrel, to which is yoked the most loveable grey Flemish horse ever painted. There is the silky little white dog jumping up at the side of the barrel, and a gem of pictorial art in himself; and there are more groups of poultry and of pigeons than we care to tire our readers' patience by enumerating. In fine, they must see the picture themselves. It is the last, we fear, that Verboeckhoven will ever paint. While engaged upon a cabinet-painting, the only work he has taken in hand since he completed the great picture we have imperfectly described, the artist was stricken with loss of sight. This calamity has caused universal sorrow in Brussels, where Eugène Verboeckhoven resides and is greatly respected; nor will the tidings be heard with indifference, we are sure, in this country, which at present contains the last and greatest work of the renowned painter.

THE TOILET.

(Especially from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—Dress of sky-blue silk, with three-headed flounces on the skirt, separated by three rows of black velvet. Body high, and buttoned. Sleeves open on the under-side, and trimmed to match the skirt. Lace collar and under-sleeves. Empress cravat of black velvet, bordered with lace. White crape bonnet, trimmed with daisies. Straw-coloured glazed gloves.

SECOND FIGURE.—Maroon-coloured silk dress, with one deep flounce on the skirt, surmounted by a plaiting. Body high, and buttoned. Sleeves half wide, open, and bordered by a plaiting. Black silk *pardessus*, loose at the waist, and trimmed with *guipure revers* over green silk. Sleeves very wide, reaching below the middle of the skirt. Bonnet of green *gros de Naples*, trimmed with feathers and white blond. Double strings, of silk and ribbon; inside the front a butterfly bow of ribbon, and blond down the cheeks. Embroidered muslin collar and under sleeves. Green silk parasol, covered with black lace. Swedish leather gloves.

Amongst a great number of fabrics which come under the head of fancy-goods, I notice some very serviceable materials holding a middle place between *barège* and poplin, which will make up into advantageous and useful toilets for walking dress, or for the country.

In the mean time I will describe some models of robes of a more pretensive character; for instance, a dress of French moire, *violette de Parme*, the skirt ornamented with two plaitings of plain silk of the same colour, each plaiting about five inches in width; a little space is left

between them. The corsage is high and buttoned; the sleeves, demi-wide, and open, are ornamented with a plaiting similar to those on the skirt, and *épaulettes* of black *Chantilly* lace. Round the waist a Duchess sash of black lace, the bows and ends of *Chantilly*. A knot of the same, to be worn at the throat, is intended to close the high body instead of other ornament.

Another robe, of blue *moire antique*, has the front of the skirt ornamented with *volants* of lace placed in scallops. This corsage is also high, and enriched with lace. The sleeves are plaited at the top, half-wide, with *revers*, and are lined with white satin, and finished with a *ruche* of white ribbon round the interior. The ceinture round the waist is fastened at the side with long floating ends of black lace.

Irish poplins, striped, and flowered, are just now in great demand. Foulards of a black or dark ground, with a single flower or bunches of berries sprinkled over them, are also much used for ordinary wear, and the same designs are expected to be reproduced on *barège anglais* and other light wool, or silk and wool tissues, for summer wear.

To pass to the subject of *pardessus*. Amongst the most elegant are the paletots with *revers*, the pelisses, the *manis*, and mantelets for young girls; Indian Cachemire long and square shawls and *burnous* for walking or for travelling. Black Cachemire shawls, either plain or trimmed with lace, are still in favour; and a long double scarf of the same, richly embroidered with black beads, promises to be much worn.

PASSING EVENTS RE-EDITED.

While Mrs. Bodichon's beautiful drawings at the recent French Exhibition are still fresh in the minds of our readers, it is pleasant to note, in connection with her charming art, that three new lady-pupils have been admitted to the Royal Academy, making in all four ladies whose specimen-drawings have been found worthy to frank them to the long-withheld privilege of the academical curriculum. To these ladies we look hopefully for the removal of the reproach of mediocrity on the part of women artists, which even poor Angelica Kauffman, the last lady-member of the Royal

Academy, is by no means free from—a mediocrity, however religiously preserved to them by the monopoly on the part of their brother-artists, of whatever advantages a course of study at the Academy offered. It did not occur to these gentlemen, while they complacently shrugged their shoulders at the inferiority of women-artists' productions, to question the justice, wisdom and generosity of their own conduct in reference to it. On the contrary, it was triumphantly set down to the subordination of the faculties inseparable from sex. And the futile efforts of women artists to break loose from this

thralldom which first ignored their right to the advantages of an artistic education, and subsequently refused them the privilege of membership, save in exceptional instances—thus utterly depriving them of the means of exhibiting their works—has been a subject for as ill-natured criticisms as any we remember to have read. Witness the notices of the Exhibition of "Female Artists" which from year to year have appeared in a leading critical paper; and this while the institution was in its infancy, too strengthless to stand alone, and in need of helping hands to support it. In the meanwhile, the Council of the Society of Arts have granted the use of their great room in the Adelphi to the Female School of Art, for the purpose of holding an exhibition of *Fine Arts* during the ensuing month, the profits of which will be applied to the building of a New School of Art.

The utility and activity of this Society, and its generosity in all that affects the progress of Science and the Arts, cannot be too highly appreciated. Everywhere throughout the towns and manufacturing districts we find off-shoots of the parent association, in the shape of "Schools of Design"—the importance of which manufacturers are thoroughly alive to; so much so, that we are pleased to learn that, in addition to the useful and valuable prizes offered by the Society of Arts, these gentlemen are beginning to offer additional rewards, with a view to encourage the pursuit of art-studies, and to stimulate perseverance and emulation in the pupils. Within the last fortnight the Coalbrookdale Company, and other principal manufacturers in that beautiful and busy district, have proposed a subscription of five pounds each, to be distributed in prizes to the pupils of the Coalbrookdale Central School of Art; and we hope

to hear of similar generosity in other manufacturing neighbourhoods.

Amongst many schemes for improving the condition of the labouring classes, from "*Theatre Services*" to Mr. George Potter's striking *panacea*, we cannot but regard that of Miss Burdett Coutts as at once the most practical and radical. Blessed with the means of doing incalculable service to her generation—having built many churches, established schools and refuges, and assisted and enriched various other benevolent institutions, this lady has taken the primary step of building them comfortable homes. For some time a block has been raised in Bethnal-green, consisting of several dwellings of one, two, and three rooms each, furnished with cupboards and cooking apparatus, with lavatories and baths on each floor; while club-rooms, washhouses, and drying-yards occupy the topmost storey. Fully conscious, as all thinking persons must be, of the effect of the home we dwell in upon mind and body, we cannot but look forward to the fruits of this undertaking with considerable interest. Truly philanthropical as is the plan, there is no lowering flavour of charity about the building: it is a speculation, and a paying one—for the rooms are always eagerly sought after, and the rents are regularly paid, yielding a return of three per cent. upon the outlay. The result to the inhabitants is seen in these prime facts, and we have scarcely need to be told that they are remarkably orderly and well-conducted. Persons who appreciate conveniently-fitted and cleanly homes, and who pay their rent punctually, are not likely to be otherwise. We very much rejoice that the success of the undertaking has determined the benevolent experimentalist to continue it.

C. A. W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ERRATA.—In the last page of our last number, by a gross misrepresentation we were made to say that the Coventry fund reached a million sterling; whereas a local authority has informed us it did not exceed forty-eight thousand pounds.—"*Curious Epitaphs*."—The word "*Shrewsbury*" has been left out after Wyle-cop.

PROSE received and accepted: "*The Budding of the Trees*;" "*Young Ladyism on a Visit*;" "*Flats and Sharps*;" "*The little Bread-wasters*;" "*Grace Rivers*;" "*Cupid a Medium*;" "*The Genealogy of Jewels*."

POETRY accepted with thanks: "*The Silent Tower*;" "*The Cuckoo*;" "*The Past*;" "*Retribution*;" "*The Portrait*;" "*Lost*;" "*A Glean from the Past*;" "*Epithalamium*."

"*The Sewing Girls of New York*."—We are compelled to postpone this article, from pressure of matter, till next month. "*The Loss of Gaic*" is for the same reason held over, greatly to our regret.

Returned by post:—"The Tumblers;" "*The Green Patch*;" "*A Sonnet*;" "*Farewell*;" "*Meditations by the Sea*."

DECLINED, with thanks: "*Northbury*."—Our drawers are crammed to overflowing with accepted M.S.

Mrs. E. T., St. John's Hill, New Wandsworth.—Yes, after the 10th of the month.

RECEIVED, but not yet read:—"A Retrospect from '48 to '61;" Florence Gilbert."

NOTICES OF BOOKS kept over for want of space:—"The Golden Casket;" "*The Reliquary*;" "*Young Ladyism*;" "*Poems by Beta Pi*."

RUTSON MORLEY.

BY JAMES B. STEPHENS.

CHAP. X.

If as I write there be any wretched one stricken down with amazement at the reach and consequence of his own guilt—beleaguered and assaulted by fearful realities whose parentage is in himself—groaning under his own helplessness to arise and slay the accursed brood of his own begetting; if even as I write, the steel, the lead, the rope, or some deadly distilment have not already sent him beyond the scope of prayer—God be merciful to him and help him! What suffering can compare with that which we trace to our own folly! And when we see no end to its consequences to others as well as to ourselves, where can we look for comfort? How friendly death seems! How sweet a razor's edge! How horrible Immortality!

Compared with this, how softened, how tender, how sanctified, how almost happy the natural grief which, after the first violence of sudden woe, hangs tearfully over the memory of one whom unerring wisdom has taken from our embrace, but not from our love! An unaccusing grief is heaven-born. But "cerberus and blackest midnight" were fitting parentage for the horrors of self-reproach.

It is well for us "miserable sinners" that not only is our "little life rounded with a sleep," but that there is also a "death of each day's life." In spite of horror, sleep asserted its sway. In dim phantasmagoria, strangely distorted, strangely contradictory, strangely independent of the conditions of time and space, all the events of my life, and especially those of the last few months, swept uncontrolled through my feverish dreams. "The innocent sleep!" Ah, but it is not always innocent. In my waking hours I had had moments of repentance. But now, when after long internal conflict, sleep came at last, the power of darkness worked its will unopposed. The devil took me up into a high mountain, and showed me all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. "All these," said he, "I will give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." I looked. I saw the sea and the dry land. I saw the mountains,

the rivers, the forests, above all, the cities. I saw the deeds and the motives of men. Painted or written, or told in music, I could not tell. Form, and colour, and sound were all there, but all subservient to thought—thought, action—action. From East to West all human circumstance was seen or heard. I saw victory and defeat. I saw stately ships bounding homeward, and, a few thousand miles off, the billows dashing over a crowded wreck. I heard the querulous voice of struggling steam, and the chink of money as men counted over their hard-earned wages. I heard lovers' vows, and sisters' kisses, and mothers' prayers. I saw the living burying the dead. In one house, tears and mourning dresses; through a thin partition, music, and laughter, and white-muslined flirtation. But what a world of action! Thought chasing thought—scheme supplanting scheme—deed confounding deed! How few categories—how many details! But how glorious to have one's name written over all! "And all this will I give thee." Ah, but in what form? To be a king, and wear the outward semblance of glory, and speak the word of unquestioned authority? For that I was not born. Or to become a secret power, unaccredited but real, whose least action shall have remote and universal consequences, whose name shall be written over the face of history, but unnameable by men? To become a hidden spring of action, a chord in the harp of Destiny, a power among ministering spirits, and to be able to trace one's identity through the far unending result? That were indeed glorious. To impress virtue and vice into the same service, to guide the decisions of Cabinets by unperceived influences, to entrap proud beauty into some humiliating match which she shall fancy the very triumph of her own waywardness—such as these were indeed power, and might and dominion. "If thou wilt fall down and worship me." And Biot at my feet too, and all his machinations harmless before the power of the prince of the world himself! And Stephanie to be my own—own! What forbids that I should bow the knee?

I awoke, and reason re-asserted itself. I

recalled the circumstances of the preceding night, and pondered them one by one. I would fain have convinced myself that in my excitement I had exaggerated something or other. Was there really any just cause of this blackness of darkness which had settled so heavily on my soul that the idea of self-destruction was actually suggesting itself to me as one of several alternatives? Had I not misconceived something—put a false interpretation on some one point which might alter the bearing of the whole? Alas! no. Every moment had a faithful record in my memory. Every word of Béatrice, a faithful echo. I had *not* misconceived. I had *not* exaggerated. What was, was indeed.

But had Béatrice told me the truth? Might she not have been imposing upon me for mercenary ends? If she had indeed poisoned Antonio, the truth must be known by this time in the neighbourhood in which she lived, and to the authorities. She must have been missed by the *concierge*. Her locked door would then be forced, and the crime discovered. In that case the body must have been instantly conveyed to the Morgue. It is probably there now.

I was about to spring up and make the most of my time before breakfast in the way of ascertaining the truth of my last conclusion, when I was stopped by the voice of young Master Delby, who, to my astonishment was standing by my bed-side with a letter in his hand.

"I knocked a great many times, Mr. Morley, but as you didn't answer, I thought I'd just come in and tell you that I'm not to have any lessons to-day, as uncle has written for me to come over if possible. Cousin Charlie has come home from the Crimea, but he is too weak to come to see me, uncle says, so I am to go to see him. And here is a letter for you, Mr. Morley."

I thanked the dear boy, bade him good-bye, and hoped he would enjoy his visit. The letter was from my mother, but at that moment a mother's letter would have unstrung all that unsanctified fortitude which I was borrowing from the armoury of hell. I dressed hastily, put my mother's letter in my pocket, and striving to hide the workings of my mind under a panoply of sceptical indifference, hurried forth without a prayer.

In spite of the lateness of the season, the morning was bright and cheerful. It seemed as if the wanton summer had flung herself sportively into the arms of winter, and were hiding his hoary head behind a flood of sunny tresses. I would rather have had the darkest night. I hurried wildly along the streets. Notwithstanding my haste I avoided the Place du Carrousel (the sight of the Imperial Palace was so horribly suggestive), struck into some obscure streets behind St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and gained the edge of the river by the Rue de l'Arbre Sec. I paused on the Pont Neuf. A moment's breathing-time might, I thought, brace me for the result. And here I asked myself what result I was hoping for or fearing. If Antonio lives, I am in danger, and greater than I. If Antonio

is dead, it was I who led him hither, and his death lies partly at my door. To myself there is danger in either case, but would not Antonio's death lesson it? I can hardly tell to which side I leaned. Horror sat on both alternatives, yet I rather fancy . . . nay, nay, I will not confess it in so many words; and perhaps, in such moments of complicated hazard and all-encompassing sin, one's better nature belies itself.

There was a crowd round the Morgue. One forlorn woman stood at a little distance from the rest, leaning her head against a lamp-post. I would not have observed her but from the circumstance of a young man forcing his way from the press and advancing towards her. I saw him sorrowfully shake his head place her arm under his, and lead her silently away—to return, perhaps, many many times, till, even when the lost were found, the face oft-kissed and the form oft-embraced should be alike unrecognisable. Inquiring the occasion which had brought together so large a crowd, I was told that the body of a young man had been carried in about half-an-hour before, and that the appearance of the body had given rise to a suspicion of foul play. My agitation had now reached such a height that in order to elude the rather curious gaze of the man who had given me these particulars and who seemed rather startled at the wild manner in which I made my inquiries, I slipped round to another place in the outskirts of the crowd. Presently I heard some one who had been fortunate enough to get in say, to some acquaintance as he made his way past him, that the hinder part of the head was completely knocked in. I breathed more freely: that could not be Antonio. And still the thought came back—"what was I to do if he were still alive?" The truth of the story regarding M. Mounier I never doubted. Béatrice could not have invented that. Antonio alive or dead? this then was still the question. A gigantic Gaul is elbowing his way most lustily through the multitude. I place myself in his wake, and the problem is soon solved.

Yes, there lay the poor wretch, and the other murdered man beside him. Antonio had had his crowd too, only the evening before, and was now no longer a general novelty. I could not withdraw my eyes from the ghastly sight. But a few days before, those lips, now so rigid and black, had pronounced my name, and with it the sentence of doom. There he lay, and I could not but feel that I had brought him thither. I did not dare to cry out as I felt inclined to do. I would have been seized instantly. I was afraid that even my trembling would lead to suspicion. And yet I could not take myself away, for every now and again some of the by-standers, who had been on the spot the evening before, dropt some piece of information regarding him in their conversation with one another. Thus, little by little, I learned that the departure of Béatrice from her lodging in the early morning had been marked by the *concierge*, who also noted that the man who had entered with her the evening before had not ac-

accompanied her out. By the afternoon suspicion was at its height, the door was forced open, and the crime made clear. The police were instantly on the alert. Every inquiry was made, but they could trace her no further than the front steps of the Madeleine, where, as some one had informed the police that very morning, she had been seen on the evening of the murder in conversation with a gentleman, who, no doubt, was at the bottom of the mystery.

Utterly sickened by this last surmise, I turned hastily to leave, but my attempt to do so was completely frustrated by the pressure of the crowd, which was now more violent than ever. It soon became evident that some new incident had occurred. There was a new rush from many quarters, and the former hum of voices became a noisy hubbub. Presently several breathless individuals were forced in by the crowd from behind, immediately after which the multitude divided to admit two gendarmes followed by four watermen bearing the body of a young woman, from whose clothes the water was still dripping. I was too much impressed with the terrible peculiarities of my own position to have any curiosity to see more than was absolutely thrust upon my notice. I had already "supped full of horrors," and turned my head away from the sad spectacle. At this instant, however, a melancholy voice said, "Let me see the face; I seek a sister;" and turning round I recognized the young man whom I had seen outside the crowd but a few minutes before. "Non, ce n'est pas elle," said he despairingly, when the face was uncovered. I looked down at the same moment and saw it too. It was the poor little Béatrice.

Nothing but the pressure of the crowd kept me from falling. As I stood wedged in on all sides, I could hear the talk of the gendarmes.

"He instigated her to murder that poor fellow, and then got quit of her in this way. Depend upon it, that is the true state of the case."

"No doubt, no doubt," said the other.

"If we could just have had a few particulars about his appearance. Tall figure and dark clothes—that's very little to work upon."

"Precious little indeed. Any one would look tall beside that poor little thing. And as for the clothes, we know how these things are managed. And yet you see we *must* have him."

A few moments more and the same force that had held me in, bore me out again into the open air. I staggered into the nearest café and called for wine. But my miserable look drew all eyes upon me, and the universal stare drove me again into the street. On I passed once more to the bridge, seeking loneliness and finding none. I gazed long into the flowing river with only one idea, one dark resolve written over my whole nature. Again and again I repeated the words of my much-studied Hamlet. "What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth?" What was the earth to me now with all these horrors in it? Would I ever again get rid of this weight of

woe that was crushing me—stifling me? Was I not weary of the very sun? Stephanie! Some redeeming angel woke the thought. My love was unchanged, but ah, I could not make her happy now! Home! What would home be with the conscience of a murderer? Saviour! Ah, thou ministering spirit, cease thine appeals, for I am separated from his grace! What then? A change! Anything but this! And that accursed sun ever glaring on me as if I were the only one in the universe for it to point at with its mocking beams!

I must have been mad. I *was* mad. Surely the concentrated hell of these few hours was punishment enough for years of crime. I hesitate to tell what I did. Yet why should I? Is it not all forgiven long ago? for since that time I have had many days made happy with many many blessings.

In plain terms, then, I was resolved to put an end to my life. I hardly asked myself why; but I felt certain, so far as certainty could be attained by a mind maddened with multiplied terrors, that the extinction of my bodily organism would be a relief, and that my next state would be one of repose, or a torpor equivalent to repose. Ultimate consequences did not trouble me in my intense desire to rid myself of my present intolerable burden. As I stood looking over the bridge into the Seine, I calculated with all the calmness of immoveable determination how I could best carry out my project, so as to leave behind no evidence of having been the author of my own death. I would leave to the dear ones at home only that grief which is without reproach, which purifies the soul of the living, and sanctifies the memory of the dead. As for Stephanie, she was gone from me. If I lived it was unlikely that I would ever hear from her again: whether I lived or died would in all probability be equal blankness to her. I revolved many schemes, and at last hit upon one which would answer the conditions required. Almost immediately beneath me were the Bains des . . . , and the sight of them suggested what appeared to me the most feasible idea.

On my way to the baths I passed a book-stall, at which I stopped, and purchased a copy of La Bruyère's *Characters*, in two volumes. I had mentioned to Mr. Delby, a week or two previous, my desire to possess a certain edition of the work, and this was the very edition I had referred to. These were to be found with my clothes. I felt a gleam of satisfaction at the cleverness of my tactics, and immediately conceived a new stroke of policy in that same direction. Entering the huge bathing establishment I stopped at the bureau to inquire the charge for a single bath, and being informed, I next asked if a reduction was allowed if a ticket was taken for a whole course. Finding that this was the case, I purchased a ticket for a course of twelve baths, and was immediately shown into a small room by an attendant, who, before closing the door, politely informed me that whenever Monsieur would ring, he would bring a warm "peignoir." I thanked him and was left alone.

Fastening the door securely, I sat down to wait till the water would rise to a convenient height in the bath.

I was now acting quite mechanically, yet I remember it all distinctly. To me it seemed that God, and all holy and pleasant things were blotted out of the universe. I therefore watched the rise of the water in which I intended to suffocate myself by force, with a silent conscience, and with something like satisfaction.

As soon as it had risen to a convenient height, I undressed hastily, and placed myself in the bath. I had no occasion to delay in order to summon up sufficient resolution to begin the painful process. I was all resolution: no retrospect, no self-examination, no anticipation troubled me. I held my head under the water till the uncontrollable choking forced me to raise it again, in the fear that the noise would alarm the people of the establishment. One single respiration, and I renewed the effort, striving more doggedly than ever to conquer the convulsive resistance of nature, but with the same result as before. This I repeated many times, till at length I began to feel confident of success, owing to my increasing weakness, which I was sure would end in a fainting-fit while under the water, and thus terminate the dreadful struggle. At one time I felt as if this consummation were very near. I was rapidly losing consciousness—just sufficient remaining to keep me alive to the necessity of forcing my head down again whenever I mechanically raised it—when I was startled by a violent knocking at the door. I sprang up in alarm, and summoning as much anger of tone as my weak voice was capable of, demanded why I was disturbed.

"I beg pardon, but I only wanted to ask if Monsieur were quite well," said the voice of the attendant."

"Perfectly well," I said. "I will ring when I require you."

How I cursed the fellow for causing me again to see the light of the sun! I looked around, surely (I thought) for the last time. A few minutes more must do it.

My eye fell on my mother's letter. It had fallen from my pocket when I threw my clothes on the chair, and was lying on the floor. Ha! this would not do. If they heard afterwards that the last letter from home had not even been opened, this might lead to strange suspicions. I must open it, and replace it in my pocket. Weak, breathless, and with a head throbbing almost to bursting, I crawled from the bath. I dried my hands with my handkerchief, that there might be nothing extraordinary about the appearance of the letter when my pockets should be searched. I broke the seal, and was replacing the letter in my pocket, when the desire seized me to know how I was leaving the dear ones. For the last time I would see the picture of home, and then I would say farewell to earth. I unfolded the letter, and read. The first few lines were full of that sweet reproach for seeming neglect in writing which only makes

us feel how valuable we are to those who love us. The next ran thus:

"Our dear little Helen awoke yesterday morning from a sweet and peaceful sleep—you will wonder why I mention this; but you will thank God, with us, when I tell you that, during the last nine days, she has been in a fever from which we did not expect her to recover. We would have sent for you, but we knew that you would rather have looked upon her even as a corpse than have witnessed the fearful deliriums which her illness produced. All her ravings were about *you*. She was ever uttering strange prayers that you might be delivered from wicked men, and from the snares of the devil. But, in the mercy of God, she is safe now—at least we hope so. Some of us will write you to-morrow again."

I remember, once upon a time, toiling during long and weary hours over rocky mountain tracks, through narrow defiles, and along precipitous verges, welcoming even the beds of dried-up torrents as paths comparatively safe and easy. There was a glaring sun above, and an almost equal glare from the limestone rocks below—shadowless rocks, like petrified flames, white and scorching as one might conceive the "burning marl." Horse and rider were jaded and athirst; yet the onward view was bounded by the same hopeless barrenness, the same unmitigated glare. On a far white hill stood a solitary tomb, white and glaring likewise—not even the stir of a palm-leaf to awake the hope of coolness or of shade. Wearily on we toiled till we stood beside the tomb, and then, "as by the stroke of an enchanter's wand," there suddenly burst upon us one of the loveliest prospects of which earth can boast. Beneath us lay a far-spreading plain, covered with richest verdure, glorious in groves and gardens, a marvellous "contiguity of shade;" from the midst of which rose a fair city with graceful towers and minarets, beautiful in all the festive lightness of oriental architecture. It was no mirage. The hills we were leaving behind were those of Anti-Lebanon. The tomb is known as the "Sheikh's Tomb"; and the city was Damascus.

The contrasts in the moral world are sometimes as marked, the transitions as abrupt. I was now, indeed, at the side of the tomb, after weary wanderings; but the prospect had suddenly changed. The vision of my home rose before me like a land of Beulah, and "the tender grace of days that were dead" came back to me. I thought of the green fields in which I had wandered with my little Helen—my youngest and favourite sister—of the flowers I had committed to her care, and which were to be, "oh, so strong and beautiful" by next summer, when I should return—of the simple course of study I had planned for her, to be kept up and duly reported on in my absence; above all, of the Saviour to whom I had directed her mind, trying to explain how that common love to Him was a link between a sister and an absent brother far stronger than sight and hearing. And she had been ill! And her ravings had been about me! And in that unseen world in which her soul had wandered, she had some-

how (God knows how!) become perceptive of the serried legions of darkness that were encompassing her far-off brother! And she had prayed for me! And then, amid the anxious watchings of my other loved ones, she had slept and had awoke in peace! And to-morrow another letter would come—and where would I be! Oh my God, my God!

* * * * *

That evening, after having spent hours upon my knees in weeping and in prayer, I rose with a sense of peace and of redeeming love such as I had not known since I left home. There was that had passed between myself and heaven which it were hardly meet to utter, but which the day will declare.

On that evening, also, I received a note from M. Biot, unsigned as usual, but bearing the postmark of Fontainebleau. I have it still, and it runs as follows:

"I have learned what has happened, and I am also aware that you are not the cause of the turn which events have taken. Your treachery, too, is known to me; but I had, in some degree, calculated upon it, and had taken my measures accordingly; and, what is more, I do not blame you for it. My whole dependence was upon Antonio: my whole aim with you, from the very first, was to make you instrumental in introducing him into Paris. Now that he is no more, our whole plan falls to the ground.

"I need not inform you of the use I have made of your artist-friend. I may only mention, that, in case you should communicate your story to the authorities, you will find some difficulty in persuading the Minister of * * * that he has, or ever had, a secretary of the name of Mounier. The said M. Mounier and myself have left Paris—probably for ever. You will find it for your own benefit to keep silence regarding the subject between us, as your proofs against us are still as deficient as formerly, while you are as much in our power as ever. I will even so far act as your friend in advising you to leave Paris also as soon as possible, as there are certain suspicions afloat regarding the complicity of a certain gentleman with a certain lady in a certain murder, which might prove rather awkward!

"Think no more of your connection with me. I never sought and never meant to harm you, though I intended to make you useful, and also to reward you. Fate has turned against me, and I go now to seek my vocation in another direction. I have more than once deceived you, but if you can believe that, apart from the scheme in which I was lately engaged, there is any value in my solemn protestations, then let me assure you that the life of which our cause demanded the sacrifice will be safe in your silence; but that its danger will be renewed, and tenfold increased, by any attempt on your part to stir the embers which we now only desire to leave to die. Farewell—I trust for ever!"

I read this with a strange sensation of pleasure. Diabolically duped as I had been, there was yet something about it that compelled belief. I *did* believe it, and felt strangely delivered. Among many good resolutions which I had formed during my hours of sorrow, was the dangerous one of confessing everything in defiance of per-

sonal consequences. I had thought, first of all, of unburdening myself to Mr. Delby, and asking his advice in the matter, though with the determination to refuse any offer from him to act as a medium between myself and the French government, ever remembering the threat of M. Biot against his life. I had been still debating this question with myself when M. Biot's note arrived. And now the very pleasure with which I hailed this seeming deliverance made me suspicious of myself. Perhaps I was believing it wilfully just because it relieved me from so painful and hazardous a duty. Perhaps, on the other hand, I was imprudently anxious to rush into the midst of painful duty by way of counterbalancing in some measure the errors in which I had been wandering. In the first flush of repentance, prudence often seems too earthly a virtue to have any higher source than selfishness. In individual as in national history, the termination of a crisis is a time of extremes. The conclusion to which these counter-torrents of reasoning carried me was that I was utterly unable to decide for myself, and that I should therefore be compelled to appeal to some friend for advice, and as there was none on whose interest, judgment, and prudence I could more confidently rely than Mr. Delby's, I resolved to make my revelations to him as soon as possible: nor was the opportunity long delayed. I felt more comfortable when I had decided this, as the painful sense of secrecy and mystery had embittered every one of the many kindnesses he had shown me, and had made me look on all his friendly approaches with fear and misgiving.

I had excused myself from appearing at dinner that evening on the ground of indisposition; and, having been absent from breakfast also, it was natural that the kind-hearted Mr. and Mrs. Delby should feel rather solicitous on my account. I was therefore not at all surprised when one of the servants was sent to ask if Mr. Delby might come to see me for a little. After he did come I was not allowed to remain long in embarrassment as to how to introduce the subject of my secret. After a few preliminary inquiries, he begged in the kindest possible manner that I would not be offended if he said that both Mrs. Delby and himself had come to the conclusion that there was something of a peculiar nature weighing upon my mind. He would have spoken of this before, he said, but as my duties had always been performed in an unexceptionable manner in spite of my evident melancholy, he had been afraid of trespassing farther into my affairs than our professional connection warranted. His regard for me, however, was such that he had at length determined to ask me plainly if anything had happened to me which would render his assistance of any value. If it were any pecuniary difficulty, he offered to advance the whole of my salary to the end of the year's engagement; or whatever it might be, I was welcome both to his advice and his influence. I was touched even to tears by his kindness. I told him that that very evening I had resolved to tell him all. I

premised that if any evil consequences were to follow I was determined to let no one share them. I premised also that it was a long story, and that he had better send to Mrs. Delby, to say that he intended spending the rest of the evening in my room. And this being done, I told him all—all except the dreadful determination from which I had been so providentially turned aside. I finished by showing him the letter I had just received from M. Biot, and then there was silence between us for several minutes.

"How little we know of each other's souls!" Mr. Delby exclaimed at length. . . . "You have come through strange things, Mr. Morley; and I—I had not the remotest idea that such things were passing, as I may say, under my own roof."

"Do you blame me, sir?"

"Certainly, in many things, and yet not so much as you evidently blame yourself. Amidst such difficulties as those which surrounded you, you must have felt it almost impossible to understand the practical applicability of the common notions of rectitude."

"I could wish you to be more severe with me."

"So I would be if the first steps had not been so slight—so apparently trivial. In the meantime, what is done is done; and we had better consider what remains."

Which we did till after midnight; and the conclusion was that we should follow M. Biot's suggestions and remain silent.

"And now that is decided, Mr. Morley," said my kind adviser, "we must get you out of Paris as soon as possible. Don't look amazed. Go you *must*; for this might really turn out an ugly business, if police-inquiry should elicit anything further as to the personal appearance of the gentleman of the Madeleine."

"I shall be grieved to part with you, sir, without having an opportunity of showing how sensible I am of Mrs. Delby's and your kindness."

"Don't be alarmed—I'm not done with you—I can't spare you yet—I intend to make you vastly useful to me."

And thereupon Mr. Delby unfolded a prospect which was as unexpected as it was delightful. I had all along been aware that he had removed his family from England on account of Mrs. Delby's health. She had been threatened with some pulmonary complaint which had made it necessary to seek some more equable climate. That of Paris, at least, during the winter, was now pronounced too severe for her, and Pisa was strongly recommended as a winter residence. The family, however, did not intend starting for Italy immediately; but Mr. Delby's proposal was that I should go on before to secure a suitable furnished house, to engage servants, and make certain other specified preparations with the view of having everything comfortably arranged for their arrival. They were to follow in a fortnight, during which time I might either occupy the house or put up at an

hotel. Mr. Delby undertook to procure me a passport. Being well known at the Embassy, there would be no difficulty on that score. If I heard from home as I expected, and the news were favourable, I was to start for Marseilles next night.

The deliverance from the weight of secrecy that had so long burdened me, and the sudden prospect of Italy, raised me to absolute rapture, which was only mitigated by Mr. Delby's remarks as he rose to bid me good-night.

"One word, Mr. Morley," said he, "before I go. True love between man and woman I will always respect; but there is something about this passion of yours that I do not altogether like. I would advise you to forget this girl. I know, as well as you do, what youthful passion is, and I know also what it costs to conquer it. But I speak for your good, as you know. I do not see that you are called upon to seek any farther after her, even after what has passed between you. There is some strange mystery in the matter; but you have had enough of mysteries. You had better leave that one to work out its own solution. Good-night."

On this point I differed from him.

TO A PRIMROSE.

BY ANNE A. FREMONT.

Beautiful flower! that with thy sweet glad face

Wakens a flood of joy within my heart,

Like sudden laughter in a lonely place,

Startling the soul to mirth! how fair thou art

'Mid thy green leaves, and how thy little head

Peeps forth from them with roguish childlike
glee!

Oh! who could harm thee with a thoughtless tread,

Or bid thee pine in dull captivity

Away from the blue sky? Let me again

Look on thy loveliness, inhale thy breath,

Whose od'rous sweetness stealing on my brain

Awakens from forgetfulness and death,

Fond thoughts of many a glad and vanish'd hour:

Farewell! and bright glances shine on thee, dear
flower!

THE VAST FLOW OF WATER INTO THE OCEAN.

Some idea of the enormous quantity of water that is perpetually flowing into the ocean of the globe is derived from the extent of its chief river basins. The Rhone for example, drains the waters from an area of 7,000 square miles of country; the Rhine, which has a length of 600 miles by its windings, drains the waters from a country of twice that area; and the Danub from 55,000 square miles of surface; but the waters from an area of 800,000 square miles fall into the St. Lawrence; and those from 1,000,000 of square miles into the Mississippi, which, by its winding, has length of 3,560 miles. It is estimated that 1,800,000,000 of tons of water fall daily into the Mediterranean, which, besides the great rivers that fall into it, receives more than twenty secondary rivers, and innumerable smaller streams. More than a fourth of the river water of all Europe falls into the Black Sea.

THE BUDDING OF THE TREES.

"Who that has reason and his smell
Would not among roses and jasmine dwell,
Rather than all his spirits choak
With exhalations of dirt and smোক?
And all th' uncleanness which does drown,
In pestilential clouds a populous town?"

Thus inquires good old Abraham Cowley in the year 1666; and it is likely that, though very many of those accustomed to a city life would profess themselves as well, or better pleased, with "exhalations of dirt and smোক," as with the odours of dewy meadows, and roses, and jasmine, yet there can be no doubt that by far the larger number of citizens have at times strong yearnings after the enjoyments of country scenes, especially those who have at some period of their lives been accustomed to rural sights, and sounds, and odours. But what idea can he, who has never beheld the hedgerows starting into life after their winter sleep, form of their appearance? What can he who has never smelt the odours which ascend from garden, and hedgerow, and meadow, and mingled in the pure air around them, understand of the joy of breathing such air? A tree is a tree to him who knows nothing of individuality, and nothing more—a thing of root, and trunk, and branches, and leaves, it is true; but of the distinguishing characteristics of the inhabitants of hedgerow and forest, of their various times and modes of budding and blossoming, their varying tints, their peculiar odours, he knows nothing practically. Let me, then, invite such to look round with me, in imagination if not in person, and see how it is faring now in this spring season, with the woods and hedges here in this lovely district of South Devon.

Let us first look at the earliest movement that goes on in the hedgerows and thickets; for life stirs, and stirs lustily in them, long before it reaches the tops of the lofty trees. I write at the very end of March, and will try to tell the story of the hedges for the last and for the next few weeks.

It was about three weeks ago that, on the sunny side of the hedge, and rather low down, I gathered some slight twigs of elm, ornamented with several small delicate leaves of most vivid green, which were then just beginning to unfold. About a week or ten days before, I had plucked from the summit of a noble elm, that a storm of wind had blown down in our churchyard, some twigs, thick with early blossom. Alas, for our dear old giant elm, that had for so many long years overhung the graves of the ancient inhabitants of the village, and through whose soft green leaves the sunbeams had dropped down

alike on the lowly mounds that covered the bodies of the poor, and on the marble tombs of the rich, and in whose branches so many generations of birds had sung so sweetly! It was gone, and in its fall had broken off one stately old tree, and crushed and bruised the noble branches of another close by. And here they lay, their boughs intertwined, and all full of thick blossom, though as yet no leaf had given token of returning verdure.

The common elm is the first among the hedge-row trees to send forth its leaves—and lovely these leaves appear, when they come out flecking the dark brown stems and twigs with specks of brightness. In Devonshire, and indeed in most parts of England, the elm is the most common amongst the forest-trees, even more so than the oak. It is a tall, upright tree, attaining the height of sixty or seventy feet, and its trunk often measuring, when fully grown, as much as four or five feet in diameter. Its leaves are rough and doubly serrated; when young, of a most vivid green; but, as summer advances, they become dark and sombre in hue; until towards autumn the young yellowish shoots, that are to form the new twigs for the next year, begin to spring, and give a fresh brightness to the appearance of the trees. As the year closes the elms assume a rich yellow hue, and though they retain their leaves longer than the chestnuts, the sycamore, and some other trees, they drop them, and display their bare branches before the oak or the beech are fully divested of their summer glories. The growth of the elm on light land is rapid, and its appearance more graceful than that of trees grown on what agriculturists call "strong land." The wood of trees grown on "strong land" is of closer texture, and the heart will have the colour, and almost the hardness and heaviness of iron, and is of much value, being used for the keels of ships.

Consentaneously with the starting of the young green elm is the coming out of the smooth, rich, green leaf of the hawthorn, the unfolding of the rough grey leaf of the dogwood, and not only of its leaf, but of its bunches of blossom-bud. The wild rose, the honeysuckle, and also the wild gooseberry begin to expand their leaves, and combine with the privet, and many another early shrub, to fill in

the vacant places in the hedgerows, and form a mass of verdure where so lately only tangled dry sticks were to be seen. And below these hedge-rows, and along by the little water-courses in the meadows and orchards, and adown each copse and glade, what wealth of flowers and sunshine are now to be seen! I could almost wish that my task were to describe them all, rather than to dwell on the history of the forest-trees. How pleasant it would be to tell of the first little delicate primrose, its stalk but just bearing it above the ground, and the pretty "golden saxifrage," one of the first flowers that show their faces to the young spring leaves—for the snowdrop comes earlier, and has bloomed and died before a leaf appears; and of the sweet odorous violet, blue or white, lurking in the shelter of some mossy bank. This would be pleasant; but still more delightful would it be to speak of the appearance of flowers that open a little later—of the thousands of "dancing daffodils," the wood-sorrel with its delicate little white flowers, which almost mislead you into the idea that they are white violets, until you perceive the crimson stems and emerald trefoil leaves amidst which they grow, and then, again, and still whilst the elm leaf is immature, the splendid purple orchids, and blue hyacinths, and the huge handfuls of cowslips that spread themselves over the banks. But I must forbear; and neither write of flowers, nor of birds, nor of the first butterfly, nor even the humming-bee, except as it may be connected with its favourite spring food—the swallow catkin—which now displays its golden tufts in every hedgerow, much to the satisfaction of the aforesaid honey-gatherers, and to the special delight of children, who rejoice in adding a sprig of the swallow tufts to their nosegays of primroses, calling them "goslings," as they do the catkins of the hazel "lamb's-tails," or "pussy-cat's tails."

But, although the lower branches of the elm began to throw out leaves so long ago, and the hedgerows are now quite verdant with their bright foliage, the upper branches do but just indicate where leaves are to hereafter appear; and the topmost boughs, though well thickened with the reddish bunches of minute blossom, show no sign of leafing, and will not be fully in their spring dress for at least a month to come.

Whilst the elm has thus slowly been creeping onward, another tree (the horse-chestnut) has hastily thrust forth its long and strong young shoots, and within the last fortnight made more growth than the elm would make in two months. Shoots four or five inches long are now rejoicing in the sunshine, which have lured them out from the large pink and brown imbricated sheath which, for a time, shielded their young life; and in another fortnight they will be showing their long and most beautiful spikes of white and crimsoned-fringed blossoms. The vigorous growth of this tree makes it a general favourite. It is so pleasant to, as it were, see its growth; for, between night and morning, the progress in the length and development of

the young shoots of a chestnut-tree may easily be discerned. Gerard (our good old English botanizer) shall be our describer: "The horse-chestnut growth likewise to be a very great tree, spreading his greater and larger arms or branches far abroad, by which means it maketh a very good coole shadowe. These branches are garnished with many beautiful leaves, cut or divided into five, six, or seven sections or divisions, like to the cinkfoile. . . . The flowers of this (saith Clusius) come out of the bosom of the leaf which is the uppermost of the branch, and they are many in number, growing upon prettie long foot-stalks, consisting each of them of foure white leaves of no greater bignesse: the two uppermost are a little larger than the rest, having round purple spots in their middles. Out of the middle of the floure come forth many yellowish threads with golden pendants."

The horse-chestnut (*Æsculus hippocastanum*) is not a native of Great Britain; but it is so thoroughly naturalized, that we meet with it in all cultivated districts. It is generally conceived to be the inhabitant of the mountainous parts of Asia, probably of Thibet, and the Himalayan mountains; but it is supposed to have been introduced into Europe in the middle of the sixteenth century. It is a tree of the largest size, and most rapid growth, and when "clothed in all the richness of its heavy velvet drapery, embroidered over with millions of silver flowers," is a splendid sight.

Amongst the earliest springing trees are the varieties of willow (*Salix*), and especially the graceful weeping willow. There is one very fine tree of this species overhanging part of the river Exe, close to Exeter, that is a perfect dome of tender green very early in the year; and it, with its reflections on the water, are very welcome sights to travellers by the Great Western spring.

The willows, with their gosling-like catkins, of which I have before spoken, are of this genus, which is very extensive, comprising species of from two to three inches in height, and trees from sixty to eighty feet. Most of the kinds are valuable for one purpose or other; but their chief use is for wicker-work—at least that is the use of the greater number of species. Those used for such purposes are usually called *osiers*. The name *salix* is of Celtic origin, from *sal*, near, and *is*, water: and that of *osier* seems a derivation from a Greek word of similar meaning.

The weeping willow (*Salix Babilonica*) grows wild on the coast of Persia, and is common in China. Loudon tells us that it is said to have been introduced to England by Pope; but it is supposed to have existed before the poet's time in our land. It is, however, true, that the admired specimen in the garden of the poet at Twickenham was grown from a twig which formed part of a package from Spain; and Pope, seeing that it appeared to have some degree of life, planted it, thinking it might produce something before unknown in the land. There

are two of the willow tribe indigenous in England (*S. pentandra* and *S. amygdalina*) that are very attractive from the odoriferous scent which their leaves exhale. Those of the former exude a copious rosin from their serrated edges, which is of a delicious bay-like fragrance. It is a tree which reaches some eighteen or twenty feet in height, and grows about rivers. The bright, yellow, silky catkin that it produces is very lovely, and deliciously soft to the touch. With the down of its seeds goldfinches and other birds delight to line their nests. Most of the willows are a favourite food of caterpillars, both leaves and wood being infested by them. The larva of the goat-moth feeds on the wood, and there is a sort of weevil that pierces and destroys it, as the wood-worm sometimes does your chairs and tables. "At the period of flowering, willow-trees swarm with hosts of honey-bees and other species belonging to that family, among which the parti-coloured and sonorous humble-bees are eminently conspicuous; and, when in full foliage, they become, from the abundance of insect food that they afford, the favourite resort of several of our insectivorous warblers, such as the 'black-caps,' greater pettychaps, willow-wrens, &c."

But, whilst the trees of other genera, the elm, and chestnut, and willow, are thus beginning to decorate their bare branches with flecks and feathers of varied greens, the *coniferae* are not neglecting their duty; and foremost amongst them, both in order of shooting and in graceful adornment of the spring, is the common larch (*Larix Europæus*). We are surprised, as we stand at a little distance, to see the white flexible branches of this tree appear all over of a tender green, as if clothed with moss; but, when we draw near and examine the mode and character of foliage on this tree, we are charmed with its exquisite delicacy and beauty. Selby's description of the larch is good: "In form the larch, like most of the *Abietinæ*, rises with a conical or pyramidal head. The branches, which are subverticillate, and small in comparison to the size of the trunk, spring horizontally from it; but in old trees they frequently take a partially pendant direction, and the branches are also more or less pendulous according to the habit of the individual. The male and female catkins appear in April, the former being sessile upon the branchlets, of a globular shape, and yellow colour. The young cones are of a beautiful rosy red, varying in some to a reddish, in others to a yellowish white; but, as they ripen, they change to a wood brown. . . . In favourable situations, and in its native habitats in the Alpine regions, it grows to a height of from eighty to upwards of one hundred feet, with a diameter of trunk of from three to five feet."

The larch was introduced into Great Britain not much more than a century ago; yet trees of dimensions such as I have named may be found both in Scotland and England. The wood of the larch is very valuable, strong, light, and durable. It was known and valued by the

Romans, Cæsar speaking of it as "*Robustalaryx*," and "*Igni impenetrabile lignum*;" and Pliny naming it "incorruptible." The larch is one of the most ornamental trees which our plantations and shrubberies can boast; and whether exhibiting its grandeur as a lofty forest-tree, or as a low and graceful almost shrub, it is exceedingly beautiful.

Other *coniferae* have also begun to throw out fresh yellow-green tops to their dark green branches, which have stood in their sombre clothing all the winter. Almost all the species have linear, needle-like leaves, whence the German name of *nadelholz* or *tangelholz*. Those of the silver fir (*Picea pectinata*) are marked on the inside by two silvery white lines, one on each side the mid-rib, which contrast well with the dark green of the upper sides of the leaf. The cone of this is from six to eight inches long, at first green, then of a rich purple, and standing erect on the branches. But these beautiful ornaments do not appear yet: we shall not see them for six weeks or two months to come. Much before that time, however, the starting shoots of the "pale Norway spruce fir" (*Abies excelsa*) will have begun to exude their aromatic gums, and send out a turpentine odour, which, mixing with other open-air scents and fragrances, is very pleasant. It is from this tree that we get our white deal that has been so fashionable of late years (when simply varnished) for articles of furniture; and from its young tops is made the "spruce beer." It is a native of the North of Italy and of Russia, but abounds in Norway and on the shores of the Baltic.

The acacia is now beginning to bud, and indeed most of the trees and shrubs begin to show life—perhaps almost the only exceptions are the ash, the oak, the beech, and the walnut; for the catkins of the birch, and its dainty, smooth, green leaves, are already dallying with the sunshine; and the copper-like leaves of the poplars are showing themselves—in an infant state, it is true; but a very short time will bring them forth to the light in their beauty.

The ash is one of the latest trees to appear in leaf; but the strong, vigorous growth of its branches, with their smooth, pale bark, makes them highly ornamental before they even begin to show verdure. It is also a magnificent tree, and, as it stands in its unclothed grandeur, overtopping most of its neighbours, is an object perhaps even more admirable than when in its full leafage. In point of magnitude it is of the first class; for although some oaks are larger in circumference and vastness of trunk, yet the ash often towers in height above the most mighty oaks. It has been called "the Venus of the forest." On the verge of woods, or when planted singly, and unencumbered by other trees, though it generally carries up a leading stem, it throws out numerous side-branches; these at first grow at an acute angle with the trunk, but, as they increase and lengthen, the weight of foliage and additional spray causes them to bend, and take a sweep, thus producing that depending spray and foliage so much ad-

mired in the matured and full-grown ash. Like most pennate-leaved trees, the foliage of the ash is light and graceful, hanging in loose and pendant masses, and "well adapted," as Gilpin observes, "to bring off and relieve the heaviness of less airy foliage. The colour also, which is of a light and agreeable green, harmonises and contrasts well with trees of a more sombre hue." But with this foliage we have now nothing to do, as it will not begin to appear, even in our sweet South Devon climate, until the middle or end of May, nor in other places till June; and at about the same time will appear the copper-coloured shoots of the walnut *Juglans regia*, the tree which shows leaf for the shortest time of any we have; not coming out until all others have donned their summer dress, and throwing off its leaves one of the very first in the autumn. But even now it is beautiful, and there is one in sight from my windows that delights me all the year round. Now, it is bare of leaves indeed, but its growth gives one an idea of power and firmness, of age and stability, that awakens thought; and its trunk is so richly clothed with ivy as to be green the year through. Its deeply furrowed trunk and angular branches, and its pale bark, deeply weather-stained, give it, as well as all its congeners, a deeply interesting aspect.

But I have left myself little space to speak of the oak—that lovely tree whose budding is so exquisitely lovely, or of the beech.

The oak is never found in perfection save in a good soil and temperate climate, and therefore may be considered the special glory of old England. The common oak (*Quercus pedunculatus*) is indigenous in England. There are many now standing in England of historical celebrity, as well as of picturesque beauty, and of an immense age. Its leafing is beautiful, though late. Tufts of the most brilliant, yet delicate green serrated leaves, appear mixed with yellow catkins; and in some seasons every twig is beset by that which is indeed a blight, but which looks like lovely carmine and brown fruit—I mean the blight called *oak-apples*. The carmine on them is often very rich and beautiful, and contrasts exquisitely with the soft green of the young leaves, as well as the varied browns of the ragged twigs from which they start.

The common beech (*Fagus sylvatica*) is most remarkable for its superb growth, and the silvery whiteness of its bark. It is a tree of the first magnitude. The leaves are thin in texture, and, when matured, of a deep shining green: the catkins brown.

WEALTH.—Every man is a consumer, and ought to be a producer. He fails to make his place good in the world, unless he not only pays his debt but also adds something to the common wealth. Nor can he do justice to his genius without making some larger demand on the world than a bare subsistence. He is by constitution expensive, and needs to be rich.—EMERSON'S "Conduct of Life."

RETRIBUTION.

"Where first he had lisp'd her name,
Where his earliest years were spent,
In sorrow, not anger, he came,
To sigh a farewell ere he went."

OLD SONG.

Crowning mistake of a wretched life!
Bitter, bitter, bitterest pain!
Oh! to bear and to wear the name of wife,
As the felon must wear his chain.
Peace—peace! I am robed in costly gear,
I am mistress of park and hall;
The things that I coveted once are here:
Here, have I not, have I not all.

All! let the day-light shun me for ever.
What am I? A bauble bought with gold:
Nay—thou canst hide from thyself—oh! never
Poor wretch. Touch, kiss, smile—all are sold.
I—oh! that the earth would open wide;
Bury me from my own disgrace—
From the love I feel, and must ever hide,
And the scorn of my pretty face.

Have I gone mad, that I rave like a child
For a sun that I cannot reach?
Fool'd by a dream, till my brain grows wild,
My tongue falters, breaks, in its speech.
What is it? Who knows but I loved him best?
And my mother said I was wise.
Ah! but the aching pain lives in my breast—
The past will not pass from my eyes.

He came to the church to-day all alone:
I had thought he was far away.
If grief and pain for sin can atone,
I have suffered, God knows, to-day;
While the preacher seem'd preaching at both,
And his words were like arrows sure.
The man he said was not known by his cloth,
And virtue alone is secure.

Ah me! and the truth went home to my heart—
Made it bleed with an inward pain;
And I turn'd to look where he sat apart,
And I strove to pray—but in vain.
A mad'ning glimpse of the wrong I had done—
Of folly and pride and untruth:
The splendour, the worth from life had gone—
I had bartered beauty and youth.

And a costly misery weigh'd me down:
I wept hot, scalding, impotent tears:
A love, which to woman's life's the crown,
I had sold for a waste of years.
To a gilded husk and a heart of dross
I had sworn it—a false, false love.
On my brow, my heart, burn'd a flaming cross,
And a curse came down from above.

And the past still hunted the present back,
My love seem'd my own to give;
A voice and a hand was tracing life's track,
And was teaching my soul to live.
And my cheeks were lit with a tender blush,
And my heart thrill'd at the tones
Of a voice that came with the twilight hush;
The stream rippled over the stones.

The soft breeze sigh'd through the poplars tall,
And a trembling kiss was given;
While the gloaming deep grew wide over all,
And the stars came forth in heaven.
A moment's joy, and an endless grief:
Oh! why did I heed what they said;
Not yet had there fallen a poplar leaf
That had flutter'd high over head.

When another came, and my heart was won—
Won with gold and a mother's tongue.
Ah! me, I may never undo what is done,
And shame like a scorpion clung—
Clung to my heart, as I sat 'neath God's roof,
As I heard the whispered prayer,
When I saw him sit by himself aloof,
And I longed to kneel to him there.

The pride of a wife. Yes, yes, I have pride.
I falter'd not—even in thought;
But the sorrow-grief, the desolate void,
That my vanity round us had wrought.
Oh! why has God given no child to bless:
I have nothing my heart calls mine;
And the love of the man whose name I possess,
I scarcely dare call it mine.

The thoughts have been once—the never to be;
Oh! it comes and goes like the wind.
From myself, from my thoughts, I cannot flee;
From the chaos that reigns in my mind.
And to feel—to know—that he scorns me:
His scorn—alas! it is just;
Wretchedness, envying all it can see:
Ay—even the worm in the dust.

Why did he come? Was it right? Let him go.
Let him never trouble me more.
I sin'd—I suffer—but he must not know,
Tho' his sorrow lies at my door.
My duty (God give me the strength to bear
This heaviest burden of time)
As the woman, wife; and above despair,
Her punishment's less than her crime.

H. C.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM,
"EILLIL."

I sing the song of a thousand years,
A music that cannot die;
I open the springs of upbraiding tears;
I dry them in many an eye:
To the crowded ball, to the lonely bower,
I carry the spell of a charmed flower,
The Faërie Forget-me-not.

The Lily was given a wealthy dower—
It dies, and its scent is gone;
The cold dead Rose is a nobler flower,
Prized high when life is done:
But richer by far in storied fame
Than Lily or Rose is my charmed name—
My words are never forgot.

Uncultured—a wildling of Nature's birth—
Nor beauty nor scent are my dower;
And little care I what nook in the earth
Be decked with my delicate flower;

Look deep, look long: in that wee blue well
Lurketh the charm of a wizard spell
That never can be forgot.

I dare when sicklier hearts delay;
I bring the distant near;
I fly with the unvoiced words away
And whisper them in the ear;
In the message I breathe is a living power;
I sing the song of the charmed flower,
Never to be forgot.

THE SONG OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

The home of thy childhood, the scenes that awoke
A tale in each stone and re-peopled each nook,
May all be forgot—

The father that cherished, the mother that bare,
The friend of thy youth, and thy one sister's care,
May all be forgot—

The enemy's blow, and the slanderer's breath,
The grief that struck keenest, the first blank of death,
May all be forgot—

But oh! forget thee—how shall I
Forget thee, Lady, till I die?
And whither, whither can I fly
Out of my haunting memory?
Oh! how can I forget?

The night, that shadows all the earth,
In slumber gives thy dream-form birth:
The dawning wakes me to a dearth—
A vanished hope—a lonely hearth—
Oh! how can I forget?

As birds trill o'er and o'er their strain,
My dying hope, revived in vain,
Battles while yielding its domain,
Like shores which greedy waves regain—
Oh! how can I forget?

Though the steed thou ridest be swift as wind,
I'll follow o'er hill and dell:
I'll spring from the hoof-flung sods, and find
Rich room for my secret spell.
The thoughts I quicken can never die,
For I breathe a charm on the memory,
That nothing may be forgot.

Though thou sailest the sea, I'll wait on the shore,
Where'er thou shalt set thy feet:
I'll haunt thy path for evermore,
Still whispering when we meet—
"From the heart of thy lover that loveth thee well
My flower shall carry its deathless spell,
My Faërie Forget-me-not."

THEA.

M Y D E S K.

CHAP. I.

I am sitting alone in the twilight at the fire-side. My dear old ugly desk stands open before me, and I see dimly the piles of old letters, amongst which my hands have been wandering. I can read no longer; the street-lamp throws its flickering glare on the wall, and the bubbles of gas spout up and scold spasmodically at the fire-irons; but that is all the light I have. So I retrace silently the story which the old letters have shadowed forth. I see myself again a small child, awkward and ungainly, shrinking into corners to get out of everybody's way, but romping vigorously with my schoolboy brother John, when he would suffer my companionship. I see myself at school, shuffling over my lessons that I may snatch a moment for some fairy tale, often read, but never exhausted; and again at home taking long solitary walks by the river, or watching the faces in the fire if it was winter, thinking my own thoughts uninterrupted, till I lived in a world of dreams, the bare facts outside which were but tiresome absurdities.

My cogitations were broken in upon suddenly; my dreams scattered; the precious papers on which I had written down my imaginings ignominiously torn and flung into the fire, where I watched them sink into bits of tindery fluff, with a feeling half of sorrow, half of triumphant pride, in the consciousness that they were no more extinct in reality than I was. My father was angry, and bade me never let him find his daughter occupied about such nonsense again.

How could I help it? My beautiful heroines, dark and fair, proud and gentle; my noble Rolands and Reginalds—they were hydra-headed. In burning my poor papers my father had sown dragon's teeth.

One day I had taken my contraband pencil and book out into the fields; I sat on the root of an ash, gazing down into the river as it ran along so peacefully. Was that like a man's life? I had heard the comparison. On the surface I saw nothing but beauty and smoothness; but underneath was not the worm wriggling in and out of the mud, the trout chasing the minnow, and the minnow devouring the worm? I had clutched my pencil in one hand, and the hook in the other; but suddenly the bells broke out in the old grey tower above the bridge, and I covered my face because of the inexplicable beauty which made my brain burn and my heart throb. Inexplicable; for there are no words, there is no writing, which can reproduce the actual sensation of beautiful music. You write, and you paint, but you cannot give the spirit. After all, the picture is material only.

But a voice spoke to me suddenly, and I started; for I had heard no step.

"What! all alone by the river, Mary?"

It was my cousin, Francis Darrel, the curate of the parish. I seized my precious book hastily.

"Don't be alarmed," he said, smiling: "I suppose these are the forbidden studies your father told me about?"

"They are not 'studies,'" I replied, ungraciously.

"In one sense, perhaps. But would it not be better to write within doors such weather as this?"

"I dare not. Francis, don't tell papa; it makes him angry, and if he were to kill me for this, I can't help doing it."

The curate stood for a moment swinging his cane about and looking at the river.

"Let me see," he said at last, pointing to the book.

"No, never."

"Nonsense, Mary. If your scribbling is worth anything—don't look angry—my uncle's scruples might be removed."

"Ah, you have not been here long; you do not know my father. Accomplish that, and I will be grateful all my life."

He held out his hand for the book.

"Francis,"

"Well?"

"Promise not to make fun."

"If I see nothing to make fun of."

I hesitated.

"You had better trust me," he said, smiling; "it is your only chance."

From that time Francis and I were fast friends. I was I believe about eighteen, and he five-and-twenty. He was fresh from Oxford, and could talk lovingly of its beauties; but I was more occupied with the beauties my brain and fingers longed to create than anything he found to say. I had a room given to me, which was to be mine undisturbed; and this I called my "den;" and in due time the name I chose became common in the pages of monthly serials. I had attained my wish. I used to paint to myself the delights of such a life—the pure and endless pleasure it would bring; but there were drawbacks I had not anticipated. My brother laughed at me, and called me "blue;" the neighbours drew off, and said they were afraid of me, I was too clever; my nature was assumed to be different from the ordinary woman's nature. I was a distinct specimen—I had almost said species—and no one cared for me, or sought my society.

Once again I met my only friend, Francis Darrel, by the river-side. He bade me take the old seat on the ash-root, for he wanted to talk to me.

"From your father, Mary," he said gravely.

"Again!" I cried. "What have I done now? and why cannot he speak himself?"

"He says he does not understand you, and cannot talk to you. And now, Mary, understanding it as coming from him, you must not be offended at anything I may say."

"Go on."

"When I smoothed the way for your occupation, I told him that if this was merely a romantic fancy of yours, opposition would only strengthen it; while if the *furor scribendi* were the genuine article, it would be utterly useless. I confess, myself, that I expected the infatuation to die a natural death."

"You thought me a conceited child who would learn better."

"Now that your father sees you persevere, he blames me; and, with very great reluctance, I have taken upon myself to repeat his words to you. He said to me, Mary, this: 'My daughter's portion will be a mere trifle. I reckoned upon her marrying: as long as she keeps up this character of a genius, no one will think of her. Tell her this, and tell her that I say, if she sticks to the pen now from choice or caprice, it will stick to her hereafter.' Your father's words, not mine, Mary. He made me promise to tell you this."

"Why do you make excuses, Francis?" I asked, quietly. "I would rather have heard it from my father: next to him, you."

He turned round and grasped my hand, eagerly.

"Thank you, Mary. Mind, I do not say that I hold his views altogether; but some sacrifices you will have to make if you persevere. Literature is not exempt from the duties of other professions: it requires persistent hard work and energy, and resolution."

"I am aware of it."

"And you have chosen?"

"Good-bye, Francis. I believe you are the only one who will give me any sympathy in my choice."

I went away from him calmly, but there was no calm in my heart. I *had* wavered, though no one knew it. I had caught myself envying the gay lives of other young ladies; thinking bitterly that I ought to have my share of pleasure too: forgetting that it was my own doing. I would never waver again. The knowledge that Francis had thought it possible forbade it.

The years went on. My father was dead, and my brother had brought home a wife. I remember, the day he came back after the honeymoon, how he sprang up two steps at a time to my study; and, kissing me with his careless good-nature, he stood back to take a survey of me, rubbing his eyes.

"Blue, blue"; nothing but 'blue,'" he said.

"Can you say nothing but that? Don't tease me, John."

"Well, I will not. I can tell you what, though: your good looks are going fast, my sister. Well they may. What are you?—Twenty-five? Come, give it up!"

"You forget that it is now necessary to me."

"What! funds? I'll take care of that. Give it up, Mary; I want you to be married and happy. I can preach now, you know; and I assure you no one will look at a 'blue.' Come!"

I laughed at him, stopping his mouth with the feather of a pen.

"Do you want me out of the way, John? I shall not be much of a nuisance if I keep to my study."

"Don't be silly. You know I did not mean that."

"Of course I do. You were always the best brother in the world—except the morning you stopped up the pump, and sent me round to see what was the matter while you used the handle. Do you remember? I was almost drowned."

There came another voice, tempting me, and that was Francis Darrel's.

"Are you tired, Mary?" he said, kindly; "or is the old inspiration still alive? It is a hard life for a woman, with all its enjoyment. You have done much: if you are weary, give it up."

"What advice from a clergyman, Francis! I am not weary: I would not give up for all the world."

He took my hand with his gentle, kindly clasp, and looked at me scrutinizingly.

"I am not sure: perhaps it was no good service I did you, after all."

"It was, it was. It is all I live for. Let me alone."

But I felt at times that he had spoken truly, and I was weary. I did yearn after other things. My youth was passing away from me, and I tried to grasp the years as they slipped by; but they would not pause. I was in my brother's household, but not of it. I saw his happiness with his wife and their friends, but had no share in it. I lived apart, the life of a hermit. In their parties of pleasure I was never reckoned, except as one who was too clever to descend to ordinary enjoyments. I did love my occupation, but I wanted something else to love—some living thing to care for. The beauty which I hung about the people of my inky world filled me with a sorrowful longing to find it in reality. I glanced round the silent room; but no face brightened for me, and no look answered my own. By-and-bye a pair of tiny hands came to curl round my brother's big finger; a baby face was pressed against his dark cheek, and in his pride he gave to me the title of Auntie, forgetting for once the horrible "blue." My heart leaped as I heard it, for it seemed a tie to bind me to some human being—to a little one who may perhaps love me some time. It was nothing but the bare title. My brother's wife took the little creature from me as I held it trembling, with a sharp speech which sent me back again to my den at once. She was jealous. That night bad dreams haunted me. What I had written in the day came back in all sorts of forms to worry me. My characters were perverse; they would not move as I wanted them; fragments of MS.

whirled incessantly about my head, and a figure with a mouth like an inkstand kept saying for ever—"Choose, one or other; not both. Choose!" In the morning John came to me with a letter in his hand, black-bordered. I started when I saw it; thinking of the only friend I had. But my brother spoke at once.

"John Rivers is dead, Mary. The relationship is so distant that it is not worth speaking about, but I am one of his daughter's guardians."

"Well?"

"The other is a widower. I must give her a home here."

"Must you?"

"Yes. I shall bring her back with me: poor child; very sad for her!"

"What is sad?"

"What? Why, the haze of blue is thicker than ever! Is it nothing to be an orphan? I came to you, Mary, because—in fact, I should take it very kind in you to pay this child some attention: You know my wife is not strong, and has a good deal to trouble her in the household, and——"

"Yes. What is it, John?"

"Only, if you would notice her a little: make her at home."

"Very well; I will see what I can do."

"Thank you; that's a good girl!" said John, with an air of relief. "Good-bye."

I knew well enough that his wife was not disposed to look favourably upon a new inmate; and a child, too—children were so troublesome. But John had pleased me unconsciously, by implying that I could be of any use. I wondered how old the child was, and what in the world I should do with it. My brother came back. I listened anxiously to the wheels as they rolled up to the door, and stopped. It was dark, and very cold. Then I went down into the hall. A glance at the little black figure standing there in the lamplight made me smile at my ideas of nursery rhymes and playthings. It was child-like enough; but the pale, beautiful face and sorrowful eyes did not belong to infancy. I put-out my hand; but John came forward and said,

"Kiss her, Mary, and bid her welcome as I do. Welcome home, Emmy."

I obeyed; but the hand I touched was like ice, and the cheek also. She suffered my kiss passively, and said nothing. At the tea-table, also, she was silent. John talked, and his wife; but somehow there was a feeling as if the new comer had dropped into a place not made for her. She took her tea, and, when John pressed her, ate something; but as I looked into the poor, pale face, with its swollen eyelids, I felt inclined to cry out that it would choke her. Once I saw those eyelids lifted, and the blue eyes gaze wistfully into each face at the table. Then they drooped again, and she asked my sister if she might go to her room. John looked uneasy. He went up and put his hand on her bright, brown hair, with a glance almost of reproach at his wife, who took no notice of the question beyond a simple "yes."

"You are not going away to be unhappy, Emmy," he said. "We must not suffer that. Mary, can you think of nothing to amuse this poor child?"

"I do not want to be amused," said the quiet, cold voice. "You know that I am not a child, Mr. Rivers: I am nineteen. I only wish to be alone."

"Yes, of course; do what you like, only try to be happy." He motioned to me. "Try what you can do, Mary: she has been so petted."

He spoke low; but she heard, and turned from one to the other, her lips trembling, in spite of her efforts at self-control.

"I only want to be alone."

"Mary will show you the way," said John; putting her hand into mine. It was drawn away quietly.

"I have been once: I can find the way."

I could not help smiling. "At least I may come with you as far as my own room?"

She made no further objection. At the door of my den I stopped, touching her arm, gently. "This is my sitting-room. Whenever you are tired of being alone, or with the others down-stairs, will you come in here?"

"Do you always sit up here?"

"Yes."

"What am I to call you?"

"Mary."

"Very well."

She passed on, and I shut myself in, and opened the untidy portfolio. But I could not write; I could not collect my thoughts, nor take up the old thread laid down so lately. A pair of wistful blue eyes came before me, and the touch of a cold little hand made me shiver. I shook it off and dashed into my MS. desperately. Before long the door-handle turned softly, and I saw a black dress come gliding round the room. It subsided into a corner behind me. I was glad, but afraid of driving her away if I took any notice: I pretended to go on writing diligently. Under my pen grew hieroglyphical scrawls, such as a spider dipped in ink might have made. The black crape was so near me that I could almost feel it. I ventured to look round. The white hands were crossed over each other on her lap, and the patient little face had fixed meditatively on the fire.

"Do I disturb you?"

"Not at all."

"I will be very quiet. I like better to be quiet than to go to them down-stairs; and in my room it is so cold."

She shivered a little. The simple uncomplaining tones struck me painfully; what could I do? My poor little rose-bud! Even as I remember all this, it seems to me that I must have been hard-hearted. But I was only awkward, and my advances had been so decidedly repelled. I put away my writing, however; and when she looked at me enquiringly, I said "It is not your fault; I have finished for to-night."

I sat down beside her, and talked: I forget what about; but when I looked for an answer, she said calmly, "I have not been listening."

I ventured to touch one of the crossed white hands. It was still cold, but not so cold as before. I took it into my own warm ones, and kept it there. She leaned her cheek on the other, and looked at me—a wistful, wondering look, but only for a moment. It gave me a sudden impulse to take the poor sorrowful face in my arms, and brighten it, if I could. But I did not dare.

"Down-stairs they are happy and merry," said Emmy, quietly. "If I go there, they will be so no longer. My guardian is sorry for me; I do not like to be pitied; shall I tell you why?"

"If you like."

"Ah! that is it. Yes, it is all if I like, now. I have no longer any one to please."

"You can please me, very much."

"How?"

"By giving me a companion sometimes. Use this room as your own, and come to it when you choose."

"I don't want to be a trouble."

"You will never trouble me," I said, earnestly.

"I will be very quiet—very. I only want to be quiet, but if ever I do—if ever I am troublesome—promise that you will send me away."

"I promise."

Then the hand was drawn silently from mine, and she turned away again to look into the fire. She did not want companionship, but only to be alone. I could not help watching her: more than once I saw her face brighten as the crape on her sleeve caught her eye, suddenly. She would stroke it quietly, and put her cheek against it. I believe she was alone with the dead.

CHAP. II.

As the days passed on, my brother expected his young ward to grow less quiet and sad: it oppressed him to feel that there was sorrow near him. His own nature was so cheerful that he began to be impatient, and less thoughtful for her than at first. I did all I could—not for his sake now, nor for his wife's. I had begun to be haunted by the wistful blue eyes and gentle face; and in the evening, when I sat down to write, at what used to be my best hour, I could do nothing but listen for the step along the passage, the noiseless turning of the door handle, and the glance, almost pleading to be forgiven the intrusion, that would meet mine. One evening John had said something in his careless way about grieving over much. I saw the light come into her eye, and the flush to her cheek; but she did not answer. The step came, as usual, to my door; I did not look up, but could see the crape dress pass along the room to the corner. By-and-bye, something moved me to look round. Emmy's hands were covering her face, and she was rocking herself backwards and forwards monotonously. Silently I pushed away my portfolio, and went up close to her; I

knelt beside her, and took the poor little hands, as gently as I could. As she looked at me a faint cry broke from her lips, and she put her head down on my shoulder, clinging to me.

"Now I have been troublesome to you," faltered out Emmy. "Why did you come? Oh! I did mean not to be a trouble."

"My dear Emmy."

I could say no more; but I liked to feel my child's arms clinging to me! to look at the brown head, and kiss it.

"It was so hard—so hard! I think of him, lying there—all alone—with the rain beating on him. Oh! Papa—and then they say I grieve too much."

The rocking began again, but I was no longer afraid of being repulsed. I drew the head back again, kissing it, to its place.

"How good you are to me! But it is pity, and will go away when this is gone," pointing to the crape. "I should like to wear it always, if I might; because it seems as if he were not quite gone. But what shall I do? I must not disturb you like this."

"My dear Emmy, shall I tell you why I have not been able to write for some evenings past?"

"Why?"

"Because I have been watching for my sunbeam, and wondering when she would come."

"Is that true? And yet you never spoke to me. This evening you did not even raise your head. Oh! I do like to be loved. You see Papa loved me so much, and I have not been used to do without it. Then I am not a trouble to you?"

"No; my darling."

"Ah! I am glad." "Sunbeam?" repeated Emmy. "I am a dark sunbeam, now; but that was Papa's word."

"Then I must not use it."

My child's face was pressed up to me again, lovingly.

"You may: no one else."

* * * * *

I was very happy; a great brightness had come into my life, and a new vigour to my pen. I no longer dreamed over my work, but did it. I—the blue—the *bête noire*, had some one who loved me. I was never tired of watching that one figure, in its repose or activity: it was always beautiful to me. My brother's wife teased me about my "little lover," as she called Emmy; but John himself was only too glad to see his ward happy, and his pleasure gratified me. If the bright days would only last!

The time came round for my annual absence from home, on a visit to some relatives. This year I could not go. I said so, quietly, at the breakfast-table, when the usual note of invitation came. To my surprise there was a great outcry. John insisted that I should not lose this, the only holiday I ever permitted myself. Change was absolutely necessary for me. He enlisted Emmy on his side, and I was obliged to yield, with a mental reservation that the time should be shortened. These visits were always stupid

affairs, and this one seemed to drag on with unusual weariness. Four days of it had passed, and no letter from Emmy. I came down on the fifth morning disappointed, wondering why she did not write. There was a letter on my plate, but not one of her neat little missives. It was from John. I opened it listlessly, marvelling what he had to say, for he hated letter writing. For a moment the room spun round with me like a huge teetotum; my heart fluttered with a faint sensation; but I never lost sight of the words:—

"Emmy is not well: that is to say, she is very ill. I think you had better come home."

There was more in the letter, but I cared only for that. Why had I left her? I did not lose much time; all through the long, wearisome journey, those words of John's kept dancing before my eyes—many coloured, zig-zag, but never leaving me. He met me in the hall, and I saw that he was in his slippers; but I would not look into his face. I made a questioning gesture.

"Worse: I am afraid——"

I stopped him peremptorily. If I knew what he was going to say, I would not hear it."

"She had a cold when I left here. I ought not to have gone. What is it?"

"Inflammation of the lungs."

I turned to go up-stairs, but my brother caught my arm.

"Wait. She must be prepared."

"Go and do it then."

"First make yourself fit to be seen. And remember that any excitement will be fatal: so you must control yourself."

As I passed the open door of the dining-room, I saw my sister-in-law calmly sewing at a child's garment. Even at that moment the strangeness struck me. I waited, trying to keep my heart from throbbing so painfully, and to press down the great lump in my throat till John came back. Then, as I looked at him for the first time, I saw that his face was haggard and unshaven.

"She heard the wheels," he said; almost smiling at me. "Your little lover knew you were come, Mary. Be careful not to excite her."

He had no need to caution me. I passed round the bed, and saw my child's face on the pillow, flushed and altered, but motionless. I stooped down, and kissed it with a murmured—"Mine own darling!" and then the doctor drew me back. Emmy called to him. She could only speak in a whisper, and he bent his head.

"Go away, please. All but Mary."

"He gave me a look of caution, and took John's arm; motioning to the nurse to follow."

"Kiss me again," whispered Emmy. "Dearest, I shall be well soon, now you are come!"

That night I sat up with her. I asked John in the passage if there was nothing more to be done. He shook his head.

"Bled one day, leeches another, cupped last night," he said. "Keep her quite quiet, Mary, and look to the thermometer. That nurse is a humbug: I have not been in bed for two nights. It is a comfort to have you back."

At another time how proud I should have been at such a speech! I had no room to think of it now. I watched her dear little fingers picking at the counterpane and the sheets; I listened to the indistinct babbling of beautiful dreams of green fields; sparkling waterfalls with sunlight upon them; broken now and then, as a faint gleam of consciousness would light up the eyes for a moment. I could not believe in the danger: I did not try to believe it.

In the grey morning John came to me.

"Come away," he said. "I got Harrison to send for another doctor; and they are going to consult. Come."

I went to my den. I heard the feet of the two men who were going up to pass judgment on my darling—the only one on earth who loved me, who was so dear to me. How dear I had never known till now. Was I to lose her? Thoughts pressed into my heart thick and fast; I could not drive them away. Thoughts of those dear hands motionless; the beautiful face which had been pressed to mine so lately, lying in the church-yard under the old tower: thoughts of my child's voice silent for ever; her eyes closed: thoughts, above all, of the one bleak desolation around and about me for ever—the lonely, wearisome world. I had believed that I knew what it was to pray; but all former supplication seemed but a far-off, feeble voice to the entreaty of those two words which hung on my lips and in my heart—"Spare her!" If in the great pity of the All-Merciful that petition should be granted, I said to myself that I could be content to lose my place near her. If her love for me changed, or grew less, I could bear it; but to lose her out of the world! If only she might live, though we were separated, I would not murmur. I looked out of the window, and saw the day brightening over the house-tops: I saw the budding trees waving over the valley where the river ran along so peacefully. Spring was coming: would she ever gather the violets on Atherwood bank, when they came? I covered my face. A peal had broken out from the grey old tower over the bridge. How it echoed across the water in the morning air! How softly it fell on my heart, and gave me power to shed the tears which would not come before! Again and again, as though the voices of the watchers on earth were floating upwards to warn the angels of a departing spirit; and then the echo—was that the answer coming in its far-off solemn tenderness—"We wait, we are ready"? There was some one in the room with me. I could not speak. I had no power to ask for the decree which must come, whatever it was.

"Mary, they say she will live, please God!" It was the voice of Francis Darrel.

CHAP. III.

"What a spoilt child I am!"

"You always were, you know."

"Yes, always. How happy I am! I thought, that one night—when I couldn't get any breath, and it was such hard work to live—I thought I was going to Papa. Oh! I was so sorry for you."

She was sitting in an easy-chair in my den; and my hands were busy with the light shawl I had thrown over her. I felt as though I never could be careful enough of my recovered treasure.

"I knew the touch of it in a moment," said Emmy; catching my hand, and pressing her cheek against it. "No one's fingers were like yours. What should I have done without my dear old nurse? How I did want her those first few nights!"

"Don't say that, Emmy. I blame myself for going, and you had a cold too! But even when I saw John's great awkward writing, I never suspected."

"Poor Mary! But then it was all the better when I got you back. Ah! that ugly old desk: how soon must you begin again?"

"By-and-bye. There is no hurry."

"You shall write an ode to my easy-chair: it was so nice to get to it when you made me walk, and my legs were all trembling—couldn't you?"

"I dare say! A parody on the 'old arm-chair.' Oh! for shame!"

A ring at the door-bell caused the hand in mine to start and tremble nervously.

"It is only Francis," I said. "He calls every day to inquire after my spoilt child."

"Does he?"

"I think she is almost well enough to answer inquiries for herself."

I looked at her as I spoke. What was it that struck such a sudden chill to my heart? The colour had risen over her face, and the pulse of the hand I still held was going at a feverish rate. I had never seen her look so beautiful.

"Not yet," she said, hurriedly; putting her arm round my neck. "Let me stay here quiet a little longer."

I did not answer: I was thinking. I began to remember that it was strange Francis should have brought me the happy news on that terrible morning; to remember also how his hand shook as he held it out, and how his voice trembled. Looking further back, I found nothing. An occasional evening visit: certainly I had not been present; but, then, my child never stayed away from me beyond the usual hour. No; it was only my foolishness. Did not she plead to remain with me now? I put the thoughts away, angrily.

A few evenings after that, I heard my brother's swinging step on the stairs and up the passage.

"I am come to carry Emmy off," he said, "*nolens volens.*"

I started up; but she clung to me with the same nervous tremulousness I had seen before.

"Why, John?"

"Harrison says she ought to have change of rooms: it is bad for her to be mewed up here. Let her come down to tea this evening; the

bairns shall be sent away, and there will be no noise."

But Emmy would not loose my hand; and looked from the ugly desk to me, imploringly.

"Come, Mary," said John; impatiently.

I went with her. She did not know it; but there was a queer little aching about my heart that would have made it impossible for me to sit down to my old occupation. After tea came that well-known ring. I was near Emmy. She did not start this time, but I saw a pink colour come into her cheek, and the pulse in her white forehead throbbed violently. I looked at my brother, and there was a sly smile on his face as Francis came in. I said to myself angrily, that it was nonsense; that Francis was as old as John himself, though he did not look it—past thirty, and my darling not quite twenty. He shook hands with me first, and then turned to Emmy. They were only a few simple words, to all appearance quietly uttered and indifferently received. I knew better. I knew every play of my dear child's features; and I could still see the throbbing pulse. Francis sat down beside her. My sister had gone away to the nursery, but he talked to John and me—not to Emmy. Once I saw him speak to her, and then he bent forward, and his voice was almost a whisper. I saw the smile, and the beautiful colour it brought. I went away, up to my room, to my den. Thus, then, I was called upon to perform my vow. Mine own no longer—mine never more; Alas! how could I expect it? Who could know her, and not love her? But my thoughts were bitter and my heart desolate. "Selfish!" says the big stone image of Perfection. Perhaps so; but still human. My friend, did you ever hold the first place in a loving heart, and not feel the loss when it came? Your affection was not exactly selfish. You would have your friend happy; but somehow, in your great love, you thought that you might have been sufficient for that happiness. It was not so. She was sufficient for me, but I was not for her. I could only cry out bitterly, "My treasure—my one treasure! mine no longer." But it was necessary that I should do more than that. She must never know that I had any other feeling than joy at her happiness. Whenever it came, and I knew it was near, I must be ready to be happy with her. If it was a hard thing, she never knew it. The evening wore on, and it grew late. I heard the hall-door close, and knew that Francis was gone—gone without a thought that his happiness was my trouble. How selfish I was! Then came a footstep. I thought of all the times I had listened for it so eagerly; and watched for the wistful face which would brighten as I looked up at it: it came again, the little footstep across the floor to my side—the dear arms about my neck. I knew then; but I could not speak.

"My dear old nurse—my best and truest——"

She could get no farther, and I was obliged to help her.

"I know what it is, Emmy: it makes me very glad to think of my child's happiness!"

But she still clung to me.
 "I could never do without my nurse. You will not leave off loving me because I have got two friends instead of one?"

"No; never."

It struck me then that I had been in danger of becoming an idolater.

* * * *

That is the tale of my desk. It was given to me before I could use it. At the bottom there are a few school-day letters; then two received in the joyful beginning of my literary work, with the signature Francis Darrel. They were very precious: they are so still. Next come neat little envelopes addressed to me in my child's dear hand-writing; John's large business envelope, with those few words which yet make my heart ache with the recollection of the pang

they brought. All day the bells have been pealing out from the grey old tower; the joy-bells for my darling, who comes back to-day to her new home. And here is the last and dearest scrap, in that same hand-writing, with the same old signature "Emmy," which my child has put alone, that I may know she is unchanged. Reading the old words of fondness; the anticipation of seeing "My dear old face again," and the note enclosed from Francis, I could almost persuade myself that I have not lost my only friend, but gained another. At any rate, the thought is pleasant: let me retain it. The ugly desk has been opened to admit these—the last bits of the skeleton tale. When I am tired of looking at them, they shall go into their place: when the bells break out again, and I know that my child is at home—within reach.

LOUIS SAND.

M E Y E R B E E R .

BY J. R. WARE.

Who, at the present moment, is the most popular composer, if not Meyerbeer? By "popular" is meant world-wide. Verdi may be the Italian favourite—though this assertion is open to doubt; for Verdi is prolific, and the Italians, in common with other nations, are fond of novelty. Wallace or Balfe may be the most popular composer in England; or Offenbach (just now in Paris), for his pretty little operas run parallel with such English successes as the "Colleen Bawn." But who is heard with such delight by the world's millions as Meyerbeer? At Moscow and St. Petersburg he is lord of the opera; at Vienna and Berlin it is treason to doubt him. In Paris a work by him is never played to an empty house: and Mr. Gye knows that this composer does more for the Covent Garden treasury than all others put together. In Spain he is king; and in America, from New York to the Brazils, he reigns. In Rio Janeiro they really seem to perform sacrifices before his name!

Meyerbeer's success is perhaps one of the greatest triumphs of genius ever achieved; for it has been gained, not in contention with poverty, which has forced its one in two hundred geniuses to honour and greatness, but in defiance of riches. We can understand poverty-stricken genius fighting on and on, in spite of falls, till victory or death sheathes the sword: but imagine genius leaving its carriage to fight for a name! thrown down again and again, beaten, reviled, defied, scoffed at, and yet never once listening to the tempter—"Soul, take thine ease!" It is weary work—fighting; weary when we must—how much more tiring when we need not, and yet feel we must, though we cannot be sure the laurel shall be with us!

And after all, Meyerbeer entered Fame's temple by her golden gate. Had he not been the son of a rich banker, in all probability neither of the five great operas had ever been heard; for the manager of the Grand Opera only agreed to bring out the first of the five when Meyerbeer, dearer lover of his art than his fortune, had paid into the opera treasury £2,500! "Robert the Devil" has returned a hundred times that sum since its first repetition; but, had it been the work of a poor man, it would never have been heard.

Being a great composer, Meyerbeer is a Jew. Take down a biography of the masters and mistresses of the arts, and it is surprising what a majority of great names the Israelites take. And in many other cases the great men and women are only one or two in descent from Jewish ancestors. Composers, singers, actors, and actresses—in their ranks are always, and have been, many Jews and Jewesses; nay, if there is any truth in the theory that every man possesses some of the mental and moral, as well as bodily, constitution of each and every one of his ancestors, it stands to reason that the descendants of the art-loving people of Judea have invaded, and will invade, the arts of every land in which they settle. It is impossible to read the bible and not observe that the arts created amongst the Jews a worship which was only second to that yielded to the Deity. They sang when the western nations were savages; therefore the supremacy they hold is surely a just inheritance.

Of course the Jews have applied themselves to the arts in proportion to the esteem in which they have been held or are held in the various countries in which they have settled. Here, in England, where the *renaissance* is least aged,

the Jews are seen but little in the arts, if compared with the numbers attached to the arts in France, and notably those of Italy. But it is a remarkable fact that, in the lowest Jewish quarters of this city of London, you may hear to-day every note of the "Shadow Song" from "Dinorah" proceed from the mouth of a young Jewess bent upon furbishing up an old coat; and a dance-music organ in the same locality will call into public life a score of young Israelites, whose unabashed precision in polka, valse, and Varsovienne might be envied by many an aristocratic Anglo-Saxon pupil of Miss Geary, and which far surpasses the dancing evolutions of those young gentlemen taught by the celebrated Mr. Bl—d, even with "the advantage of the Misses Bl—ds as partners," as we so frequently read in the papers.

To return to Meyerbeer. He was born at Berlin, on the 5th of September, 1794. The great composer's true name is Meyer Liebmann Beer. The composer has suppressed the Liebmann, joined the other two names, and taken his father's Christian name Jacques in its Italian garb (Giacomo), and so has formed Giacomo Meyerbeer. The love of music showed itself, as usual with all great composers, at the earliest possible age. He was only four when he would run to the piano, and reproduce, with exquisite accompaniments, any airs he heard for the first time. Being the son of a rich banker, it might be supposed that considerable objection would be taken to his intense love of music; but it seems the father and mother were wise in their generation, and did not oppose Nature—nay, they aided her by finding him a teacher of the highest character. At nine the newspapers declared him the best pianist in Berlin; but the grandeur of the lad's position was soon tarnished. Came the great teacher and theoretical musician Vogler; and he said, "If you persevere you will become one of the glories of Europe."

It is possible that this rebuff at nine years of age—"if you persevere"—was the first stepping-stone to Meyerbeer's success. The boy had been wildly flattered by the papers. The master came, and withheld the laurels, bestowing the next sweetest blessing—"hope."

Vogler gone, the aspirations of Giacomo rose, and shortly after he wrote a fugue. This was shown to his master, who fell into ecstasies, and vowed it perfect. Little Meyerbeer doubtless thought he had become the European glory Vogler had talked about, for he sent a copy of the composition to that master. Three months passed away—no answer. The imprudent teacher vows that Vogler is jealous. Meyerbeer perhaps believes something of that sort, when behold back comes the fugue, with scores of faults mathematically proved, and with it a complete treatise upon the composition of fugues.

Meyerbeer took the treatise, sat down, and studied it day after day, month after month, and at last he wrote his second composition. This was sent to Vogler without any reference

to the flattering master. It was almost perfect. "Come," writes Vogler—"come to me."

He went, to study in the same room and at the same organ with Weber. It is beautiful to read of the work of these students, and their master. They go from the cathedral to the study, from the study to the cathedral: they work hard, and the more they work the greater the pleasure they have. These happy years spent at Darmstadt must have been the dearest years of the composer's life—it was youth verging upon boyhood, health buoying hope, and not a sorrow as yet felt. One can see the master and pupils, the one walking, the rest tripping along the grave old cathedral aisles, to the organ over which Vogler was king. Then comes the outburst of melody and harmony; and all this joy is—work! There are two organs at Darmstadt Cathedral: the master would sit at one, the pupils in turn at the other. The master would give a theme, the pupil would reproduce it, with permission to embroider; and so the happy hours flew on. Sometimes, they say, the pupils Weber and Meyerbeer forgot rules, and gave themselves up to inspiration; and then the old master, who never forgot rules, and was never inspired, grew "a little sad," and prematurely stopped the performance.

At seventeen years of age Meyerbeer wrote a *morceaux*, entitled "God and Nature," which was sufficiently important to gain him, by royal letters patent, the post of "composer in ordinary to the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt." Whatever glory this appointment may have placed upon the shoulders of the young composer, it did not destroy that wondrous prudence and foresight which have been partly the cause of raising him to his present state. He refused to publish his pieces, in spite of the patent, and continued to work. But the conviction had already come upon Meyerbeer that science is only the servant, not the master of music. Vogler was a formalist, and Meyerbeer already saw his danger. His first opera ("Jephtha's Vow") was produced about this time: it was perfect as a scientific work, and it failed utterly. Meyerbeer then laid down the pen, returned to his piano, and obtained a brilliant success in Vienna as an executant. He "flew" to Paris, hoping to gain an equal success; but, before agreeing to appearing in public, he heard Hummel, the great player of the day. Meyerbeer listened—to weep, not to despair. He knew his science was superior to Hummel's; but where was the soul, the grace, the unspeakable, super-scientific power of Hummel to be found in his, Meyerbeer's playing? He felt more than ever that science was destroying his genius. He shut himself up for six months, never leaving the house except to hear his superior. He worked undyingly, unhesitatingly, and at the end of that time to come before the public; and Hummel said, "I am conquered!"

Do you not see here the rage of "determination" which is only too seldom the accompaniment of genius? "I will!" the man seems to

say; and nothing bars his passage. He is rich; he may enjoy the *dolce far niente*; but he has declared he will be great. He wishes to prove his belief of the life hereafter by leaving a great memory on earth; and he works as hard as though his bread depended on it. He lives for his art—in its cause he hesitates at no sacrifice of time, travel, fatigue, or gold. His life shows he cares little for hours, pleasures, or fortune. He worships at the shrine he first turned to as a child, and he seems to say, "Thee only!"

His art is not subservient to fortune. He could make a hundred times his present income if he chose to flood the market. He loves art too well to do so. For many years the thirst for gold kept almost all composers out of the French opera-houses except Auber—kept almost all dramatic authors out of the theatres except Alexander Dumas and the late Eugene Scribe; but not so Meyerbeer.

Between 1832, the year when "Robert" was produced to the present year of grace, Meyerbeer has only produced five operas—"Robert the Devil," "Les Huguenots," "Le Prophète," "L'Etoile du Nord," and "Dinorah." Between each of these productions he has left the operas open and free five average years, taking only one year for the absolute run of his works. Can Auber say this? or could charming commonplace Adolphe Adam, who blocked with a three days' work every chance to the young aspirant?

Meyerbeer is the true artist; for he loves perfection only. He will not publish his early works: he fears to weaken the strength of his five mighty works. But to return to the young and comparatively unknown composer.

He had not forgotten the failure of his first opera; he essayed in his second to avoid its faults. The work "Abimelech; or, The Two Caliphs," produced at the grand opera at Vienna, fell dead.

Did Meyerbeer throw up composition in disgust? Did he content himself with Vogler's assurance that the opera was scientifically perfect? No: he investigated the cause of his failure; felt sure that mere scientific overweight was the secret, and started for Italy, where music—be it good, bad, or indifferent—seems to be an instinct rather than a reason.

At Venice the melodious works of Rossini—the man who has framed his genius with the most success upon the national Italian revelation of melody—became a new world to Meyerbeer. For three years he worked in this natural school, and then produced the "Romilda e Constanza," at Padua; and two years later he produced the "Emma di Risburgo," in that Venetian opera-house within which "Tancredi" had so overpowered him: and the "Emma" was as successful as the "Tancredi" itself. This was in 1820, and yet Meyerbeer has never reproduced this opera. He feels that it is not equal to the five—and it remains, and will remain, unknown.

Upon his return to Germany, all cried shame upon his Italian successes. The journals called him a renegade, and his friends met him with

an air which told him they felt a great misfortune had fallen upon him. Even Weber, the gentle, who defended his old fellow-labourer in public, condemned him in private. "Ah!" says Weber, "you renounce us Germans then!" "No," says Meyerbeer, "I'm going to regenerate you!"

Thereupon Weber thought his friend quite lost, and, on leaving him, declared that he (Weber) would prove that a purely German opera should be written which should be "as successful as any work Rossini ever penned."

Weber was right; for, eighteen months after, he produced the "Freischütz," at Berlin; but the terrible non-success of the "Oberon" perhaps proved that Meyerbeer was in the right. The German school of music is, beyond a doubt, unimpassioned; while, as a rule, the musical faithful are the most impassioned people amongst men.

Perhaps the first opera by Meyerbeer which really created a great sensation was the "Crociato," played for the first time in 1824. This was about the eighth work, and it made the tour of the civilized world. It succeeded everywhere except in Paris, where the citizens, more Italian than the Italians themselves, made precisely the objections to this composer which many critics do to Verdi at this day—the singers were overpowered by the orchestra. However, three years later, and when this patient composer was more than thirty years of age, the opera was again played, and created a sensation. What think you aided its first failure amongst those fickle Parisians? A child forms one of the cast of characters, and on this occasion the infant yawned in answer to the passionate address of his mother. The audience laughed, and the opera (against which a musical prejudice had already been taken) was a failure for three years.

About this time, in his thirty-third year, Meyerbeer married. His voice was hushed for several years from that date, and people said his young wife had made him forget his art. How the world judges! He was overwhelmed with grief; his children died as they were born; the Jewish father knew the tenets of his faith, and "sat apart with his face to the wall." But his voice wept, and to this time we owe the dozen psalms, the Stabat, the Miserere, and the Te Deum. You see his grief—to the world it was a gain. You shall go into a Christian church, and hear the touching wail of a Miserere; perchance it is that which the Jewish father wrote in the desolation of death. The writer of this paper has often thought that the great geniuses of the world are pigmy reflexions of the Greatest of all Genius who died for us. Read their lives, you will only too often find great sorrow and affliction, which result in good towards the world.

Meyerbeer came from his seclusion in 1830, and then commenced the rumours of the first great opera, the "Robert the Devil." It was first intended for the Opera Comique, this terrible, unearthly, enthusiastic masterpiece. How-

ever, Rochefoucauld exerted his voice, and the work went to the Grand Opera. But the "three days" intervened; the arts were paralyzed, and another year passed away before the opera was again in process of rehearsal.

Of the sum Meyerbeer had to pay before this work was produced we have already spoken. He had never hesitated to sacrifice his fortune in order to force his works before the public. He knew he ought to be known, and he was determined to make his fortune subservient to his genius.

The man's patience and faith have been almost God-like. We have recounted the *fiasco* of the "Crocato," owing, in a great measure, to a yawning child. It did not stay Meyerbeer any more than did the misfortunes of the first night of "Robert." The mistakes, the absurdities committed were awful; but it is clear they never troubled Meyerbeer: he *knew* he must take his place. The first disaster was the fall of a stage-chandelier, and the consequent crash of a dozen or so of lamps. Again: in the awful graveyard-scene, Taglioni was stretched upon a grave as the wicked abbess, when she saw a piece of machinery falling, and only had time to come to life and retire with remarkable rapidity, when the machinery in question fell over the very spot upon which she had been lying. Her simulated death might have been real had she not possessed as much presence of mind as grace and beauty.

People accustomed to "first nights," will be thoroughly able to comprehend the injury such mishaps do to the piece under representation. They destroy the *vraisemblance*, and only too frequently cause utter and irremediable failure. And Meyerbeer must have known this—no man better; and yet he sat out the martyrdom of his own opera.

But the concluding catastrophe was the most terrible. We all know that awful trio in which Bertram, the demon, tries to obtain eternal mastery over Robert, while on the other side Alice prays for his soul. We all know how the splendid work ends—the sinking of the demon into the earth, and the salvation of Robert. Well, on this first night, the Robert of the cast, the great Nourrit, carried away by the enthusiasm of his music, actually precipitated himself through the trap by which Bertram had departed, instead of remaining on earth to marry the Princess Isabella, and the entire story was inverted. All those persons attached to the theatre, and who saw the catastrophe, came to the immediate conclusion that Nourrit was killed; and Alice (Mde. Dorus), struck voiceless at the departure of her companion, had only time to stagger off the stage before she became insensible.

Meanwhile, three very different views of the business were being taken. The surprised public supposed Robert preferred Hades to heaven. The chorus, and other people engaged on the stage, felt certain Nourrit was killed; while below the stage the Bertram of the evening was being inexpressibly surprised at the sight of

Robert plumping upon the mattress from which he himself had only just removed, and which had happily not been withdrawn by the attendants.

Of course the curtain fell upon the unfinished opera; for it was quite impossible to reproduce Robert on earth after his descent. And through all this misfortune, this *fiasco*, sat Meyerbeer—he who worked years to obtain even a small end; to whom perfection was so dear that he looked upon no time, trouble, or expense as wasted in attaining it. He must have surely gone home that night with a bitter heart. He had done all he could to procure the success of the opera, and its effects had been destroyed, and the end made ridiculous.

But the second night repaid all. Everything was perfect; the trumpet of victory sounded loudly, and the world, within a few days, learnt that another great man was added to Fame's muster-roll.

From that day to this (now nearly thirty years ago) Meyerbeer has never tottered on his throne. Rossini might sneer, but the world saluted; and though all the opera-houses in the world would welcome a new work from his pen, when any price was offered him, he remained the same untiring working genius he had ever been. "Perfection," he has always seemed to say. Before this quality all others must give way.

For some years no opera came from Meyerbeer: "Robert," remained the one great unapproachable success of the grand opera. Then came the "Huguenots": its success is known—it was greater than that of "Robert," and it is to this day the leading opera of the age. Of Meyerbeer's thirst for perfection the rehearsal of this opera gives a wondrous proof. In the midst of the hard work Mde. Meyerbeer fell ill, and was recommended to travel in Italy. As loving a husband as great a genius, Meyerbeer could not part from his wife, yet he could not allow the production of his opera under other guidance than his own. He gathered together every music-book belonging to the score (they completely filled his carriage), and carried them away into Italy with him. "My musique is myself," he said, and cheerfully paid the stipulated fine of £1,200. (30,000 f.)

This is real genius—"perfection, or naught."

"The Huguenots" was first played in 1836. The success of this indisputably greatest work of the master it is impossible to describe in mere words—places to hear the early performances were sold by auction. Many years were to pass before "Le Prophète" carried the world by storm. It was not played till 1849. The "Etoile du Nord," followed more rapidly—being produced at the Opera Comique, in 1854. The last opera, "Dinorah," was played in 1859, at the same house. Each of these operas was a Meyerbeer success: more cannot be said.

And here it becomes necessary to endeavour to give a cause for Meyerbeer's success. This is most difficult, because no man has yet been able to discover rules for the divine art. This

is proved by the fact that every great master has in his struggling days been despised. Rossini was called in ridicule "La Scala," because of his love of difficult, however wondrously melodious, passages; Bellini was honoured with the name of "Eau-sucré," because of his sweetness; Meyerbeer was honoured with the name of "The Thunderer," and this designation now seems to be shifted upon Verdi. As for the new votary Wagner, people are too contemptuous to bestow even a farcical name upon him.

In all these appellations may be traced a condemnation of style; yet Meyerbeer and Rossini are far above criticism in these days: the critic who would condemn either of them would justly be called a fool. It seems to us that the great cause of the intense division amongst critics rests upon the prevalent belief that music is a science rather than an instinct. Hence when a critic finds music not scientifically agreeing with the school to which he adheres, he condemns: when he finds even poor music agreeing with his school, he commends. May it not be that music is something purely psychological? a long word, but the only one possible to be used—that it is a something immeasurably beyond mere arrangement or account of sound,—that it may equally exist in the loudest hurricane, or thunder, either in a Verdi overture, or the most pianissimo passage from Mozart? When we see a new opera criticized as a *catalogue raisonné* of all the keys of all the airs in the work, and not one reference made to the soul-effect produced by this or that *morceau* we cannot call that performance musical criticism: it is a scientific exercise.

For our parts we believe the wondrous success of Meyerbeer is a total knowledge of this psychology of music—its true end, according to our belief. The onomatopoeia is always perfect. He says, here great melody is inappropriate; there melody must force itself upon my people. And so we believe he continues throughout the work. He thinks of the ears of the world, but he makes them subservient to the soul. Of this perfect psychology, perhaps the second-act Covent Garden division of the "Huguenots" and the third act of "Dinorah" are the most wonderful, because the most special evidences.

That last act of "Dinorah" is the peace of nature after the terrible storm of the preceding night. The opening passages seem to suggest the sweet breeze sweeping over the landscape. Then comes the hunter's song, so blithe and yet gentle, so utterly different from all other hunting songs. Then, there is the reaper's song, as simple as nature, and it is so true. It is impossible to describe the feeling which this song creates in one—to ourselves it seems a heart-felt, simple *Te Deum* for health and life. Then comes the quartette—always simple; and so on to the end of the act. Of the *Ave Maria* no man says one word of condemnation. It is played never to be forgotten. Its plain, unvarnished adoration and faith have never been surpassed. When originally produced the opera terminated in the way which was natural, and

as Meyerbeer wrote it. The chanting procession left the stage, and the good music died gently away, the curtain falling upon an empty stage. The simple pastoral natural effect was marvellous. In the London version the curtain fell on a full stage and full sound. Whether it was right to sacrifice Meyerbeer to merely supposed English exigences we leave our readers to determine.

Nor can we quit this reference to the "Dinorah" without recording a little fact which came under our own observation. A young mother, totally devoid of musical education, heard "Dinorah." The next morning she was humming the air of the cradle song to her own infant. Could there be a more powerful evidence of the wondrous truth of that simple air? It had sunk into the very soul of the young mother, to whom a page of music is Greek, and of whom we believe that she comprehends the truth of music as thoroughly as the most earnest critic in England.

But let us glance for a few moments at the earlier part of the second act (Covent Garden division) of the "Huguenots," as the finest specimen of Meyerbeer as a psychological composer. The act opens with a chorus of Catholic citizens and soldiers. Examine the music by the ear, not the eye, and it will be found that the music is strictly military and joyous. Then follows the Huguenots' chorus and song. These are quite as military as the previous *morceaux*; and yet, the religion and energy of purpose expressed are wondrous—the contrast with the light *insouciant* Catholic music astounding. Then follows the eminently religious, yet dead monotonous sound of the litanies by the Catholic bridal *cortège*; to be succeeded by the quarrel between the votaries of the two sects. And how is this quarrel ended? The combatants are separated by a band of gipsies. On they come, jocund, pleasure-loving, free, and unscrupulous. You may read these qualities in the music before they enter. The *gitanas* will dance with Catholic or Huguenot—no matter to them. They dance, not because it is a *fête-day*, but because they shall get wine and money—a Huguenot or a Catholic, *n'importe*; only perhaps the latter is to be preferred, as he is more generous, and generally richer. And so we might go on, all through this act. The marvellous truth of the sound-contrasts is really wondrous. Your own soul tells you this.

And, indeed, any page of Meyerbeer might be equally analyzed with those colossal portions of his musical world to which we have referred.

We have several times spoken of Meyerbeer's effort to obtain perfection. This was not better shown than in his endeavour to give the true sound of thunder in the second act of "Dinorah." The great man felt no combination of musical sounds would yield that which he would have—the real sound of thunder. He has been described as wandering about Paris disconsolate that he could not even faintly imitate this sublimest sound of Nature. Suddenly it came upon him in a faint degree. He was near a pile of buildings in course of demolition, and the stones when removed were cast into a large

wooden cylinder, through which they were conveyed into carts. This natural sound gave Meyerbeer his idea—he hurried back to the theatre, experimented many days with variously-sized wooden cylinders, and variously-sized cannon balls, and at last he produced the sound which struck such terror by its truthfulness into the hearer on the first night of the new opera. M. Costa in his musical classicism, would not reproduce this effect in London—he insisted upon the thunder coming from the orchestra: the opera as a "truth," did not gain by the change.

It may be urged, in support of other composers, that none have ever had such superb librettos to work upon as Meyerbeer. This may be true; but it does not do away with the fact, that Meyerbeer has written such *dramatic* music as was never equalled. It is true that many a composer has been clogged with terribly unreal librettos—such as "Satanella" and "Lurline," and, in a minor degree, "Robin Hood" and "The Amber Witch;" but the great question is, have the composers of these operas attempted to write psychologically? If they have, is it one of the evidences of the fact, that a bad woman plots against a heroine's life in six-eight measure?

To return to Meyerbeer. The great composer is not handsome, and yet he possesses one of the most attractive countenances in all the world. It exhibits the noblest characteristics of the Jewish race—with patience and common sense. You read in it, "I'm of the world, for I live—but in the best part of it." His practicability is marvellous. A late leader of the French claque, that body of men who conduct the applause on every first night of a new piece, intimated at the rehearsal of one of Meyerbeer's later operas, that a certain *morceau* was too long. "Do you think so?" says the maestro at once: "then I'll cut it down—for you know better than I do." This answer must be taken in conjunction with the fact that every line of the master's music is the thought of a day! Meyerbeer, previous to the production of a work, takes advice from all quarters. He is ever ready to listen till the curtain rises. Then he listens no more. The certain success achieved, he extorts every clause in his bargain. His love of his art has on more than one occasion made him unjust, but we will not particularize; we have only referred to this lamentable truth because we wish to give an unsophisticated photograph of a man of whom so little is personally known in England.

Of course, Meyerbeer has often been pronounced mad: this is the privilege of genius. When the divine inspiration is upon him he will wander for hours—his eyes fixed, talking aloud and incoherently, and an umbrella over his head, though the weather may be as beautiful as his own music. Again—to prove that he is "not the thing," he has a horror of cats, and he becomes weak and motionless upon sight of a person afflicted with a nervous twitching. To clench this belief of madness his enemies declare that sometimes he goes about like a beggar, with the worst hat in Paris on his head, while

sometimes he shows himself dressed superbly, with his thirty decorations on his coat.

But his worst enemies do not deny that in his home relations he is gentle, loving, and attentive—in a word, he is a Jewish father, and more in his domestic praise cannot be said.

In conclusion, we have perhaps a right to answer the possible question, "To what school does Meyerbeer belong?" It is a hard question to answer, if we search the schools for a reply. That he wavered between the German and Italian schools for many years is indisputable; but it is equally clear that he belongs to neither. The German is seldom or never impassioned: the Italian never ceases to be so. Whereas Meyerbeer uses passion only where the situation demands it; and, on the other hand, can be as purely German as Weber if he chooses. The "hymn of love," in the great act of the Huguenots, between Raoul and Valentine, is as Italian as it well can be; while the demon chorus of the "Robert" is quite equal in mystery and terror to the incantation scene of the *Freischütz*. Neither can Meyerbeer be affiliated to the French school. "*Quand je quittais la Normandie*" may be wondrously French in idea; but to designate the Meyerbeer gallery as belonging to that school which is led by Boieldieu and Auber is preposterous. For our parts, seeing that the master has taken the soul of the three schools, and combined them as they never were combined before, we have long come to the conclusion that of himself he forms a fourth school—"The school Meyerbeer."

A MOTHER OF QUEENS.—The wife of the celebrated Lord Clarendon, the author of the "History of the Rebellion," was a Welsh pot-girl, who, being extraordinarily poor in her own country, journeyed to London to better her fortune, and became servant to a brewer. While she was in this humble capacity, the wife of her master died, and he happening to fix his affections on her, she became his wife; himself dying soon after, leaving her heir to his property, which is said to have amounted to between £20,000 and £30,000. Among those who frequented the tap at the brewhouse was a Mr. Hyde, then a poor barrister, who conceived the project of forming a matrimonial alliance with her. He succeeded, and soon led the brewer's widow to the altar. Mr. Hyde being endowed with great talent, and at the command of a large fortune, quickly rose in his profession, becoming head of the Chancery Bench, and was afterwards the celebrated Hyde, Earl of Clarendon. The eldest daughter, the offspring of this union, won the heart of James Duke of York, and was married to him. Charles II. sent immediately for his brother, and having first plied him with some sharp rally on the subject, finished by saying, "James, as you have brewn you must drink;"—and forthwith commanded that the marriage should be legally ratified and promulgated. Upon the death of Charles, James mounted the throne, but a premature death frustrated this enviable consummation in the person of his amiable duchess. Her daughters, however, were Queen Mary, the wife of William, and Queen Anne, both grandchildren of the *ci-devant* pot-girl from Wales, and wearing in succession the crown of England.

THE SILENT TOWER.

(A Legend of Cornwall.)

BY MRS. ABDY.

Hark to' the bells of Tintagel. An ancient record
tells
That famed throughout the county was the music of
those bells,
And Forrabury listened to their full and pealing
tone,
Anxious that bells as musical one day might be its
own.

The Church was built, the bells were cast. A ship
appeared in sight,
And crowds upon the Black Pit's crags and Willa-
park's dark height
Stood gazing on the vessel that the precious burden
bore,
While Tintagel's sweet bells rang forth a welcome
from the shore.

The pilot heard the well-known sounds. "Now
praise the Lord," said he,
"Who bears us thus in safety through the perils of
the sea."

The captain was a scoffing man, and mockingly he
cried—

"Praise not the Lord, but rather praise the swift,
propitious tide.

"Praise your own skill and watchfulness, the wide
and spreading sails,

The building of the goodly ship, the fresh and
favouring gales!"

"In these," the pilot said, "I trace the Lord's
directing hand,

And still shall praise Him on the sea, and praise
Him on the land."

The captain uttered many a taunt, and many a sin-
ful jest,

When, suddenly, dark heavy clouds collected in the
west.

The waves rose high—no mortal skill that tempest
could subdue:

The ship was wrecked, and none were saved of all
the struggling crew—

None, save the pilot! He, amid the angry waters'
strife,

Clung to a fragment of the wreck, and gained the
shore with life:

He, in his brief prosperity, of God had taken heed,
And God was his protector in the season of his
need.

Alas! the bells, the wished-for bells, they sank be-
neath the waves,

Giving a sad and solemn toll within the ocean-caves;
And now, on Boscastle's wild coast, when stormy
winds prevail,

Tis said, the listener still may hear the same low,
mournful wail.

In Forrabury's silent tower those bells may never
be,
Yet speak they words of warning from their prison
in the sea;
And tell us to remember God amid life's changeful
ways,
And when success attends our toil, to give to Him
the praise!

THE CUCKOO.

BY ADA TREVANION.

Late musing, while in freedom wild
I let my footsteps stray,
I seemed impelled, as when a child,
To take the woodland way.

It was a quiet path I trod,
Yet very fair to see;
For daisies starred the verdant sod,
And green leaves clothed each tree.

And wakening reed-like echoes round,
Which long had slumbered mute,
I heard the half-forgotten sound
Of Cuckoo's viewless flute.

It bore me back o'er years of care,
To childhood's vanished Spring,
When seemed the cuckoo lost in air,
A fairy on the wing.

To flowering bank, and grassy floor,
More beauteous tints were given;
And through the arching trees I saw
The blue and tranquil heaven.

And lo! with the fresh smiles of joy,
Which to life's dawn belong,
Beside me stood a girl and boy,
To hear the cuckoo's song.

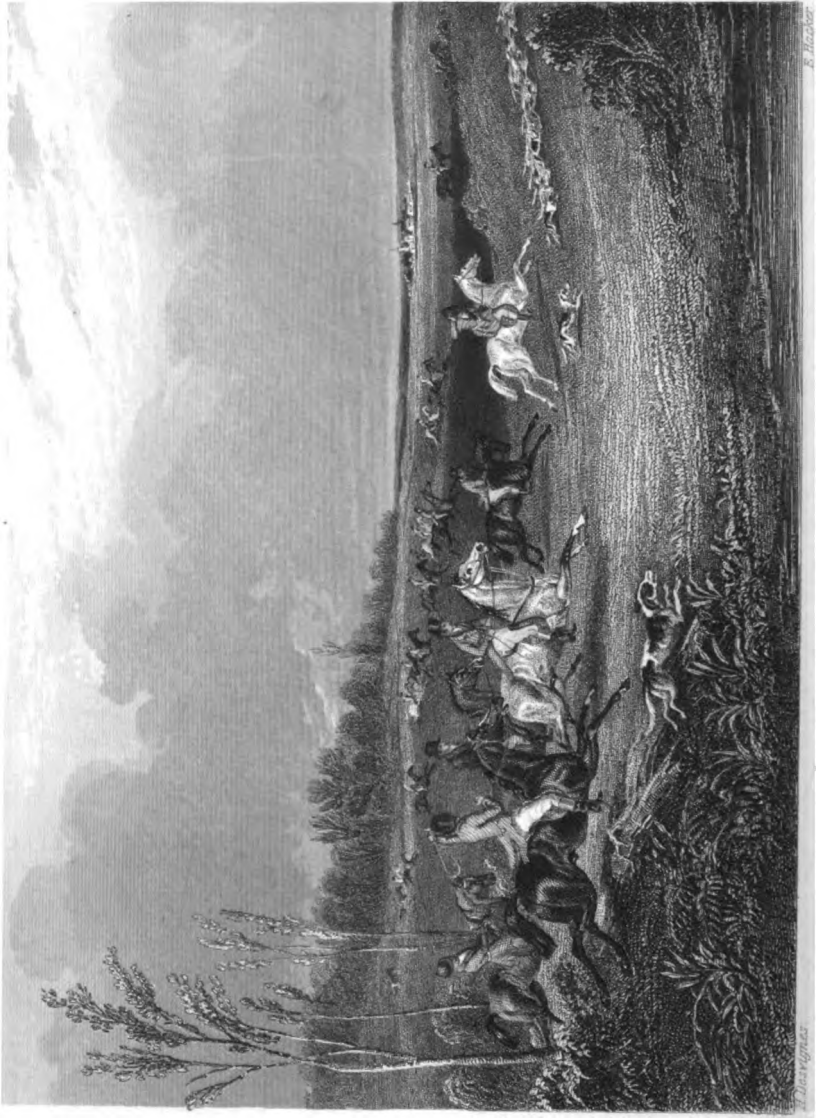
It spoke to them of hope alone,
Of bliss the year would bring;
For me it borrowed Memory's tone,
Yet seemed the voice of Spring.

I felt as if of power bereft
From that still path to stray;
I could not turn to right or left,
Till starting tears found way.

For speechless feelings woke to life
That sacred grief which mounts,
When far are scenes of toil and strife,
From unremembered founts.

O simple notes! can your slight spell
Not uttered be, and can
The day-spring—words may never tell,
Of man—immortal man?

Ramsgate, 1861.



"Hunt in the Park"

Engraved by J. H. B. 1840

M Y C U R S E .

BY MERLIN.

I was staying at the Château d'Orme, near the beautiful lake Geneva, recovering from a tedious fever, that had detained me on the Continent long after the friends with whom I left England had returned home. We started in spring only for a two months' tour, but summer was giving place to autumn, and I was yet unable to move. Through the long wearisome days I lay, and watched the silver clouds resting on the mountain ridges, or the blue vapours curling lazily away before the rising sun. Sometimes Matilde Bartelevy read to me, or her father cheered me by the relation of the happy days he spent in England when I was but a boy in my father's home. Poor Louis is dead now; a kinder heart than his never gladdened the earth, or beat in earnest friendship for another. Had it been my English home or my own fond mother, I could not have been better cared for; every morning my room was filled with the perfumes of sweet flowers; every wish was anticipated and performed almost before I could mention it; but still the malignant fever would not allow me to get strength, and we all know how wearisome are the hours of convalescence; however, fevers cannot last for ever, and mine at length succumbed, but left me weak and exhausted.

I was slowly gaining strength again, and could be raised upon my pillow so as to look down upon the foreground of the landscape whose utmost purple rim I had for so long contemplated, when a friend of Bartelevy's, who lived at the foot of St. Bernard, was introduced, and the conversation reverted to the wild legends and traditions which are so intimately connected with the lake and mountain. The stranger, forgetful of my weak state, and not understanding the half-expressed desires of my kind host to desist, related one after another of these weird tales; while I, who had ever loved the marvelous in history, listened with an interest and excitement, which were considerably heightened by my recent illness; till, overpowered with the exhaustion, I sank back upon my pillow, unable longer to listen, and then I distinctly remember the narrator's expressions of regret at the fatigue he had so unwittingly caused me.

Let me here make a clean breast of it, and say that all which follows is a dream, or rather a sequence of dreams, that have, happily, never come true, but they nevertheless have exercised over all my subsequent life a mighty influence. I call them "my curse," and trust the relation of them here will prove how potent a curse it would be, could man read the book of Fate foretelling his own life. The "kind reader's" good faith has of late been too much imposed upon by the

relation of exciting scenes, which only occurred in dreams, but which fact is studiously withheld till the last paragraph, for me to follow in the beaten track; so I admit these scenes were but a kind of nightmare, though to me they bore and still bear, all the impress of scenes in a legitimate life-drama, to which I never recur without a shudder.

* * * * *

"Our life is two-fold; sleep hath its own world." *

I was toiling through the mazes of a dense forest. Far beyond the trees an everlasting mountain towered up until its crown seemed lost in the blue ether. I was weak and weary and faint; my garments were rent, and my face torn by the brambles, yet I must onward even to the summit. The earth seemed to totter underneath my feet as though it would open and engulf me, yet I must onward. The ground was robed in flowers of brightest hue, and bowers of honeysuckle and rose delighted my senses, yet I could not pause. There was a demon within me urging me forward, and foreshadowing I knew not what of horror if I failed. A dread of something I dared not contemplate, could not realize, seemed to overwhelm me, and my feeble stumbling footsteps to refuse to bear me from it, though my only escape was in flight; still the forest grew denser, and the everlasting mountain rose higher and higher before me, obscuring the mid-day sun. My footsteps falling among the last year's leaves, or on the decayed branches of wood, broke the death-like stillness, and filled me with vague terrors, such as Cain may have felt when he was an outcast wandering in the wilderness. The music of the birds seemed only to render the solitude intenser and the place less bearable; the long waving grass of the open glades seemed inviting me to pause and rest; while the thought of rest was unbearable, for I must onward even to the summit's verge. On the uplands I stumbled more and more, my knees refused to bear me, my feet clung to the earth, or, finding no resting-place, let me sink into dim vapours of space, till worn with the weary strife, and yet below the lowest ridge, I sank upon the earth exhausted. Night came; far below me lay the dim forest, high above rose the everlasting mountain capped with snow; in all the broad blue heaven was but one solitary star, on which I gazed, and as I looked it seemed to expand across the sky and then shoot suddenly to earth, to where I lay upon the mountain side. Vaguely as the horror had grown upon me, it departed, and I saw dimly,

* Byron's "Dream."

as it were, through a veil of mist, an angel face before me, and heard a voice bid me arise and follow. It seemed a voice of entreaty, yet I must obey, and arose. My fatigue was gone; my unknown terror gave place to a tranquil, tacit obedience, and I followed over deep chasms in the rocks where streams dashed wildly below, and up the steep side of the mountain, unresistingly and without effort, through intricate passages that opened in the rock and closed again as we passed from between them; I could hear the water seething below my feet, and the only light before me was that of the solitary star I had seen in the tranquil heaven, till, on a sudden, with a blaze of light it passed away, and I was alone in a dim vault cased round with rocks, from which there seemed no mode of egress; no sound but the seething down below, and only an obscure light, like the moon gives through a halo of mist, and through which I saw in a fissure of the rock a grey-bearded and venerable man (such as Angelo drew) writing upon the stone, and as my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, I could see his, rolling below, through closed lids. All the terror I had experienced, all the irrepressible longing to push onward, returned with redoubled vigour. Again and again I strove to address the ancient man, whose long silvery hair flowed from his head in waves; while he, unconscious of my presence, continued to form his mystic hieroglyphics on the rocks, a piece of which I might have thought him, but for the moving eyes and the beard upon his breast, that rose and fell with every breath. At length I found voice to speak.

"Father, where am I?" I cried; and long after the words had died upon my lips I heard them echoing through the chambers of the mountain.

"In the weird cave of the great St. Bernard," was the reply, though no movement of the face betokened speech.

"What writest thou?" I asked in a lower tone; for the deep sepulchral voice of the mystic presence filled me with awe, and the same dread terror was urging me to speak.

"Seek not to penetrate the mysterious records wisely hidden from the light of day and sight of man; you will repent," was the answer, in the same ghostly tone as before, that neither rose nor fell like human speech. But the warning was in vain; the demon within would not let me pause or turn back.

"Mysterious being, what and who art thou?"

"Tempt not the Providence that made thee. Go thy way, be happy."

"How long hast thou been confined here?"

"From the beginning of time. Ask me no more," was the unmoved reply, which came forth without seeming effort.

"I will dare all to know all! What brought me hither?" I asked, trembling in every limb.

"The Spirit of Inquiry."

"What is it thou writest?" I asked again, with a dim perception that I was acting against my will, or that some other spirit than my own

had entered in my body, and was ruling the action of my organs.

"The records of the future of men's lives."

"Show me mine," I cried. "Knowing the ills that wait us in the time to be, may we not avoid the issue?"

"Rash man! Fate acknowledges no will, save her own. But I may not hide from those who seek to peer into it the destiny of their own being, though I would preserve them. By what name do men know thee?"

"Albany Fairfield," I said, while a visible shudder ran through my frame. And without a new tone or change of voice or demeanour, with downcast lids and slow solemn words, he related one by one the incidents of my PAST, and showed the influence every friend had had upon my actions, while I listened wrapt with awe—then on to the immediate PRESENT, and from thence to the FUTURE. Every nerve within my body seemed straining as though it would burst; every faculty stretched to its uttermost limit, and my whole life's hope, fear, love, joy, crowded into an hour's existence. There were pictures of happy days for me; of tender love, that would be given and then withdrawn; of friends who would prove false, and striking at the vital chords of life make null my marriage vow; of loved ones dying underneath my hands, and I powerless to help them. Still the monotonous voice read on, and still I listened breathless with excitement, all my organs strung up to give power to one, that I might hear the awful irrevocable future of my life, and then go forth an automaton, with a limit beyond which I could not pass, with a knowledge of evil to result from causes of my own causation that I was powerless to avoid. Oh, horror! yet I must hear out the terrible tale.

The light grew dimmer, and the mist more opaque, thickening every minute, and between me and the voice there seemed an ever-widening distance, and the rushing water seemed to drown the words he said; fainter and fainter they grew, till on a sudden they altogether ceased, and I was alone again—alone upon the rock, and I knew the future. Far below me lay the dim forest, and high above towered the everlasting mountain capped with snow, the solitary star was receding before the morning sun, and the blue vapours were curling over the giant monarchs of the forest. Beyond the woodlands lay the calm lake shining in the morning sunlight like a sheet of burnished silver, the cattle were lowing round the farm homesteads, and the tinkling sound of sheep-bells came across the wold with the western wind laden with sweet perfumes. Of old my greatest joy was to contemplate such a scene, to walk and dream away the morning hour, shaping the work, the pleasures of the day, and drawing pictures of a happy future; now the day's work was known, the future was predestined and known also. I must up and fly the evils of the day. I must dispel the dream of love, the first fond love, of my life.

Matilde Bartelemy would be *false*, and I must fly. Whither?

"Anywhere, anywhere out of the world;"

away from myself. Oh that I could fly from myself, or recall the day when by the lake I gave and took a pledge of love; then all was tranquil peace, and love; now all was discord, jealousy, and fear. I must begone; there was contamination in the scenes we looked upon together—in the balmy morning air; the flowers she loved I loathed the sight of now, and she so fair, noble, truthful, and loving, who had tended me through the long fevered hours—I could not cease to love her; to live away from her would be like passing from a paradise to a wild prairie; and yet I must to England, for I knew the future, and she would be *false*.

* * * * *

I left her, without a farewell. I could not say good-bye, lest it should dissolve my being. Thank God I am in England, and away from her. Yet here the inevitable doom is hanging over me, and I move along the streets like a condemned prisoner who has escaped his doom only for an hour. I strive to mingle with the world, and wear my wonted gaiety; but I cannot: my footstep has lost its lightness, my body its linessomeness. I feel all alone in the world everywhere, and detect falsehood and deceit. There is no friendship and no peace for me. I feel afraid to walk in the streets, lest I should meet Hal, who is to be the worker of my curse—who has shared even from a child all my joys and sorrows. I fear to meet him, and hate his name; yet my soul seems irresistibly drawn toward him, and yearns to grasp his hand as of old, in the happy days before I knew the future. What demon was it urged me on, and made me toil through the dense forest up the mountain, only to learn that which is "my curse?" which has transformed this fair garden we call the world into a loathsome dungeon, where all is pestilence and deceit, where I dupe and am duped in return? The first man I saw, on landing, was Tom Gresham, my old schoolfellow. To myself I said, "I will tell him all, and break the charm that works me so much misery; I will conquer Fate. But, lo! the words refused to issue from my lips, and I told him but a tissue of lies—that I was "never better—never happier in my life, never," in spite of the misery I was suffering, the intolerable anguish of my heart and mind; and as every falsehood issued from my mouth, I hated myself more and more, and still spoke untruly, though I knew he saw it, and, feeling injured by my want of confidence, abruptly left me—left me alone in the street, a prey to the most dreary forebodings.

Hal came to me to-day, with all his wonted mirth and friendship. He rallied me upon my dulness, and, in spite of myself, I grew merry, even happy, in his company, though I knew the whole time my life would be blighted through him. Nothing disturbs his tranquillity—he is always the same beaming, boon com-

panion, whom every one loves. It was the first time since my return I have appeared like myself; his warm protestations of friendship, which one cannot disbelieve, drove away the haunting demon of my life for an hour; but alone, all the horrors of it returned, and I could see his fate like mine was fixed, and could not be avoided or altered, though it held forth the greatest trial and subjection man could suffer; yet why was he so happy, and I so utterly disconsolate? was it not that I knew the coming evil, of which he lived in utter ignorance?

Love is a more potent power than fear; the two have fought for precedence in my breast—love has conquered, and I must return to Switzerland and Matilde. To stay here is impossible. Yet how can I be happy in her presence, knowing the calamity which overhangs us in the hour we wed? This morning brought me a letter from her father. It has determined me; I must go to her. The letter ran thus:

"Dear Fairfield,—If this reaches your hand, and you have not yet written to us, do on receipt of this. How could you leave so suddenly, and during my absence? In your weak state, to attempt the journey was preposterous. Matilde is, not unnaturally, unwell. The shock of your departure, and fear for your safety, have overcome her; and immediately on my return she implored me to follow you, which I did, to Boulogne, where I lost all trace of you. Matilde feared your fever had left a temporary madness.

"Yours, LOUIS BARTELEMY."

Ay, mad indeed; and oh that it were temporary! To-morrow I shall start back again, see her once more, and then—why then I will join the Garibaldians, or travelling westwards, mingle in the struggles of the vast republic. It is only in action I can lose the fear of pending fate. I will struggle with the overruling destiny, and yet conquer Fate, and seek rather death among the ranks of soldiers, than fulfil the awful dictates of the unknown magician who revealed to me my life's history—the dread events that are to fill the future; but first I will see her again.

* * * * *

It is useless to struggle against fate, and I have yielded. Matilde's pale face and earnest fondness have vanquished my resolutions, and I must fulfil the first prophecy, must consummate my love. She appears daily more beautiful, and I believe her heart is as pure and free from guile as man could wish the heart of her he loves to be; and yet how the horror of that revelation creeps through my frame, and sends the white blood through my veins! I know she now loves none but me—me only, with her whole soul. A hundred times a day I say I will be happy in the present, I will not heed the future; and a hundred times by night from happy dreams of love I wake only to dwell upon the dark day the years will bring when house and heart shall be shorn of love alike, and I shall be alone, deserted. A tumult of pas-

sions and fears is working in my breast, struggling for mastery; now love, now fear, and then remorse gains the ascendancy, and has mastery over my whole being; but love triumphs in her presence; with her I am happily still the same as I was before the fatal night; her presence calms the inward strife, and gives a new tone to every thought; with her I can forget the future.

I go to England again to-morrow; Matilde and her father follow me, and the wedding will be in three weeks after they arrive. I have resolved on this, and the resolution has done much to calm my spirit; it is impossible she should so change from what she is as to deceive me; I will return to the life I had fashioned for myself, and in it lose the remembrance of this frightful dream, for it cannot be a reality.

We deceive ourselves more than we are deceived by others, more than we dare admit, even in the innermost recesses of our own hearts, when they come to solitary confession. To-day we stood by the altar, Matilde and I; the service was performed by an old friend of my father's; its beauty and solemnity impressed us all much, and a solitary tear—one of joy—stole down her cheek. While I, who had cajoled and deceived myself into believing that the dread reality of my knowledge was but a dream, stood vacillating between fear and love, again a prey to the dismal fear, which, though often unacknowledged, had never ceased to abide with me. The loving trust with which she swore before the high God "to love cherish and obey," failed to dispel my gloomy forebodings, and it was only with an effort I retained my self-possession, and maintained a tranquil demeanour. Never did she look so lovely before, never did bride look up to bridegroom with greater fondness than she, saying, "Thee only and alone."

When the spirit that I call "myself" is holding its own, I feel that I could trust her alone through all time; and then again the demon rises, and the old fear returns in all its pristine vigour. Hal has been to see us, and I watched him narrowly with her, to see if he betrayed emotion at her beauty (for all admit that she is beautiful almost beyond compare); but he was just the old buoyant friend who could not do enough to testify his love and willingness to serve me; we are living near to each other, and he will come often. I will not do him or her injustice, by suspecting either; for I believe them as true and loyal as any upon earth. If it be fate, and my revelation was indeed only the fore-shadowing of events destined to occur, then is it useless to strive against them; and if it were but a dream, is it not well to banish the recollection of it for ever and ever, as I strive to do, and let it not compel me to act contrary to the promptings of the present?

A year has flown by, and left me the sweet remembrance of many happy days; my fears are gradually wearing away, becoming weaker

and weaker at each time the memory of that scene upon St. Bernard recurs to me. It could have been but a dream after all; but how terribly it affected me! how like it was to reality!

There is great joy in the house and in my heart; I have a living pledge of love; a daughter is born to me; my Matilde becomes more precious to me every day. How great a bond to the union of two hearts is the accession of a third, though it be but a speechless child! It is a sweet baby, and inherits the almost heavenly blue eyes of its mother.

How speedily are emotions of joy turned into fear! To-day all my old fears returned. There was an alarm about the child, which has been ailing for some days past; it is well again now; but the incident proves that all my latent fears are only slumbering, not exterminated. It was prophesied to me, though I had forgotten it, that my first child would not attain to womanhood. So far the prediction is already verified—my child is a daughter. But from my innermost soul I pray the rest will prove false.

Matilde has recovered, and we have come down to Warwickshire. Sometimes, when at evening we are loitering among the flowers in the meadows by the Avon, I feel tempted to tell her all, but dare not; hitherto I never have spoken of this, even to myself, above a whisper, and probably never shall to mortal being. I feel the uncertainty is more irksome than the reality would be; but I have brought it on myself, and must bear it.

Hal and his sister are our only acquaintance. We do not desire more; for our lives are a world in which we live the pleasanter for being undisturbed except by these. Hal is indeed a noble self-sacrificing fellow, who would walk barefoot through the world to do us a service. I can trust him more and more; but do wish he would marry; it would be a comforting assurance. I often banter him about it; but he only laughs, and says, he is not "a marrying man;" his greatest delight seems to be to play with our Matilde, who begins to lisp his name. He will come in unobserved, and steal up to the nursery, to play with her for hours together.

I am ashamed to let a shade of doubt pass through my mind. I ask pardon for the fears I have had; for to doubt either, were to annoy them both; and every day gives me new testimony of her love, or strong proof of Hal's inoffensive nature.

Tranquil in spirit, I look forward to the coming years, as bringing me the greatest happiness life can bestow—the calm deep joys of a contented domestic life, beyond which I never now desire to roam. This great fear has robbed me of the thirst for fame I once indulged; and now that it abates, I desire nothing beyond the limits of my father's acres, and my own fireside.

Three years more have gone, and two new sources of happiness are added to my household. There have been griefs and pleasures (on the whole the latter have predominated),

and disappointments, but they have passed away.

Hal seldom comes now, I know not why, and I regret it, but dare not press him for a reason. Once I did, and the cloud that settled on his brow at the question haunted me for weeks. Whenever I meet him (but seldom, for he avoids me), words cannot express his demeanour; his earnest desire to do something which shall give me pleasure, not as of old, but as if he were atoning for a great wrong he had done to me. Can it be possible the sentence is yet to be performed. My wife is a shade less gay; but that may be the increased responsibility of her household, or little Tilly's indisposition.

Sometimes those beams from Tilly's eyes are unearthly light, and she talks so wildly, so sweetly, and yet so unchildlike, that I fear—fear everthing.

To-day Hal came. I found him here when I came in, nursing Tilly, and talking to Matilde; he was embarrassed in my presence, and would not stay to dine with us.

Tilly is worse. The doctor says it is nothing, merely a childish complaint. I feel she is dying, and am powerless to save her; but for the dread revelations of St. Bernard I might hope, even as the rest do. Now I cannot: the curse is working itself out. I look upon her beautiful form, and yearn to keep her, to clasp her; yet I know she is fading away. I hear her sweet childish voice, and kneel with her when she prays; I gaze upon her for hours the while she sleeps, and fear that she is dead when I cannot see the coverlid rise with her breath. The agony is intolerable: none but myself thinks she is dying, and they sometimes chide me for it.

Matilde is not less kind or loving than of yore, but sad and silent without a cause she dare show me; to-day she hung upon my neck and wept, and could not tell me why.

I seem walking upon a ledge, with Heaven and love on one side, Gehenna and ruth upon the other, while a hundred objects press to bear me down into the gulf below.

I start from my sleep in an agony of terror, and cry aloud, and feel if she is still by my side; the torture is worse than a thousand deaths; but it is fate, I cannot fly from it. Oh, that I were in ignorance of the coming evil, so that I might rest a little; but for me there is no rest; evermore is unquiet, distrust, and ruth. I dream of the misty figure writing on the stone, and hear the water rushing down below my feet again, and am frantic when my wife is absent from the room I think to find her in.

Tilly becomes more and more unearthly every day, though her cheeks still wear the rose's livery. I can see that she is waning away slowly, but not less surely; she grows more beautiful each day.

Everything is changed, the whole face of the world is altered to me; I know the end, there is no hope in life. Why should it affect my wife? To her I have never breathed a word; she does not believe Tilly is dying. Yet how strangely has she altered! What was the letter she crunched

in her hand when I surprised her in the shrubbery? Oh, me! I shall go mad.

Hal came in again; he is going to India, and I can breathe again. He stood and wept by the bed where Tilly slept. She is too weak to rise now, and they all begin to fear what I knew months ago. It is killing me. Yesterday I prayed that it would do it ere the night, to rid me of the awful thoughts that bore me down; but now I am comparatively happy again, for he is going. I know the reason: I love him, honour him for the resolve. My head is calmer than it has been for months now, even while he wrings my hands and vanishes from our sight; and though Matilda, after several ineffectual attempts to stay the torrent of her grief, bows down her head and weeps before me.

"It is the last earthly parting," said he, while the muscles underneath his eye worked, and his whole frame was agitated not less than my wife's; and stooping over, he put his lips upon her forehead, and turning away, hurried from the house with huge strides. His face, his whole nature seemed changed; and in the pale wan cheeks, the stoical master of a great passion, it would have been difficult to recognise one resemblance to the man who had spent so many days with us. But he was gone, and with him one ever-present fear that had haunted me vaguely many a night and day, but which had never had an utterance in words.

That night I slept in peace, but with the day returned my evil bodings. We cannot conquer Fate. Were there not already evidences enough of my impending misery? Had not that which had been spoken come to pass? Did I not marry in a strife, and as it were compelled by an unseen fate against my will? And now was not the daughter of my heart dying before the age of womanhood? And, in spite of herself, had not my wife's affection wandered to another? I knew it, and dwelt upon it till the knowledge seemed to steal my senses from me.

I have knelt and prayed with Tilly: the Divine words, which link the whole world in one brotherhood, have calmed my soul, and I am more ready to meet the terrible hour when she shall pass away from me.

We more readily submit to great griefs than to little ones. Mine is at its mightiest, and I am comforted by the knowledge that all are born to suffer. Sweet Tilly says I should not weep. Her voice is feebler and her face more beautiful every day, and she talks with wisdom far above a child's. I bore her in my arms to look upon the setting sun to-night. The day was dying in all the glory of autumnal colours, and everywhere the fields were strewn with the dead leaves, that loosed themselves and floated on the air, now glistening in the sunset light, now lost to view, or rising a little on the wind, till they were borne to the cold earth, never to rise again. How like the tree and leaf were I and Tilly, who lisped, "I shall be in heaven to-morrow!"

The morrow has come, and Tilly is in heaven now. Oh, how terrible it is to part from what we love!

Even in this trying hour, that should be sacred to a holy grief, I cannot control my thoughts: they will dwell upon a yet darker parting that is dawning for me. The predictions have been fulfilled: my first-born is dead while yet a child, and in this hour of greatest grief, when love should be strongest, my wife weeps alone, and will not be comforted. Her heart has gone from me, and now I am alone, as though she were with him upon the water.

I cannot curse him, I cannot cease to love her, though I know that he will return, that she will yet be false. Even now she is struggling with the passion, every struggle growing fainter and fainter, till she yields. I read it in her plaintive look and her averted face; I read it, dwell upon it, dream it, and go mad. I cannot strive to win her love again, I dare not plead to her; I know it would be vain, for "Fate acknowledges no will but her own." I may not chide her, for she has struggled against it, and yielded only when resistance was useless.

To-morrow we shall bury Tilly, and then we shall go down to the sea-side. I cannot longer endure this torture. The sea I look upon as the friend who will ease me of this weary burden. I may have peace in death; in life I cannot hope for it again.

* * * *

I hate the sea-shore and the sea, which night and day seethes upon the rocks, like the water down below the mountain of St. Bernard.

Did I not say we could not thwart fate? And it is so. He is back again, in England, seeking for us—for her. The vessel was wrecked, and he alone of all was saved—saved to fulfil the mystic's prophecy. I dare not, will not live to see it; I will embrace the ocean as my dearest friend! I have dwelt upon it till "myself" has ceased to exist. My life is useless, profitless to God or man, and worse than worthless to myself. To rid the world of what is valueless cannot be a crime, therefore I will pray and die. Farewell!

This bay is heavenly; I will slide down the rock into the friendly sea. Matilde, I do not love thee less! Farewell!

The water seethes about my ears, the waves buffet and beat me on the rocks, the water drowns my voice and chokes all utterance; yet the pain of death is light to that of life that lives in hourly dread, and dwells upon a certain coming evil like to mine.

* * * *

Such, dear reader, were the scenes that occupied my brain through many a feverish day and night following the one upon which this narrative was opened at the Chateau D'Orme. They were doubtless the result of the wierd tales told so incautiously by Bartelemy's friend; and, although they have occupied but a short time in narrating, I was two months in dreaming

them; and though during the latter half of that time my own mother had attended me, I was unconscious of her presence, and looked upon, and spoke to her wildly and incoherently.

There is indeed much in life to perplex and to startle men. Well might Shelley say:

"How wonderful is Death—
Death and his sister, Sleep!"

And not less wonderful are dreams, which, as in this tale, are wild, impossible, and yet take for their basis and object the foundation which in wakeful hours we lay, and the friends with whom we converse daily. I did love Matilde Bartelemy (she is my wife now); her picture through that fearful dream was always before me; that of the friend I have indicated as Hal changed, and took the shapes of many friends of my youth, who are likewise friends of my manhood. So far did my nightmare have actual and existent feelings for foundation: a series of incidents terrible to contemplate were added by the over-busy brain; and the sequence of events that led to the final scene of the dream were shaped by the uncurbed fancy, as the reader will readily believe; for had they been the result of my actual experience I should have sought, to redress my grievances—not the sea, but Sir Cresswell Cresswell.

It was terrible as a dream, but still more dire and terrible would it be in reality for man to know the future.

Matilde has frequently importuned me to tell her the meaning of the ravings I uttered during those hours of fever. But I never shall, and, reader, pray don't you; for though all appearance of truth in it is vanquished by the fact of my first child being a son, of very robust health, it is nevertheless not a pleasant dream to tell one's wife, even though we do not believe it in the remotest degree possible that it should come true.



MODERN AND ANCIENT MEN.—It is clear to me that the human race, at least the Christian portion of it, has not in any manner deteriorated, but, on the contrary, considerably increased in the beauty and harmonious structure of the outward frame. The form of the head has especially undergone a change. For in the people of antiquity the forehead and upper portion of the head were low, in particular amongst the Romans, with whom the head has a square build, broad rather than high. Amongst the modern cultivated nations the arch of the skull is considerably higher, and likewise the forehead. The opening of the eye is also larger, and the whole countenance has a more beautiful rounding and lovelier proportions, especially amongst the women.

A SKETCH FROM CARISBROOKE.

BY Y.S. N.

On a lovely July afternoon, in a year that has not so very long gone by, I sat amongst the ruins of Carisbrooke Castle, sketching. I am no artist, nay, can scarcely call myself an amateur, merely a sketcher, taking hasty outlines of little bits of scenery, here and there, which strike my fancy as good subjects for a better workman to finish up, or perhaps it may be no "subject" at all, but simply a remembrance of a place connected in my mind with pleasant memories of the past; such was the mass of ivy and the piece of crumbling stone-wall upon which I was gazing dreamily on this particular July afternoon of the year of grace 185—.

Twenty years ago I had stood upon that ruin with her who was then my bride, and is still my faithful earnest-hearted wife; she gathered me there a piece of the ivy growing beneath our feet, as an emblem of a love enduring even unto death. I have it still: the leaf, indeed, is withered; but the love unchanged remains, nay rather it is stronger and purer for the trials which we have endured and shared together: she could not be with me to-day, so I had promised her a sketch in proof that she would be in my thoughts during the day's excursion.

Having wound up my business affairs satisfactorily, the modest independence I possess being the result of years of labour and no little anxiety, we had taken a house for six months at Ventnor, in the hope that the health-restoring air of that lovely spot might retard, if not altogether remove, the symptoms which had given us but too much cause for apprehension with respect to the health of our only son, a promising lad of seventeen. Her constant attendance upon the invalid prevented my wife from accompanying "our eldest" and that young lady's inseparable escort, a gentleman commonly called her "legal adviser," very desirous of obtaining a permanent situation in our small but united family circle; and thus it was that I was pressed into the service to chaperone them to the various scenes which I had first explored with "the mother," and had consented to pass a long afternoon amidst the ruins of the old castle. Bessie and the man of law had ridden over—very slowly indeed, I should say; for my little pony-chaise, by no means the fastest coach on the road, in which I had started fully an hour after them, overtook the equestrians long before the ivied walls of Carisbrooke were in sight. But then, as they said, they did not care to distress the horses, considerate creatures that they were! because the day was sultry, and now they were exploring the ruins together, and were of course going to witness the performance of the donkey in the well-wheel, and the descent of the light

into the depth profound, knowing that I should not care about being with them, as I had brought my sketch-book. So that was how it chanced I sat for awhile solitarily in the Keep, with the occasional interruption of the coming and going of pleasure parties, who had also selected Carisbrooke for the scene of an afternoon's ramble.

My drawing was soon completed; but I had no wish to leave the pleasant quarters in which I had established myself, commanding as they did an extensive view of the undulating country round, in which the ripening corn-fields formed a most attractive feature. I could hear, too, the merry laughter of the "happy couple" from below, and saw them so comfortably seated upon the turf, under shadow of my watch-tower, that I had not the heart to say that we must be moving. They were both so happy in their new relationship—for, though long acquainted with each other, they were but recently engaged—that it did my heart good to watch them. It was marvellous how much they found to say to each other, and considering that I never heard them indulging in the ordinary love nonsense common under such circumstances, they must have had no inconsiderable conversational powers to keep it up as they did; but lawyers have always plenty of talk, and that young lady in the riding habit is not altogether deficient in the feminine gift of loquacity.

The train of thought in which I had been indulging was suddenly interrupted by the sound of a suppressed sob; and turning hastily round, I saw the figure of a young girl, whose face was hidden in her hands, crouching on a piece of the ruin almost at my feet. A tangled mass of ivy and elder boughs concealed my resting-place; and as I could not descend without passing her, I thought that at my age it was perhaps no crime to be a looker-on.

Her grief, whatever its origin, was not of very long continuance; at all events, she soon dried her eyes, which I could not help noticing were very beautiful, notwithstanding the traces of emotion still visible in them. I know I shall raise a perfect army of poets against me; but in spite of all their ravings about lovely woman's tears, they do not, in my humble opinion, enhance her beauty; perhaps poets do not see the swollen eyelids and the red spots upon the face, which more prosaic individuals think unbecoming. To return to my unknown companion, now looking out upon the surrounding landscape with an expression in which hope and resignation were alike blended, rendering her pale interesting countenance still more attractive in my eyes.

She was in mourning; but it was not deep

enough to betoken the loss of any very near relative, although some friends are oftentimes dearer than members of one's own family. She had a letter with a broad black margin in her hand, which I imagined the primary cause of her emotion. I was trying to make out who and what she was, when a little girl in very deep mourning, attended by a respectable middle-aged woman, whom I took for her nurse, came running eagerly towards her. Not her own child, surely. Her hand was gloved, so that I could not see if it bore a wedding-ring; but on second thoughts, the marked difference in the style of dress proclaimed a difference in station, as well as no very great proximity in relationship; so I decided that she must be the governess, and evidently in high favour both with nurse and pupil, from the respectful deportment of the former, and the lavish affection showered upon her by the latter.

"Oh, there is such a lovely peacock, dear Miss Kenrick; won't you come down and see it?"

"Presently, darling," said the young lady: "I want to sit here and rest a little while first."

"Don't worry Miss Kenrick just yet, dear," remarked the nurse, evidently sympathizing in the governess's desire to be left alone. "Suppose we go and see the donkey now. The old man must have finished his tea by this time, and he will be able to tell you all you wanted to know about it."

"But you will come soon, dear Kenny, won't you?" pleaded the little one.

"In half an hour by my watch, Emmy; so you and nurse can ramble about till then. Don't let her climb about the ruins where it is at all dangerous, Travers; I can trust her a little time with you?"

"Yes, surely, ma'am; little missie shall take no harm with me, poor wee motherless thing!" she added with a sigh, which I had well-nigh echoed. I cannot help feeling for motherless children myself.

I suppose this would have been a proper time for me to beat a retreat; but somehow or other I still remained watching the young governess. In half an hour's time, thought I, she will be leaving, and then I can make my escape, and she need never know that an old paterfamilias has been witness of emotion which she thought unobserved by any one. She, looking over the parapet had spied out the couple beneath, who were, however, too much taken up with each other to be at all aware of the interest they were exciting in others.

All at once a quick, eager foot-fall came bounding up the well-worn stone steps, and some one whistling "Something to love me, something to bless" (a popular melody just then in high favour with certain members of my family), emerged from the archway below, his eager look of inquiry proving that it was not simply the picturesque of which he was in search.

"So, so, my lady," thought I; "this accounts for your disinclination to accompany

your little charge for the space of half-an-hour—an appointment in the Keep of Carisbrooke Castle! Not such a bad place either; but I hope the governess to be engaged for little Mary will not have clandestine interviews with young men, when I send her out with my child." Such was the hasty conclusion to which I came as I saw the joyous smile upon the frank and manly countenance, of the nautically-attired individual, extending his hand to my recent favourite; but her evident embarrassment and surprise proved that I was mistaken.

"Well, won't you shake hands, Lilly? I know I have transgressed orders; but what was a fellow to do? A friend of mine wanted me to drive with him to Newport, and as I had never been into the interior of the island, it wasn't unnatural that I should walk on to see the castle, was it now? It is such an interesting ruin you know for anybody up in the historical, and as I have three good hours before starting for home, I mean to devote them to the ruins—and you."

There was such a good-natured twinkle in his merry blue eyes, that I quite forgot my recent indignation at the governess's indiscreet conduct, and felt almost annoyed at the cold greeting which she bestowed upon him. I thought his smile quite as winning as Campbell Egerton's, and Bessie I know always finds *that* irresistible.

"You should not have come, Mr. Selby; for my sake you should not have done it. You know how people talk; and whilst I am down here, with only that child and her nurse, it is very hard that I cannot make a day's excursion for her good as well as mine, without being subject to intrusion."

I saw how much it cost the poor girl to answer as she did, and I thought "Mr. Selby" came out with an effort, as though some other less formal name were more familiarly on her lips.

"Lillian—Miss Kenrick, you must not be offended, or you will drive me to sea again; but positively you must give me an interview, as well here as anywhere, for I am going to London to-morrow for a few days, and I cannot start till I have said what I *will* say to you here and now. You have warded it off for a long time, but you must hear it at last; you would not let me write, so I cannot choose but speak the words which I have never yet spoken to any one. Lillian dear, I love you more than anything else in the whole world. Can you not love me a little for my own sake now, as well as for the sake of the dead mother, who long ago confided you to my care for life?"

He was standing by her, very near, but not touching even her hand, and looking, oh how eagerly, into those drooping eyes, which shunned his only for a little while, and then gave an answer, apparently all that he needed to reassure him, for the shade of doubt and uncertainty which had for a moment rested upon his open brow, soon gave place to the serenity which seemed its habitual expression.

They talked for awhile, in tones too low to reach my ears. I looked at my watch, the half hour had not expired; but there was not much of it left, and I began to wonder whether the other happy couple would not soon be in search of me, and drag me unceremoniously from my retreat. But she had not forgotten her little charge.

"Emily will be impatient; I must be going. What a silly boy to come all this way to ask that question, and to say those few words!" She looked up with a glance as merry as his own, and then added more earnestly—"You should have left those words unsaid a little longer, and not have bound yourself by other ties than those of friendship, to a penniless girl."

"Much you know about what it was best for me to do, little wisacre! but, Lillian, I must tell you, that I have succeeded in obtaining that vacancy for which I have been trying in the Coast-guard service. I cannot give up the sea all at once till I get naturalized to the soil again. My visit to London will be to make all final arrangements, and dispose of my share in the Balarat. And what are you going to do now that Mrs. Lipscombe is dead. Shall you return with the child to town?"

A look of intense pain for amoment passed over her countenance.

"For little Emily I would do anything; but that I am in daily dread of a visit from her father, now that the funeral has taken place and the child is well enough to return home. What his plans are for her I hardly know; from the letter he sent me this morning, he seems to think of going on the continent, and I imagine that he intends my travelling with him and the child; but that is an impossibility."

"Has he not a sister, or something of the kind, to go as well?"

"If poor Mrs. Lipscombe had lived, I should never have gone back to be under the same roof with him, much less now that she is no more."

He did not press the matter further; and if it were the Mr. Lipscombe, of whom I knew something, I did not at all wonder that an interesting, modest-looking girl like Miss Kenrick, should object to reside under the roof of a coarse, uneducated man, whose partiality for the wine-bottle was no secret to any one who had once dined in his company.

As they prepared to descend, I heard him ask her again what she intended doing?

"Look out for another situation, I suppose."

"Well, for a little while, it must be so; but Lillian, promise that it shall be somewhere in this enchanted island. You have no natural protector but myself, and I cannot have you far from my guardian eye. Will you promise?"

"Not if you haunt my pupil and myself as you have done latterly."

They disappeared amongst the ruins, and I saw no more of them, although I must say I

could not help looking about rather eagerly for a gold-laced cap, and the rosy, sunburnt cheeks beneath it, if not for the slight lady-like figure in mourning. Keeping my adventure for awhile to myself, we went from the castle to the old church in Carisbrooke town, where the young people were soon deeply interested in the pew-opener's narration of the virtues of the Lady Dorothy Wadham, the munificent founder of the college at Oxford bearing her name, whose body reposes in a tomb ornamented with effigies of the maimed and the crippled whom she befriended in life. Then there was a brass to be rubbed by Egerton, whilst our eldest copied a somewhat quaint and lengthy epitaph, "To the body of the right worthy William Freeling, groom of the chamber to our sovereign King James, &c., &c., composed by his loving wife," in all of which matters the young people made, or found, more interest than an antiquity like myself could be supposed to feel. Leaving them within the building, hard at work at their respective labours, I strolled into the churchyard, and commenced an investigation of the names and ages of the sleepers beneath, and was meditating a sketch of the church to pass away the time, when, just at the foot of the tomb I had selected for my resting place, a small piece of paper closely covered with writing, met my eye. I took it up, and considered it no unwarrantable liberty to examine the contents; it was only a fragment of a letter, without address or signature; but, strangely enough, I found in the communications a clue to the writer, as well as to the person for whose eye alone it had been intended, who was no other than the little governess of the Keep. It had been written some time, judging from the colour of the paper, and also from the fact that it was penned by the mother of her pupil. I read no more than enough to satisfy me upon these points, as the contents were not of a nature which those most interested in them would wish imparted to a third person, and as, from the affectionate terms in which it was couched, it was probably valued by Miss Kenrick, I determined upon making some effort to see her and restore her property, only with that thought came awkward remembrance of my eaves-dropping. Whilst thinking of what I should do as a first step towards discovering Miss Kenrick's present residence, the epitaph hunters joined me, and expressed an eager desire to ride on to Newport.

"And what do you expect to find so particularly interesting there, Bessie?" inquired I, being for my own part rather anxious to return home to the invalid, to hear the report of the medical men who were to hold a consultation about him that day.

"Why, papa," pleaded my coxer, "you know that Campbell wanted so much to see the monument the Queen has just erected to that poor unfortunate Princess Elizabeth. Henry thought it was in this church, but the pew-opener says it is in the new one at Newport, and is quite worth a visit."

"And I am sure we all want some refresh-

ment, which we shall find better at the Bugle Inn, from all accounts, than here, I should think," chimed in Campbell.

So being of an accommodating disposition, I let them have their way, and to the Bugle Inn we repaired, and very soon did ample justice to the large dish of sandwiches deposited on the table by the obliging waiter.

"And now for the church," said our young man, always ready to be on the move when there was anything to be done.

"Yes," said I rather dreamily, for I was wondering where I should find any trace of my little governess, and to whom I could apply for some information concerning her, so that my companions were rather startled upon hearing me question the waiter respecting a nautically attired young man, a little girl in deep mourning, &c.

"No, sir, they have not been here, though they do mostly come into the town when they go to see the castle, as it is only a mile further."

"Whom are you inquiring about?" asked Bessie, in a tone of surprise and with some little amount of curiosity visible in her expressive countenance.

"Nobody you know anything about, my dear," was my somewhat curt rejoinder. "Don't keep Egerton waiting: the horses had better follow you to the church: it is of no use mounting for that little distance, and I will join you presently, when the pony-chaise is ready."

"Won't you go with us to see the monument?"

"Yes, yes, my love, I will come after you, directly."

I had caught sight of a pastry-cook's a little way beyond the hotel, which I thought it possible Miss Kenrick and her pupil might have visited.

A very obliging young girl readily furnished me with the small packet of cakes, the purchase of which served as a pretext for entering her well-stored shop, and quite as good-naturedly supplied me with the information of which I was in search.

The young lady and little girl had been there about half-an-hour before me.

"Was a gentleman with them?"

"No, sir, they had only a nurse."

"Can you give me any clue to their residence, my good girl? I have found a letter belonging to the lady, whom I saw at the castle, and am anxious to restore it to her, if possible."

"I think they come from Niton, sir; the lady has been here before, and the nurse told me the name of the cottage where they were lodging, because I was to send them some fish by the coach, with a mould of jelly for the little girl who was then an invalid; I wish I could remember whereabouts in Niton it was."

But Niton, as I knew, was not an extensive place; and that being all the clue I needed, with thanks to my pleasant-spoken informant, I made

my way to the new church, which proved indeed well worth a visit.

The interior had not been very long opened for service, and the exterior was, when I saw it, still incomplete, but a very great ornament to the town I thought it even then, and very beautiful and touching is the monument with its simple inscription from "Victoria R," to the hapless Princess who is represented as she was found, lying with her head pillowed upon her open bible, reposing upon those fitting words, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Poor young thing!" exclaimed Bessie, "what a contrast my bright existence seems, to the trials which clouded her brief career!"

"Yes, there is a great apparent inequality in the lives of many," rejoined her companion; "but I expect that we shall one day know the wherefore of much that now is mysterious and hard to be understood. The distribution of the various ingredients, which constitute that complicate whole of human happiness, will then appear to us less a matter of chance than we are at times wont to consider it."

"And till then," added I, "we may rest assured that whether joy or sorrow be our portion here, we have that which God thinks best for us."

Upon returning home we had the gratification of finding that the physicians had given a favourable report of the invalid's state of health, and had even held out some hopes of a permanent recovery, so that both he and his mother were in very good spirits, and quite ready to listen to full particulars of our day's excursion, the narrative of which I wound up with my own personal adventure, the said adventure awakening all the interest which I expected it would, especially in the sympathetic hearts of my Bessie and her attaché.

"And the name of the young man, papa—did you hear that?"

"She called him Mr. Selby once, and afterwards I caught the word Dick, so that I presume his address would be Richard Selby, Esq., should you wish to open a correspondence with him."

"How I should like to see them. Take me with you to Niton, papa. Will you, please?"

"What makes you so sure I am going to Niton myself, miss?"

"Oh! I feel certain you will, and then you can drive me in the pony-chaise; let it be to-morrow, I want to see her so much."

"I wonder whether you will think her as pretty as I considered that young lady in the brown hat?" remarked Mr. Egerton maliciously.

"Which young lady?" inquired Paterfamilias with appropriate severity.

"Oh! one of the sisters, papa—those two girls who keep the key of the entrance to the ruins. Campbell had quite a long conversation with the prettiest, who pointed out the 'escape window' to us. I felt almost inclined to laugh

at the odd tone and manner in which she imparted her information; but Campbell was too fascinated with her '*beaux yeux*' to notice her voice."

"Why they were such lady-like looking girls, such contrasts to the father and brother who presided over the donkey exhibition," continued Campbell, growing excited in their cause.

"And they must be accomplished too," added his supporter, by no means indifferent to his rhapsodies, or jealous of the same, "for the Queen has just made them a present of a beautiful new piano, which is to be put in a part of the castle now being restored for their private residence."

"Well, I wish the Queen could find a 'private residence' for that young governess," I rejoined. "It seems very hard that such a nice-looking girl should have to work for her living by the horrid drudgery of teaching stupid little children."

"If she had red hair and squinted, you would not pity her so much, I suppose?"

This from my wife; to whom, of course, I properly replied, that I should pity her still more.

Early the following morning, and a very delightful morning it was, the pony-chaise stood at my door, with its head turned in the direction of Niton.

After due consultation with my wife—with whom I take counsel upon small matters, as well as some of more importance, but whose advice I do not invariably follow, in proof of my independence of action—it had been determined that she should be my companion, instead of Bessie, in the expedition.

I had written an explanatory note to Miss Kenrick, to be left *en passant*, and after a visit to the Sandrock Hotel, or a stroll in the neighbourhood to give her time to understand its contents, we purposed calling on her, on our way home. My wife had some hopes of being of service to her in her apparently lonely condition, and thought it best to make her acquaintance at once; so our eldest had to restrain her curiosity for a short time, and settled down very readily to her engrossing embroidery work, whilst Campbell Egerton commenced reading out an amusing book to herself and the invalid.

Our drive was a very enjoyable one; indeed, I know no prettier carriage-road than that leading from Ventnor to Niton and Black Gang. There is so much variety of tree and shrub in the private grounds, such picturesque irregularity in the high cliffs on the one hand, whilst on the left is the wide expanse of ocean stretching far away in the distance, dotted here and there with ships whose sails glistened like a silver tissue in the brilliant sunlight. Steephill Castle embowered in foliage, looked a tempting residence that July morning; but fortunately for our peace of mind, neither my wife nor I are wont to envy our betters, and were quite con-

tented with our little cottage at Ventnor, where the luxuriant myrtles and clematis were now one mass of snowy bloom from basement to roof, making it in its way, exteriorly, quite as attractive to humble tastes as the turreted heights of Steephill.

But there was many a pretty bit of scenery on the road, where Nature had it all her own way—tangled hedgerows, in which the vivid green of the ivy blended with the fainter hue of the graceful tendrils of the traveller's-joy, just then coming into perfection, and relieved at intervals with the bright crimson berries of a plant whose appearance is more familiar to me than its name, with picturesque masses of hawthorn or ash trees as a back-ground to the hedges. I do not think I ever saw ivy flourishing so luxuriantly as in the island: there seems no blight upon anything, although the air teems with insect life in the form of beautiful moths and butterflies. Then the fern fronds springing up in all kinds of queer nooks and places, and loving dearly the chinks and crevices of the low stone walls on either side of the road add not a little to the attractive appearance of those moss and ivy-covered boundaries.

Truly, I do not wonder that the respective drivers of the Newport coach and the Black Gang omnibuses never weary of pointing out to their daily outside-passengers (in the summer season, of course), the beauties which they maintain are not to be rivalled in any part of the island.

"Oh! what splendid fronds of the hart's-tongue fern! do stop for a moment," exclaimed my companion, as we were passing some wilderness-looking grounds, beneath the shade of whose tall trees large clumps of that plant were flourishing most luxuriantly.

"My dear, you are not going to pull up a root, surely," remonstrated I. "Remember, they are private grounds."

"Yes, but they are to let; and all the house-keepers in the Isle of Wight seem so obliging, I am sure I should be allowed to have a leaf or two. You know how pleased poor Henry would be with any addition to his collection of ferns."

So, feeling rather guilty, as I thought of that part of the catechism relating to picking and stealing, I left the reins in my wife's hands, and proceeded to open the unlocked gate; and entering the brushwood, took possession of three or four specimens of gigantic size. Just as I was emerging upon the high-road again, there was a sound of wheels; and I had barely time to draw the chaise on one side, to make way for a carriage-and-pair, which was being driven furiously towards Niton at a pace very different from that usual in this well-conducted island.

"Have the horses run away, do you think?" inquired my wife, whose nerves were not of the strongest.

"No, I fancy the driver had them perfectly under control; but he certainly seems a de-

scandant of the renowned Jehu. He is probably a stranger."

We intended making inquiry about Miss Kenrick's residence at the hotel; but happening to pass the post-office on our road, we paused there first, and discovered that the lady whom we were so anxious to find, lodged at a pretty ivy-covered cottage at the corner of the road we had just passed.

"Close here," added our civil informant (people are generally so good-natured and obliging in the Isle of Wight, that I think the air must be as beneficial in its effects on the moral, as on the physical health of its inhabitants); "close by, where you saw a board with 'Lodgings' up, and the notice of a 'Pony and Chaise for Hire.'"

But our pony being obstinately determined upon not turning back to oblige us, the little post-mistress volunteered to leave the letter for us; and as we caught sight of the nurse and her young charge just coming out of the cottage-garden, I had no doubt on the subject of Miss Kenrick's whereabouts.

At the Sandrock we again saw the carriage which had dashed past us so rapidly on the road—the horses were just being taken out.

"Do you know whose they are?" I inquired of the ostler, who was inspecting my pony with admiring eyes.

"The carriage is a Ryde turn-out, sir; but the horses are very good ones, though I should think they would not bear much of the sort of driving they have had to-day. Gentleman drove himself, sir; he's from London, I believe; but master may know more about him, p'raps, for he has just ordered a bed here. There he is, going down the lane.

"Master" caught sight of the retreating figure as I joined my wife in the pretty garden in front of the hotel; but could give me no information as to his name, only that he had asked his way to Ivy Cottage.

"Mr. Lipcombe, my dear! I was sure of it from the first. Poor girl! I wish one knew her, and could befriend her. What sort of people are the owners of Ivy Cottage?"

"A very respectable widow, with one grown-up daughter, sir; they have been in the neighbourhood a long time, and are thought very highly of, by all who board with them."

"Do they ever sell fruit, or eggs, or anything else, do you know?" was the next inquiry on the part of my wife, much to my bewilderment, I must confess.

"Sometimes they have pork for sale, ma'am, I believe."

"Oh! that will do as well as anything else," was the rejoinder, to my infinite surprise, considering that we all had a special objection to pork diet during the dog-days.

"What do you propose doing, my dear?" asked I, as soon as the landlord was out of hearing distance.

"I only wanted a pretext for going into the cottage, to see the owners; as, should Mr. Lipcombe be there, it might be impossible to have

an interview with Miss Kenrick at once; but if I can make friends with the widow, I will manage to see her before I leave. I think you are better out of the way altogether, my dear," she added, so very affectionately, that I was compelled to submit to the uncomplimentary conclusion her wisdom had arrived at; and to say the truth, I felt so strong an inclination violently to assault the hot-tempered Mr. Lipcombe, that I was perhaps in a safer position in the Sandrock garden than in that of Ivy Cottage.

I did not see the little governess on that day, or, indeed, for many days afterwards; but as my readers may have interested themselves sufficiently in her to wish to know a little of her subsequent history, I may as well conclude my sketch with a few particulars, which I am as competent to communicate as any one; for in less than a month after our excursion to Carisbrooke, she became regularly installed as a member of my family, in the capacity of governess to "our youngest." Our eldest had now so much to occupy her mind and her fingers, that she could not do full justice to little Mary's genius for geography and arithmetic; so my wife, after much inquiry and deliberation (she is much more cautious than I am), secured Miss Kenrick's services for the young lady, a choice which we see no cause to regret. When she first came amongst us, she was rather shy and reserved, and seemed to feel keenly her abrupt separation from little Emily, who had been carried off in a towering passion by Mr. Lipcombe, after a stormy interview, the particulars of which Lillian never cared to communicate. I believe he was so incensed against her, that he would have suffered her care of his child to go unrewarded in any substantial manner, but for a bequest in his wife's will, which a certain legal friend of ours would not suffer him to overlook, and of which a sister of Mrs. Lipcombe had given her due information.

Bessie and she have been sworn friends almost ever since she came under our roof; and poor thing! she stood somewhat in need of one; for all her near relatives are dead, and her distant rich ones ignore her existence altogether. Dick Selby, the companion of her childhood, and the special *protégé* of Lillian's mother, seems to find his appointment in the coast-guard service sufficiently lucrative to put ideas of settling into his head; and a certain ivy-covered cottage in the immediate vicinity of the station has been recently inspected, with a view to a future residence there. Bessie had romantic ideas about two weddings on the same day; but as Campbell Egerton has made his merry-hearted friend promise to officiate as best man on the important occasion, I think our eldest will have to content herself with seeing Miss Kenrick a bridesmaid, rather than a bride. We have frequent visits from both gentlemen; and although Lillian still protests against the repeated invasion of our tea-table by that reckless forager, I think "our mother's" parting injunction to Mr. Richard to come again as soon as he likes, as he cannot come too often, is more frequently at-

tended to than *hers*; and I know that the moon-light strolls through Bonchurch which follow those merry tea-drinkings, are not objected to by four at least of the party who share in them.

We continue to find our cottage at Ventnor too pleasant to leave, although the six months for which it was originally taken have long since expired; and as Henry, no longer an invalid, considers the quiet life we lead here conducive to his

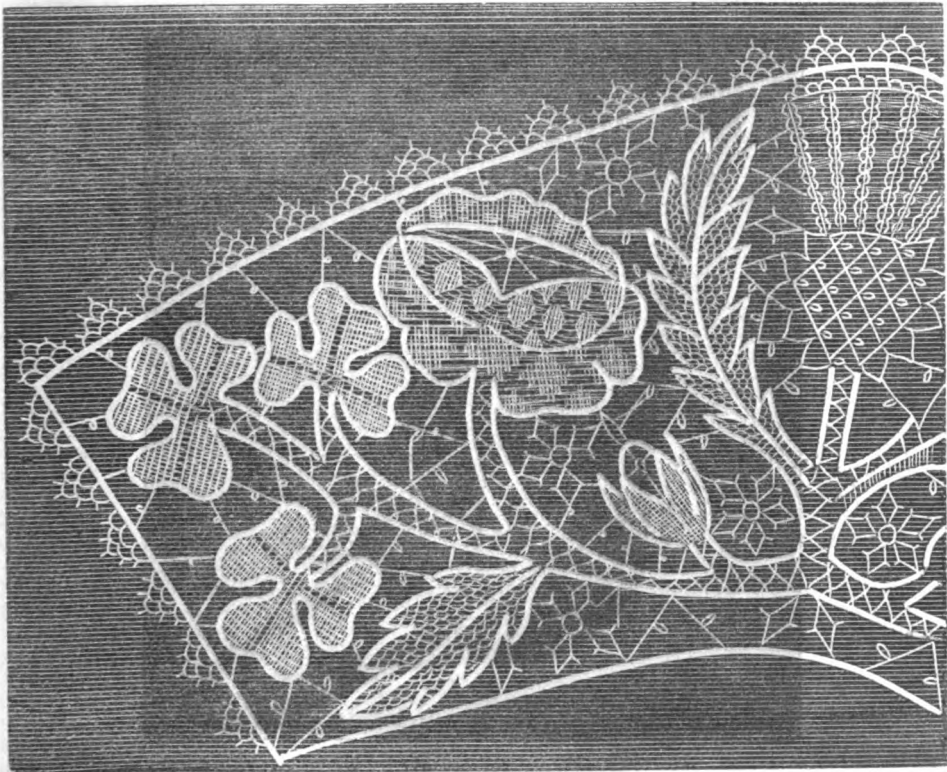
health and happiness, I think we shall renew our lease, at all events till we have *all* had a day together at Carisbrooke. My readers may, perhaps, be glad to know that I have promised a certain roguish-looking gentleman, who will not be there *clandestinely* this time, that I will not hide amongst the elder-boughs if I think proper to make a second sketch of the Keep.

Y. S. N.

THE WORK - TABLE.

POINT LACE CUFF.

MATERIALS:—A piece of fine French white cotton braid: and W. Evans and Co.'s point lace cottons.



—This cuff has been designed to match a collar which we gave some time ago in this magazine.

The pattern is in one continuous line, done in braid, and the stitches filled in according to the engraving.

Use Evans's Bear's Head crochet, No. 70; for the Brussels.

Mecklenburgh 120 for the open diamond

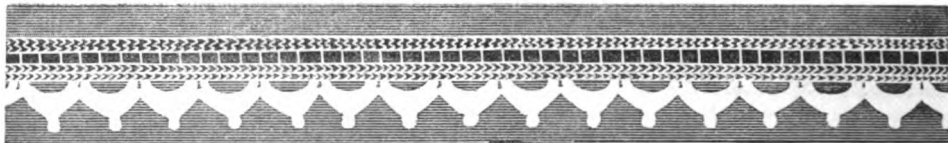
stitch. No. 100 for the Escalier. The same for the border, and the Raleigh bars forming the ground. 150 Boar's Head for the pyramidal stitch in front of the rose.

The calyx of the thistle is of Venetian bars, with a Raleigh dot at each crossing.

À L'AILLETTE.

EDGING FOR CHILDREN'S FROCKS &c.

MATERIALS:—Messrs. Walter Evans, and Co.'s Boar's Head crochet cotton, Nos. 16, 20, or 24, according to the material to be trimmed.



Make a chain the required length, and work on it one row in s c.

2nd, $\times 1$ d c, 1 ch, miss 1, $\times$ repeat to the end.

3rd, S c.

4th. $\times 3$ s c, 4 ch, miss 3, $\times$ repeat to the end.

5th. $\times 1$ slip on centre one of 3 s c, 1 s c, 1 s d c, 1 d c, picot, 1 d c, 1 s d c, 1 s c, all under chain of 4 $\times$; repeat to the end.

AIGUILLETTE.

BABY'S SOCK.

MATERIAL:—Evans's knitting cotton, No. 20.



Cast on 26, 29, 26.

Knit 40 rows: 2 plain and 2 purl—the odd stitch being for the seam, which is made by knitting first round plain, and next purling; so that there will be 20 purled stitches. Then commence the pattern. Purl 2; thread in front knit 2 together, knit one.

2nd row plain, except the 2 purled. 3rd row: Purl 2; knit 1; thread in front; knit 2 together.

This is all the pattern—of which ten patterns

go for the leg: the seam stitch for the centre of the heel. The heel is plain knitting, retaining 8 patterns in front; 12 takings-in form the instep, after the heel is closed in the usual way. Ten patterns in front for foot. Six plain, turn beyond, and then close the toe, as is usual, by taking-in on each side the needle, with three rows between, until 12 stitches remain; then close by casting-off in the usual way.

AIGUILLETTE.

THE LOSS OF GAIC.

BY WALTER BYRNE.

Of all the workers in the field of antiquarian research commend me to those who aim at rescuing from oblivion the fading legends of "hoary eld." To them I stretch forth the hand of fellowship. I love them all, of whatever creed or colour, who have snatched back the traditions—some of them at first sight the wild and savage incoherences—of the young world. This predilection of mine is becoming every day more universal. Workers are gathering in the field, from the bearded German who descends from the mists of metaphysics to pore fondly over some exhumed scrap of a tale, to the zealous compiler who the other day gave us a rich store of folk-lore that had long lain buried in the wild recesses of the Scottish highlands.

In this last locality the mine is not nearly exhausted. True, it has been worked well and assiduously. Macpherson was by no means the first to break the ground; but many precious things yet remain. When freshly opened it presented riches that few could resist; and it is easy to sympathise with Sir Walter in the delight he experienced in his young days, when, with his serving-lad and their ponies, he penetrated the highland and border fastnesses, gathering from the lips of venerable matrons and grandsires grey those fascinating traditions which were afterwards to enthral the world as the *Waverley Novels*. Much of the fiction which has since then ennobled Scottish literature has its origin in legends still current in the Highland glens; and to this day much may be picked up by him who is a wayfarer in earnest; who has no idea of *doing* a country; who is not too proud of heart to tramp his daily journey with a knapsack on his back and a rod in his hand, and smoke his pipe afterwards at a cottar's fireside.

I am thrown into this train of reflection by lighting on the note-book of one of my pedestrian rambles which was through the wild and mountainous districts of Badenoch and Laggan, traversed by the higher waters of the Spey. A loiterer by nature, and having time on my hands, I had settled myself down in the diminutive hostelry at Corrie-ire, a hamlet, or rather a nest among the hills. I had spent the greater part of one day in filling my basket with trout, and was lingering on the banks of the stream watching the burning glow of the sunset, when I became aware of a white-headed old brother of the craft, who had evidently met with similar success. Our road home lay through some three miles of rough moorland; and before half this distance had been traversed, I felt that in Archy Macdonald I had stumbled on a treasure.

His history was soon told. A soldier at

seventeen, he had served with the highland levies throughout the Peninsular campaigns, and been smitten down by a round-shot at the crowning glory of Waterloo. The next twenty years of his life had been no less eventful. He had braved the storms of a Canadian winter and the glare of an Indian sun. Worn down with the misery of a forced march, his wife had laid her head on his breast and died; and within a week his only son lay before him a shattered corpse. At length a bullet crippled him for life, and with pensions for wounds and long service sufficient to supply his little wants, he had wandered back to his native glens to spend the evening of his days in peace, and lay his bones with his fathers.

On Archy Macdonald's account my stay at Corrie-ire was prolonged considerably beyond what I had originally intended. His favourite pursuit was fishing, and each day saw us on our way to some mountain stream or loch; while the evenings were wiled away with his adventures and recollections, narrated under the soothing influence of a pipe and tumbler of Glenlivet. He displayed on these occasions a penetrating shrewdness and keen observation delightfully seasoned with a highlander's superstition and something of the garrulity of old age. His mind was richly stored with the traditions of his country, the garbled versions of which in "prented buiks" he would analyze and condemn with much critical acumen.

Some of these narratives I have jotted down in my note-book, and, if an opportunity offers, may make them known to a wider circle than old Archy's at Corrie-ire. I subjoin the substance of one tradition, which interested me much from its relating to an event almost within his own recollection, and which I myself found to be widely and firmly believed in by the inhabitants of the Inverness-shire highlands.

It is told of the fate of a Highland gentleman, one of the powerful clan Macpherson, and known as the *Ochar Dhu*, or *Black Officer*. Towards the close of the eighteenth century, when food for powder was at a premium, Government resolved to avail itself of the clannish feeling still prevalent in the highlands, and liberally offered commissions to those who should bring to the ranks a certain number of men. The plan succeeded too well. Ambition fired the breasts of more gentlemen than could possibly make up the quota *by honest means*. To attain this result in many cases force was resorted to; and such a system of kidnapping ensued that, in some districts, a complete reign of terror was established. Of all these devastators of homes, the *Ochar Dhu* with his gang was the most reckless and the most

feared. Fertile in expedient; of indomitable firmness and dauntless courage; his exploits in this capacity gained him a reputation second only to that of the Evil One. Disguise was with him a favourite mode of deception. In the character of a shepherd he once encountered two natives of the Isle of Skye returning from the south with the hard-won earnings of many years' toil. Night was setting in; the Pass of Drumachter was a desolate and cheerless spot; and the pretended shepherd's offer of a night's rest in his hut met, of course, with a cordial acceptance. Arrived at the hut, the hospitable entertainer produced a sheep, which was then and there slaughtered. Cutting off its head, he went out to pen the remainder of his flock for the night, and left his guests busily preparing the feast, and congratulating themselves on their comfortable quarters. Alas! their joy was of short continuance. A measured tread and rattle of arms echoed outside, and presently the Ochar Dhu entered in uniform with a strong party of soldiers. Sheep-stealing was more than hinted at; the facts were awkward; the punishment of the crime was death! No wonder, then, that the poor Skyemen eagerly embraced the alternative of enlistment generously offered them; gave up with a sigh their long-cherished visions of home, and departed to swell the ranks on some continental battle-field.

One man is reported to have, with great obstinacy and artifice, baffled Macpherson's ingenuity for a considerable period. At length after leaving one day a select *r union*, where, the mountain dew had flowed in copious streams, he found himself in the centre of a *naval press-gang*. With the Highlanders of that day a man-o'-war was an object of the utmost horror; and when, as he was being carried off, the Ochar Dhu appeared with his men, poor Angus besought as a favour the shilling he had hitherto so perseveringly declined. It is needless to add that the press-gang were sailors only in outward similitude.

If seriously defied, the Ochar Dhu had an unpleasant way of carrying his point. In the district of Laggan lived an immensely powerful man of the name of Macdonald, whom he determined to take by force, and whose house he one day surrounded with a strong party. Macdonald fled like a deer; but was ultimately brought to bay, up to his neck in a lake. The water being ice-cold, the poor fellow at last attempted to emerge; but this the Ochar Dhu refused to permit till he should consent to become a soldier; and thrust him back again and again with a sheep pole. Tired at length with his obstinacy, the Black Officer made a deliberate lunge, and knocked out the man's right eye; then coolly observing that he was now unfit for the ranks, turned on his heel.

From such little traits of character some idea may be formed of the estimation in which this terrible man was held. Like the bloody Claverhouse of a former time, he was considered a special emissary of Satan; and such prophecies were afloat with regard to the retribution that

awaited him, that his final doom could not possibly have been other than it was.

In common with most gentlemen of his class, the Ochar Dhu was a keen sportsman, and, swift of limb and unerring of eye, delighted to "lay the dun deer low." His favourite hunting ground was a narrow glen in the district of Gaic, on the borders of Inverness and Perth shires. Distant ten miles from any habitation, it was as wildly desolate a spot as could well be conceived; and the rocks on either side, lofty and overhanging, seldom allowed a ray of sunlight to cheer its solitary gloom. From its inaccessible nature it was, and still is, a chosen haunt of the red-deer; and for the accommodation of his stalking parties the Duke of Gordon had built a strong and roomy hut or lodge in the centre of the glen. At this hut, one gusty September night, arrived a party consisting of the Ochar Dhu, his son, his body-servant Allan Bain, Malcolm Clark, foxhunter of the district, and some others whose names are not specified in the legend. The day, though successful, had been a long and toilsome one; and as the night sped, they one after another, weary and fatigued, threw themselves on the rough pallets surrounding the apartment. At midnight all were buried in slumber save the Ochar Dhu and Allan Bain, when, in a momentary cessation of the gusts that came wailing down the glen, a loud knock sounded on the door, and a voice bade the Ochar Dhu come forth. A man of iron nerve and courage, he at once complied; but Allan Bain was so alarmed at the occurrence that he immediately woke-up the fox-hunter and acquainted him with it. While waiting for his return, they both heard a voice bid the Black Officer be there that day month. This voice they described as being that "of no man, woman, or child; nor of any bird that sat on the crags; nor of any beast that drank at the stream." Shortly afterwards the Ochar Dhu returned trembling from head to foot, and exhibiting every sign of the most abject terror. During the night, though none of the servants dared allude to it, the same voice was heard again and again.

To a certain extent the matter was kept secret; but thenceforth the demeanour of the Ochar Dhu was entirely changed. He seemed oppressed with the deepest melancholy, as if conscious of the approach of some inevitable fate. In about three weeks he expressed his intention of revisiting Gaic. At first neither promises nor threats could induce any of the retainers to accompany him: finally—and with great difficulty—Malcolm Clark and three others were prevailed upon; Malcolm, however, having such forebodings, that before starting he gave his watch and little savings to his sweetheart, telling her she would never see him again. The Ochar Dhu's son, on the other hand, pressed eagerly to go; but his father as firmly refused. He permitted him, however, to accompany them on horseback to a river which crossed the mountain track; and here as the boy was carrying his father to the opposite shore, one of the

curious appearances known among the highlanders as *Corse Candles* or *Death Lights*, and believed to be the invariable forerunners of dissolution, seemed to float gently down the stream, pass between them, and sink in the water. Of course, the young gentleman, on his return, was not silent with respect to this; and when a week had elapsed without any tidings from Gaic the incident began to assume an ominous importance. In the servants' hall, too, Allan Bain had spread dismay by revealing the strange appointment made with the Ochar Dhu on that terrible night in the hut. After other three days the anxiety of the family was fairly roused, and a strong party assembled to proceed in search of the missing ones.

The gloomy forebodings which had seized on this party from the first were by no means lessened when, on penetrating the glen, they saw infinitesimal pieces of charred thatch profusely scattered in all directions, and nothing but four blackened walls where once had stood the hunting lodge of Gaic. Pressing on, a sight presented itself which transfigured the mountaineers with horror. Stretched out on its face in the door-way, as if in the endeavour to escape, lay

the body of Malcolm Clark. In the rough pallet beds before mentioned were those of the three *gillies* or serving men; and, crouched in a distant corner, the stiffened forms of the dogs. About all these corpses there was a peculiar appearance—that of their having been *struck dead by terror*. The features of the *gillies* were frightfully distorted; the hair of the animals stood upright; and the glazed eyes of both men and dogs were fixed with a sickening intensity on the centre of the hut where lay the corpse of the Ochar Dhu. This last was so disfigured as to be distinguishable only by the dress and weapons. The earth around was torn up into wide fissures, and the clenched hands gave token of some dire struggle ere the redoubted Black Officer had resigned his breath.

Among those solitary and thinly-inhabited glens an event like this was not calculated to pass without comment. On the contrary, it attained such importance, as to furnish an era for the calculation of dates; and to this day a Highlander of those regions, if asked when any occurrence took place, will probably reply—so many years before or after the *Loss of Gaic*.

THE SEWING GIRLS OF NEW YORK.

During our long connection with this magazine, dear Editress, we have both had but too many opportunities of knowing how miserably ill-remunerated is the labour of the woman who lives by the needle; how destructive to health the constant toil requisite to keep the wolf from the door. The position of the same class that, on your side the Atlantic, toils so unceasingly for bread (and little else!) is so very different in New York, that I think you, as well as your readers, will feel some interest in a sketch of the needle-women here: needle-women, indeed, although the needle to which they owe their comfortable existence is one of which the eye is close to the point: the needle, in fact, of the SEWING MACHINE.

I will not weary you with a description of the grand street here, *Broadway*. Charles Mackay and a dozen other tourists have painted it in colours vivid enough to give you some idea of this gay and beautiful promenade; but I will just notice that, conspicuous among the many signs painted in huge letters across the houses may be found "*Sewing Machines*" occurring almost more often than any other. For the varieties of sewing machines are numerous and the machine itself is, in truth, one of the great regenerators of the position of the toiling woman in this country, affecting her favourably in health, respectability, and prosperity.

As you on the other side are becoming alive to the importance of the sewing machine, it may be interesting to you to know something of its leading features and practical working in

the country which has originated it: and I will try to give you, in this letter, such information as is likely to be of service to you.

Numerous as are the varieties of sewing machines, they may all be classed under some one of the three following heads:—

1st. The *Shuttle* or *Lock-stitch Machines*. The Committee of the American Institute, especially selected to examine sewing machines gave these the first places on account of the "*elasticity, permanence, beauty, and general desirableness of the stitch when done, and the wide range of its application.*"

2nd. The double chain-stitch machines.

3rd. The single thread chain, or tambour stitch machines.

The Lock-stitch is that made by the Wheeler and Wilson Sewing Machine, and is precisely the same on both sides—looking like an *exceedingly neat line of stitching*. Anything prettier than this for all sorts of ladies' and children's under garments cannot be imagined.

The double chain-stitch looks like stitching *on one side*; but on the other, the peculiar formation of the stitch leaves a ridge, more or less thick, according to the cotton employed; but even in the finest work is thick enough to catch awkwardly in the iron, and cause great trouble and unsightliness; for which reason, machines making this stitch are rarely preferred for family use, or in those businesses in which much fine work is done, such as outfitting warehouses. Another objection—to the consumer, but not to

the manufacturer of cotton—is, that these machines use up a great quantity of thread.

The single thread chain, or tambour stitch machines make a stitch looking exactly like tambour work on the wrong side, and like stitching on the right; but you have only to touch the thread, catch it in anything, or break it, to see the work ravel out almost as fast as it has been put in. This, indeed, is also the case with the double chain-stitch machines.

Having described the stitches to you, I will go on to the more important part of the subject—the result of the sewing machine to the work-woman. From all I can hear, hand-sewing, when in vogue, was paid here as poorly—having due regard to the rates of wages generally—as in our own country. Its great charm above the far more profitable occupation of being *Help* (Qy.) in a family is the liberty it afforded at nights and on Sundays. But the girl who possesses a Wheeler and Wilson, here, can command ample wages: and as far as my experience, in a somewhat extensive circle goes, she is rarely or never unemployed: on the contrary, it is difficult to secure the services of a competent young woman for the time you are likely to want her. With a machine she commands, generally, nine dollars—about £1 16s. a-week: many get two dollars a-day; and very few, I imagine, get less than 1½. I have never yet met with one. Part of this sum must be allowed for repayment of the cost of the machine, which was, probably, fifty dollars (£10); but, with anything like regular work, you can perceive how soon this would be repaid.

When the family engaging a worker already has a machine, the price for the mere labour is from 3s. sterling a-day to 6s. I have never heard of a smaller sum than the former being given, and frequently more than the latter. In fact, it would be more economical to give 6s. to a first-rate work-woman, than half that price to a third-rate; for the difference between the amount done by a quick and a slow worker on the machine is, naturally, in vast disproportion to the difference in hand-sewing. The hours for these wages are from eight to six, with half-an-hour allowed for dinner, which, when the lowest price is paid, is usually furnished by the employer.

This difference in the hours of toil for the needle-woman, the saving of strength, eyesight, fire and light, must be taken into due account in estimating the value of the sewing machine. Think of the advantage a girl has whose work is over at six o'clock, and who thus has the evenings free for social intercourse; for fresh air and exercise; for her own work or for attending the night-school, which is open here from seven to nine every evening throughout the winter months; and where not only reading, writing and arithmetic are taught free of cost, but the necessary books and stationery are supplied gratis.

You see that the possession of a sewing machine here ensures a woman a comfortable existence. It appears, however, to be still more

advantageous when the property of two females mother and daughter, or two sisters, are thus enabled to keep a home together by their joint-labours with the machine. For it requires at least one person to baste and prepare the work even if it has all been carefully cut out previously, to keep a good work-woman going: indeed, the truer proportion is two basters to one worker. The celerity with which it is done is truly marvellous. The hem of a petticoat, some four yards round, is put in the operator's hands—it passes through the machine, and in less than five minutes comes out exquisitely stitched, the hem having turned itself down, and the work having been performed like magic. No wonder the American ladies indulge in such an extravagance of tucks, and plaits, and ornaments generally, in their under-garments: and that every article of ordinary wear, whether for ladies or children, is so pretty as to be what we should call an *objet de luxe*.

It is not luxury only, however, but charity which is indulged by the aid of this essential article of household furniture. Is there a poor widow, or an orphan left destitute in any remote village: a subscription is made and a sewing machine purchased for her, rendering her independent—save on her own exertions. Very often papers and magazines offer a sewing machine as a prize to the getter-up of a club of—say fifty subscribers; besides very materially reducing the price to each separate subscriber. But this may be regarded as a foreign aspect of the publishing rather than the sewing machine business.

Nothing can be easier than to learn to operate, nor more fascinating than the work itself, which grows beneath your fingers with much the same magical celerity that jack's beanstalk sprang up, in the fairy tale. By the way, did it ever strike you as possible that some of these fairy tales were indited under the influence of the spirit of prophecy: that the railroad, the telegraph, and the sewing machine might be taken as the realities of the seven-league boots and other wonders, the perusal of which enchanted our childhood?

The estimate put on the value of the sewing machine here may be gathered from one or two facts. In several States it is exempt from seizure for debt: although, of course, no part of the husband's tools. This strikes me as indicating a high appreciation of its household value.

Another is, that pupils in public schools and colleges are taught to operate on the machines, and expected to be perfectly efficient in this branch of female education before they can graduate.

As a matter of course, the thread selected is of the very greatest importance. It must neither be too soft nor too hard; but strong, smooth, and free from knots. The leading firms here have decided that the best cotton in the market for sewing machines is that manufactured expressly for this purpose, by Messrs. Walter Evans and Co. How even it is may be

guessed when I tell you that a lady in Maine—they are great workers in New England—sent word to a friend here that she had done a hundred yards of frilling with it without a single break.

The *glacé* thread is too hard for general use: it *snarls* and *kinks*, to use Yankee terms. The Boar's Head Crochet cotton is better: but the Boar's Head Machine cotton is superlative. For ladies' under-garments, whether of linen or cotton, Nos. 60 and 70 are universally employed together, the coarser number being the upper thread. Only when gathers or plaits are set in, or there is any considerable extra thickness, is a coarser size employed.

Cloak and shirt makers use 500 yard or 1,000 yard spools; but private families generally prefer those with 200.

I hope I have not exhausted your patience, or that of your readers, in this notice of what I cannot help regarding as the most important invention of the age: important, not only because it gives bread to hundreds of thousands,

but because it confers so great a benefit on the entire community; adding to our comforts, lessening our expenses, affording a healthful, pleasant, and profitable employment to everyone happyenough to possess it.

Knowing the suspicion with which we are apt to look on every new invention, and especially on one of so revolutionary a tendency—and thinking that, no other objection being possible, it may be demurred to on the score of *health*, I will conclude with telling you that the most eminent medical men here, who have made the treatment of female complaints their speciality, pronounce the sewing machine to be a *promoter* of health. One of the most celebrated of the faculty, Dr. A. K. Gardner, having devoted constant attention to the subject, has just read before the Academy of Medicine, an admirable treatise on the Hygiene of the Sewing Machine—while Henry Ward Beecher made its magical operation the subject of a *Star* paper, and George P. Morris selected it as the theme for one of his cheering lyrics.

IN THE STRAND.

BY JOVEN.

I think it was no less a writer than Heinrich Heine—one of the wittiest and most brilliant, if also one of the most unfortunate, of modern men—who said that the grandest sight in all London was not one of those which are commonly shown to strangers as amongst her "lions"—was not any of her public buildings, and decidedly was not any of her statues; but was simply that constant flood of human beings, all intent upon their work, which he noticed from the front of the Royal Exchange. There is much truth in Heine's dictum. After all, man is above masonry. Every one of our brothers is worth several bricks. Without any scorn of the grand Past, one may safely aver that Lombard-street is of more importance than the Parthenon. In truth, to any man who walks London streets, or the streets of any great city, in a thoughtful mood, a thousand fancies and images will present themselves, all of a real and living interest, and assuredly exceeding in their worth the gentle sentimentalism with which one looks upon a ruined wall. The Divine Comedy of human life—which, if it has its poor, its transitory, even its ludicrous side, is yet infinite in its pathos—may be studied well enough even in a public highway.

The study, however, is one upon which it is scarcely fitting to enter here. The present writer is immensely aware of the fact that the *results* of such a study are only to be gained or to be expressed by much stronger men than he. He is only about to perform a little fantasia, perhaps out of tune, certainly hurried; theme, the Strand.

If he is asked why he does not rather perform

upon the Royal Exchange, he maketh answer saying: "Behold, I am weary of the Royal Exchange! I have ceased to find melody in the rustle of bank-notes—not intended for myself. Great are the British merchants: who, at any rate, realize one half of Goldsmith's famous line, by having 'pride in their port,' if not 'defiance in their eye.' *Mais, mais,* we will walk westward, and think of something besides business."

Those who have read Leigh Hunt's charming work "*The Town*"—and who has not?—know very well that an hour or two might be passed profitably and pleasantly in talking of the very names of Strand buildings, so many of which have a historic interest. To-day, however, we will speak only of the present, and of the thoughts or fancies it calls up.

One of these which frequently haunts me, is that in walking up and down the Strand, I am walking up and down a novel: perpetually jostling fictitious beings, receiving elbow-thrusts from imaginary characters, or looking into eyes which had their birth in paper. For this fancy, of course, the realistic tendencies of modern fiction are responsible. No one ever expects to meet Don Quixote. You do not pause in the expectation of seeing Fergus McIvor or Meg Merrilies; but I protest that I have seen Mr. Nadget, and I could swear to the personal identity of Uriah Heep. What indeed are our modern novels but just transcripts, more or less faithful, of ordinary life, here and there intensified by a murder or relieved by a caricature? The modern novelist's world is *ours*; we live

and move in it. I have seen a whole gallery of faces of fiction in the Strand and in many another street. The romance of the Police-court—of the Divorce-court—of the Druggist's shop—all these are at our very elbows. Turn down yonder street, and you shall hear related, by ungrammatical policemen, stories which are abridged by hurried reporters, but which have in them all the ground-work for a novel. Yonder slouching rascal, with somewhat of the air of a gentleman clinging to him even in his degradation, has he been to the chemist's for a saline draught—or, for opium? Opium, that he may be himself again for a little while, even though only in dreams: opium, that the pang and the shame may be lulled, and the troubled heart cheated into rest: opium, that care and vain remorse may pass cloudily away, though the morrow will bring them back, all the stronger for their absence: *this* is what a few pence invested in laudanum may mean to yonder fellow.

I stand in a vacant door-way, and see them pass by, these faces of fiction—weaving a little history for each as it goes. Buttoned up to the throat comes an actual Ralph Nickleby; florid and exuberant in his jewellery, is not this next even Mr. Sherrick; and lo, this flaxen-haired divine, with the mild eyes, and the tell-tale darkness round them, have I not heard of him, perchance, as Mr. Honeyman? Horrible old Hebrews have I seen—bleared, half-blind, shaggy with red unkempt hair, ragged, unclean, shuffling and cowardly in their gait, savage at a moment's delay, yet cringing withal, and chuckling at times with a most unholy inhuman chuckle: and I have known them at once. Mentally I have tapped such an one on the back: I have whispered: "Fagin, you're wanted!" and I have known that my Fagin's proper place was in Newgate, near at hand. Alas, alas! and you cannot walk the Strand for an hour without seeing men whose ultimate destination is, clearly enough, that gloomy prison-house! Saddest of all is it to see the young London thief—the soddened boy-face, whitened already; the hurried craving eyes, that have grown wet never with a tender pitiful boy-thought, since they first opened at a drunken nurse's breast. These eyes, they have ever been on the alert, looking for a purse or fearing a blow; but never opening in gratitude for a gentle word, never lighted-up with innocent laughter. The little legs are fleet to run round corners and to dart into alleys when the policeman appears: they have never run after a cricket ball, poor little legs; never been coiled up in sleep, after a day's play amid the meadows, when the boy flings himself down on the fresh pure hay, and dreams of another game in the morning.

These one pities as one walks along the Strand: others, who need pity as much, cannot get it—can get only loathing and the natural hate than an honest man feels for a rascal. O the hard bad faces that I have watched in the Strand! Some of them thriving, others hungry, but all with the same cruel look of utterly

hardened reprobates: men who have clearly taken their part, and *that* part one that is infamous and detestable: I have seen these men, and almost trembled. *Some* one they are ruining even now—*some* one is already in their toils, despairing and lost: and there they stand, their cold merciless gaze fixed upon you, like that of a venomous reptile, until you turn away, half-fearing them, with something of terror at your heart.

Again, you may see what de Balzac called the "Extinct Man:" a man who has been as bad as any of these—nay, who is as bad still, but whose fangs are gone, whose venom can poison no longer. Restless miserable senile tigers, whose jaws, now scant of teeth, hunger yet for evil prey—decrepit vultures, feeble of wing, infirm of talon, that still sniff the carcass and would fly towards it to rend it were they not too weak. I know no image strong enough for the worn-out villain.

Am I not, perchance, libelling men, who have the misfortune to be ugly? Not at all: I have the misfortune to be ugly myself. You may sometimes mistake a scoundrel for an honest man, but you rarely mistake an honest man for a scoundrel. The furtive, fearful eye is almost an unerring index. You can hardly mistake the weary look of sorrow for the craving, cowardly, cruel look of wickedness. Were I an earthly Rhadamanthus—and oh, what a blessing for my brothers that I am not!—I would parade the Strand, with Plutonic bull-dogs at my heels; and, stopping at yonder public-house, looking at yonder fellow, I would say, "At him, Griper! to him, Growler! on him, Big-Tooth!" The noble animals, whose instincts would agree with my own, would have the follow down upon the pavement in a second. And I would cast him into some dungeon, where he should have no associates but one as evil as himself; and every morning I would cast him down a sovereign, a dollar, or a five-franc piece, and watch it torn from his clutch by his evil messmates—in which thought there is somewhat of Dantesque horror!

Dismiss we, then, the novelist's villains, pausing only for a moment to guess whether that smooth-faced man, with greasy eyes, has not recently forged a will, depriving seventeen orphan children of their whole worldly means. He looks respectable; and yet, and yet I do distrust him! For, different as he is in garb from that evil man outside the public-house, do but look at the eyes, and you see a suggestive resemblance.

Here are the close-shaven men, with eccentric coats, who style themselves peculiarly "sporting"—though in what way they sport may remain doubtful to the most attentive observer. They are men, I should say, who have about as little "sport" in them as an average executioner, much *less* than an average undertaker! Watch them at the newspaper window, looking at what they call "the tisher" (meaning thereby the telegraphic tissue-papers announcing the results of races); watch them, and find out, if

you can, any legitimate connection between such men and any of our noble old English pastimes. Why, our pastimes have simply been degraded and vulgarised by these Cockney gamblers, to an extent which *they* at least have not brains or wit enough even to appreciate: so that a horse-race, than which there are few finer or more rationally exhilarating affairs, has almost got to be looked upon as synonymous with a swindle. Let us beware, however, as we look upon these lack-lustre betting-men in the Strand, of constructing romantic fictions whereof they are the discreditable heroes. Do not imagine, because you see some demonstrative fellow turning away from the "tisher," that he is necessarily a ruined man. There was a friend of mine—a young man not overwise, but very fond of waistcoats—who once rushed to the window, saw the "tisher," saw that his favourite horse was nowhere, and turned away, exclaiming in the accents of despair, "Lost, by heaven!" He then darted across the Strand, and hurried down a bye-street *that led to the river!* I can imagine a quiet country vicar passing by as that dismal exclamation burst from my friend's lips; and I can fancy him weaving his little fiction: Ruined young man, lost all—cry of woe—River Thames! Whereas the youth in question had merely lost seven shillings and sixpence: and, if he turned down a street that led to the dark and fatal river, 'twas but with a view of making a short cut to a place in the neighbourhood that is justly illustrious for its Burton ale!

Let us to pleasanter themes. Celebrate we now the London Boy—I don't allude to the youthful pilferer: he is *not* a boy, has never been one, never *will* be one even in his old age, paradoxical as it may appear. No: the London Boy is, like ourselves, "indifferent honest," albeit a picker-up, it may be, of unconsidered trifles, a knocker-down, it may be, of occasional old women at apple-stalls. But his wit! his flow of conversation! his readiness of repartee! Were I a grandee, with palaces to keep up and guests to entertain, I would not hire me a Theodore Hook—I would hire me a London Boy! Do you think he would be daunted by his new position? Do you weakly imagine that, on the London Boy, butlers the most rotund, or footmen the most lengthy would have any restraining influence? My word upon it you are wrong—my word upon it, the very first time he saw a foreign ambassador in court costume, he would shrilly utter the war-cry of his tribe—"Holler, boys, holler! 'ere's another Guy!" One can imagine that youth's innocent drolleries—how, on no noblest pictured Venus, he would cork moustachios lengthier than my own; how my cast of the Apollo would find itself capped by a red fez—how neither guests nor servants would be sacred from his inventive genius, his fertility of mischievous resources! Always agreeable, I think he is best when he comes in contact with the unpaid defenders of our native land. Many a time and oft has my dignity been upset by his comments on my uniform. I love to see him at a Volunteer's inspection. As-

suming a quietness and decorum of behaviour quite unusual to him, he places himself in front of the serried ranks, and gazes at them with mildly reverential eyes. Is he not a good little Boy? Who can suspect him of mischief or of impudence? Down the line rings the command to fire—'tis with blank cartridge, yet do but watch its effect on that little Boy. At the first flash of the rifles he springs wildly into the air: falling to the ground, he lies there stiff and stark, after the one convulsive shudder that tells of departing life! Mr. Fechter could not do it better. Shame, shame that the little Boy's corpse should be recalled to life by that startling kick, administered by some person whose sense of humour is deficient. "Who shot the dog?" is a query which no intelligent Boy would now put. It is stale, and the true Boy cares little for the past. Grand, however, was that pantomime of the little Boy—hitherto, I believe, uncommemorated—who caused wild agony to a gallant member of the London Scottish. He *had* a dog, this little Boy; but, did he ask that Rifleman who shot it? Not he. With far more brilliant sarcasm *he carried puppies in his arms*, and held them out imploringly, as one who should say, "Fire at my dog, if such be your cruel will! My dog is old, and its death can matter little: but spare, oh spare its offspring!" And so, with the puppies in his arms, and with supplication mingled with terror in his eyes, the little Boy pursued that Rifleman, and conquered him.

There is a little Boy in the city who is not witty himself, but is the cause of wit in others. He is of the shoeblack persuasion, and ethnologically a Negro. Watch that boy plying his trade; listen to the commentaries of the whiter boys around him; and you will acknowledge that, although Douglas Jerrold is dead, and ——— (of Burlesque notoriety) *isn't*, there is still some humour left in England.

The kindest and most genial of our modern Humourists has lately given us, in the admirable "Great Expectations," an irresistibly funny picture of the true sarcastic Boy. But could "Trabbs' Boy" have been really of Kent? I doubt it much. I believe Trabbs' Boy was born in London, and had walked the Strand, with congenial companions, in his earlier years.

Ha! who is this? Have we not seen the face before . . . in photographs, or at St. James's Hall? Why, here he comes himself, down the Strand, Charles Dickens, Esq., of Gadshill. As he hurries by, who can think of his exaggerations, of his political failures, of any of his faults? There goes Charles Dickens: he who has made us laugh so heartily, cry so often. Never mind what "Saturday Reviewers" may say against him: forget even the criticisms you may yourself have had to pass upon him: leave out of sight, for a moment, the fact that he has often mistaken the caricature of an abuse for the reform of an institution. Think only of the hours upon hours of innocent enjoyment for which we are his debtors, and breathe a kindly wish that he who has added so

largely to the happiness of others may not be unrewarded by happiness of his own. He may not be a great Artist; I am far from saying that he is. There is but little depth in his paintings, and his colour is oftener that of the theatre than that of Nature. After all, Sam Weller remains, Mark Tapley remains, Joe Gargery remains. If his ladies are impossibilities, and if his gentlemen are sticks, who else has made us think so kindly, and with such a hearty human interest, of the children of the poor? Who else has made the death of a little girl to be felt as a national sorrow? More tears were shed for Little Nell than ever mourned the death of princess or queen. A hundred Emperors might pass away, and there would be many dry eyes, my own pair included; but Bob Cratchet's "Tiny Tim;" we all loved him. The sea-voices that haunted Paul Dombey's tomb, were there not mournful echoes to them, heard all England over?..... He hurries on—but he would have to walk miles ere we could count the catalogue of lifelike figures to whom he has introduced us. Does he see them himself in his dreams? Mr. Wardell—and Mr. Montague Tigg; the Brothers Cheeryble, and Bill Sykes; Mr. Bucket, and Mr. Bumble; Mrs. Jarley, and Mrs. Gamp; Mr. Swiveller, and Mr. Pecksniff; the Rev. Mr. Chadband and the Rev. Mr. Stiggins; the Charitable Grinder and Sir Mulberry Hawk; Quilp, and Mr. Pumblechook; the man who watched the fire, and gave little Nell a rusty penny; Serjeant Buzfuz, and Jefferson Brick; Jonas Chuzzlewit and Gabriel Varden; Mr. Snagsby and Mr. Sampson Brass; Bob Sawyer and Mrs. Bardell; old John Willet and Mr. Barkis; Mrs. Nickleby and Miss Betsy Trotwood; the gentle Tools and the athletic Chicken; Dr. Blimber and Mr. Squeers; stop, stop, stop! The procession might wind its way over a dozen pages, and still leave many out.

Positively, we are in luck to-day. Let us mark the date with a large lump of the whitest chalk. We have but just lost sight of Mr. Dickens; and yonder, his stately form towering above those of ordinary mortals, comes Mr. Thackeray. This it is, O my young rural friend, to walk the Strand! Like yourself, I am partial to hedgerows, and doat upon daffodils; but London has its glories also, *n'est-ce pas?* Take this home with you to Crowborough Nest as a remembrance for years to come. Let us not take off our hats. We have not the slightest right to do so, and (as you justly remind me) we are not Snobs. In a quiet and stealthy manner, however, we will feast our eyes upon the grand Novelist as he walks along. I suppose we can never get to love him as we love Mr. Dickens; but he, too, has given us, many a time and oft, an unpleasant sensation of choking in the throat. I am not in the least lachrymose; I almost wish I were. Tears are so easy to some people, and seem to give such relief! But I remember me of Colonel Newcome, that dear Don Quixote in a modern coat; and I remember me how, not once alone, I have read that divine death-scene of his, until

my eyes got almost too full for seeing, and until, at that most exquisitely touching "Adam," the tears fairly ran out in a stream—of which, please God, I shall never learn to be ashamed! There is not, in all our Romance-literature, one page so pathetic as this; not one page in which the pathos has so manly a solemnity and so childlike a tenderness combined. Very sweet and touching and beautiful was the death of Little Nell; the death of Little Paul Dombey was mourned in many an English home; but when we talk of the death of Colonel Newcome, we enter into a higher region. Here, it is not for the premature death of a sweet little child, untainted with sin, untroubled by passion, that we mourn: a Man, a completed Man, who has lived his long and trying life with a gentleman's honour and a true Christian's piety, has fallen now on evil days, and lies dying, a poor pensioner. Strife and trouble, and weariness of domestic feuds, and sorrow for errors of his own, and fears for the happiness of others—these can vex him no longer. The hour of a very tranquil and peaceable deliverance has struck. The gates of the great House which is Our Father's, have been silently opened, that his old weary feet may quietly enter. "Adam!"

"Thackeray has no heart," says Mrs. Grundy. You miserable old woman—you, who are the standing-curse of many a brave gentleman's, many a brave lady's existence—you, who repeat things that would be infamous were they not so miserably silly that, at last, you almost shock even your own followers into common-sense—Mrs. Grundy, Mrs. Grundy! I solemnly protest that of all the evil-minded slanders you have ever breathed—and their number is legion—this one particular falsehood is perhaps the very basest. "No heart"? Why, you poor old creature, what do you know about hearts, except that you have broken some? "No heart"? I say that in Thackeray's books you may sometimes hear his heart beating with the noise of a steam-engine. You can't hear it, I am aware: I sometimes doubt if you could hear the Crack of Doom, and I am sure that, if you did, you would say that it was only the gas escaping; but how anybody, out of the Grundyan region, can be deaf and blind to the fact that under what people are pleased to call Thackeray's "cynicism" there still lies a heart that has not grown cold even yet, terribly as it has been tried, *this* is what I cannot understand.

We shall meet no greater man in the Strand to-day—none so great: Mr. Carlyle is at Chelsea; Mr. Tennyson is walking in his

"careless-ordered garden,
Close to the ridge of a noble Down."

Joseph Garibaldi is catching fish at Caprera; Abd-el-Kader is writing prayers at Damascus; Schamyl is growing exceedingly fat, somewhere in Russia; Sir John Lawrence is reading a Blue-Book. These half-dozen immortals being away, we have seen the greatest man that is likely to be near us; and until reverence for illustrious

writers dies quite out of our hearts, the recollection of this may do us good.

But still, ere we leave the Strand this bright May-day, we may see men who are well worth looking at. I never saw Mr. Robson tripping along, in a dapper fashion, but I should like to have a look at the greatest of living English actors as he walks the Strand. I hope some day to have an opportunity of expressing, in these pages, the full measure of my admiration for this wonderful artist, who is, *par excellence*, the actor of an age in which Farce and Tragedy jostle each other so quaintly. Meanwhile, I may just say that the complaints about the degeneracy of the stage come rather strangely from men who, after seeing Mr. Robson in the "Chimney Corner," may take a cab and still be in time for the end of Mr. Fechter's "Hamlet."

Still rolls on the wonderful flood of life. For London, the day is a bright and lovely one. It sets one thinking, at intervals, of quiet nooks far away: of hedges, where the dog-rose will soon be in full bloom; of woodlands, where, under the shadow of noble old trees, the ground is blue with whole banks of wild hyacinth. As we dreamily walk the Strand, we seem to see the delicate petals of the shrinking anemone; carols of fresh bird-music seem ringing in our ears; a stirring tingling desire arises within us for the dear old fields, where we have played as children. Chained to London, as the galley-slave to his oar, and often working—alas! with as little purpose and profit, let us even make the best of our slavery. Here in London, one is, at any rate, *alive*. The "pace that kills" has its grand excitements, if it has also its subsequent reaction. If we sink down wearied, at least we have run a remarkably fast race. If we get wounded, at least we have fought. I think this old London has somewhat of glamour about it. It is very possible to live quietly amid the orchards and meadows if you have never been a Londoner; but, if you *have*, you will probably find the experiment a marvellously difficult one. Is there not an atmosphere of nervous excitement and electrical influences about the old Witch, that we miss and really almost pant for, when we leave her long? Queen London, behold me: I am loyal! It doesn't matter to your Majesty, I know; but I *am* loyal—I do thoroughly reverence, whilst very much disliking you. You are a tyrannical Majesty, of all Sovereigns the most exacting; but we cannot help being proud of you, all the while. It is something that the pulsations of our hearts keep rapid time with yours: until, indeed, they *stop*. Which yours never do. A Subject is dead: long live the Queen!

And so, as I should feel pleasure in walking into a village inn, and holding converse, over home-brewed ale, with Roger and Giles, concerning oats, I will, being debarred from that enjoyment (and the words are not satirical, for there is much virtue often in such plain converse) turn down a side street that leads from the Strand to the Thames, and spend an hour in Bohemia.

Ah, Mr. Thackeray, when we read your "Philip," how we feel for you! You are at the top of the tree; higher you *cannot* rise; and yet you breathe out rather tender regrets for the young days, long ago, when fame and fortune were yet to make, and you held a goose-quill that you knew would make them! Much humbler ambitions suit much humbler powers: but here, too, in this little nook of a second-floor room, which is Bohemia for the nonce, being now peopled by workers in that weird universal land; here, too, there shall be pleasant and hopeful talk. There is a lively litter about the place—a litter of proof-sheets and manuscripts, and pipes and books (many of which may have been sorely maltreated by that stern "We," behind which a young man grows so grimly critical), and cigar-cases, and photographs and music-paper, and I know not what. Also, there are a few young men, moustached and otherwise, not blessed with wives or votes, but blessed with somewhat of the pluck and hopefulness that grow between twenty and thirty: and I do protest, oh Voters, oh Husbands, oh Capitalists, that if you could see their faces through the mighty clouds of smoke that issue from their lips, you would see all those faces looking remarkably cheerful. Unless you were as deaf as Mrs. Grundy, you would hear them laugh with their whole heart and lungs. And you would *not* hear, what elsewhere you might, an envious word of the men who have made their *coup*, or a mean word of those who are learning and labouring to make it.

The little circle is broken up. As I write these lines, two of its members are hurrying, as fast as steam can carry them, across the Atlantic, destined perhaps to use rifle as well as pen in the sore troubles that have fallen upon their native land. Kind friends, genial, witty, clever gentlemen, our English good wishes go with you . . . For me, you have added one more to the many pleasant thoughts and recollections that are with me as I saunter in the Strand.

STEAM.—Steam was, till the other day, the devil which we dreaded. Every pot made by any human potter or brazier had a hole in its cover, to let off the enemy, lest he should lift pot and roof, and carry the house away. But the Marquis of Worcester, Watt, and Fulton bethought themselves, that, where was power, was not devil but God; that it must be availed of, and not by any means let off and wasted. Could he lift pots, and roofs, and houses so handily? he was the workman they were in want of. He could be used to lift away, chain and compel other devils, far more reluctant and dangerous—namely, cubic miles of earth, mountains, weight or resistance of water, machinery, and the labours of all men in the world; and time he shall lengthen and shorten space.—EMERSON'S "Conduct of Life."

LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

GRACE RIVERS.

BY HANNAH CLAY.

Poor little Gracie! she was afraid of everything—afraid of the nurse, timid with her little cousins, doubly bashful and timid at meal-times, when they all came down from the nursery, and sat round a large table with papa and mamma, and Aunt Rivers. Aunt Rivers was Gracie's mamma, and she and her little girl were at present on a visit to Uncle and Aunt Langton, the parents of Gracie's cousins.

Gracie Rivers was a fatherless child. She had been reared in great seclusion and loneliness on a green hill-side in a remote part of Wales, where her mother's pretty cottage stood almost alone, the neighbouring hamlet being nearly three miles distant. At this time Gracie had no playfellows, and it was only rarely that a visitor came to the house; for the widow, who had seen better days, could scarcely associate on equal terms with anyone residing in the Welsh hamlet, or allow her young daughter to play with the children there, unless she chose to run the risk of seeing her as rude in speech and manners as the little ones who made dirt pies and chased the hens and ducks through the crooked streets.

But as her child grew older, Mrs. Rivers was at length persuaded to leave a spot endeared to her by many tender recollections, and to take a small house near the manufacturing town in England, where many of her friends and relatives lived. By these she was frequently prevailed upon to shut up her house, and pay them long visits; and thus little Gracie was brought into intimate companionship with her cousins and other families of children, the best and most natural way of ridding her of her morbid shyness.

One day a kind gentleman came purposely to invite Gracie and her cousins to spend a long afternoon and take tea at his house with his little girl and three boys. The gentleman's name was Edwards, and he was a doctor. Now it was one of Gracie's peculiar fancies and fears to have a horror of all medical men, ever since she had seen one little cousin vaccinated, and another have a tooth extracted. Besides this, Ruth Edwards had lately spent an afternoon with Gracie and her cousins; and had been so rude and mischievous that the children, and nurse likewise, were heartily glad when the time came for her to put on her cloak and bonnet, and return home. From these circumstances combined, Grace burst into a passion of sobs and tears when she heard of the invitation, and declared that she would not go. Her mamma reasoned with her, and told her how wrong it was for little girls to say whether they would or would not do a thing required of them, and that

all that was looked for from them was simple obedience.

"For you well know, Gracie," she said, "that I should not wish you to do anything that was not right and proper and good for you to do. It is a great fault in you, my dear little girl, that you do not place trust in your own mamma, who has watched over you and kept you from harm ever since you were born."

"I know, I know, dear mamma," sobbed Gracie; but I cannot, I dare not go to that doctor's house, to play with that rude girl, who teases me so. And I dare say her brothers are worse than she is; because boys always are rougher than girls, you know. Please, mamma, don't let me go."

"Very well, my dear. I know your cousins will be much disappointed, and Arthur and Freddy will call you a great coward. However, it shall be as you like this time; only you must submit to remain alone in the nursery while nurse and your cousins are away; for your aunt is going to have a dinner-party that very day, and I shall very likely not see you the whole time of their absence."

Gracie did not care for this, she said, so that she might not go: and so it was settled. But when she was left quite alone in the large nursery, which looked so bare and deserted now the merry faces and voices were all missing from it, and when her solitary cup of milk-and-water and small plate of bread-and-butter were brought upon a little tray at tea-time, and she had to sit down cheerless and solitary to her lonely meal, the wish arose in her heart that she were not so silly and cowardly, and could go about and enjoy herself like other children. And, still better than the wish, came a brave determination that she would begin in good earnest to endeavour to subdue her foolish fears, which were so great a drawback to herself, and, above all, so sadly grieved her dear mamma.

One of Gracie's direst troubles was going to bed and being left alone in her mamma's room to fall asleep. Such was her state of terror about it, that it was not deemed advisable that she should be deprived of light, but a night-light was left dimly burning in one corner of the apartment. Even with this provision against her undue fears, she had formerly entreated, in addition, that some one might stay with her until she fell asleep. This, however, her dear mamma had gradually been weaning her of, and she was now left alone immediately upon being placed in bed.

"Gracie," said her mamma, one evening, "I am going out with your aunt and uncle to an evening party, and shall probably remain away until past midnight. You know I have always been accustomed to undress you myself; but you are now eight years of age, and I think it is

time that you should begin to save me this trouble. Do you think I can rely upon my little girl going off to bed to-night, like a good, brave child, when nurse tells her it is eight o'clock? And —"

"Stop! if you please, dear mamma," exclaimed Gracie, eagerly. "Would you like your little girl to give you a great surprise this evening?"

"Indeed I should, Grace."

"Then, please, dear mamma, go quite happily to the party, and think no more about me. May I come in when you are dressed, to kiss you and bid you good-bye?"

"Surely, darling."

At seven o'clock in the evening, accordingly, Grace gave her dear mother a parting kiss, and watched her down-stairs into the carriage. The little girl thought how pretty and kind her mamma looked, in her nice black silk dress and tasteful cap, and she resolved to give her a convincing proof that she was gaining the victory over her foolish fears.

When Mrs. Rivers returned from the party, she was surprised to find her bedroom in darkness. She rang for a candle, and, going to the side of Gracie's small white bed, beheld her brave child in a sweet sleep, with a smile upon her rosy lips. The mother bent down over her, and kissed her gently, blessing her in her heart; for she knew that this was the surprise which Gracie had planned to please her. And when in the morning she asked the little girl how she had borne being left alone in the darkness which she had once feared so greatly, Gracie answered with a grave light in her large dark eyes: "I was determined no longer to pain you by being such a coward, my own dear mamma; and besides, I remembered what you had so often told me, that God watches over us while we lie helpless in our slumbers. So I lay down, and soon fell asleep; and when I awoke, it was no longer dark, but the little birds were chirping cheerfully, and my own dear mother slept beside me."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

ELSIE VENNER.*

—
"Lamia in her first

Moon-lighted pallor, ere she shrunk and blinked,
And, shuddering, wriggled down to the unclean."

AURORA LEIGH.
—

An English reader, fastidious as to the purity of his native language, will find stumbling-blocks in his path when he enters upon this book. If he be *ultra*-fastidious he will probably give up the undertaking, irritated and disgusted by constant little stabs and pricks of thorns and brambles where he had hoped to meet nothing but flowers. It cannot be denied that in these pages the Doctor drops now and again a minim of poison (*crotalean* or other) into the well of English undefiled. That abominable use of "to" (e. g.—"somewhat as you may remember our famous Margaret used to") makes one shudder about ten thousand times in the course of the four hundred pages. Then there are American idioms, such as "a good time." And, over and above these word-vulgarisms, there are descriptions of social manners which revolt our insular breeding. Dr. Holmes' humorous directions of "how to pocket" from the dinner-tables of one's friends do not strike an Englishman humorously. Neither does "the Brahmin Caste of New England," as personified in Bernard C. Langdon, Esq., arouse in an English mind those feelings of admiration which the author intends to be aroused thereby. We wish heartily that the American language were a little

more unlike our own. If we could once look on it as a distinct language, its peculiarities would cease to irritate us; and the peculiar American customs, when described in a foreign language, would be tolerated as easily as any other foreign customs.

Those who are compelled, by their insular prejudices, to throw aside the book unread, will lose—a very rare thing in these days of realistic fiction—an excellent romance. The era of English romance has gone by. We have no more "Udolphos" and "Frankensteins." The writer of "Zanoni" has taken to painting middle-class life. "Wuthering Heights" was the last English book of note which has any pretensions to be classed as a romance. To America, as it seems, we are to look for this kind of writing. Not many months ago Hawthorne gave us "Transformation"; now Holmes gives us "Elsie Venner."

These two books are strangely alike, not only in the physiological fancies which form the ostensible groundwork of the stories, but also in the moral hypotheses which are put forth, vaguely and doubtfully, under cover of the aforesaid fancies. Hawthorne's Donatello partakes of the animal together with the human nature. Ages ago some fair progenitrix of the Monte Beni house had smitten with love the shaggy bosom of an antique Faun; and thus, from time to time, the characteristics of the Faun—the link between the human and the brute creation—reappear in the race. We see in Donatello the best side of the animal nature, the unreasoning innocence and happiness, the playful grace and sportive beauty, the elasticity of form, the delight in mere sensual vitality. He has, too, a closer sympathy than

* A Romance of Destiny. By Oliver Wendall Holmes.—Macmillan and Co.

men have with nature, brute and inanimate. He can summon to him the beasts in a language which they alone understand; the grapes which his feet tread in the wine-press yield up a sweeter juice; Dryads and Naiads, and all such gracious legendary creatures, press towards him as he walks the earth.

Elsie Venner, too, is compounded of the animal and human natures: but, whereas the animal nature of Donatello is *inherited*, like any other peculiarity of race—the animal nature of Elsie is *engrafted* by abnormal means. The Faun-element in Donatello dates from remote antiquity; the Lamia-element in Elsie from a time just preceding her birth. The animal nature in Donatello is general, comprehending a sympathy with all the brute creation and—beyond that—with all inanimate creation. The animal nature in Elsie is special: her instincts are ophidian only. While in Donatello we see the best side of animal nature, in Elsie we see the worst. Again: the transformation which at length comes to both, affects each oppositely. The inherited animal nature of Donatello passes away, and leaves his human nature matured: the engrafted animal nature of Elsie, in passing away from her, takes with it her human life.

There is no one, I think, who will place Holmes's idea of the Lamia on an equality with Hawthorne's idea of the Faun. For many reasons Hawthorne's creation must rank higher. We feel no incongruity in Donatello: the whole story harmonizes with this central figure, and we feel that it is native to the scenes wherein the drama is acted. The legendary Faun takes his place naturally enough in those glowing Italian landscapes. In other ways, too, Hawthorne connects, by subtle ties, this figure with the scene. He makes Donatello, as it were, a living reflex of the Fawn of Praxiteles—one of the chief glories of that land of *Art*—just as he likens Miriam to the picture of Beatrice Cenci, and her mysterious tormentor to Guido's Dragon. Moreover, he never insists upon the half-animal nature of Donatello as an absolute fact: he never dreams of hinting a scientific explanation of it, or of canvassing with his reader whether such a marvel be possible or no.

The treatment of Elsie Venner is utterly different. There are neither classic nor artistic associations in the New England country-town to harmonize with the strange idea of the woman-serpent. Elsie is placed in the midst of the most common-place people—parsons, and doctors, and school-girls, and low Yankees with abominable dialects. Her ophidian nature is treated throughout as a scientific enigma. Mr. Holmes is a Doctor of Medicine, and he handles his subject as none but a Doctor of Medicine could. The book is a treatise on "inherited organisms;" the one abnormal "engrafted organism" establishing exceptionally the ordinary laws.

Both authors have chosen in common the best possible groundwork for their romances, namely, that nebulous border-land where sci-

ence and poetry meet. Holmes hangs to the scientific side, Hawthorne to the poetical.

The vague moral hypotheses, which we spoke of above as underlying the physiological fancies in the two stories, are respectively these that follow. Hawthorne tremblingly puts the question, "Whether Sin may not be an element of human education—a baptism into a higher and purer state?" Holmes more boldly states his thesis, that "Crime is not Sin"! We do not mean to meddle with these hypotheses. Thus briefly stated, they will doubtless shock many people who were not in the least shocked by reading of the transformation of Donatello, and of the poisoned moral nature of Elsie Venner. Few people, I think, will be inclined to take either hypothesis as a satisfactory solution of that vexed question, the Origin of Evil.

Although in comparing this book with the production of a higher genius we have seemed to disparage it, yet "Elsie Venner" is well conceived and excellently worked out. The idea of the Faun would appear no very promising idea if "Transformation" were unwritten; nor could any other man but Hawthorne have touched upon it without rendering it absurd. The idea of the woman-serpent, on the contrary, has in it manifestly the elements most favourable to romance. The woman's heart struggling with the poisonous instincts of the serpent; the woman's beauty alternating with the serpent's loathsomeness; the hellish ophidian fascination mingling with the tender love-charms of a woman's eyes—here we have elements of tragic romance, than which none could be better. Then we have inevitably the awakening of human love in the heart of the Lamia; the passion and the pathos, the dumb anguish, the dull pain, the fury of animal desire, the intuitive reticence of feminine love, the flashes of knowledge, the blind ignorance, the utter chaos. And, as all-conquering love rises supreme out of this chaos, we have the dying away of the serpent-nature, the birth of the full human nature, in more than mortal agonies of death and birth—the glorious triumph and the abject humility, the high hope and the deep despair.

For another reason the notion of the woman-serpent is less foreign to us than that of the Faun. The latter belongs exclusively to a faith that is dead; it is essentially heathen. But of the serpent and the serpent-nature, Christians are taught a mystical belief from their earliest childhood. The ancient stories of the Python-class and of the Lamia-class are verified and substantiated in our minds by the Christian doctrine of the temptation of Eve.

To show how Holmes works out his conception, it may be as well to introduce a few of the details which help to paint for us the character of Elsie Venner.

A little before Elsie's birth her mother is wounded by a rattle-snake. Although the deadly effect of the poison had been delayed by immediate remedies, it proves fatal in the end,

and the mother dies just after the child's birth. The precise injury done to the unborn child—whether its heart was arrested at the reptile-stage of growth and so is never developed into a perfect human heart, or whether the influence was more occult—the doctor does not tell us in plain terms. The physical effects are slight. Elsie has a mark round her neck like the stripe of a rattle-snake. Her eyes are brilliant as diamonds, the strange still light in them having a cold glitter, like the lustre of ice. In these eyes there is a power closely akin to the fascination of the serpent, which affects sensitive people, even when they do not know that Elsie's gaze is fixed on them; which draws people resistlessly to her; which (as we learn in the course of the story) is able to look down and render powerless the eyes of the rattlesnake. When she is angry her eyes *narrow*, just as Geraldine's eyes in "Christabel"—

"A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,
And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,
Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,
And with somewhat of malice, and more of dread,
At Christabel she looked askance!"

—her eyes narrow, her lithe neck bends back, and her head flattens. Her lips are cold; the touch of her hand sends a shiver through the veins. Her figure is round and lissom and sinuous, so that people half believe "she can twist herself into all sorts of shapes, or tie herself into a knot." She has a peculiar undulation of movement, sliding along by walls; and her light gliding step is accompanied by the sound of a faint rustling. Her speech is singular—"swift lisping," like that of Keats's "Lamia." She has not the gift of tears. In cases where other women would have wept Elsie writhes in mute pain, or lies prone in dull stupor. She neither sings nor can make music for herself on any instrument; she is very silent in all ways, having the curse of dumbness upon her heart. But she delights in dancing—dancing to the ominous *rattle* of the castanets. The seasons affect her: in winter she has hibernating instincts, coiling herself up on her tiger-skins, and going to sleep in corners; in summer she delights to bask in the sun. Then at times wild fits seize her, and she escapes up the mountain to the haunts of the rattle-snakes, drawn thither by the terrible affinity. Her tastes betray the unnatural attraction. Her dresses are of glistening, shimmering silks, spotted and scaled, and barred and freckled; her ornaments are golden snakes with eyes of diamond and emerald, which she twists and untwists through her long flexible fingers; her hair is wreathed like the serpents of Medusa—a knot of snakes transfixed by a golden pin. She pores over stories like that of "Laocoon," and over pictures like that of "The Temptation of Eve." The paper on which she writes is ribbed and wavy, and her hand-writing is curiously sharp and slender. She wears flowers in her bosom which are only to be found high

up the mountain among the dens of the rattle-snakes.

Her moral nature is thoroughly perverted. She has the murderous propensities of the serpent, and the serpent's silent treacherous habit of striking without sign or warning. When her lithe neck bends back and her head flattens and her eyes narrow, the impulse is in her to dart death from those cold lips. In her childhood she bites the arm of her cousin; and again and again we find her in the very act to strike in the same way. Whether or no the bite is poisonous we never learn for certain. The author is studious not to commit himself on this point. There is a rumour that she had nearly poisoned a governess. By what means we are not told. And afterwards she attempts to administer poison to her cousin, the poison in this instance being a tangible white powder, which she takes from behind a Dutch tile, whereon is depicted the raising of the Brazen Serpent.

Poor Elsie wakes to the dim stirrings of a human love within her serpent heart. The way in which her wretchedness is told is very touching. The desire to love is strong in her, but she lacks the power. "I cannot love!" she bursts out to old Sophy. She tries to pray, and cannot; and then beseeches the prayers of the congregation, and fails there too. We see in her a chained creature, ignorant of its bondage, but always struggling to free itself. To love and be loved—there is the counter-spell which shall work the transformation; and towards this her instincts tend. The Lamia suffers more than brute-agony in the casting of her slough. At length she struggles up to the capability of loving. She achieves the *active* power. O the glory and the triumph of the reptile-soul which has attained, through infinite pangs, to this human faculty! But the triumph only serves to open her eyes to the abject degradation. She loves only that she may learn, with a more bitter knowledge, that it is impossible for her to be loved. "Elsie Venner *infelix*!" When she puts up her cold lips towards Bernard Langdon with that hungry cry "*Love me!*" her eyes are opened. In old Maundeville we read of the Daughter of Ypocras who drags on weary life century after century in likeness of a hideous dragon, still expectant of the knight who shall dare to kiss her loathsome lips, and so transform her to her woman's form. But no Sir Gawain dares the deed. Poor Elsie's wooing lips inspire not love, but terror. She has achieved sufficient humanity to know that she is not human.

After this, Elsie fades away and dies. The ophidian-nature expires the first, and, during her last few days, she is a true woman, no longer devil-possessed.

With regard to the other characters of the book we have little to say. Elsie apart, we are out of the regions of romance; and Bernard Langdon and Helen Darley and the rest are to be treated as the figures in an ordinary novel. Holmes's manner of drawing women is not

pleasant. He has too much secret knowledge about them; and we are sometimes moved to cry shame on him. The pictures of the school-girls which he gives us have a warmth of scientific colouring, not unlike that which in the pages of Michelet casts back a blush upon the reader's cheek. It is curious to contrast such school-girls as "Rosa Milburn" with Miss Brontë's descriptions of the class in "The Professor" and "Villette." Miss Brontë's pique against them is manifest enough; but we sincerely trust that Bernard C. Langdon, Esq., kept a stricter silence as to his physiological notions about them than his mentor the Professor does.

Genuine humour of course we shall find in any book of Holmes's. The drawing of the rationalistic parson, who always longs to carry his doubts and uncertainties into the healing bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, is excellent. Good also is the account of the change of opinion which the two parsons undergo on the subject of Original Sin; the self-same case in point bringing round each to the opinion of the other.

Holmes's reiterated assertion that there is *Moral* Insanity as well as corporeal and mental insanity, is worthy of grave consideration. The doctrine is held widely, we might almost say universally, by the medical faculty. Hints of its prevalence we receive from time to time in the medical evidence on our trials for murder.

May 4th, 1861.

J. A.

THE GOLDEN CASKET. Edited by Mary Howitt; with Illustrations by John Palmer. (*James Hogg and Sons, London.*)—This is a very pleasing gift-book for young people, bedecked with green and golden cover, gilt leaves, and many pretty illustrations, and containing ten stories, by Mary and William Howitt, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Hall, Miss Meteyard ("Silverpen"), the Author of "The Art Student at Munich," and W. H. G. Kingston. Six of these tales are original; the others are translations; but all of them, we need scarcely say, are instructive and interesting. But even where good things are concerned, there is a choice, and our favourites are "The Elchister College Boys," a capital story, cleverly told; the story of "Luke Barnicott," by Mr. Howitt, in his most genial and pleasant style; and "The Delft Jug," by Miss Meteyard (Silverpen). It is for the sake of this latter story—one of the prettiest that this fertile writer of stories has produced—that we introduce the book to our young readers. The scene is placed far away amongst the fens and dykes of Lincolnshire; and the heroine, a little girl in humble life, lives with her widowed mother, in a little water-side inn frequented by the bargemen who navigate the river. The description of this little hostel stands out like a coloured vignette on the page, and as we think it will please readers of all ages, we transcribe it:

A bend in the river brings presently in sight a little water-side inn, prettily embedded in autumnal-tinted pollard-trees; for in this land of waters of

which I write, these little river-hostelries are not unfrequent. Often scrupulously clean, and with dear honest homely English faces to greet you on their thresholds, many a one is a blessed oasis in the watery wilderness. So as the newly-risen sun shines on the little diamonded casements, and upon the half-russet leaves of the old pear-tree nailed against the house-wall, as the house-door stands already open, and the old cow (stretching her head across the croft-pallings) lows to be milked, this little inn called *The Dyke-men's Arms*, is as pretty a spot as any in the deep fens.

Jette Peachman's forefathers were Dutch; they had been potters, and a grand-aunt of hers had formerly painted for the Delft ware-makers, and a singularly handsome jug had been preserved, which created no little interest in the Staffordshire pottery-districts, whither the fame of its form and the beauty of the painting that adorned it had travelled. This leads to a visit from a rich manufacturer from the Potteries, who subsequently becomes the benefactor of the Jette, who loses her mother by one of those sudden inundations which sometimes sweep away houses, and even villages, in the Fen districts. The description of this event is so well written that we cannot forbear quoting it:

THE INUNDATION.

She sleeps so deeply as to know nothing of the horrors of the night. A solemn stillness follows—a deep, solemn stillness, as of some island standing lonely in a shipless sea. But in the grey dawn of the morning she suddenly awakes, for the chill mist penetrates the bedclothes, and she shivers all a cold, even whilst consciousness returns. Then, as she recognizes objects in the room, the unnatural leaden silence of the place all at once occurs to her; and, starting up in bed, she lays her hand upon her mother's pillow. Her mother is not there, nor in the room. Wild with sudden fear, she starts up, flies across the chamber, opens the door, in the grey darkness descends the staircase; but not more than half-way can she go, for she steps deeply into the water. A whole flood is around her; and, horrified and benumbed, she with difficulty draws back, so deeply has she stepped, so cold is the water, so overpowering is her sudden horror!

Poor child! she is homeless and motherless; for, in the middle of the night the larger part of *Mussey Dyke* gave way; whole miles of country are overwhelmed with rushing waters; most of the houses and draining-mills are swept away, and nothing but the very strong foundations and walls of the "*Dyke-men's Arms*" has spared it from a like fate.

Palsied with terror, and for the time incapable of raising a cry for aid—even if there were a chance of its meeting any human ear—she crawls back into the room, and makes her way to the casement-window. But an awful scene is spread before her. The whole country, as far as she can see, is a blank waste of water, and this so deep, as to cover all things but the heads of some poplar-trees, scattered here and there about the landscape. Three of these trees adorned the staith in front of the little inn; but now, around their topmost boughs is gathered a perfect wreck of things—broken hurdles, piles of half-soddened hay, and farming-gear of many kinds. Beyond this sweeps a stream onwards to the sea, and on this is every now and then borne the carcasses of drowned sheep and oxen, household goods, and the

rafters and beams of mill and house. But nothing human, nothing living comes in sight !

The little girl is saved, and so is the "Delft Jug," and as she has already evidenced artistic taste in the arrangement of her nosegays and wild-flowers, Mr. Brockett (the rich manufacturer who had been staying at the little inn previous to the inundation, and knew her story) directed that it should be fostered by the kind ladies with whom he had her placed. There is another branch to the story, which takes us to one of those Decoys for which the Fens have long been famous, and of which the author of "Robinson Crusoe" has given such an excellent description in his "Tour of Great Britain," where a little boy (Martin Fleete), the friend and playmate of Jette Peachman lives, who is also fond of pictures, and flowers, and who amuses himself—out of sight of a very rough and cross old father—by drawing swans and ducks, and long-legged bitterns, and other water-fowls, with their young ones and sedgy nests, and who ultimately goes to London and becomes a clever artist. While Jette also, who has long since surpassed her Dutch aunt in the art of flower-drawing, is sent to the metropolis to take finishing lessons in fruit and flower-painting, from those master-hands in their relative schools of art, Lance and Valentine Bartholomew. In the end the early friends meet, and the pretty story ends—as the writer's stories always do end—happily.

YOUNG LADYISM. By Democritus Machiaval Brown, Esq. (*Newby, 30, Welbeck-street.*)—"Why not tell the truth, even if jestingly," is the motto from Horace, which our author flaunts on his title-page, and which we could have wished he had more rigidly carried out. From many signs, it is easy to recognize that the author of a very earnestly-written little work—"The Mental Severance of Men and Women," which we had the pleasure of noticing a few months back in these pages, and Democritus Machiaval Brown, Esq., are one—but with a difference. Grave, thoughtful, unexaggerated for the most part, were his strictures in that volume, which it occurs to us grew out of the subsidence of the fermented bitterness, and sarcasm of this; and, however, nauseous was the draught of sour truth infused into its pages, because it was truth, and because we recognized a tonic and restorative in them, we gave it a word of welcome and encouragement. But while a large portion of the little work before us goes over the same ground on which the other is founded, it lacks its temperance of tone—the dignity of seriousness. Moreover, the author does not always maintain the spirit of the motto he has chosen: he goes beyond it—he speaks or implies more than the truth, as in the chapter upon shopping, which insults tens of thousands of women who are honest purchasers, with the reflected odium of a crime which, let us be thankful, is, in the strictest

sense, the exception to the rule of moral rectitude. It will be new to many of our lady readers that the man technically called a "shop-walker," is not there, as in their simple ignorance they may have imagined, to facilitate their purchases, by directing them to the counter or section of the establishment in which the goods they require are to be had, but "whose duty is to watch purchasers closely," a fact which we leave our lady-readers to digest, as well as the passage touching pastry-cooks with the addenda.

At many of these shops cordials may be procured expressly for ladies. They are a triumph of modern invention, being warranted *free from all alcoholic mixture*, and yet possessing a wonderfully exhilarating property.

Really this is unmannerly: soda-water, ginger-beer, and cherry-brandy, which we are enabled to warrant in the condition respecting alcohol which he sneers at (till very recently at least) made up the list of cordials to be found at the confectioner's. We really do wish that the author had not endeavoured to make matters worse than they really are: it has weakened the force of his insinuations, which have a web of truth but are rendered coarse by exaggeration. It is preposterous to call the withering-irony with which "Young Ladyism" is assailed jest. Let our readers take up the book for themselves, and say what the scribe deserves who insinuates modesty in Bloomerism, and a fear on the part of its vituperators that if the time-honoured privilege of showing the ankle in the street were done away with, the elegant and chaste simplicity of evening full-dress costume might go next.

ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL. (*London: 19, Langham Place, Regent Street; W. Kent and Co., Paternoster-row.*)—Earnest and sensible as usual. The first article, "Insanity among Women," made us a little angry with Dr. Tuke at first starting, from a playful affectation of delicacy upon the subject; as if politeness had anything to do with so stern a fact as the greater prevalence of this terrible malady amongst women than men—a fact which the writer endeavours to refute, and does so apparently to his own satisfaction. His remarks on the causes which often lead to this dreadful form of disease, and the line of conduct most conducive to its prevention, are admirable. The Editor follows with a very pleasing paper, "Madam Luce, of Algiers," a lady who in that distant semi-barbaric region has done good service for the cause of education and civilization. The article "Fruits in their Season" retains its flavourous freshness, and the remainder of the number is filled up with interesting matter.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

Since our last article very little change has taken place in the bills. What has taken place may be shortly summed up. At the

ADELPHI,

"Magloire" has been for the time withdrawn, to make room for the still flourishing "Colleen Bawn," whose extraordinary popularity is undiminished, and the crowd to see which nightly congregates round the doors with unabated eagerness. At the

HAYMARKET,

the comedy of "Black Sheep" has been running with good houses, followed by the "Miller and his Men. At

THE PRINCESS'S,

"Hamlet" and "Ruy Blas" have been the entertainments provided for the large and appreciative audiences present at the theatre which has held so brilliant a place for years past in London amusements. At the

ST. JAMES'S,

Mr. Alfred Wigan has brought his first season to a close, and French plays have commenced there during the interval. Mr. Wigan addressed his numerous audience, and was listened to with much attention and applause. At

THE OLYMPIC

a change in the character of the performance has taken place, in consequence of the serious and lamented illness of Mr. Robson, who, however, we are happy to hear is recovering. "The School for Scandal" is being played, Miss Amy Sedgwick playing the chief female character, while the other parts are well supported by the company. W. A.

VOCAL ASSOCIATION,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

The progress of this popular and important section of our metropolitan musical societies was never more apparent than on the evening of the 3rd ult. The improvement in the execution of Meyerbeer's "Pater noster," which appears steadily achieving popularity, was very perceptible, even from the period of the previous concert to the one in question; while the singing of some of the part-songs left little to be desired; especially we may notice Mendelssohn's delightful "O hills, O vales," in which the rhythm of the melody was carefully marked, and the alternate swell and fading away of the *forte* and *pianissimo* passages charmingly given. Of the Garibaldi chorus, which we noticed as a spirited *piece de circonstance* in our last, we need only observe that the fervour with which it was sung seemed even to have increased since we first heard it; in the last verse particularly, the voices were unanimous in keeping well together, and the effect was excellent.

The principal solo singers were Mdlle. Lemaire Miss Fanny Rowland, Gardoni, and Herr Hermanns—a new bass singer, with a voice of remarkable depth and power, but with ample scope for improvement. We say principal solo singers, for the only drawback to a very interesting concert was a repetition of "first appearances"—young ladies from the ranks of the choir, with ambitious songs in their hands and some promise of hereafter singing them. Miss Saunders, who we remember to have heard last season, essayed a pretty simple song from Wallace's "Amber Witch," which she gave with good taste and feeling. Mdlle. Lemaire sang with her usual fire and expression, never forgetting the actress in the cantatrice. The duet with Signor Gardoni, "Si La Stanchezza," from "Il Trovatore," was very charmingly sung. We must give our meed of praise also to this gentleman's singing of Beethoven's "Adelaide," which he executed with much care and taste, but with a *froidueur*, which is becoming more and more oppressive. Of Miss Rowland's voice we have very pleasant impressions and considerable expectations; her careful rendering of her part in the grand "Prayer, trio, and chorus," from "Mosè in Egitto," exhibited much musical intelligence, and appreciation of Rossini's exquisite harmonies. Herr Hermanns pleased us most in Schaffer's characteristic German Lied, "Frohe Heinekehr," which he trolled forth with considerable unction.

The concert was varied by the instrumental performances of Ole Bull (why Olé? an entirely new pronunciation, the euphony of which cannot atone for incorrectness), and Messrs. Lindsay Sloper, and Benedict, of whose playing we cannot speak too highly.

Paganini's variations on Rossini's ever new and delicious "Ditanti Palpiti," took new beauty from the Scandinavian artist's playing of it, and created a very *furor* of applause, which the violinist responded to by the performance of a little air, which he treated in the most capricious way imaginable, overlaying it with the most whimsical comic tones and phrases, and playing the most wonderful tricks that bow and fingers are capable of, always with closed eyes, and a smile of quiet pleasure on the kindly face, which time seems to have dealt very gently with.

On the evening of Wednesday, 22nd ult., the members of this Association held their annual *Conversazione*, which was very numerously attended. The hall, more beautiful than ever, was enriched with a number of pictures and photographs, statuary, bronzes, and other costly works of art, the particularising of which we must defer (for want of space) till next month. The musical part of the entertainment was exceedingly interesting, and the refreshments excellent of their kind.



THE TOILET.

(Especially from Paris.)

SPRING TOILETS.

FIRST FIGURE.—Dress of green and white gauze. The skirt finished at the bottom with five narrow flounces: two of the same material as the dress, and the three others of plain green silk. Raphael body, cut square at top, and trimmed with a green silk plaiting. From top to bottom of the dress in front and on the sleeves are loops of green ribbon with a buckle in the middle. The sleeves are lined with white silk and are ornamented with a ribbon *ruche* round the interior. High *chemise*, with narrow lace collar. Under-sleeves of plain *tulle* with rows of lace at bottom. Tuscan hat, with a long white feather round the foot of the crown. White ribbon strings. Ribbon waist-band with gold buckle. Rich brooch and bracelets. Maroon parasol, and glazed gloves.

SECOND FIGURE.—Mastic coloured silk dress, with a small flower pattern. Skirt plain. Body high and buttoned; half wide sleeves, with muslin under-sleeves, and collar. Black silk long jacket with lapels turned back. Trimmings, violet coloured bands of silk. A white crape bonnet, ornamented with black lace and Parma violets. Violet silk parasol and Swedish leather gloves complete this very elegant toilet.

Black lace is much used for bonnet-trimming, and mingles with almost every kind of decoration. I have seen a very pretty white straw bonnet trimmed with a *bavolet* of black silk, a *torsade* of black ribbon round the crown, and rose-coloured strings. Upon the fore-part of the front, over and under, were knots of rose-buds covered with black spotted *tulle*; white blond down the cheeks.

A Belgian straw had a similar garniture, ornamented with half-blown roses. I recommend these models as being really charming and very *distingués*. I have also noticed a very pretty

bonnet of black *taffetas* worked with white silk, ornamented within and without with ears of corn and poppies. Another has the cap or crown entirely of Belgian straw, with the *bavolet* and front of *mauve* crape: this last is very deep and is ornamented with a tuft *de cassis noir* and grass. In the interior of the front, a diadem of *cassis* with a fresh rose in the middle and white blond at the sides. Grey *paletots* are the rage for morning *negligés*; but all the confections mentioned in my past *bulletins* are still in favour, especially the Arab *Burnous* in fancy woollen tissues.

The trimming for robes are of the most varied description. Here, we see small flounces, plaitings, or *passementeries*; there, knots of ribbon, or of the material of the dress, with a buckle in the middle, large buttons, and macarons, or bands of velvet—while, at others, we have the flounces and the bands alternately. As, for example, three times five little flounces, with three plain bands of velvet separating each series of the number. *Corsages* remain high, and nearly all the sleeves are demi-large, and open with *revers*.

We sometimes see the *corsage à okale*: this *genre*, I need not say, is intended to give an appearance of breadth to narrow shoulders, and enlarge the contour of the bust when too *rétrécit*.

Under-sleeves continue to be very voluminous: the last models have two or three *bouffants* terminating in a wrist-band, illustrated with *ruches* of *tulle* (white and black), or lace with the addition of *bouchettes* of ribbon.

The collars are of a reasonable size. Those of stiffened nansook embroidered in colours are much worn for morning *negligé*, with under sleeves to match.

For elegant toilets, lace collar, and under-sleeves are indispensable.

PASSING EVENTS RE-EDITED.

We turn from the tempting record of Fashions' doings during the past month—its daily programme of Art Exhibitions, Concerts, *Conversations*, Fancy-fairs, and Flower-shows; the morning meetings on Theological matters at Exeter Hall; the nightly Operas, Oratorios, and other musical and theatrical events—to chronicle matters of more general interest.

Apropos of flowers, the past May has witnessed the opening of the first actual flower-

market existing in the metropolis of a nation proverbial for their love of flowers. The structure itself is worthy of the merchandize it is intended for. One of those celestial bodies which astronomers tell us are plentiful in space as fish in the sea, has shown itself in the neighbourhood of Ursa Major. This comet, wholly unexpected, was first noticed on the night of the 2nd ult. On that of the 8th, a frost of unparalleled severity, for the season of the

year, occurred in Gloucestershire. A correspondent to the *Times* tells us that in the neighbourhood of Stroud a thermometer (Nigretti's), hung against a south wall three feet from the ground, registered 25 deg., ice the thickness of a shilling formed in buckets, and the young leaves of ivy, laurel, and other hardy shrubs were completely blackened. On the 21st of the month the heat was greater than had been experienced for twelve months, and, in probable connection with it, the black spots visible from time to time upon the sun's disk have been sufficiently perceptible to be seen at sunset on misty evenings with the naked eye.

To turn from astronomical to more mundane matters, we learn from the recent census the alarming fact, that in the agricultural districts the population is almost at a stand-still. "In Cambridgeshire the figures of the present year are less by 1,400 than they were in '51; at Newmarket, Linton, Mildenhall, Sommersham, we have the same result—an absolute decline in numbers." It adds, that the emigration to the Colonies and States of America are chiefly from the agricultural districts; but the real cause is the *condition* and low wages of this class.

Pertinent to this statement comes the case of Jesse Phillips, an agricultural labourer, who was summoned at the Dorset Petty Sessions in April last by his employer, Mr. Thomas Masters, for refusing to fulfil his agreement—a yearly one—for 8s. a week, potato-ground, house and garden, and wheat at 5s. per bushel. Not so bad an agreement, one would think, from what we know of agricultural labourers wages, &c., in the West as well as Eastern counties. But when Jesse Phillips saw the house, he refused to enter it, and took away his goods, and had not been there since. Nothing could be more rudely picturesque, or intensely uncomfortable, it would seem, than the abode on which Jesse Phillips turned his back, with a resolution that was not dogged, but daring, considering Mr. Masters, and his agreement. There was nothing pastoral about the place; the description of it reminds us of that fisher's hut

over which one of poor Danby's flushing sunsets, threw its red glory years back in the Academy. Defendant stated that the house (?)—which, according to one witness, was excavated in the cliff, and had the sea within three feet of the front door—sometimes much nearer, for it occasionally came up to it, and in stormy weather bathed it in spray—was not habitable, and his wife had only been confined a month. This hut, scooped in the cliff, had one room up-stairs and one down, both unplastered; and the sturdy witness—a waggoner, who farmed himself—said his cows had a better stall. He had often seen the sea fly over it. But the Plaintiff, while he allowed that it was not a good cottage, averred that it was tenantable, stone-built, and thatched, and white-washed, even plastered. But the labourer still stood out, emphatically declaring that a gentleman-farmer would not put his hack-horse there. Happily for Jesse a surveyor was employed by the Bench who seconded his objections, and stated that the dilapidated *sea-washed* cottage was *scarcely* habitable, whereupon the Bench decided in favour of the labourer, who had thus bravely contended for the rights of humanity. Taken with the context, such a fact as this speaks for itself; nor is it only on the sea-washed coast of Dorsetshire that masters exhibit this indifference to the dwellings of their farm-labourers: in Norfolk, in Essex, and elsewhere, we have seen cottages literally held together by the vines that climbed round them, with earthen floors and unplastered walls, searched through and through by winter-winds; and with shattered roofs, which admitted rain on all occasions. The dwellings of the poor in towns find hundreds of eloquent pens to write down their abominations; but those who have seen much of the interiors, in country villages; or, worse still, those isolated cottages in arcadian-looking lanes, and on farm-lands, know that but for the unstinted beneficence of Nature, in fresh air and abundance of water, the homes of the poor agricultural labourers are just as unhealthy (witness the prevalence of ague and rheumatism in them) and more inconvenient than those of the poor in towns.

C. A. W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RECEIVED and accepted, with thanks: "Let Well Alone" (our esteemed correspondent shall hear from us in a day or two); "From Bayonne to St. Sebastian."

MSS. received, but not yet read:—"A vulgar Error, not noticed by Sir Thomas Brown;" "A Mysterious Case;" "Ballowmore."

Under consideration: "The Dress of our Forefathers;" "Sermons in Stones;" "Sir Anthony Heywood;" and "My First Experience in House-keeping."

G. C. R. is thanked for the offer of his paper, which we are obliged to decline. The MS. is left to the care of Mr. Alger, 246, Strand.

DECLINED, with thanks: "Gurnet-catching in the Channel;" "On the Caskets." The originality of these subjects make us the more regret the want of style in their composition. In a literary point of view they are very inferior; but our correspondent may improve with practice.

POETRY declined: "Sunset;" "Elora;" "On the War in America."

ERRATUM.—In the poem "Retribution," the penultimate verse should commence "The *might* have been," in place of "The *thoughts* have been."

Several notices of books are kept over for want of space.

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RUTSON MORLEY.

BY JAMES B. STEPHENS.

CHAP. XI.

'Two days afterwards the "Capitole" steamed out of the harbour of Marseilles. The "Capitole" had steamed out of the harbour of Marseilles many times before, without any historical prestige or volcanic accompaniment; but now the event was more personally interesting to me than Thermopylæ or Pompeii. I was a passenger on board of her, Italy-bound; and my fate was now very much dependent on the slenderest plank of her, that flung off the embrace of the eager waves.

We had what sailors, inconsiderate of fastidious organisms, call "dirty weather." All the morning long, Marseilles had been like a mere sketch of itself, no matter what the point of view. Now and again a few red umbrellas, moving in one direction and another, gave it the air of a theatrical phantasmagoria seen through a curtain of drizzle. With its great outlines dying into foggy distance, and all its pleasant details "swallowed up and lost" in the abstraction of rainy dreariness, the whole city was reduced to a mere elementary lesson of perspective. But ere we had been many minutes at sea, by slow degrees the curtain began to part asunder; and first of all in the far opening immensity the bleak mountains revealed their bleakness, and the rugged cliffs their defiant ruggedness; and then the clouds, gathering themselves together from beneath, hung voluminous between the topmost steepes and the now-glistening city; then again, as if suddenly dismissed by the word of a higher Power, broke into isolated thousands, that seemed to rush each to its own appointed home in the munitions of rocks.

And this was the Mediterranean — here mountain-crowned; there, isle-bejewelled; and away beyond, blue with boundless distance! Shall I tell you what I thought of, as the mountains grew more vast, the city more glistening, and the sea more widely blue? Of the immutability of those hills, on which had gazed, thousands of years ago, many a "young-eyed" Greek, tenderly proud of, and delighting

to nurture, the infant colony, so full of brilliant promise? Of the many stately galleys that had swept into that haven, with songs of joy, and responsive acclamations from awaiting multitudes? Of the many languages, whose echoes, now circling far-off in the infinite of space, still dated from this as their eternal centre? Of the many changes in the character of its government, and in the gods of its worship? Of the many storms that had driven trembling women to the chapel on the hill, to pray for their loved ones on the deep, and of the many dead that lay therein? Of the many bloody deeds that darkened its history; and the terrible song that brightened with lurid triumph the last moments of godless martyrs?

Yes; these and many such thoughts crowded upon me; but above all, and underneath all, was the joy with which I repeated to myself, again, and again, and again: "The sea is His, and He made it; the strength of the hills is His also."

The mountains were becoming more and more essentially geographical, the city but dimly distinguishable above the water line, and the Chateau d'If, of Monte Christo memory, a mere speck, utterly devoid of terror, before I sufficiently recovered myself from the trance of beauty and of praise into which I had fallen, to look around on my fellow-passengers. So many curious circumstances had happened to me since leaving England, so many curious coincidences leading to curious discoveries, that I could not but feel it not at all improbable that I might chance upon Herr Dulcken. I had now washed my hands of blood; but I did not the less regard it as a sacred mission to pursue the mystery into the midst of which I had so strangely been thrown. It was, therefore, with no inconsiderable anxiety, that without any ground of hope except the simple fact that Herr Dulcken had gone southward, I examined the faces of my fellow-travellers. But the result was disappointment. Some wore spectacles; some had shining, benevolent faces; some took snuff; some had shabby coats with large pockets; some, perchance, carried more watches

than one; and one gentleman I certainly heard speak with a lisp: but in no one individual were these characteristics so blended as to constitute the personal identity of Herr Dulcken.

The day wore on; the blue deepened into purple; and the purple softened again into the calmer blue of night. The idea of sleep did not cross me; and that "brave o'er-hanging firmament" was infinitely preferable to a close berth below. Accordingly I walked the deck, joyously filling-in my new prospects with all sorts of leaning towers, cathedrals, baptistries, blue skies and "purple Appennine." Pleasant work it was, especially pleasant in the lightsome sense of deliverance from danger and great sin. There was now a light upon my path—the old home light; dim indeed, but, even in its dimness, brighter and better than any "light that ever was on land or sea." And now to all this was added the sweet feeling of security in regard to my sister. I had heard from my mother before leaving Paris. The crisis was over, and my home was again happy. I could look backward with thankfulness, and forward with hope. What more could the heart of man desire?

How many times I measured the deck that night I know not. The glare from the engine-room frequently attracted my attention, and led me to compare the burning toil and self-consuming life below with the pure serenity of the upper air. Once I threw myself down on the deck, close to a grating which commanded a full view of the scene of action. Two men, all aglow, like fabled Cyclops, were busy at the time feeding the greedy furnace with enormous rations of coal. Sweating indeed, but not "grunting, under their weary load," their toil seemed a pleasure, to judge from the tunes they were humming, or rather jerking out in detachments; each detachment of minstrelsy marking a new effort of their Herculean frames. In one corner of the room, notwithstanding the sweltering heat, lay what appeared to be the form of a slender young man fast asleep. His face was turned from me; but I was much struck with the beauty of his long black hair, which lay in waving masses on his shoulders. I watched him for some time, wondering what could have tempted any one with so apparently delicate a form to choose such a sleeping-place. I was just about to rouse myself, and renew my deck promenade, when I saw him move his arm slowly from under his head, and then half turn himself as if by a sore effort. I waited to catch a glimpse of the face, but his hair had fallen over it, and I could not distinguish a single feature. I saw, however, what made my brain swim as in a hurried dream. In the act of turning, his loose shirt fell back from his neck; and there on his breast, flaming with the light of the furnace, lay a jewelled cross. It needed no nearer inspection to enable me to recognize the counterpart of what I had seen before.

I was at first half-annoyed at having my peace of mind again disturbed. The old whirl of perplexity renewed itself, sweeping round with

it the ghastly forms of all the horrible thoughts from which I had so recently been delivered. Was this a favouring Providence breaking up my way, or an Avenging Nemesis tracking my every step? Was it a gleam of hope, or a reminder of guilt? Was it a temptation sent to try if I was in earnest in my new obedience, and could at last resist the power of curiosity when it led into dubious paths; or was it a sign to follow on to the fulfilment of a mission, and the solution of a mystery which seemed fraught with great issues? And then Stephanie! Had I forgotten her? Ah, no! she was the earthly horizon of my new-born happiness, girdling it round and round. I did indeed look to a wider horizon, the far-off circuit of the Universe that is but the hollow of the Almighty-hand, and there, and beyond it, the "delighted spirit," loved to range with reverence and godly fear. But, of my earthly prospects, the love of this woman was indeed the widest boundary; and I deemed it a holy one, sanctioned of heaven. Therefore I yielded, and waited, and watched, trembling with conflicting anxieties.

I was not the only one whose attention was attracted by the glitter of the jewels. First one Cyclop perceived it, feasted his two eyes on it, (here unfortunately mythology does not correspond), tapped his brother, pointed to the shining object, and then rubbed his own shining nose. The brother Cyclop raised his two black hands in unmitigated astonishment, looked at the first-mentioned, and appealed to his own nose in a similar manner for a solution of the mystery. In their perplexity, the furnace door was left open, whence issued a red glare that communicated to the whole scene an air of infernal grotesqueness. Cyclop A was evidently the ruling spirit. His next movement, almost simultaneously copied by Cyclop B, was to kneel down by the side of the sleeping form, and inspect more closely, but without touching, the object of their curiosity. The inspection lasted for several minutes, and was terminated almost as simultaneously as it had been begun. A then jumped up and shut the furnace door; upon which B, likewise on his feet, went through the form of securing it more firmly. They then sat down on the iron steps immediately beneath me, and gazed silently on the brilliant puzzle.

"Do you think it is real?" at length hissed A.

"What do you think?" hissed B.

"I think it is."

"So do I."

Upon which they again put themselves in a devotional attitude before it, and mutually poked each other's ribs (A, of course, taking the initiative), with such evident intent to commit murder in perfect good humour, that I was just about to raise an alarm, when a slight motion on the part of the sleeper sent them both bolt upright—quitesimultaneously this time—like two clowns in a "danse comique."

And now the features were revealed, and there below me lay, without the shadow of a doubt, the original of the portrait I had seen at Winslow's, and the perfect translation into manhood

of my own Stephanie. Beautiful—seraphically beautiful, even in the lurid glare that struggled fiercely through the closed door, and the undergrating, not Endymion, in the moonbeams, could have been more capable of winning admiration. I did not wonder that Winslow had loved him. The same beauty—softened but the same—had turned the current of my existence. And as yet his eyes were closed; but I pleased myself with thinking that, when he opened them, I should see the old beseeching loveliness that had charmed me in my lost one. How was I to speak to him, and what was I to tell him? Perchance, what I had to relate would only complicate his difficulties, and add new mazes to the labyrinth. Perchance my story might be but a bunch of Tantalus fruit, ripe only with disappointment.

I was at the old perchancing work again, and my brain was reeling as in days before; but I caught myself, and would no more of it. Another breath—it was a prayer this time—and I had made my resolution. These coincidences were clearly not sent in vain. It was assuredly my duty to follow them up.

But to relieve A and B from their painful attitude of uprightness, which certainly continued as long as I have taken to set down my mental recollections, their next move was to replace themselves on the iron steps, as if to ponder on the speediest and safest means of assassination. A short pause succeeded, when, to the honour of human nature in a hot engine-room, the following conversation actually took place:

A. "Did I not tell you he was something better than he professed to be?"

B. "N'est-ce pas?"

A. "Isn't it too bad of us to keep him down here, when we can do his work between us?"

B. "N'est-ce pas?"

A. "But don't you think we should button up his shirt first, in case he shouldn't like to know that we had seen this thing?"

B. "N'est-ce pas?"

Upon the clear establishment of which pointed concurrence, A again knelt down beside the sleeping figure, and cautiously performed the kind office he had proposed. B, supplementing his efforts, by way of fastening the button more securely, awoke the sleeper. He sprang up with a bound—his eyes full of anything but beseeching loveliness. His idea evidently was, that violent hands were being laid on his treasure; and accordingly he took his stand firmly in a corner, facing the innocent stokers with looks of defiant indignation that one would hardly have thought such soft lineaments capable of.

"Don't be alarmed," said A.

"Don't be alarmed," said B.

"We mean kindly," continued A; and Echo answered, "kindly."

"Go up on deck, my friend, and take your sleep there. Your work has been too hard for you, and you are not used to this heat. We two will manage the work nicely between us. Don't

lie down without your cloak over you, or you'll get chilled."

And the good soul patted him on the back, and half-pushed him up-stairs, doggedly resisting all the attempts of the young lad to express his thanks. B gave the finishing stroke to the pushing, and had him "sub Jove" in half a minute.

Farewell A and B, Cyclopean brothers! In the pressure of other thoughts I forgot to seek you out when we reached our destination; but across gulfs of time and space I can join hands with you, and beg a blessing on your honest heads! Toil on, brothers, in the fierce glow of your furnace, and may your work be sweeter to your kind hearts than the luxurious ease of wealthy selfishness! May the fire to which ye devote your lives become the altar of an accepted sacrifice, and the very burden of your labour be an earnest of reward! Toil on in patience; for ye shall yet see the place of your task in the long endeavour of humanity! Yet, look up now and again from the fiery glare—up to the blue infinitude of Peace; take courage therein, and remember that verily "there remaineth a rest."

As may be supposed, I was up and on the watch immediately. The suddenness of the awaking had evidently banished all idea of sleep from the mind of the young Greek, as, instead of laying himself on the deck according to his orders, he proceeded to pace it up and down with a brisk step. I placed myself against the bulwarks, by the companion-ladder leading down to the engine-room, that I might catch the expression of his face in the dim light as he passed and repassed. He seemed melancholy in the extreme, and yet nervously hoping against hope. Once and again, as he passed, his countenance seemed to brighten as if with the dawn of a hopeful project. The next glimpse of him would forcibly recall the face of Stephanie as I had seen her at our second meeting. I was puzzling myself as to preliminaries when the knot of perplexity was cut asunder by the young man himself stopping suddenly opposite me, and inquiring with a quivering voice if I spoke Italian. I told him I did, and desired to know if I could be of any service to him.

"I merely wished to ask," he said, "if you could tell me what I require to do in order to obtain a permission of residence for a short time at Pisa."

"I am going there also," I replied; "and as I shall have to get the same for myself, I shall be glad of your company. I have got full instructions as to all that sort of thing. I suppose you have got a passport?"

"Oh yes."

"Then you will have no difficulty in obtaining a permission of residence. Have you been in Pisa before?"

"No . . . that is to say . . . you will think it very strange if I tell you that I am going to Pisa to see if I have been there before."

"Have you any relations in Pisa?"

"I am not sure."

"Will you think me impertinent if I say that I am very much interested in you?"

"I shall only think that you are kind without reason. I do not know why you should be so."

"I shall tell you why. Heaven has thrown me almost unwillingly in your way."

"How so?"

"I shall prove it to you in the first place by telling you that your name is Iveron Stavroniketa."

You should have seen how he looked. You should have seen the sudden changes that his face betrayed from hope to fear, from fear to almost comical bewilderment.

"I am a friend of Mr. Winslow's," I said at length.

"Ah! I see now!" he cried, with a laugh of delight. "He has shown you the portrait. And has he forgiven me, do you know, for my uncourteous leave-taking?"

And thereupon I gave him a true and particular account of what I had witnessed of Winslow's feelings in regard to his departure. He was lavish in his expressions of gratitude towards him, and in praise of his noble and generous character.

"And now," said I, when he had ceased, "I believe that I have much to tell you; but what I do tell you will very much depend on what you have to relate to me regarding yourself. I saw your letter to Mr. Winslow. I know from that that you are a mystery even to yourself. Yet I know that you are in search of *something*, and before I say anything further, you must tell me what it is; otherwise what I have to say may only issue in disappointment."

Will you put your hand in mine, sir, and say that you are really my friend?"

"There. Do you believe me?"

"I do."

"Then tell me what you seek."

"Perhaps, sir, it is only a vain dream, but I think I once had a sister; and I shall seek her all the world over until I find her—and if I find her not, I shall still seek her. And if it be only a dream, O it is sweeter than all certainty, and I should like to die in it. . . . But this must seem to you very foolish, does it not?"

"Far from it. What do you recollect of your sister?"

"Ah, sir, that is the difficulty. I can hardly separate my recollections from my fancies. My first distinct recollections begin after my recovery from a long illness, which I was afterwards told was a brain-fever. Before that time I seem to see my sister, shadowy and transparent as you can fancy a blessed child-angel; but the face remains with me still; and, as the years have rolled on, it has grown with my growth from childhood to almost womanhood. I have seen it watching over me in the dark nights, sometimes sorrowful, sometimes joyous, but always loving. It has been pale and sorrowful of late, and once I saw it weep. But the strangest thing of all is—I am persuaded that I saw my sister. . . .

"Where?"

"In Paris, just before I left.—But you seem

excited. Tell me, sir, do you know anything of my sister?"

"Be patient a little yet. Perhaps I do; but tell me of the circumstance you refer to."

"I spent much of my time in Paris in rambling about from one part of the city to another. If you knew the style of my previous life, you would not wonder at the extraordinary pleasure this gave me. On the day I refer to, I happened to step into the Station of the Chemin de Fer de Lyon. The crowd about to travel were just waiting for the opening of the bureau when I entered. I waited awhile till it was opened, and then amused myself by listening to the names of all the different destinations to which the various individuals were bound. At length all were served with tickets but one man, who first of all asked for two tickets for Lyons, and then, as if changing his mind, asked whether he could not book right on to Marseilles. I did not hear the reply. Two tickets were handed to him, and then I saw him join a young lady who was waiting for him at the door of the compartment in which the third-class passengers are assembled before being admitted to the platform. A policeman closed the door after them, and so hurriedly as to catch part of the lady's dress. On his re-opening it to release her, her face was turned towards me, and, as I live, it was the face that has been my guardian angel all my life through. I rushed forward at once, but the door was re-closed with a slam before I could attract her attention, and, as I had no ticket to show, I was refused admission. I entreated earnestly to be allowed to enter, if only for a minute. I said I was sure it was a long-lost sister of whom I had caught a momentary glance. At first I was told that it could not be permitted; then gradually the man softened, and said he would open, but bade me remember that he would keep his eye on me, so that I need not attempt anything in the way of pocket-picking. It was too late, however. The train was just starting as I gained the platform. I saw the man who accompanied her, looking out of the window of one of the carriages, but nothing further."

"What was this man like?"

"A short, thick-set, ill-looking man, with a great bristly beard. I grieve to think of that tender girl travelling in such company."

"And how did you get here?"

"Mr. Winslow told you about my departure from Paris. I had but little money—certainly far too little to admit of my travelling by rail. I knew Mr. Winslow would have helped me if I had asked him; but how could I crave money from one who had already been so kind, and for a cause which might after all be but a vain imagination? I could not bear, too, the thought that had I never again been able to find him and to return it to him, he might think of me through life as a mean imposter. I resolved, therefore, to walk to Marseilles, though with only the shadow of a hope that this would be of any use towards the accomplishment of my object. It was weary work truly. I generally

walked about forty miles a day, purchasing a little bread and fruit when I happened to pass through a town or village, and sleeping at night by the road side. I was frequently stopped and interrogated by gens d'armes, but I generally found my plain story compassionately received, and have been sent on with a blessing by more than one fierce official from whom I would have expected rougher treatment. On arriving, however, at Nuits-sous-Ravière, I was suddenly arrested and carried before the Prefect of Police. I sat for some time in a cell adjoining his bureau, tremblingly anxious as to my impending fate, fearing imprisonment much less on account of its dreariness than of the utter destruction of my project which it would certainly bring about. Two gens d'armes stood over me with such an air of defiant exultation that I am certain they mistook me for some great criminal. What followed convinced me still more of this. A bell sounded over my head, upon which the two gens d'armes seizing hold of me, almost dragged me to the door of the bureau, and then thrust me into the presence of a very benevolent looking old gentleman, who, on seeing me, to my extreme astonishment, threw himself back on his chair, and burst into a long fit of laughter, in which two or three clerks, when he had found it possible to say a few words to them, joined most heartily. When the Prefect had regained control over himself, he rose, and taking up a photograph which lay on the table, held it up before the gens d'armes with one hand, and pointed to me with the other; whereupon the whole company shrugged their shoulders, the gens d'armes in particular—which latter, with a dismal salute and a lugubrious smile, then retired from the room. The Prefect advanced to me, patted me on the back, and said something in French, of which the only part I understood was the consoling tone. I stammered out a few words in Italian, upon hearing which, he instantly established one of the clerks as interpreter. He asked me a great many questions about myself, and, as I had hitherto found the plain truth my best helper, I told him all I could remember. He seemed greatly interested. He provided me with a comfortable lodging for the night, and made me promise to remain in it till he would send for me the next day. I did so, and early next forenoon a servant came and conducted me to his house, where I found the Prefect, his wife, and the interpreting clerk waiting for me. He then made me go over the same story, particularly inquiring into all my hardships on the way from Paris. I again answered all his questions, thanked him as warmly as I could for his kindness, and begged to be allowed to resume my journey. I suppose the fatigue must have been telling on my appearance, as he insisted that it was impossible I could reach Marseilles on foot in such a state of weakness, and, in spite of my obstinate resistance, forced upon me as much money as would defray the expenses by rail. His wife joined her urgent offers to his, and I at last accepted their kindness, but only as a loan, which I have

sworn to myself to repay if I live. I arrived at Marseilles a few days ago, and immediately set about making such inquiry as I could by means of Italian. I met with many rebuffs, many shrugs of the shoulders, many suspicious looks. I never before felt what a vast ocean a city is. I found myself a mere speck on its waves. After two or three days—long days of disappointment—I gave up all hopes."

"Then what has led you to take this further journey?"

"I used to make a point of going into all the shops whose signs bore Italian names. I generally found people there with whom I could converse. The day before yesterday I happened to pass the shop of a worker in alabaster, over the door of which I read the name Bellarossa. I entered it, and the first thing which caught my attention was a model of a leaning tower, which, somehow or other, seemed to identify itself with some previous recollection. I at once asked if it was modelled from a real tower, and where it was. 'It is the leaning tower of Pisa,' said the sculptor, 'and this is the cathedral, and this the baptistry.' 'And what is this?' I asked, pointing to a model of a beautiful little chapel. 'That is the Santa Maria della Spina.'

"Instantly clouds of shadowy thoughts seemed to me to assume substance and reality. I had seen these things before. 'Do you know if this little chapel stands on the margin of a river?' I enquired again. 'It does.' I felt (and still feel) certain that Pisa is connected with my earliest life; and with that conviction strongly rooted in my mind, I was seized with the strong desire to proceed thither at once. I made all inquiry about the route, and finding that I had not enough money to take me thither, I offered to work my passage on board this vessel. I was at first refused, there being no necessity for an additional hand on deck; but it was at last agreed that I might assist in the engine-room. However, the kind fellows who are there insist upon taking my work on themselves, and have forced me on deck. I have now told you what you wish to know. I might tell you of my previous life, but I am dying with impatience to hear if you have anything to say of my sister."

I spoke to him of Stephanie till the dawn came out of the sea. With such a subject, and with so eager a listener, the soft-winged hours floated away unheeded. I told him of the strange circumstances under which I had met her, of her yearnings after a remembered brother, of the face that visited her and grew with her, of her tenderness of heart and of her great beauty. I told him—I could not conceal it—how she and I loved one another, how our souls were now so intertwined that they could no more be separated, and how I now rejoiced in him as in a brother. All this while he was lying at my feet, looking up into my face, riveted and entranced, as a saint may be in the first ravishment of glory. The proximity of several of our fellow-travellers, however, who now began to emerge

one by one from the scene of their *wrest*, put a gradual end to my volubility, and seemed likewise to rouse my companion to a keener sense of external things. His fixity of aspect began to give way to the play of many phases of thought. I never saw a face that more perfectly reflected the inner-workings of the mind. I could see that he was revolving all the bearings of the mysterious story, and in quick succession building up hopes and pulling them down, planning and rejecting, rejoicing and sorrowing. At length he rose, and turned from me, and after pacing up and down the deck for some time, threw himself on his knees with his face to the just-appearing sun, and remained in this attitude, regardless of several astonished spectators, long enough to accomplish a very considerable orison. On rising, he resumed his walk, and it was not until I, rather puzzled with his strange behaviour, made a move as if to go below, that he strode rapidly up to me, and taking me by the hand, drowned a faint attempt to speak, in a flood of tears. I did not wonder that his pent-up emotion on a subject so tender should have forced him, at length, to play the woman; so, placing my arm in his, I turned with him, and we walked up and down for some time in silence.

"You will think me very strange," he said, at length—"very ungrateful; but oh, sir, you will not take her from me?"

This was a view of the subject, certainly, which had not dawned on me till now. Within the plenitude and compass of my own love I had readily included *him*, forgetting that I was an intruder upon his. His sister was his life-object; and the mere fact that she was to be happy with me would not satisfy him. And in spite of myself, many little selfish, but thoroughly prudent and practical thoughts, drove me all of a sudden into a very calculating state of mind. For it did seem as impossible for me to yield up Stephanie to the utter ownership of her brother as to enlarge the pecuniary details of the matrimonial sacrament so as to include them both. Here was a dilemma, horned and horrid. Natural for him, after a life of weary waiting, of hope deferred and struggles endured, to desire to realize undivided possession! Natural for me, on whom had dawned the life of a higher love than that of brotherhood itself, to cling to the new revelation, and press on to its daily sanctities!

There was nothing for it now but to leave the matter to time. I would not shatter a brother's hopes; I could not shatter my own.

"You will not take her from me, will you?" he again inquired, with a heart-rending earnestness that constrained me to cast about for a speedy reply.

"We have not found your sister yet," was the only one that suggested itself.

"Ah, but we *shall* find her. I may not teach you, but why are all these strange lines, which begin so far asunder, wearing to a centre? Surely not to cross each other without purpose, and go out again into infinite darkness. I know

little of the world, but I have read of the ways of God. You and I shall see her; but, ah, when I have only looked at her, you will take her away!"

"Nay, nay; it would be years before I could marry your sister."

"Years! yes, when years shall have taught me to love her more and more—when from being my hope she shall have become my joy—when from being my distant beckoning star, she shall have become the sun of my life: then you will come, so much wiser, so much more to be desired than I; you will come to claim her promise, and take her away from me, and I shall be alone again!"

"I will not take her heart from you. It is possible for a wife to love a husband without altering her love for a brother. If you take her all to yourself, she will be nothing to me; but if in due time you yield her up to me, she will still be to you all that a sister can be."

"Do you believe this, sir?"

"I do."

"You will think me strangely ignorant when I tell you that I must depend on your word for many of the simplest things of life. I think I have generally found, in reading the lives of great women, that the name of the sister all but disappeared in that of the wife. Is it not so in common life?"

I certainly was a little puzzled to hear such a matter discussed with reference to reading, instead of ordinary experience. Notwithstanding I felt called upon for an explanation.

"Perhaps," said I "that is owing to the imperfection of all history, which, dwelling only in broad results, cannot reach into the inner feelings. These women you have read of are great because of something in which they differ from ordinary women; and if the husband is heard of, it is because the wife must bear his name, which thus shares in her celebrity. But the love of sister and brother—and my own home beamed on me—is, thank God, an ordinary thing, too ordinary for history."

I was glad to run into abstractions, however out of place at the time, to escape from the practical question that stood like a barrier between us; and by way of still farther evading it, I begged to know how it was that he, at his age (which was not much less than my own), professed so little of the ordinary experience of life.

"I think I may say," he replied, "judging from what I have read, and from what I have lately seen of the ways of other men, that mine has been strangely different from most of them."

Glad to get him on the subject, I expressed my anxious desire to know whatever he could remember of his previous life.

"I have not much to tell," he began, as we seated ourselves, not altogether unopposed, a considerable way out on the bowsprit, which unusual position we had chosen in order to avoid the disagreeables connected with that most merciless of operations, 'washing decks'; "I have not much to tell, but what I do remember I shall relate to you the more readily,

as it may help you to excuse in me much of what may now seem unpardonable ignorance. I have already told you that my earliest recollections, if recollections I may call them, are but dim shadows floating confusedly through my mind, and often interchanging themselves with what I afterwards discovered to be the experience of others which I have picked up in books and paintings. I will not trouble you with these just now. I will begin with what appears to me like the first birth of my perceptions, at a time when I think I must have been not less than four years of age. I remember the scene very clearly. I was lying on a low pallet in a small white-washed room, all but bare of furniture. It was very bright, however: a brilliant sunlight streamed into it through a small window just over my head. There was a low stool in one corner of the room; in another, a great heap of nuts, nearly reaching up to a shelf which supported a few books and a lamp. A rude fire-place, with a few charred sticks, and a massive door, on which was pasted the picture of a figure bearing a cross, were the only other noticeable objects, save a jug of water which stood on the floor near my head.

"I tried to rise, but could not: my strength was quite gone. I tried to cry out, but it seemed to me as if I had utterly lost the use of my voice. I lay long in a state of utter amazement, and so weak, that I thought I should have died—and indeed I wished to die. I could not think what had come over me. I could not even remember who or what I was. The very effort to think wearied me out, and I fell asleep again. It was dark when I awoke, and my state was more than ever a perfect blank to me. I was in a burning thirst, and remembering the jug of water I had seen near my head, I managed with a great effort to pass my hand over to it, and slide it a little closer to me. It was too heavy for me to lift, but I managed to bend it down so as to spill a little of the water over my lips. I felt considerably refreshed, but in no way enlightened. I must have lain awake during several hours, which were past in bootless questionings, when I heard a grating sound as of some one unlocking the door. It was very slowly and cautiously done, and presently the door opened, almost noiselessly, and a man entered bearing a lantern. After carefully securing the bolts inside, he turned suddenly towards me, directing the light full on my face. I was almost frightened to death by his startling appearance. He was a very tall, powerful man, fiercely bearded and armed to the teeth. His head was covered with a shawl of green and gold, wound round like a turban. Underneath a huge rough capote, beautifully mounted pistols and daggers flashed from a gorgeous girdle. A rich sabre hung by his side, and on his knees were plates of steel.

"When he saw that I was awake, he placed his finger on his lips, and, advancing towards me, laid down the lantern and lifted the water to my mouth. As he raised my head very gently to enable me to drink more easily, I

began to feel a little reassured, though my first idea had been that all these formidable weapons were intended for my immediate destruction. After I had drunk freely, he laid me as gently back again, and then whispered to me in Italian, 'Sleep again, little one: you are going to be well soon.' He now sat watching me till he thought I was asleep, when he proceeded to divest himself of his arms, and his fine clothing, for which, to my further bewilderment, he substituted a long coarse frock, with a girdle of rope, a hat like an ordinary beaver, without rim, and shoes of the coarsest description. When he had completed his new attire, he next set himself to secrete the garments and arms he had just laid down. The garments he folded up and placed under the pallet on which I was lying: the arms he hid deep in the heap of nuts. In the weakness of my mind and body at the time, I was quite unable to adhere to any one course of thought, or any one course of observation; and just at this point I slid off into a state of wonder as to where such a quantity of nuts could have been found, and was deep in a dream of a forest of nuts, with numberless little children sporting on the boughs, when, all of a sudden, I was startled by the voice of some one singing, and, looking up, saw the same man seated on the outer threshold of the door, swaying himself backwards and forwards as an accompaniment or stimulant to one of the most mournful of imaginable chants. It was, indeed, a strange, wild song; and as I lay and listened to him in that fevered excitement which makes us one-half eye and ear and the other half fancy, as he sang and swayed himself, and swayed himself and sang, it seemed to me as if his voice were now mourning in rocky hollows, now quivering among the sobbing leaves of many forests, now joining in the plaint of little brooks, and now swelling with the murmur of the moaning sea. How long he sang I know not, for when I awoke from a dream that I was a lark pursuing his voice through the heights of air, I found that he was lying in the straw pallet, and I on his breast. It was broad daylight, and I *did* hear a lark! Oh, how I longed to be up, and to climb up to that bright window, and to look out and see whither I had come! How I wearied till the strange man would wake, that I might question him as to the things that were bewildering me! He did not seem unkind, and perhaps he would tell me who and where I was, and whose were the kind faces that I seemed to miss, and that came and went like shadowy spectres, which would not come nearer me to let me embrace them, nor yet leave me alone with the stranger. At length he awoke, and perceiving that I was awake also, put his finger to his lips as before, and then stroked my head as gently as a mother might have done, saying at the same time, very kindly, 'Not yet, my little one. You must sleep to-day, still; and to-morrow we shall go out and gather flowers.'

"I was in a frame of mind to be comforted with anything, and one of unquestioning obedience; so that when he rose, and kindled a fire

with his flint and steel, and removed an unsuspecting stone from one corner of the floor, and drew from a wonderful little cavern beneath materials for coffee-making, &c., &c., and busied himself in the preparation of a comfortable breakfast, of which he made me partake, though sparingly, and then told me he was going to leave me for a little, but that I was on no account to stir—up to the last item of all this, and all through that day, I was as silent and as peacefully puzzled as any child could well be. Towards the evening he came in again—not alone this time, but accompanied by three or four aged monks, clad very much like himself, but in much richer material, and one of them carrying a long silver-headed staff. They looked on me so kindly, and showed me so many little dainties they had brought for me, some of which they allowed me to taste, that I never dreamed of being afraid of them. They talked long with my friend, in a tongue then unknown to me: but I afterwards learned that he had told them of his having found me floating on the waves, and that they were then disputing as to whether this were not a special Providence which had sent this child to the holy hermit to be brought up for God. The hermit stood all the while before the heap of nuts, and seemed very much satisfied with the result of their conversation, but still more so with their departure, which took place after each in turn had patted and stroked me, with saintly looks, that filled my dreams all the night long.

"Among other good things, the kind monks had made me take a little of some very choice wine, and they were not long gone before I was again asleep under the influence of it. It must have been long past midnight when I awoke, and then, as before, there was the grating of the lock, the light of the lantern, the flash of arms, and the green and gold. Then there was the same changing and hiding of dress, and presently the same swaying to and fro, and in the many windings of the song, the same moaning in the hollows of rocks, the quiver of sobbing leaves, the plaint of little brooks, and the moaning of the sea. I slept again, and awoke on his breast. The room was full of light, and I longed more than ever to look out on the freshness of the world. I felt myself stronger too, and even longed to play, though with a strange sensation of the absence of wonted companions.

"My wish was gratified at last. By gradual stages, and with the gentleness of a woman, the kind hermit half-carried me to the door, where he had formed for me a little seat of turf. As you may guess, I surveyed the scene with curious eyes. Just beneath me, and far as the eye could reach, the sea lay gleaming. All around where I sat were craggy rocks, rising abruptly from the water. Just over me, and luxuriating up into the very sky, woods upon woods towered gloriously, from the depths of which innumerable little streams ran prattling to the sea: and above all this, a great white rock, high and majestic, lifted its head into the serenest heavens. I felt as if in fairy-land—and indeed,

if there be a fairy-land, it surely cannot be more beautiful than Monte Santo!"

"Monte Santo?"

"Yes, that is where I have lived since the time I speak of, until lately."

"And have you actually passed your life among the monks?"

"Yes. I suppose this explains much that may have seemed to you strange about me. But I am glad you have interrupted me, as I was forgetting myself in the intensity of my own recollections. I must cut my story shorter. Suffice it to say, then, that I passed the next three years of my life as the hermit's child. Night after night I heard him sing his wondrous song, though it was only now and again that he appeared in the dress in which I had first seen him. I passed my days chiefly in the pathless woods, leading the life of a Faun rather than that of a child of man. And no wonder. Oh, sir, if you knew that land, the glory of its forests, and the purple of its vineyards—if you had climbed its highest peak as I have done, and plucked the amaranth that grows on its summit—if you had searched as I have the shadowy depths of its valleys, and found every day some new and curious nook, full of mystery and dreams—if, like me, you had daily enjoyed the companionship of its brooks, of its birds, of its flowers, nay, of the very breezes that whisper through its woods, you would not wonder that, before the world of books was opened up to me, I found more fellowship in the waving of boughs and the converse of waters than in the ways of men. A new cavern, moss-grown and leaf-screened; a new cascade, stammering the same tale that all the waters told; a new gorge, dark and deep, with the fragmentary sheen of brooks flashing through capricious gaps in great regions of foliage; a new labyrinth of nut-laden boughs; a new flower, hiding its unnoted beauty under the dripping canopy of projecting cliffs; a tree, heaven-blasted, stretching out its giant arms like a maniac suddenly conscious of nakedness, and grasping at the drapery of its rich-robed brothers; a withered trunk, whose heart the vulture-ages had eaten out, and in whose hollow I could sit, and watch the green-clad procession of the hours; these, and such as these, were the incidents of my life. Besides, my uncle (as the hermit had taught me to call him) had cautioned me against being much in the company of the monks. In a land so thickly studded with monasteries, it was of course impossible to avoid them altogether; but I was strictly forbidden to answer any questions they might put regarding my uncle's way of life. I therefore, as I said, kept as much as possible in the pathless woods, and in the solitary places of the rocks. My uncle was very kind—never harsh, except when I questioned him as to how I had got there, and how long I was to remain. In a short time I began to learn that it was in vain so to question him; and during the rest of the time that we passed together, we were as loving as father and son. But our parting came; and a sad one it was.

"One night, my uncle (whom I had observed to be very much agitated during the whole of the preceding day, and, contrary to his kindly wont, too much absorbed within himself to give heed to my most importunate demands on his attention, after having sat for hours, silently watching the approach of darkness, turned suddenly to me, and addressed me in a tone of nervous haste, such as he had never before used to me.

"'Boy,' said he, 'can I trust you with a secret?'

"'What secret, Uncle?' I asked.

"'No matter what. Do you love me?'

"'You know I do, Uncle,' said I, rushing forward and throwing myself into his arms.

"I felt a tear drop on my cheek, and looking up in his face, saw with astonishment that he was weeping. I did not know how to comfort him, except by embracing him all the more closely.

"'If I were to leave this place hurriedly and secretly,' said he at length, 'would you go with me, Iveron?'

"(I should have told you that he had named me after two of the monasteries in whose neighbourhood we dwelt.)

"'I would,' I replied, '—most willingly—anywhere you like.'

"'But would you go if I told you it was a dangerous life I was about to lead, and that you would see none but rough and daring, though honest, men?—that you would many times have to hide with me in dark caverns, and to be often very hungry, and without anything to satisfy your hunger, and perhaps have to see blood shed, and well-known friends falling in fight, and, after all, see me carried away from you to die a cruel death, without being able to leave you anything but a bad name?'

"'But why are you going away, Uncle,' I asked, 'if all that is before you?'

"'I only say it is possible, Iveron. I hope, my child, for better things—ay, for glorious things!'

"'Then if you go, I will go.'

"'But would you not rather stay with the good monks? They are kind men, and they all love you.'

"'Yes, but none of them love me as you do, Uncle.'

"When I said this, he embraced me tenderly, and said that nothing would separate me from him. He then told me to go outside the little hut, and down by a well-known path to the sea-shore, there to strike a light, and by this means to kindle a torch with which he provided me. This I was to hold until I should see anything unusual; upon which I was to hurry up to the hut again as soon as possible, and inform him of what I saw.

"I did as I was directed. It was a moonless night, but the stars were twinkling brightly, and the sea had no utterance save now and again a long-drawn sigh, that fell on the ear more like the memory of an ancient sorrow than a sensible sound. I lit the torch, which emitted a strange

green light that at first half-frightened me; but I looked at the stars and at the sea, and felt strong again. I sat down on a stone, and at first amused myself with dropping pebbles on the green reflection of the torch in the water, and watching the beautiful undulations. Then gradually as this ceased to be novel, I set myself (for the sake of shortening the time, which was now beginning to feel rather long) to count the faint recurrences of the low sigh that seemed to me to speak of some great grief hid in the heart of the ocean long ago. I thus fell into a dreamy state, in which I continued for a considerable time, when of a sudden I became aware of a boat at a very few yards from the shore. It was slowly approaching, and as the oars rose and fell without the slightest splash, it seemed like a spectral boat in a soundless sea. A man was standing in the bows making signs to me; instead of waiting to interpret which, I threw down the torch in dreadful alarm, and rushed wildly up to the hut. My uncle opened the door as soon as he heard my footsteps. I saw that he was dressed as I had first seen him, and that he had an air of defiant nobleness such as I had never seen him assume before. I told him of what I had seen, and that the boat was already by the shore.

"'It is well,' he said, calmly. 'Then you may go to bed, my child.'

"'But am I not to go with you, dear Uncle?' I asked, in alarm.

"'Not this night, Iveron. I shall be back to this place before morning. To-morrow we will leave it together. Fear nothing, my child. The good God watches over such as you.'

"It was the first time he had spoken to me of God. I made some remonstrance; but he took me in his arms, laid me on my bed, and, kissing me affectionately, left the hut without a word. I felt that I did not dare to follow him, and being now quite accustomed to find myself alone in the darkest nights (for it had always been in the darkest nights that I had missed my uncle) I soon fell asleep without fear.

"I had slept for some hours, when the door of the hut suddenly opened, and my uncle, staggering in, threw himself, groaning, on the bed. I started up in great alarm, struck a light hurriedly, and held the lamp forward to his face. To my horror I saw that there was a great gash on his brow, from which the blood was fast flowing, and another stream of blood welling out on his beautiful girdle from some wound in his breast. I screamed out, and nearly fainted; but he raised his hand, and merely whispered:

"'Hush, for the love of God!'

"It was the second time he had spoken to me of God.

"'What can I do for you, dear dear Uncle?' I said, striving to control my agony of alarm and sorrow.

"'Come near me, my child,' he said, 'for I have not long to live. The villains whom I should have slain have murdered me.'

"'Oh Uncle,' I cried, 'do not speak in this way. Let me wash that ugly wound.'

"It is too late. Come nearer me still. They will tell you bad things of me, Iveron . . . but I loved you, my child . . . I loved you indeed!"

"A long pause succeeded—I, sobbing like to break my heart, and the dying man, breathing harder and harder.

"I cannot lift my arm, Iveron," he at length whispered, with great difficulty; 'but do you put your hand . . . into my breast . . . a little further up . . . there . . . open my shirt, and . . . take that cross from my neck. . . . Nay, my boy, I cannot lift my head . . . take my dagger and cut the string. . . . There . . . that is yours . . . wear it . . . it may help you to find out who you are . . . I know nothing except that I took you from men . . . more wicked than myself. . . . Come nearer me still, Iveron . . .'

"And I lay in his blood, pressed against his last heart-heavings, and choking with my own tears. Suddenly, with a huge effort, he raised himself, held me from him a little way, looked with his gory eyes upon me for a moment or two, then clasped me to his bosom again, and lay down to die.

"Iveron," he whispered, with his last breathing, 'such as you can pray . . . say . . . God forgive him!'

"It was the last time that he spoke to me of God, and the words had hardly crossed my lips, when I knew that my uncle was dead.

"I was alone in that dreary hut with the bloody corpse of the only being I loved on earth. Oh, sir, I believe there have been many lifetimes spent in the busy world, without ever such an experience of terror and woe as shook and tore my child-heart on that fearful night! Oh, if you had seen how awful he looked when the grey dawn paled the poor lamp, and set the seal of more terrible reality on the horror of his ghastly wounds! A ray from the rising sun lit up the diamond of the cross which was lying on the bed, and, remembering what my poor uncle had told me, I rose and secreted it in my bosom. It was my first return to sober thought, and I began to reason, child that I was, as to how I should act. I thought that, if I told the monks what had happened, they might find wherefrom to say evil things of him, and this I resolved should not be. I thought I would dig for days and days till I had made a deep grave in the floor, in which I would bury him, then go to the monks and tell them that my uncle had left me. But then I was afraid that, if discovered at the work, they would say I had murdered him while he slept. I was at my wits' end what to do, when I was thrown into new alarm by the sound of many footsteps rapidly advancing towards the hut. Presently the door was thrown open, and, looking up, I saw the Abbot of Iveron. I had seen him several times before; indeed, he was one of those who had visited the hut as I before related. He was attended by a great crowd of the brethren, one of whom, standing close to the abbot, carried what I at once recognized as my uncle's sabre, now terrible with blood. Those who were near enough to obtain a glance of the gory spectacle

that the open door revealed, started back appalled, and a cry of horror passed over the whole crowd. I heard the abbot order them back, and then name a few of the elders who alone were to enter with him. I understood their language now. It was my uncle's language too, and he had taught it me. Three or four of the strongest of the lay brethren were then ordered to station themselves outside the door: the rest, with the exception of the few selected by the abbot, returned, as he had commanded, to their monastery.

"The monks having entered, and having closed the door, stood for some time in speechless horror. At length the abbot spoke to me. I was now lying on the heap of nuts, with my face hid in my hands, greatly fearing lest they should think I had murdered him.

"Come to me, child," he said. 'Alas, poor boy, thou art bloody too! I will ask thee a few questions, and, as I am in the place of God, I charge thee, answer me words of truth.'

"I will, father," I replied, at once awed and encouraged.

"Where is the holy hermit?"

"That is he," said I, pointing to the body.

"At this the monks looked on one another like men bewildered.

"Hath the Lord permitted this?" said the abbot at length. 'Father Emmanuel, do thou wash the face, and see if this be indeed the holy hermit.'

"The monk did as he was desired, then slightly raised the head of the corpse, and showed the pallid features to the fathers, whose very beards shook with fear, when they saw that it *was* indeed the hermit.

"Who hath done this?" said the abbot, again addressing himself to me.

"I know not, father," I answered; and thereupon I told him some of the circumstances of the preceding night. The monks again looked at each other in blank perplexity, which was only interrupted by Father Emmanuel shifting the disposition of the bed-clothes, and covering the face of the dead.

"Come with us, child," then resumed the abbot. 'This is no place for one of thy years. Thou hast begun early to know how wicked the world is. Sad, oh sad, that its curse should find its way even to our land of holy retirement! Come, thou shalt henceforth live with us.'

"It was now that I became more than ever alive to the agony of parting. I flung myself on the bed, and clung frantically to the body; but was soon lifted and led out by the monks—not harshly, but firmly. The abbot closed the door behind us, and gave strict charges to the stalwart lay-brethren on no account to allow anyone to enter.

"It behoveth us," he said, to learn something of this mystery, and of the manner of his death ere we can inter him in our holy soil.'

"And of the manner of his life, too," suggested one of the lay-brethren.

"Ha! knowest thou aught, Philip?"

" 'I cannot say I know, but I have sometimes thought,' replied the lay-brother.

" 'Come thou also with us, then, and let us know what thou thinkest.'

"Accordingly we all proceeded to the monastery of Iveron, where a cell was appointed me, which I was to share with a priest to whom I had more than once spoken, and who begged hard to be put in charge of me.

"I know not what was the end of the consultation; but long afterwards they told me that my uncle had been an outlaw, the head of a terrible band of men who were ill-affected towards the Government of the country—that he had assumed the life of a hermit for the sake of concealment, and had so perfectly blinded the monks to his real character that they thought him a pattern of holy asceticism—that his wonderful psalm in the night had led to the general belief that he sacrificed sleep to devotion—that all the while he had been the recognised leader of many rebellious movements in the country, which he had concerted, with other subordinate leaders, in secret midnight conferences held on the neighbouring peninsula—that the authorities had obtained information of this, and a band of Government troops had surprised the rebels on the terrible night I have told you of, and had taken several prisoners; finally, that my uncle had escaped, though with his death-wounds on him, and had been rowed over by a few followers, who, however, had been taken on their way back, and had given such information as afterwards reached the monks. But they would never tell me what was done with his body; though, I think, from some hints I heard, that they bore it far out to sea, and buried it in the waters. Whatever he was, I love his memory. I am sure he must have been driven by force of circumstances to that wild life and that cruel death."

Just at this point of the story, the order was given to haul down the flying-jib, and we were imperatively ordered off the bowsprit. During the whole course of the young man's narrative I had been utterly insensible to external things. My eyes were immovably fixed on the water beneath us, rising and falling in overlapping masses on either side of the resistless bow, like earth from a plough-share. But now I raised them on one of the fairest of cities rising up before us—a great amphitheatre of palaces, extending upwards, terrace above terrace, until lost in the beauty of mountains.

"What glorious city is this?" cried my companion, in the rapture of admiration.

I had never seen it before, but a thousand tokens taught me to answer at once:

"*Genova la Superba!*"

A GLEAM FROM THE PAST.

BY HARRY A. CARTWRIGHT.

Touch'd with a soft and tender grace,
In the action, the word, and the tone,
He looks in her fair young face,
And the hard lines fade from his own.

Oh he listens with eager ears,
He answers with faltering tongue,
His mind is busy with by-gone years,
That come like the echoes of song.

Faint, faint sounds in the distance there,
Of music passingly sweet;
And the long past wakes in its lair,
And again youth's pulses beat.

And the old man, no longer grey,
Like the change in a fairy-scene
From the present has past away,
And the days come back that have been;

And his heart leaps up once more:
A moment he seems to rejoice,
And his being thrills to the core
At the sound of a woman's voice.

The sound of her voice and her smile,
Death, relaxing, yields to the charms,
And restores, for a little while,
A dear lost form to his arms.

He gazes—the maiden's cheek blushes,
All rosy and red, as she stands;
Nor can she divine why he offers
His withered and trembling hands.

"Like—like—so like," he murmurs
To her who sleeps under the ground!
Ah! she died in far-off summers,
But I started—thought she was found.

"Found! and the present vanished away,"
And memory loosened its hold,
Tears from the grey eyes stole away,
And he whispered—"old, old, so old."

"God bless you! forgive—forgive me!
Like—so like to the face I knew;
Oh let it again smile on me,
For the fancy seems still as true.

"Oh! a kiss from the lips so fair,
And the vision were perfect now!"
And the maiden stoop'd by his chair,
And she kiss'd his wrinkled brow.

SPIRIT-WORLD.

BY MERLIN.

Last night, when all the household slept,
 The north wind blew so wild,
 That I lay in my bed and wept,
 Bitterly, like a child.
 I know 'twas weak and coward-like ;
 Once I was bold and brave,
 Ready to march, ready to strike,
 Now I yearn for the grave ;
 Yearn to the souls of those above,
 Who in God's light are furl'd—
 To feel the bliss of re-awaken'd love,
 And live in spirit-world.

I walk alone, where fresh winds blow,
 Over the rocky shore,
 And feel God's world in beauty grow
 Ever and evermore ;
 I steal away and sit apart,
 While all the world is gay ;
 In solitariness of heart
 I go alone to pray ;
 And in the silent summer night,
 When dim, blue mists are curl'd,
 I watch the dying amber light,
 And live in spirit-world.

When thro' the aisle and cloister dim
 The ghostly twilight falls,
 And sunset shadows flit and skim
 Over the sculptur'd walls,
 Alone, I touch the organ-chords,
 And bid the music roll,
 And seem to hear an angel's words
 Of greeting to my soul.
 The music lingers round the bells,
 Then seems to Heaven whirl'd,
 And bears me upwards with the swells
 To realms of spirit-world.

Weak, oh weak is my woman's will,
 And gone from my control,
 In vain I bid the tumult still,
 Or peace be in my soul ;
 For never more is rest in life,
 Or home on earth for me :
 But evermore is endless strife,
 And struggles to be free.
 For life is shorn of love, one by one
 My joys their sails have furl'd,
 And those who with me voyag'd have gone
 To dwell in spirit-world.

MANNERS.—In all the superior people I have met, I notice directness, truth spoken more freely, as if everything of obstruction, of malformation had been trained away. What have they to conceal? What have they to exhibit? Between simple and noble persons there is always a quick intelligence: they recognize at sight, and meet on better ground than the talents and skills they may chance to possess—namely, on sincerity and uprightness.—**EMERSON'S "Conduct of Life."**

THE CORNFIELD.

BY ADA TREYANION.

Here—while the gorgeous sunset's overflow
 Touches the cornfield with the hues of Heaven,
 And the west wind, in wand'ring to and fro,
 Bows down the full ears, let us pass the even ;
 The scarlet poppies and the blue corn-flowers
 Will smile us back again to bygone hours—

I call to mind a beauteous August morn :
 The lark was up and singing o'er the lea ;
 In the bright east those roseate hues were born,
 Which dye in radiance hill, and tower, and tree ;
 And gold-eyed moths fluttered on glancing wings
 Among the sheaves, which seemed the dark earth's
 kings.

Two constant hearts, that Fate-had severed long,
 That gracious morn were linked in one for aye ;
 Two lovers listened to the lark's glad song,
 Poured 'neath the silver spikes of headlong day.
 'Twas here they met ; and here, with happy tears,
 Love bound, in one full sheaf, the hopes of years.

Dear wife, sweet wife ! you know how fondly placed,
 Amid your treasures, are some dried wild flowers,
 With the date of their gath'ring o'er them traced ;
 More prized by you than blooms from fairest
 bowers.
 Of our past days those blossoms seem to tell—
 And of the morn when sorrow bade farewell.

Ramsgate, 1860.

SONG.

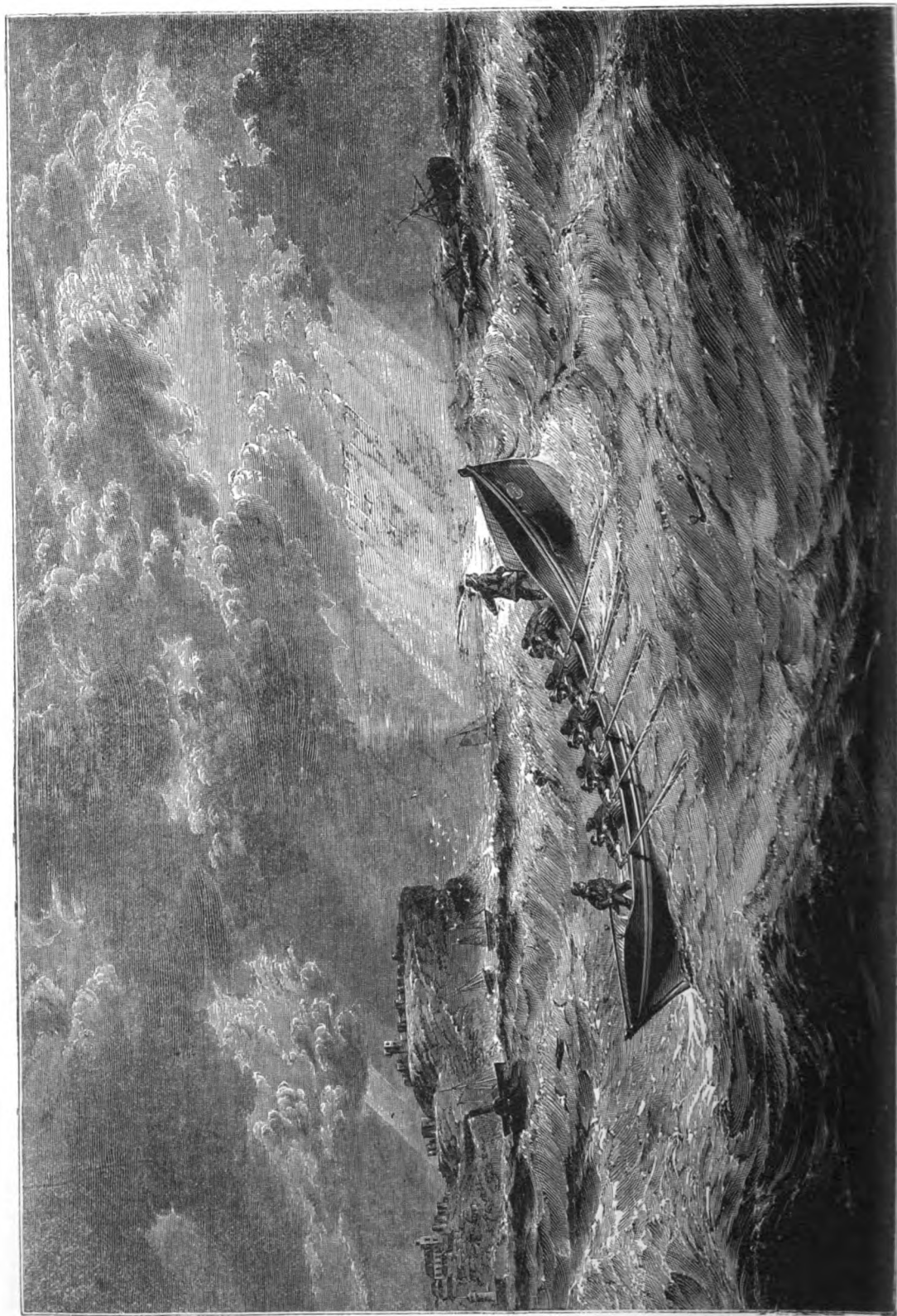
BY ANNE A. FREMONT.

I have no lands, I have no gold,
 Nor woolly flock in crowded fold :
 My only offering, love, will be
 A heart that throbs and beats for thee !

I cannot bring thee jewels rare
 To shine like stars in thy dark hair :
 The wild rose, and the hawthorn sweet,
 Will be for thee a chaplet meet.

Nor have I chains of gold, to deck
 Thy queenly brow and graceful neck :
 No, dearest ! all thy chains must be
 Such only as love weaves for thee !

For I have neither land nor gold,
 Nor bleating flock in crowded fold :
 A heart that throbs and beats for thee,
 My only off'ring, love, will be !



AN ARTICLE WITH AN OBJECT.

BY JOVEN.

By the time this article appears, the over-worked and the under-worked will alike be thinking of their annual migration. The heat and glare of the city, becoming daily more intolerable, will drive them away, whether they rush forth keenly and eagerly in search of honest and wholesome enjoyment, or proceed in a stately and decorous fashion to "kill time" in the country, since time is beginning to kill *them* in town. The coast will again be invaded, by an army innumerable, irresistible, with endless balances at its banker's. Stipple, who now has one of the loveliest nooks in England almost entirely to himself—and who draws his honest little pictures in a solitary little way—will see, ere long, as he returns from his happy and innocent labour, the travelling-carriage, dire messenger of Doom. Next morning, the hats will be out and around him. As he sits sketching under the limestone crags, he shall hear merry tinkling laughter above his head; and, casting up his astonished eyes, shall see that the laughter emanates from beings whom to see is to adore—whom to hear is to become hopelessly enslaved. Not for thee, oh Stipple, are such beings: neither, oh Stipple, for me. Go on with thy pencil, my friend—even as I myself will agitate my eager quill: at a distance indeed we may worship and admire; but *they*? Serenely unconscious, they walk along their path of life—a roseate path, by bullion strewn, that leads to an establishment and a position.

Yes, the crags, and the sands, and the glistening pebble—beaches receive their visitors once more. The god of the sea, even Poseidon the mighty, gives once more his grand "At Home," his summer party, whereat the name of the guests is Legion. Guests of all kinds there be: divisible, however, for my present purpose, into two great classes—those who have money to spare, and those who have not. The present article is intended for the former.

Have I, then, suddenly become a Millionaire? Has fortune opportunely slain my uncle in the Opium Trade? Have those shares of mine in the Cheap Claret Cup Company (Limited) risen to a miraculous premium? I would it were so; but so it is *not*. Why then do I speak to the rich? Erewhile, there dwelt within me something of the Bohemian spirit, something of the Gipsy blood. I was nothing if not indecorous and unconventional. Is the old leaven gone so soon? Time alone can show: meanwhile, to the rich I speak—to the rich by the sea-side. Thou stately father, with "Merchant" written on thine ample form, thine ample seals, come! I would fain clutch thee! Thou dignified and graceful individual, who art a ruler of men,

and hast castles, and shooting-boxes in the heathery North, and country-houses in the Sussex weald; lend me thine ear, for I need it. Lady fair, with the silver locks, and the gentle look of a calm old age: make not your will until you have heard me out. And let Arabella listen, for I am to speak of romantic deeds: and Walter, who looks languid, but has a heart in him and a brain—(I wish he would give them fairer play, let the one beat a little faster, the other think a little more freely): and Reginald, who was at Lucknow, and who was better *there* than he is at Scarborough: listen, oh ye of the Upper Ten. My talk shall be full of reverence for you; for I would fain obtain monies from you.

"For myself?" says a rather promising Cynic. Well, my P.C., when I *do* send round the hat, I shan't ask *you*!

I write this article with a definite object, apart from, and infinitely above, the merely professional feelings with which I am to supply a given quantity of matter for a given wage. It is one of the happiest privileges of a man of letters that oftentimes, in the mere exercise of his profession, he may do solid and substantial good.

The cause which I am to plead is a very pure and noble one, though I must just plead it in my own way—which is not a matter-of-fact or orderly way—if I am to plead it at all. Briefly, I want to tell those of my readers who have money to spare, these two facts:—

Fact the First, which is a sad one; in 1860 there were 1,379 wrecks on the coast of the United Kingdom, involving the loss of 536 human lives.

Fact the Second: the National Life-boat Institution depends upon voluntary subscriptions for extending its means of action.

I need not, I think, draw the deduction for you. It seems to me to be very plain. I do not say that all those lives might have been saved: I do say that *many* of them might, had the funds of the Institution been more ample than they are.

Now, I know that the demands upon English Givers have lately been very large. When a few weeks of hard weather threw thousands of Londoners on the streets, the subscriptions that were raised were more glorious to this country than the gaining of ten battles. When, in the far East, men who had lately risen against us to slay us, eat starving—enduring a famine partly caused by their own default (as, indeed, the sufferings of the *London* poor were in no slight degree directly traceable to their own mad improvidence), the heart of England rose

up at the news, and her magnificent generosity again welled out, in the old free flood. Two such subscriptions have seldom to be made in a single year.

Nevertheless there are many, and amongst them, I trust, there may be some who will read these lines, whose appetite for doing good is still unstinted, but who, amidst the many applications for their bounty, hardly know to which request to yield. It is to these I speak: it is on these that I want to urge the claims of the National Life-boat Institution—claims, as it seems to me, distinct and special on this seafaring, sea-loving race. More or less, the dear old fresh sea-wind has strengthened us all. More or less, it tingles through the nerves of every one of us. This people, from time immemorial, has made the sea its play-fellow, and exulted in its free life. Our dearest names have gained their glory from it. It has been the scene of the most gallant deeds ever done by our race, and of the most terrible sufferings most heroically endured. Strength, and empire, and freedom, and joy, it has brought to us from of old, and brings yet. Also, it brings misery, and desolation, and despair. If I now say for myself, that the sea has given me some of my grandest joys, and has caused me one of my deepest pangs, there are thousands in like case who can say the same.

And every guinea given to this Institution may help to save a life: may do more: may not merely save the sailor himself from death, but the sailor's mother's heart from breaking, too.

I have here two little sea-pieces to place before you. In the first, you will see an English yachtsman's jollity and joy, out on the sea, sailing for pleasure and sport through bad weather or fine. In the second, you will see a little cabin-boy, "who had got wounded in the head and whose face was covered with blood." I have seen that face very often of a night since I read the story.

It is a lovely morning in July, the morning after the Royal St. George's Regatta. Kingstown Harbour is bright and beautiful with the taper masts and snowy canvas of a whole fleet of yachts. An "ocean race" is about to begin, from Kingstown to Cork, a race that will try the mettle and the seamanship of those that enter on it. Seventeen yachts are to contend; the largest a schooner of 140 tons, the smallest a cutter of 25. At half-past ten they are off, with a fair working breeze from the North-west and every stitch of canvas set. We—you and I, reader—are on board the Sybil, neither a Leviathan nor a Minnow, but a comfortable yacht of nine-and-thirty tons. We are somewhat late in starting, for we are detained by a Salmon that we have ordered for our ocean meal; but at last the noble fish is received on board, and when we round Wicklow Head we have made up for lost time and are in the middle of the fleet. There is rough work before us, for the wind has been drawing round off the land from North-west to West and has now settled down at South-south-west, "a regular dead noser."

There is dirty weather brewing. On and on we go, passing one competitor after another, until at last the little Wild-flower alone remains to conquer. A fierce race it is, but at last we head her, and lead the fleet. Meanwhile, the weather has grown worse: the wind comes in heavier puffs, the sea rises, and the yacht "jumps like a greyhound in the slips." A rough night is before us, but we make everything fast on deck, and descend with a view to the salmon. "He appeared to leer pleasantly at us as he was deposited upon the table; but scarcely had the captain made the first flourish of the fish-slice over his devoted head than the little ship gave a convulsive jump:" the salmon, with an expression of the wildest jollity, leaps right into one gentleman's shirt front and strikes another on the nose! "At last we were forced to polish him off in detail, so wherever a bit of him was found, it was punished on the spot."

And now, though the night drew on, and the darkness closed in, the little ship put forth her full speed. At half-past eleven the Blackwater Bank light ship "shimmered like a star through the haze of rain and wave-drift."

The full surge of the Atlantic has now to be met. Our gallant foes must be near us, and some, from their superior size, ought to beat us in such heavy weather. "Eager to hear and watchful to see were we through the hours of darkness for aught that could betoken the whereabouts of our powerful rivals: but nought smote the ear save the howl of the tempest through the rigging, or the eye but the white glare of seething foam as we dashed it in triumph from our path. Dark and cold and weary were those hours; but we heeded them not: our little bark was bounding along like a wilful, breathing, living thing, frolicking with the storm as if in very wantonness. At length an almost palpable darkness enshrouded us: it made the heart beat from its intensity. There accompanied it a cold moaning blast that reached the very vitals: the hoarse roar of the storm was lulled as if in fear; it became softer and more fitful, until at last it was a sullen throb—it was the dying gasp of the night. Up from the east came glinting tiny pale grey streaks; by and by, rosier and warmer pillars of light gradually reared their heads above the horizon; golden streaks scintillated playfully from wave to wave; then a great flood of glorious sunshine burst over the sea and up through the heavens; and the young day was born, as it were, in a moment. The change from that dark cold hour—thrilling in its touch as the hand of death—to the bright, life-imparting, balmy breath of morning, I shall never forget. With the sun's earliest ray the very waters seemed to teem with new-born life. Porpoises gambolled joyously around us, gulls screamed a discordant matin-welcome, ill-favoured cormorants sped their rapid flight, and guillemots and puffins, as they plumed themselves for the fray, croaked in merry conceit." Now to work again. "Speedily the canvas rose fold over fold above the hardy little Sybil; her storm-mantle of the night was

swiftly cast aside, and *en grande tenue*, like some dainty beauty in Rotten Row, she was careering proudly over the long Atlantic swells." It was high time; for, at a few minutes past five, lo and behold our two most dreaded antagonists, the Kingfisher (90) and Peri (80) are visible—and *a-head!* Others are near us, but with these two will our last desperate struggle have to be. And now for a long day's work: we run between the Saltee Islands with perilously little water: for two hours we are abreast of the Hook Tower light, near the entrance to Waterford Harbour, in a "terribly ugly cross sea;" so that it is all we can do to hold our own, until at last we dash suddenly "through a weak spot in the running water," and are again away. "Our second night's vigil commenced, and never was the first ghint of dawn more longingly watched for. At two A.M. the wind flew round to north by west. At the first wink of daylight we discovered the Kingfisher and Peri just ahead of us. With a rattling cheer all hands were turned up, and now commenced the tug of war in right earnest: every rope and sail was overhauled, and not a precaution that could secure another inch of speed was neglected in our little ship." Queenstown is at length in sight: both Kingfisher and Peri are still ahead: the race seems lost; "in fact, to ordinary observers, it was all over but shouting: but we had a man at the helm who had not yet expended half his cunning lore of the sea. I have sailed many a match, but I never saw a more brilliant piece of helmsmanship in my life than on that morning. The race was won by steersmanship and steersmanship alone!"

Let us shout—never mind the ruined salmon, never mind the weary nights, the chopping seas, the howling winds; for behold the race is ours, and behold here are the times at which we pass the flag-ship, goal of victory:

	H.	M.	S.
Sybil	5	20	0 A.M.
Peri	5	23	0 A.M.
Kingfisher	5	25	0 A.M.

We have sailed two hundred miles round the Irish coast, and we have won the ocean-race by three minutes!

I have been all the more liberal in my quotations for the reason that very few of my lady-readers are at all likely to "take in" the periodical in which this fresh and graphic sketch appears. It is a pet periodical of mine: it contains a great deal of vigorous, manly, and pictorial writing, and its name is—*Bell's Life!*

I have given this sketch to illustrate one of the aspects in which the sea presents itself to us—its most pleasant and delightful aspect, with just enough of peril to spice the enjoyment. I maintain that we all like to read about races and regattas, whether we understand them or not. I am but a "land-lubber" myself, though I was never guilty of the painful impropriety of being sea-sick (*I have been to sea, sir!*); but I revel in nautical books, and where their technicalities are most utterly unintelligible, my enjoyment of them rises to its highest pitch.

And now, leaving this joyous summer aspect of the sea, I have to suggest, by another sketch, the kind of scenes through which our lifeboatsmen pass. It is a sad, short, painful story; but, to my mind, very eloquent with the eloquence of fact. The vessel it concerns was called the "Lovely Nelly," of Seaham.

The year of grace 1861 came in on our English north-eastern coast in storm and fury. For the two last days of the dying year a tempest had been brewing; and on New-Year's day, when we quiet city-folks were exchanging "compliments of the season," many anxious eyes were turned to seaward, and many an anxious heart grew sick as the wind rose, and rose, and still rose. Many vessels, southward-bound, put about, and had to run as far as Leith Roads for shelter. Soon after daybreak, on the first of January, the coastguard men on Tynemouth Point, looking out to seaward, saw a vessel, deeply laden, with a flag of distress flying. She was struggling to get to the northward, but struggling in vain, and rapidly driving in upon the coast. The coastguardmen followed her along the shore, and, as they went on, the people of the villages turned out to join them; so that, ere long, each headland had its anxious crowd, looking, pitying, trembling. It was a very sad sight to see. The vessel's sails had mostly been blown away, and she grew more and more unmanageable amid the terrible seas that broke around and over her. At length, abandoning the desperate effort to get to the northward, her crew, as the last chance of life, ran her on the Whitley Sands. She was so deeply laden, that when she struck she was still three-quarters of a mile from the shore. It was impossible to reach her with rockets. Only one hope remained—the life-boat! As fast as they could run through the driving wind and rain, coastguardmen and fishermen made off for Cullercoats, where was stationed the Percy life-boat. Six horses were fastened to her carriage, and down they came at a gallop to the sands. She was speedily manned—thank God no life-boat is ever useless for want of brave men to form her crew! The men pulled out as for their own lives, and not a moment too soon did they reach the ship, which was now broadside on to the sea, her crew in the rigging, and the waves breaking over her half-mast high. Cleverly and deftly was the life-boat laid alongside; the vessel was grappelled, and the boat held to her by a strong rope. Instantly the crew made towards their deliverers; but even as they left the rigging, three of them were swept into the sea. The life-boat was handled with a glorious skill; two of the crew were at once picked up, and as the third man went down to his death a strong hand seized him, with a grasp of iron, by his hair, and dragged him up to life. Two other men were got into the boat: did any remain on board the ship? Yes: how overlooked, how so left to die, we know not—but the little cabin boy remained. The boy's cry for help grew very pitiful: "he had got wounded in the head, and was covered

with blood." One of the life-boat's crew has since said that every face round him grew white and sick, and tears came from rough eyes little used to shed them—"They clenched their teeth, and with their own lives in their hands" dashed in their boat to save him. The sea beat her back. They dashed in again, to be swept back once more. Again and again they tried: the poor boy, meanwhile, crying terribly in his great loneliness and despair. He was so young, and the coast was so near! But in another minute the vessel would part, and the fall of her masts would crush the life-boat. Then, sacrificing one life to save many, a brave man gave the order, in a hoarse broken voice, to "cut the rope." In an instant she was swept away under the vessel's stern—not a second too soon, for at once the mainmast fell, with an awful crush, on the very spot she had just left, and the vessel parted in two. The boy—"his face was covered with blood"—fell into the sea. Clenched in agony or clasped in prayer, his little hands were seen once—twice—lifted over the waves; the tempest swept away his poor boyish cry before the roar and tumult of the winds; he did not rise again. The life-boat was pulled back.

Imagine, if you can, how every heart on shore beat fast and hot: how, running to the life-boat, dashing into the surf, the men would drag her ashore; imagine, if you can, how the saved would feel, and how the brave would sorrow for the lost. . . and answer me, is not such work infinitely grand and noble? has it not somewhat special claims upon our aid?

This story is but one of many—very many. The engraving given with the present part of this magazine tells a somewhat similar tale. I have not been furnished with the exact particulars of the wreck to which it refers, and which took place near Scarborough: but the picture speaks for itself. Driving cloud, high wind, and a furious sea—a vessel rolling and labouring in her extreme need; and, cleaving through the waves with a strong, steady speed, the rough sailors, urging onwards to their noble duty . . . all these are plain enough, and all these are realities. In this very year 1861, which is but half over yet, nearly two hundred lives have been saved by the life-boats, under the management of the institution, of which there are now a hundred and twelve, but of which there must be many more ere England can be said to have done her duty by her sailors. Miss Burdett Coutts, with that noble liberality which has made her name deservedly honoured wherever the English tongue is spoken, has given more than one life-boat herself. The maintenance of a life-boat station is one of no slight expense: it averages £40 a-year. The sums paid in acknowledgment—I will not say reward—of services such as those I have described, amount to thousands of pounds. The institution, I think, is growing in public favour, as it needs must wherever its aims are stated and understood. This pleading of mine is very weak. Let stronger voices then be raised again, as they have been raised before.

As a matter of business I should mention

that contributions should be sent to Richard Lewis, Esq., Secretary to the National Life-boat Institution, John-street, Adelphi, London.

I would fain hope that these words of mine, being so backed by realities, may here and there do good. I have said that I appeal mainly to holiday makers. I know—how well I know! the kind of vague listless benevolent sentimental feelings which fill one often at the sea-side on a summer day. Have we not seen bright-eyed little fisher-boys, with the keen glance that tells of clear head and honest heart—and have we not wished ourselves rich, to speed such a boy on his voyage through life? We—*nous autres*—we artists, magazinists, musicians,—we have these feelings: and you also (is it not so?), you who have the worldly means of gratifying such pure promptings? And, it may be, some of you, reading these lines as you rest, under the cool cliff shadows, on the quiet beach—looking out dreamily over a sea so calm that these tales of tempest may seem mere stories of long ago—some of you, fanned by breezes so soft that the howling of the gale over foam-crested waves may seem but a tradition; some of you, when you return to your pleasant houses, may take out that best possession of all, a cheque-book; some of you may insert the name of Richard Lewis, in that mystic-cash-compelling volume; and if any bird of the air flies to the present writer with the tidings that you have done so, he will leap in the air with glee and clap his hands in virtuous exultation.

MODERN LITERARY ENGLISHWOMEN.—"In the present day, women amuse and edify themselves, and sometimes others, by works of history, or biography, or poetry, or fiction. We even find a lady writing a capital work on navigation; another is the astronomer of her age; a third immortalizes every English queen, bringing each royal consort so much *en evidence*, that one can hardly avoid fancying that we have known the long defunct in some older time. A fourth introduces to our most intimate acquaintance each Prince of Wales that is to be had; a host of lively authoresses take us into France; we are transported even to Bengal and back by two giddy girls; we have not, in short, a taste, a wish, a want, a deficiency that the press does not, through an angelic host of delicate pen-women, supply. We go down as low as needlework—not to mention cookery or gardening, both high art. In the seventeenth century all this was cramped into letters. Few women of rank and talent thought of publishing, which was generally done by inferior personages, such as tutors, parsons, half-pay captains, secretaries, or 'your very humble servants,' a class of which happily, where there is now a battalion, there was then a regiment. But a lady, with a vocation for scribbling, took out a sheet of letter-paper—*such paper!* coarse, rough, small in size—and dipped her goose-quill into ink—*such ink!* so brown, so perishable—and, in a hand not much inferior to that of your lady's-maid when she makes out the washing bill, indited a missive on politics, scandal, literature, or religion, which was despatched to some noted person who could circulate the composition favourably."—*The Queens of Society.*

LET WELL ALONE!

BY MRS. ABDY.

"My dear friend," said Mrs. Forbes, as she entered the drawing-room of Mrs. Sandham, "I fear that something has occurred to depress your spirits, you look quite dejected to-day."

Now Mrs. Forbes expressed herself in a very flattering manner. Mrs. Sandham's countenance bore rather an unamiable than a dejected expression; in fact she looked very much as if she were sitting in a *tableau vivant* to represent an indignant fairy, moved to mischief by the non-arrival of a card of invitation from a crowned head!

"I am indeed much dejected," she replied in a faint tone of voice, "my dear brother has been making his will this morning, and Mr. Bailey, the solicitor, has been kindly paying me a visit to communicate its contents to me."

Mrs. Forbes privately thought that Mr. Bailey's particularly communicative disposition was scarcely a desirable qualification in his profession; however, she merely said:

"That accounts, my dear friend, for your depression; you have so much sensibility, that I doubt not you associate dear Colonel Marston's wish to have his will made with the idea that his impaired health might suggest to him the wisdom of doing so, but really, you agitate yourself unnecessarily; the Colonel is in the prime of life; I met him in the village yesterday, and thought that I had never seen him looking so well."

"How can you make so ridiculous an assertion?" said Mrs. Sandham, raising her voice to a tone very inconsistent with the character of a nervous, anxious-minded sister, "my brother is not above forty-five years of age to be sure, but his constitution is impaired, his spirit is broken, and I do not consider his life worth two years' purchase. However," she continued, rapidly lowering her voice, "there is no use in lamenting that which is inevitable; we must all die."

"Unquestionably we must," responded Mrs. Forbes, "and the dear Colonel is doubtless aware of that fact, and has therefore judged right in making his will, to be prepared for whatever may occur."

"But he has not judged right in his manner of distributing his property," said Mrs. Sandham, "he has made an unjust will."

"Has he, indeed?" exclaimed Mrs. Forbes, "now do you know I always feared that the poor dear Colonel's excessive kindness of heart would lead him to leave a great deal of his money to public charities; he is intimate with two of the committee of the County Hospital, and our vicar, Mr. Staples, is always talking about the necessity of building a new school-house."

"You are quite wrong," said Mrs. Sandham, "my brother has left but a very small sum in

charitable bequests, and you are so exceedingly unfortunate this morning in the whole tenor of your remarks, that I think it highly improbable you will be able to form any tolerable conjecture as to the manner in which he has bequeathed his property."

Somewhat mortified by this affront to her sagacity, Mrs. Forbes began to meditate as deeply as if she were endeavouring to solve a riddle in the "Family Friend." She reflected that Mrs. Sandham was in the enjoyment of a comfortable property, that she had one son, who was dependent on her, and who was "so devotedly attached to his dear uncle" that his mother had fixed herself in a pretty little ornamental cottage within five minutes walk of the residence of her brother, in order that the wish of Augustus might be gratified. Mrs. Forbes also called to mind that the Colonel possessed another nephew, who had been an orphan from his youth, he had a small patrimony of a few thousand pounds, and was an inmate of the Colonel's house. Perhaps, therefore, my readers will consider that Mrs. Forbes evinced no surprising clairvoyance, when she said:

"I think it probable that the Colonel has equally divided his property, between your dear son and young Audley."

"And you actually have guessed the true contents of this nefarious will!" exclaimed Mrs. Sandham, "I could not have believed that anybody would have deemed my brother capable of such folly and injustice; yes, it is too true that such is the present distribution, but I shall not know rest till a new will is made."

"My dear friend," said Mrs. Forbes, "I cannot see why you should give yourself such unnecessary uneasiness; what need is there of a new will? surely it is wisest and best to 'leave well alone.'"

"It is quite evident to me," said Mrs. Sandham resignedly, "that you are bent on irritating and provoking me this morning in every possible way; are you entirely divested of common feeling and common sense?"

Mrs. Forbes, applying a handkerchief to her eyes, sobbed out that "she hoped she was divested of neither."

"Then, can you really think," pursued Mrs. Sandham, "that a young man like Audley, who would be munificently provided for by a legacy of five thousand pounds, ought to be placed on an equality with one like my Augustus, qualified to spend the same number of thousands annually, and to find them very insufficient for his expenses at the end of the year?"

"To be sure," said Mrs. Forbes humbly and apologetically, "I did not think of that."

"You require somebody to teach you to think

on most subjects," said the slightly mollified Mrs. Sandham.

"Very true, my dear friend," responded Mrs. Forbes, "and therefore I am happy to be instructed by one of your fine sense and strong mind. I quite see now that it is a very unjust will to your admirable son, but how can we get it altered? how can we get the Colonel to change his opinion of Audley?"

"I confess I do not at present see any way of doing so," said Mrs. Sandham.

"Are there no little debts or scrapes or involvements that we might bring forward against him?" asked Mrs. Forbes.

"None that are not very slight and trivial," said Mrs. Sandham, surprised by the question into unwonted candour, "and indeed less than might be brought against Augustus."

"Suppose he married a portionless girl," said Mrs. Forbes, "or one belonging to a family whom the Colonel disliked, would he not resent such an alliance?"

"I do not think he cares for riches," replied Mrs. Sandham, "or that he dislikes a person in the world excepting the lady to whom he was engaged twenty years ago, and who behaved unpardonably to him, married a cousin, and went off with her husband to India."

"I never heard any particulars of her misconduct," said Mrs. Forbes, "it has always seemed an unpleasant subject to you, my dear friend."

"Very much so," replied Mrs. Sandham, compressing her lips, "the girl was engaged to my brother, but her real preference was bestowed on a cousin of her own, this fortunate cousin was presented unexpectedly to a good situation in India, and she then wrote to my brother, telling him that she had a great friendship for him, but that her heart was in the possession of another. I endeavoured to mediate between them, but without success; she married her cousin, and my brother afterwards forswore all love affairs lest he should meet with another fair, faithless Annette Leigh."

"Annette Leigh!" repeated Mrs. Forbes with animation.

"That is the name," said Mrs. Sandham coolly, for she was aware from long experience that Mrs. Forbes was one of those very tiresome persons who can never hear a name mentioned in society without echoing it with as much ardour and interest as if it belonged to the dearest friend they had in the world, till, at length, after a very tedious and unsatisfactory investigation, they decide that a few years ago they met at a party with a person of a similar name only it happened to be spelt differently.

"Annette Leigh," resumed Mrs. Forbes, "was, I conclude, her maiden name; what was the name to which she changed it?"

"She never changed it at all," said Mrs. Sandham, "her cousin bore the same name."

"Then, I am convinced," exclaimed Mrs. Forbes, "that the beautiful Annette Leigh mentioned in a letter which I have just received from my friend, Mrs. Wynne, must be the daughter

of the Colonel's faithless fair one. Mrs. Wynne says that the young lady who has interested her so much, was the only child of rich parents in India, who returned to England two years ago, meaning to keep an expensive establishment, and to introduce their daughter to the world, but a series of misfortunes occurred. Mr. Leigh first lost his wife, then his fortune, which he had been prevailed on to embark in an enormous speculation, his own death soon ensued, and Annette Leigh, left quite destitute, is now living a dependant on a hard-hearted and grudging distant relation."

"And do you imagine," asked Mrs. Sandham, who had listened to this speech with unwonted interest, "that you could easily obtain an introduction to this beautiful orphan?"

"It is all arranged that I should do so," exclaimed Mrs. Forbes with infinite delight; "you are aware that my kind friends often invite me to stay with them at Christmas."

Mrs. Sandham assented; in fact Mrs. Forbes did occasionally obtain a Christmas invitation, by dint of very plain hints about the dulness of her home, and about her facilities for making herself useful in a house full of guests, and to do her justice she performed all that she promised; she was always ready to talk to bores, amuse children, extol the accomplishments of young ladies, and make up rubbers for their mothers and aunts, in addition to which qualifications she altered apparel for "Acted Charades," made flowers in coloured paper for decorations, and was skilful in dressing a Christmas tree.

"I am invited to stay with Mrs. Wynne at Christmas," said Mrs. Forbes, "and Mrs. Luttridge and Annette Leigh are to be of the party."

Mrs. Sandham mused for a few moments, and then said:

"Mrs. Wynne is, I believe, acquainted with Audley."

"She is so," replied Mrs. Forbes.

"Do you think you could persuade her to invite Audley to be one of her guests?" asked Mrs. Sandham.

Mrs. Forbes paused for awhile, and then remembering that Audley was young, handsome, and that his name had just been put down as joint inheritor to a large property, she declared that she was sure Mrs. Wynne would be delighted to write him a note of invitation. "Not that I quite see, my dear friend," she said, "how this visit is to work-out your plan for sowing dissension between the Colonel and his nephew."

"The results of the visit," said Mrs. Sandham, "will, I doubt not, fully effect my purpose."

After some more confidential communication, the friends separated, Mrs. Forbes having received as a present a ruby ring which she had often admired and coveted as it sparkled on the finger of her patroness; she therefore felt quite satisfied with the success of her morning performance. Nevertheless, as she walked through a thick fog and drizzling rain to her little lodg-

ing in the village, she murmured to herself, "Plots may be laid, and may succeed, and wills may be objected to, and may be altered, but after all, where is the use of taking so much trouble to undo what has been so very rightly and justly done already? I must say that I think it is always the wisest way to 'let well alone.'"

* * * *

When we last parted from Mrs. Forbes, she was wending her way under an umbrella over a muddy path in the faint light of a foggy afternoon; we meet her again in a very different scene. Arrayed in her best silk dress, and her most complacent smiles, Mrs. Forbes is sitting in an elegantly appointed and splendidly illuminated drawing-room, filled with gay guests. She sits by a beautiful and interesting young girl, whom she often eyes with admiration, but very seldom addresses; it is quite evident that she sits there to "play propriety," lest the enamoured young man earnestly whispering in the ear of the beauty should be suspected by the company to be privately making love to her.

A precocious little girl, kept up unpardonably beyond the proper time, passes close to Mrs. Forbes, and she eagerly detains her, anxious that the lovers should feel themselves quite sure that they are not overheard. Mrs. Forbes attempts to talk about magic lanterns, and is rebuked by an account of the Colossal microscope at the Polytechnic; she endeavours to converse on the leading incidents in the lives of Bluebeard, and Cinderella, but is sternly rebuffed by questions from the History of England which she is unable to answer; the juvenile prodigy inwardly opines that the cultivation of the mind must have been much neglected in the days of old, and passes along to a quiet corner where she overlooks a chess-table, having previously remarked that "she considers chess to be a very intellectual recreation."

Anon, an expedition to the music-room is proposed, the beautiful girl is eagerly seized on by half-a-dozen suppliants, and borne away from the drawing-room, followed by her attendant cavalier.

Mrs. Forbes then crosses the room, and takes her seat by Mrs. Luttridge, an exceedingly peevish looking, unprepossessing old lady. Mrs. Forbes forthwith becomes eloquent on the grace and beauty of Annette Leigh, and inquires if she resembles her mother, to which Mrs. Luttridge replies that she is her living image. Mrs. Forbes compliments Mrs. Luttridge on her generosity in taking charge of the destitute orphan, and Mrs. Luttridge amiably replies that she sacrifices a few luxuries to enable her to do so, but that she has the consciousness of doing her duty; which has always been her first aim and consideration through life. Mrs. Forbes highly extols this delightful sentiment; but ventures to hint that Mrs. Luttridge is not likely long to retain the society of Miss Leigh,

since an eligible match, the favourite nephew of a wealthy bachelor, is evidently waiting her acceptance. Mrs. Luttridge meekly replies that we ought to be willing to part with our dearest companions if it is for their own interest that we should do so; and, warming with the subject, professes her readiness to accompany Miss Leigh to the altar on the shortest possible notice, provided only that the match be an unexceptionable one.

All at present seems smooth and cloudless in regard to the courtship of Audley and Annette Leigh, and Mrs. Forbes indites a long letter that night to her friend Mrs. Sandham, "reporting progress," and hinting at the value of her own services in bringing about such a happy state of affairs. Mrs. Forbes retires to rest, but somehow her dreams are not so satisfactory as might be anticipated; she hears wedding bells, but they sound discordantly in her ears, and she beholds the form of Mrs. Sandham trampling on a wedding favour, and can find no other consolation to administer to her than to say: "It would have been better my dear friend, if you had taken my advice, and been content to 'let well alone!'"

A week elapsed, and the Christmas party broke up, but great events had occurred in the interim. Audley had proposed for Annette Leigh, and been timidly accepted by herself, and graciously by Mrs. Luttridge. The latter hinted at the approbation of Colonel Marston, but Audley assured her that the recommendations of person, mind, manners, and disposition possessed by Annette were quite sufficient to insure her a favourable reception from his uncle. Mrs. Forbes warmly congratulated Audley on his happiness, and said that she concluded he would not write to his uncle on the subject of his engagement since he was so shortly to see him in person: and Audley, who possessed that dislike to letter-writing which I cannot but think an unfortunate trait in any one's character, coincided in her opinion; and, when he wrote three lines to the Colonel, mentioning the period of his return, did not even hint at any interesting information which he intended to communicate. Mrs. Sandham was therefore left quite at liberty to sow the seeds of evil in the mind of her brother; and the day before that named for Audley's return she waited on the Colonel, with sorrow on her brow and triumph in her eye, to enlighten him as to the proceedings of his co-heir.

I must now introduce my readers to Colonel Marston, who was remarkably handsome and prepossessing in appearance, insomuch that certainly "the wish was father to the thought" in his sister's mind when she said that "she would not give two years purchase for his life." Colonel Marston's countenance was thoughtful and intelligent, and his manners grave and calm. An amusing writer observes, that "Life is a succession of shower-baths"; but the Colonel had undergone one great shower-bath in the discovery of Annette Leigh's falsehood, and had

lived a very quiet life ever since. Many wondered that so highly-endowed a man as the Colonel should not reside in London, and gather round him all the literary celebrities of the age. But he replied that he had gathered them round him already, and made out his theory, in my opinion, very ingeniously. Had Colonel Marston obtained introductions to the most gifted persons of the day, I can hardly think that in one evening he could have mustered at his house a bevy of divines, philosophers, scientific men, historians, biographers, poets, dramatists, and novelists of the first order of merit: and I also greatly doubt that even the portion of them whom he might have succeeded in collecting would have shown themselves retiring, unobtrusive, putting forth their brilliant abilities when drawn out, and contentedly retiring into the back-ground at the will of their entertainer, guiltless of all rivalry with each other, and satisfied either to remain with their host through the "small hours," or to "go at eleven" like the subservient guests of the methodical Dr. Kitchenier. Yet all this excellent society did the Colonel gather round him at pleasure, because he possessed an admirable library.

Happy is the man who has a taste for books. Pope said: "As much company as I have kept, and so much as I love it, I love reading better. I would rather be employed in reading than in the most agreeable conversation." And his "fair foe," Lady Mary Wortley Montague, remarks: "No entertainment is so cheap as reading, and no pleasure so lasting."

I might multiply quotations on the subject, but Mrs. Sandham is entering the library, and the bitter, mocking, chilling spirit of the world enters with her. "I am sorry, my dear brother," she said, "to tell you that I am the bearer of unwelcome news. It relates to the conduct of your favourite nephew, Audley."

Colonel Marston, laying down Tennyson's "Maud" with a half-sigh, replied, "You are fond, Louisa, of alluding to Audley as my favourite nephew; I assure you that I have quite as great a regard for your son; and, if you knew all, you would be fully satisfied of the reality of my impartiality."

Poor Colonel Marston, he little thought how much his sister knew, or how far she was from being satisfied with the knowledge she had attained.

"I am fully aware of your kindness, my dear brother," said the affectionate sister, "and am sorry that it should be wasted on an ungrateful object. Has Audley mentioned in his letter to you that he is engaged to be married to a portionless girl, to whom he has lately been introduced?"

"He mentioned nothing of the kind," said the Colonel; "and I doubt not that a country-house flirtation has been magnified by idle rumour into a serious engagement."

"Far from it," said Mrs. Sandham. "Our worthy friend, Mrs. Forbes, assures me of the fact: and I grieve to add, that the young lady is

one whom you will deem a decidedly objectionable connexion."

"As I am not conscious," said the Colonel, coolly, of having any peculiar aversions among 'the rosebud garden of girls,' I must beg you to be more explicit."

"Have you not received a serious and cruel injury at the hands of a woman?" asked Mrs. Sandham:

"You allude, of course, to Annette Leigh?" said the Colonel, with a perceptible change of countenance: "but I am at a loss to conceive how the subject of my nephew's choice can be connected with her."

"The false Annette Leigh of your early affections is no more," said Mrs. Sandham; "but she survives in her daughter: a second Annette Leigh—designing, calculating and subtle as the first—has ensnared the heart of our poor nephew! It is yet in your power to save him. Let it be understood that all his hopes of inheriting any part of your property will be blighted by his marriage; and you may rely upon it that the mercenary Annette will immediately discard him."

Mrs. Sandham left the room, and Colonel Marston felt no inclination to resume the reading of "Maud": a more potent spell was upon him than that of the poet's lay. Memory waved her wondrous wand; again he gazed upon the beautiful Annette Leigh, and listened to her assurance of affection. Anon his sister warned him of a rival, the lover of her youth discarded on his account. He disbelieved the tale, till at length the needy cousin became enriched by a lucrative appointment, and the Colonel received a letter from Annette, declaring her return to her first love. His sister condoled with him, and suggested that Annette might already have repented of her letter—he had written reproachfully and vehemently in reply to it. His sister enclosed the letter written within one of her own, couched in a strain of milder remonstrance, and sent it to Annette. Neither received any answer. Annette ordered an outfit, married her cousin, and went to India. All these images came like a melancholy dissolving view before the eyes of the Colonel: the smooth course of his life was suddenly disturbed: Annette Leigh seemed to have returned to haunt him—his warm-hearted, unsuspecting nephew was to be the victim of a scheming coquette, trained in artifice by a deceptive mother; till at length the consoling reflection came to him that Audley was yet unmarried, and that it was not too late to save him.

Poor Audley! he arrived at home the next day, anticipating a delightful interview with his uncle, in which he should dilate on the perfections of his beloved, describe her eyes and hair, and her songs and drawings; extol her temper and principles, declare that she was a fortune in herself, predict that he was about to become the happiest man in existence, and, in short, give vent to all the chartered fooleries of the accepted lover. Little did he think of the storm of anger

with which his "marvellous pleasant love-story" was fated to be received.

The anger of habitually mild and self-controlled persons has always something startling in it; and Audley had never witnessed any of the ebullitions of irritability with which the nephews of rich uncles are in general familiar. His youthful faults had always been reproved in the kindest manner, and he had never received any warnings against falling in love with a portionless beauty, since, as we have already shown, the Colonel did not consider a handsome fortune on both sides to be at all a necessary ingredient in matrimonial felicity.

Poor Audley! he heard the gentle, modest Annette Leigh denounced as an artful adventuress! He heard the good and tender mother, of whom Annette had spoken to him with tears, represented as the most base and treacherous of women. No wonder that he retaliated with violence. The threat of disinheritance was held out by the Colonel; and Audley, when he quitted him, did what he had never thought of doing on any other occasion—he sought the advice of his aunt, Mrs. Sandham. She was very kind and soothing to him; said that his uncle was perceptibly breaking in health, which was sufficient to account for his unusual irritability; and that when Audley was once married, there would be no doubt that forgiveness would be very soon extended to him. Mrs. Sandham praised Annette Leigh, whom she said her friend Mrs. Forbes had described as truly charming and amiable; and she concluded by advising Audley to absent himself for the present, when she would undertake to reason the Colonel into a better and kinder frame of mind. Audley thanked her warmly, and wondered how he could ever have suspected her to be addicted to double-dealing and mischief-making.

Audley immediately repaired to London, and took up his abode at an hotel in the neighbourhood of Wilton Crescent, where Mrs. Luttridge resided. His visit to the ladies proved less agreeable to each party than had been anticipated. He considerably softened the disapprobation of the Colonel, entirely omitted all mention of Annette Leigh's mother, and intimated that "the good old gentlemanly vice" of avarice, from which he had hoped his revered relative was quite free, had begun to throw its influence over him, and caused him to object to Annette's want of fortune; but that he trusted a very short time would work a change in his sentiments; and that he felt sure that, when his uncle once knew Annette, he would admire and love her.

Annette felt grieved and hurt, but she encouraged her lover to hope for better times. Mrs. Luttridge was angry and mortified: she had expected Audley to begin to talk about the draft of the marriage settlement, and was in no mood to listen to the objections of mercenary uncles. Besides, although she never treated Annette Leigh herself with respect or kindness, she did not choose her to be ill-treated by any one else;

and she considered that one who had the honour of being a relative of her own ought to be received with open arms by any family. She did not, however, wish entirely to put aside all chance of this eligible match for Annette; but she signified to Audley that, although she should be happy to see him as an occasional visitor at her house, with other friends, he must not expect, under existing circumstances, to be admitted therein on the footing of an affianced lover. Consequently Audley went there, by invitation, about once a-week, and suffered bitterly under the inroads of *ennui* in the intervals of his visits. Audley had not, like his uncle, a taste for reading. He was entirely dependent on society: he had been accustomed to it, and felt it to be a necessary of existence. He met several of his friends in London, and soon began to accept every invitation and join in every party of pleasure that came before him. Audley had the very silly and dangerous habit of talking about his private affairs to every one whom he considered deserving of the appellation of "a good fellow:" and to several of these favoured individuals he imparted his engagement to Annette Leigh, and his uncle's disapprobation of it. He was unanimously advised "not to make a victim of himself," the troubles of a poverty-stricken ménage were graphically depicted to him; he was told that "he was the last man in the world fitted to marry on two hundred a-year," the amount of his paternal income, and he humbly acknowledged the truth of the impeachment. Then, a pretty young heiress whom he had frequently met in society, and who had always behaved to him with frozen reserve, showed symptoms of a thaw in her manner, and Audley began to think that he had parted with his heart to Annette Leigh on too short a notice, and to reprobate the snares and temptations of Christmas parties, and country-houses.

Mrs. Sandham had her spies in London, who informed her of her nephew's way of amusing the lonely hours which he was doomed to pass away from Annette Leigh; she trembled for the success of her plans, it was evident that the flame of affection was beginning to burn very faintly in the heart of the wavering lover of the beautiful Annette. Mrs. Sandham, however, like a spider, when she saw one of her webs demolished, immediately began to spin another. Annette corresponded with Mrs. Forbes, and in her last letter had complained of indisposition. Mrs. Sandham immediately suggested that Mrs. Forbes should invite Annette to stay with her in the country. Audley might then return to his uncle's house, and enjoy daily interviews with Annette. Mrs. Sandham had no fear that the Colonel should hear of Annette's residence in his neighbourhood; his secluded habits and reserved manners placed him entirely out of the sphere of village gossip. Constant intercourse between the lovers, Mrs. Sandham decided, was the only way of making "the bud of love become a beauteous flower."

The invitation was given, and Annette accepted it with pleasure, for not being at all aware of the strength of the Colonel's objections to her, she imagined that it had probably been given at his desire, and that he was eager to become acquainted with her, and to judge whether she was likely to conduce to the happiness of his nephew. Mrs. Luttridge viewed the matter in the same light, and graciously permitted Annette to accept of the invitation. All were pleased with the arrangement, except Audley, but as he saw that it was taken for granted that he should be pleased, he contrived to put on the semblance of satisfaction.

Mrs. Sandham busied herself in adorning the apartment destined for Miss Leigh; she bestowed with unbounded liberality books, plants, ottomans, and toilette-boxes on her niece-elect, and Annette, who was told by Mrs. Forbes on her arrival, that these offerings were arranged by Mrs. Sandham's own hands, and sent from her own house, felt grateful for her attentions, and rejoiced to think that she might depend on one friend in the family.

It had been arranged that on the day after Annette's arrival in the village, Audley should return to his uncle's house, and Mrs. Sandham contrived to be with her brother during a great part of the day, that she might exert herself in promoting that temporary peace between the uncle and nephew, which she hoped would soon terminate in war.

Audley did not arrive on that day. Two more days elapsed, and he was vainly expected. Annette feared for his health, Mrs. Sandham for his constancy, and Mrs. Forbes, who had hoped to receive much gratitude and some pretty presents from the lovers brought together by her means, felt herself in a false position, having a Juliet in her abode, and lacking a Romeo to come and court her.

On the fifth day, Mrs. Forbes sallied forth to call on her friend Mrs. Sandham, and exhaust herself in vain conjectures as to what possibly could be the reason of Audley's strange conduct. She had scarcely departed when the postman, "messenger of grief to thousands and of joy to some," arrived at the door. He was truly a messenger of grief to poor Annette. She received a letter from Audley, in which, after a number of flowery phrases, protestations of unchanged affection, and declarations that a perpetual cloud was about to hang over the rest of his existence, he avowed that "although poverty had no terrors for himself, he could not endure the idea of seeing the object of his affections suffer from it, and therefore, with a breaking heart, he gave her back her troth."

Annette was deeply wounded and hurt by this letter, she had too much good sense to be deceived by the protestations of the writer that he was unfaithful to his vows entirely from a consideration of her advantage; she saw at once that she had inspired merely a brief and ephemeral passion, which required the sunshine of prosperity to keep it alive, and which drooped

and died in the first chill blast of adversity. Annette was much to be pitied, she had no true friend with whom to consult, no peaceful home in which to seek a retreat; she felt herself alone in the world, and trembled at encountering the reproaches and sarcasms of Mrs. Luttridge, who was the only person on whose protection she had any claim.

When people are in trouble their first wish is generally to breathe the open air, and although it was the month of February, the sun shone forth as brightly, and the breezes blew as softly as if May were paying the world a premature morning visit. Annette Leigh took her way slowly and sadly to a little copse which she had visited the preceding day with Mrs. Forbes, and was approaching a rustic bench, when, perceiving that it was already occupied, and unwilling to encounter the observation of a stranger, she passed on. Little, however, had she calculated on the effect that her appearance was to produce, had she been a spirit from the other world, she could not have excited a greater sensation in the mind of the occupant of the seat, who, hastily starting-up, and extending his arm as if he wished to ascertain whether she were indeed a phantom of the air, tremblingly ejaculated the words—"Annette Leigh!"

Annette was astonished and indignant, she had no idea that the handsome, gentlemanly man, in the prime of life, who stood before her, could possibly be Audley's uncle, Audley having represented his relative as an old and declining man, and quoted the opinion of Mrs. Sandham that "her brother's life was not worth two years purchase." Annette, like most ill-used persons, was disposed to fancy that every one was in a combination against her, and she imagined that the speaker was a friend of Audley's who took advantage of her deserted and friendless position to insult her; she therefore broke away from him, with much such a look of mingled sorrow and reproach as Helena in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" might have been supposed to have worn, when she said to Lysander:

"Oh! that a lady of one man refused,
Should of another, therefore, be abused!"

"Annette Leigh!" exclaimed Colonel Marston, "I conjure you to stay, I seem again to gaze upon your mother; scarcely can I wonder that my nephew should have been infatuated with the fatal charms that worked such woe to myself."

"If your strange and unbidden speech," said Annette, with cold severity, "arises from the belief of your nephew's engagement to me, I can relieve your mind from all anxiety. I hold in my hand a letter received from him this morning, in which he bids me farewell for ever. But in regard to my dear mother—the best, the kindest, and the most highly-principled of women—I can only say, in reply to your cruel allusion to her, that I consider it my greatest honour and privilege to be her daughter."

"I would that I could find she had been innocent and faithful," said the Colonel; "but to

you—to her daughter—she, of course, never mentioned the name of her injured lover.”

“She never mentioned your name to me,” said Annette; “but she once told me that, under the influence of indignation and wounded pride, she had broken off all intercourse with her first lover, under mysterious circumstances, and that she regretted afterwards she had not searched into them more closely.”

“Little as I deserve of you, Annette,” said the Colonel, “I trust you will not refuse to reveal these circumstances to me.”

“My mother,” said Annette, “was on intimate terms with the married sister of her lover; from this lady she once received a letter, written kindly and affectionately, regretting that she was obliged to enclose one from her brother, couched in terms of harsh and bitter reproach, and offering her services as a mediator on the occasion. My mother was shocked and surprised at her lover’s letter, which appeared to allude to some communication, made by herself, of her preference for another; she immediately replied to it, assuring him that he must be labouring under a misconception, for that her affections were his alone; she enclosed this letter in one to his sister, who told her, in reply, that her brother had scarcely read through the letter when he destroyed it, and declared that he would never read another line written by one so false and treacherous. The sister intimated that she had too much reason to fear that her brother had sought this contention to give an excuse to his own inconstancy. All intercourse ceased between the parties, and my mother’s cousin, who had long loved her in secret, and for whom she felt the truest esteem and friendship, now asked for her hand, and the union took place very shortly, in consequence of the necessity of proceeding to India. The marriage proved a very happy one; but my mother related these circumstances of her early life to me to caution me to abstain from forming hasty conclusions under the influence of offended pride. The cold indifference shown to her by her lover’s sister after the termination of the engagement, and some derogatory and unkind remarks uttered by her, which had been officiously repeated by an acquaintance of both parties, having led her to suppose that the sister had probably had a great share in producing the quarrel which she professed to deplore and undertook to reconcile.”

“It was entirely her own cruel work,” exclaimed the Colonel. “Annette, I can clear myself in your opinion, I can show you that I am entitled rather to your pity than your blame.”

Long and interesting was the conversation that ensued between the Colonel and his restored Annette Leigh, for such he persisted in thinking and calling her. He did not oppose her determination to return to London the next day, but said that he would write to Mrs. Luttridge, and spare her all the pain of an explanation.

Annette did not confide to Mrs. Forbes any of the events of the day, but merely expressed

her thanks to her for her hospitality, and her wish to return home the next morning. Poor Annette! she had anything but “home sweet home” in her thoughts, when with a trembling step, downcast eyes, and throbbing heart, she entered the drawing-room in Wilton Crescent; but she had no reason to fear an unpleasant reception; the post had arrived before her, and Mrs. Luttridge had received Colonel Marston’s letter.

What could that mysterious letter have contained? not only did it still Mrs. Luttridge’s tongue on the subject of Audley, but it made her positively liberal and amiable. Annette was treated as a relative, presented with new dresses, and appealed to on every subject. Had an enchanter been at work? yes, the greatest of all enchanters—money! The Colonel in his letter to Mrs. Luttridge had announced that he had recognized in Annette Leigh the daughter of one who had formerly been very dear to him, that he should henceforth consider her as his own adopted daughter, and while truly thankful that she enjoyed the protection of Mrs. Luttridge’s roof, could only consent to her remaining there, by her kind relative agreeing to receive from him a yearly sum in consideration of her expenses.

What that yearly sum might be Mrs. Luttridge never told anybody, but doubtless it met with her entire approbation, for she returned a most courteous letter to Colonel Marston, extolling his generosity to her dear Annette, and hoping to have the honour of a visit from him whenever he came to town.

* * * * *

A year has elapsed, and many events have occurred in the course of it. Colonel Marston, after parting with Annette, had a long and distressing interview with Mrs. Sandham, in which she confessed that she had herself imitated the handwriting of Annette Leigh in the letter purporting to declare her affection for another; she maintained that she was actuated by the best intentions, feeling convinced that Annette could never make her brother happy; but in fact she had determined that her son should inherit the property of his uncle, and could not endure the idea that it should descend to children of his own.

Mrs. Sandham felt that after this discovery of her treachery, the neighbourhood of her brother was no longer a fitting residence for her; she repaired to London to meet Augustus, who had just arrived from a foreign tour, but, alas! the meeting was far from being an agreeable one.

Augustus had been welcomed to England by a host of Christmas bills, showing that he had been far outdoing his usual doings in the way of extravagant expenditure. All application to his rich uncle was of course out of the question. Mrs. Sandham paid the bills, and is now residing with her son at a cheap town on the Continent.

Audley is married. As soon as he had written his farewell letter to Annette Leigh, he wrote another letter, offering his hand and heart to the pretty heiress. She referred him to her uncle and guardian, who was the very kindest of uncles and guardians, giving his consent the minute it was asked for, showing no curiosity as to Audley's fortune, and saying nothing about the property of his niece being settled on herself; he was a silvery-haired, courteous old gentleman, and Audley was quite delighted with him. The marriage soon took place, but the honey-moon of the young couple was shadowed and obscured even in its first quarter.

The name of the silvery-haired, courteous old gentleman appeared in the list of bankrupts, and the whole property of his niece and ward was sacrificed in the ruin! Audley therefore has been compelled to do what his friends and himself declared him to be so unfit for—namely, to begin married life on an income of two hundred a-year.

Annette Leigh has become the wife of Colonel Marston. Shortly after his first acquaintance with her, he took a fancy to spend much of his time in London, and availed himself amply of Mrs. Luttridge's invitations to her house. He soon discovered that Annette Leigh was yet more charming than her mother, and Annette discovered that he was much better suited to her than his nephew would have been, even had the latter realized her first opinion of him.

The misanthropy of the Colonel has passed

away, and he is delighted to accompany his charming bride into society. Colonel and Mrs. Marston treat Mrs. Forbes with kindness, justly considering that in her past conduct she was merely the weak tool of the artful Mrs. Sandham. Indeed, Mrs. Forbes was never so happy in her life as at the present time. She had hitherto always entertained the misgiving that her friends considered her as a somewhat common-place person, with but a moderate portion of judgment and foresight, but now, that she has spread abroad through the village the history of Mrs. Sandham's dissatisfaction with her brother's will, and her own wise advice to her to "let well alone," she feels that her character for a prudent counsellor is established on excellent grounds.

It must be allowed, however, that Mrs. Forbes, like the orator of a single speech, or the author of a single work, rather wears out the subject of her own cleverness, and sometimes introduces it at unseasonable times; the most uncompromising adherent to old fashions and customs, merely on account of their antiquity, could not have a greater horror of improvement than is felt and expressed by Mrs. Forbes, and if any of her village friends contemplate quitting their house to live in a better, exchanging their pony-chaise for a close carriage, or removing their children from an indifferent to a superior school, let them never venture to mention the subject to Mrs. Forbes—their communication will be sure to be met with the oracular response "Let Well Alone!"

THE VALE OF SHREWSBURY.

BY JOHN RANDALL.

A little more than a mile below Welsh Pool is Buttington; the battle-ground of Dane and Saxon, in King Alfred's time. Here the hardy North-men in their retreat before Alfred's generals were brought to bay: and, in attempting to cut their way through the lines of the besieging army, met with severe slaughter at the hands of the Saxons, "aided by the men of Powis." Buttington lies pleasantly at the foot of the Long Mountain which terminates lower down, after having accompanied the river some miles along its eastern bank. It attains an elevation at the "Welsh-harp," above Buttington, of 1330 feet above the sea: and is celebrated as the scene of fierce Border feuds. The Welsh who call it Mynydd, or Cefn Digoll, point to an old camp, near here, as the one where the heroes of the declining star of Cambria made a last stand against the collected force of the Lords Marchers, for the independence of the principality; but were overcome by the oppressors of their country in the year 1294. Descending its western slope, which is marked higher up by ancient tumuli, is that singular earth-

mound and bi-national monument of former times, known as Offa's Dyke. It continues its course past Buttington church in the direction of the river, where it is crossed by railways coming up on either side the Briedden hills, uniting the two countries it was designed to separate.

There is something interesting in this old mud-wall, running over hills and dipping into valleys, and we followed it in its northerly direction across the Morda, to Cefn-y-Bulch—where it becomes quite a land-mark, also, past Chirk Castle to the Dee, where it diminishes to a thread. Speed says that it was a bound to separate the Welsh from the English, designed by Offa; adding, that a law was made by Egbert at the instigation of his wife, that it should be present death for the Welsh to pass over the same; and the like under Harold, wherein it was ordained that what Welshman soever should be found with any weapon on this side of the limit should have his right hand cut off by the king's officers.

It is not often that in matters bordering on

what, otherwise, may appear a myth, or a little bit of fairy land, that history sheds such light on traditions; or that both are so clearly confirmed by fact. Welsh writers, however, question the popular opinion founded upon the three—the legend, the historic statement, and the fact; and ask you, were their fathers pigmies, that they could be shut-out by a wall of mud, or could a fence stretching from sea to sea across the island be watched or made to bristle with spears. Without altogether denying the fact that this remarkable earthwork was the work of the distinguished Mercian King whose name it bears, they contend that it was an international line of demarcation, the mutual work of the two nations. Either way, as we see it climbing the hills and dipping into the valleys, or stretching its slow length across the plain, it is to lovers of antiquity an eloquent and significant memorial of times gone by, and one which, by coming to the aid of the written record, serves to revive scenes and associations connected with an interesting phase of bi-national history. And now that the whole nation is waking-up and looking back to gather strength from a review of its youthful struggles, it seems strange that progress and agricultural improvements should lay hands upon it to mutilate it; still more so that it should be the victim of the spade upon the estate of a nobleman who is president of an Archæological Association.

Parallel with it, between the Severn and the Dee, is another ancient monument of the kind, called Watt's Dyke; and upon the right bank of the Severn, as we descend, is an old embankment raised against the encroaches of the latter by the monks of the Abbey of Strata Marcella. This monastery, which has entirely disappeared, was subject to the monks of Buildwas, on the river lower down, and was founded by a pious Welshman who gave "to God, and the Virgin his mother, and the monks for the good of his soul," the rich pasturage we see before us, along the sunny bosom of the vale. It is one of the most productive spots in the two counties, consequent upon the overflowings of the Severn which enrich the fat meadows, also the flat, and which, heretofore, have given an alluvium to the fields that enables them to return yellow harvests of rich ripe grain many years in succession.

Above this alluvial flat, mapped out by hedgerows, the familiar forms of the Briedden hills present themselves. Like the Wrekin and the Malverns, they are conspicuous for many miles along the river's course. You see them from its source, and from many minor eminences on its banks, their aspects changing as the point of vision varies. They consist of the Moel-y-Golfa, the Middleton, Bulthy, Bausley, Criggion, and Rodney's Pillar hills, together with several minor ones. The resemblance of the former to Vesuvius has often been remarked, and the conical outlines of others when seen from a distance are no less striking. The most imposing from the river, to which it presents a bluff impending front, is the true Briedden, or Rodney's Pillar hill; so called from its summit being

surmounted by a column commemorative of the victories of Lord Rodney over Admiral Count de Grasse. It was evidently the focus of that volcanic action which gave birth to the group, and the centre of that igneous disturbance which elevated large tracts of country, of which the rounded eminences of Ness Cliff, Pim Hill, and the magnificent ridges of Hawkstone, with their mineral veins of copper and cobalt, are results.

Like the Wrekin and the Malverns, they afford evidence of distinct periods of eruption: the grey limestone to the West, indicating that the inhabitants of the sea of which they were the bed, were destroyed by sudden outbursts of volcanic matter, and the red sandstones to the East showing that they were elevated and thrown into their present position long afterwards. Their geological features may be studied in several quarries on the hills; and the effects which their upheaval produced at points in the direction of Welsh Pool—where they have severed the Silurian rocks and exposed the two divisions of the system, one on either side. Rude stone walls and earth-works upon their summits indicate that they have also witnessed those outbursts of human passion of which others of these Welsh Alps have been the theatre; those upon the Rodney's Pillar, the Cefn Castell, and Bausley hills, being the strongest, and the others merely entrenchments. They are said to have formed the favourite resort of "Cambria's Eagle Chief," Owen Glendwr; and their geographical position, with respect to the river and its fords, favours the view taken by some writers, that they may have been the scene of the great struggle between Ostorius and Caractacus. Mr. Hartshorne, whom we have quoted in favour of the claims of Cefn Carnedd to this honour, admits the strong grounds archæologists have for fixing upon this spot. That the stern disciples of Mars were not insensible to the beauties of the position, may be imagined, from the writings of a bard and warrior of the twelfth century, who, stationed all night to watch one of the passages of the river, thus expressed himself:

"I watched through the night with care, to guard the bounds,
Where the pellucid waters plaintively murmur
In the fords of Briedden.
The grass untrodden wears now a brighter green;
How fair the stream,
And sea-mews playful on their wavy beds,
With polished plumage gliding at their ease in
love united groups."

Their summits command fine views of the Severn and its tributaries, of the green livery of their sunny vales, dotted with homesteads and hamlets, and bounded by an amphitheatre of hills—sharp and clear in outline against the azure sky. They form the outworks of the Welsh line of Alps, the natural, terminating fortresses of the ancient Cymri, that guard the entrance to the inland vale beyond them. The botanist who may undertake the task of scaling

the highest crag will find around its basaltic-zone (*Potentilla ruspestris*), a plant, we believe, not known in any locality nearer than Cologne; and around the pillar which crowns its summit *Botrychium lunaria*.

Near the foot of this remarkable group of lofty hills, the pretty little bridge of Llandrinio crosses the Severn; beyond it is Llandysillio, and still further on in the same direction Llanymynech. The latter name, in Welsh, signifies the village of miners; and that from very early times the hills have been ransacked for lead and other metals, appears probable, from the primitive tools and ancient relics found in old workings; the latter including coins of Antonius and other Roman Emperors. It is said that in a cave called Ogo, a bracelet of gold, some human remains, a Druid's belt, and a battle-axe have been found; and that its caverns, which extend some distance, present interesting appearances, from stalactites pendant from the roof. At Abertanad, the river Tanad falls into the Vyrnwy; and the latter, with the borrowed tribute it receives, enters the Severn, amid the rich pasture flats near Melverly. When bank full the two rivers mingle their waters without a murmur or a sigh; but, at other times, when heavy rains have fallen long the banks of the Tanad or the Vyrnwy, the latter comes down with a roar, and rudely thrusts back the "Queen of rivers" along the vale; here it collects its waters, and again returns to battle with its rival. Persons familiar with the river, between here and Shrewsbury, can tell when it rises whether the increase is from the Severn or its tributaries by the colour of the livery which it wears, the water being charged with sediment corresponding with the rocks it passes in its course.

Below, where the Severn and the Vyrnwy meet, we find much to remind us that we are still upon the Borders, and amid the great Marchers of Wales. Old fortresses and feudal strongholds are thickly sown, so much so that Fuller says: "Shropshire seems divided from Wales by a wall of continued castles." Churches are dedicated to warrior saints. War and religion then were paramount: fighting men and priests—those of stout arms and strong emotions—managed to make matters meet. Spots where men agreed to sing and pray were sacred; so that fugitives or aliens, even murderers, upon gaining the interior of the churches, obtained protection from their pursuers; as at Alberbury, where tradition alleges that a Welshman charged with murder found refuge till released by his countrymen in time of war. Men shed blood, and then founded monasteries to atone for sin. Like old Fitzwarren, who, an old chronicle states, "upon returning from relentless wars in Ireland, and thinking that he had sinned by the slaughter of much people, sought remission of his sins by founding a priory in a wood on the river Severn." Of the old castle of Fitzwarren, at Alberbury, a portion of the walls alone remain; while Wattlesbury, another Border stronghold near, has been reduced to an old square tower and some portions of its wings.

These were but a few of the fortified houses held by Lords Marchers, who, from the difficulty of reaching the Welsh in their mountain fastnesses by means of large armies, it was found good policy to incite to win and hold by their retainers, as their own, lands along the borders. The more to encourage these to conquest, they were given a voice in Parliament, with titles significant of the districts they subdued. In return for these possessions and privileges, they rendered military services to the crown—such as that of keeping their castles sufficiently fortified to withstand the Welsh, and of furnishing the King's army, in time of war, with men. There were at one time 114 of these lordships, with military governments, and customs so strange, that offenders in one would often find impunity in another, and escape the punishment due to crime. With such strongly fortified positions, and tenancies inured to war and hardship, these feudal barons of the Marches were among the most powerful of the nobility, and their names stand prominent in history.

The harsh government of these districts continued in the hands of these men long after the circumstances which were supposed to warrant it had passed away. Alberbury is the property of Sir Baldwin Leighton, whose present residence is Loton, a mansion pleasantly situated amid ancestral trees, and nearer the Severn. George IV., when Prince of Wales, professing to visit the country whence he derived his title, walked a mile from Loton Hall, into the principality; and, having plucked a branch of oak, which he placed in his hat, returned. The men of the leek, however, professed to feel flattered by this short visit, and made due demonstrations accordingly. The tree, of course, has been carefully guarded, and a brass plate affixed to record the circumstance for the benefit of posterity. This parish is noted as having been the birth-place of Old Parr, who lived to the extreme age of 152.

Lower down the river is Rowton, the Rutunium of the Romans. Grey rocky terraces appear upon the Slope, and the building itself is thrown into relief by a dark, sombre background of trees.

Leaving Rowton we cross the river, attracted by the wild-looking ruins of Shrawardine. A sandy lane, between banks of gravel, leads past woodbined and whitewashed cottages, from the ferry to the village. The church, which is an ancient structure with a wooden tower, contains some brass and marble memorials, and a curious old font. Its proximity to the castle seems to have been anything but an advantage, as it appears, from an old parish register, to have suffered severely during the different sieges of the former. The tottering remains of the old castle, which occupy a field opposite to the church, fitly represent the times when the country was wasted by Border wars. Reared to check the encroachments of the Welsh upon the fertile lands of the interior, many grants in aid of its repairs were made during successive reigns; and ten tenancies were held, in the early

part of the 13th century, on condition of service rendered in defending it. It was a Royal castle up to the year 1215; afterwards it came into the hands of the Fitz-Alans, and passed by purchase to Sir T. Bromley, in 1682.

Below Shrawardine, right and left of the river, are the villages of Ford and Montford, consisting of small clusters of houses and homesteads, whose populations have remained pretty much the same for centuries. We passed through Montford without seeing a single soul, excepting one old man, who was lame. It was during a sunny interval in the wet summer of 1860, and we imagine the entire population had gone into the fields to make hay. A farmer, whom we met afterwards, resting on his pickel, told us that the bold projecting mass of stone upon the shelve hills reminded him of a load of hay; to Sir R. Murchison and others it conveyed a very different impression, namely, that of a ruined city. Montford bridge, one of the passages of the Severn, of great importance during the international disputes and quarrels of the Borders, is famous for many a parley between the representatives of the two countries. Henry III. here sought to entrap David Prince of Wales, when he proposed that the Lords Marchers should meet him in 1241.

Preston-ford and Montford-bay are fishing stations, where an old fisherman told us he had known fifteen salmon caught in a day. Sharp-water or Shrawardine-ford and Shrawardine-bay also furnish good fishing. Below Montford bridge, the Perry—an industrious little river—having first done duty at the many village mills along its course, comes down to join the Severn. Like the villages and the village churches along its banks, these old creaking machines upon the Perry have histories of their own. For ages their lichen wheels have gone their lazy rounds; many generations of millers have assisted their operations in turning village harvests into bread. To that of Fitz, between Perry and the Severn, the Haughmond monks not only brought their grist six centuries since, but also took toll of their neighbours' batches. For this privilege they were indebted to Robert de Girror, who gave two mills of Fitz multure suit, toll of his own wheat, eels caught at the floodgates, common pasture for the millers' cattle, and room to winnow corn, to the said abbey. At Bicton, close by, the Abbot of Buildwas, also held land, with the privilege of his tenants cutting fuel at Bicton Heath. Below Bicton and opposite to Fitz, is the Isle, 645 acres in extent, and enclosed by the Severn, excepting at a narrow isthmus, pierced to obtain water power for a mill. It is the property and residence of the Sandfords, to an ancestor of whom it was given by Queen Elizabeth.

Below the Isle is Leaton Knolls, wooded to the water's edge, and commanding views of the winding river, of the Briedden and other hills, and adorned by the modern mansion of John Arthur Lloyd, Esq. On the same side, lower down, is Rossal Hall; and opposite is Great Berwick, and Berwick House, the pro-

perty, and the latter the residence, of the Hon. H. W. Powys. Along these darkly-wooded banks the gallant Percy halted, and lay encamped the night before the battle of Shrewsbury: and here, while partaking of the hospitality of the Bettons, of Upper Berwick, he left his sword—an incident which caused him some uneasiness prior to the commencement of the battle.

Opposite Berwick, formerly, was Shelton-ford, which Owen Glendower, it is said, should have crossed to join his ally. In a field above the river is the oak, from the topmost branches of which Owen is reported to have watched the course the battle took, prepared to advance or retreat as the case may be. Welsh historians, however, by no means admit the truth of a tradition which involves the good faith of their countryman. Owen, at the time they say, was in a remote part of Wales, and ignorant that his presence was either needed or expected till he heard of Hotspur's overthrow.

From the field-walks near Shelton Oak the town of Shrewsbury comes pleasantly into view, the towers and spires of the churches rising from the trough of the valley, and, seen through casual openings in the trees, afford good materials for the pencil.

Like many old towns of equal antiquity and importance, Shrewsbury, no doubt, owes its existence to its position. It occupies an eminence, on three sides surrounded by the Severn; and, from the disposition of its buildings, appears to have grown rather than to have been built. It has an aspect becoming the capital of an important county, and an air of antiquity which fittingly reminds you that it was formerly the metropolis of the west. Its native poet (Churchard) described it metrically three centuries since: and Leland (traveller and antiquary) has also sung its praises. Speed described its salubrity, Shakespeare the heroes of its battle-field: Shenstone praised its cakes, and others its brawn, its ales, and its hospitality. An early British prince and bard speaks of it under the name of Pengwern, and refers to his countrymen having sought refuge here when driven from Wroxeter by the Danes. The Saxons, who drove out the Britons, called it Scrobbesbyrigg—and that it was a place of shrubs seems clear; for, buried deep down in the market-square, the leaves swept by autumn winds are still found.

The Saxons, with a chieftain whom a Welsh bard styles the hog, were in turn expelled by the Britons, who planted here their "river king," and who, once more obliged to yield, retired to the other side of the Briedden hills. Scrobbesberyg now became the capital of the Mercian kings. Instead of rude hovels and wattled huts, buildings of importance sprang up. The college of St. Chad took the place of the log palace of the "tusked king;" and the Lady of the Mercians founded St. Alkmund's. With the Norman Conquest it again changed masters—at least, after the Battle of Hastings made it prudent for it to do so. The proud

title, Earl of Mercia, now became merged in that of Shrewsbury; and the kinsman of the Conqueror, upon whom it was conferred, built the stout old castle on the isthmus of the Severn.

The history of the town, from this point, no longer borders on a myth; but, with the written record comes the accomplished fact, and old red stone ruins, like those leaning their broad back against "the mount," tell their own tales. How significant the old walls stand, giving frown for frown to the distant hills of Wales! How redolent of the olden time; and what distant periods they link together! The proud old keep, that bade defiance to the foe, is now a dwelling house; and its guard-chamber, formerly resounding with the tread of armed knights, is a drawing-room. The inner gateway, through which the last Norman Earl of Shrewsbury carried the keys to Henry I., is left. The inner chapel, dedicated to the warrior saint, where fighting men watched and prayed, has disappeared; while that of St. Nicholas, outside the court, used for retainers of the castle, has been converted into stables.

Shadows of the past fast flit before us as we contemplate the crumbling walls of the old building; still more so if we ascend the Laura Tower, rising high above the mount—itsself 100 feet above the river—and look around us. Henry advances from the dark defile of Wenlock Edge; Stephen lays siege to the castle, which fortifies itself in favour of the Empress Maude; Llewellyn wins back the heritage of his fathers, but is expelled by John, who, having reduced Oswestry to ashes, retakes the town; David, the last of the British princes, falls into the hands of Edward, and Parliament is summoned to Shrewsbury for his trial. The sentence it passes is severe, and the execution, which takes place on Pride-hill, an everlasting disgrace to the town. Members who witness it hasten to meet the King and his Chancellor at Acton Burnell, where Parliament sits in a barn. The Great Parliament (20th of Richard II.) is held here, the lords temporal and spiritual being sworn on the cross of Canterbury, brought here for the purpose.

Two years later, and the elements of rebellion culminate in the great Battle of Shrewsbury, when two thousand noblemen, knights, and gentlemen, and six thousand private soldiers fell on Hatley-field, where the victor built a church over the body of the slain. The town is taken by storm under Colonel Mytton, of the parliamentary army; and after the Commonwealth comes the Restoration, when James II., having ascended the throne, comes here in the course of a tour he makes through his dominions. The corporation goes mad, and the mayor dumb, in presence of the King! They vote £200 for his entertainment, and make him a handsome present into the bargain; in return for which he condescended to exercise the gift of healing, by "touching" with the royal finger, for the king's evil.

The early ecclesiastical history of the place,

to some extent, is brought before us by means of the same red-stone characters. On the opposite bank of the river is the Abbey, reared by the same founder, who in later years assumed the monastic garb, and was buried beneath its altar. Its abbot, who ranked with barons, had a seat in Parliament and carried the silver crozier. It was the depository of the body of the virgin Winifrede, whose decapitation, with other marvels attendant, caused her to rank high in the calendar of the saints, and her remains to bring much grist to the abbot's mill.

Only the church and some outbuildings now remain; but, in its broad and massive Norman tower is one of the finest windows in the kingdom; and its interior architecture, mural monuments, and altar tombs, with their quaint inscriptions, render it well worthy of a visit. In the precincts of the Abbey is a sculptured stone pulpit, formerly used in the refectory, it is supposed, by junior monks, who read to their brethren while at meals. A short distance from the Abbey, and near the Doric column commemorating the achievements of Lord Hill, is another memorial of the piety and philanthropy of past ages—a fine old church, dedicated to the patron saint of cripples. Its lowest window has a representation of St. Giles, and its floor retains memorials of the masters of the hospital. A large hollow stone in the yard is still called the "pest-basin." Tradition asserts that it was filled with water, and used during the plague for people to pass their money through in their bargains with the countryfolk for provisions.

Crossing the handsome English bridge—graced by a goddess of the river and the father of the fountain on its centre arches—to the top of Wyle Cop, we find on the right St. Julian's, St. Alkmund's, and St. Mary's churches, and on the left St. Chad's. The modern structure of this name is the fashionable church of the town. It stands near the entrance to a magnificent avenue of limes, which form a public promenade, and intersect the sloping green sward of the quarry.

Next to the public buildings we have noted, the most striking features which meet the eye in passing along the streets are those presented by the domestic buildings of past centuries. Their white squares and black timbers, their lofty fronts and latticed windows, opening upon carved and highly-ornamented balconies, have a pleasing, suggestive aspect. They tell us that our ancestors, who built churches and endowed them, who fought stout battles and won them, had the love of home which characterizes our countrymen. At the head of these stands the Council-house, so called from its having been the occasional residence of the Council of the Marches. It was the residence, too, of Charles I. and James II. during their visits to the town; and at present forms several handsome private dwelling-houses. Its carved front, and highly-ornamented timber gateway leading out of the castle street, are relics of considerable interest in themselves. Many of these fine old homes

of wealthy burghers are to be seen in the direction of Mardol, and along High-street to the bottom of Wyle Cop. They project across and shade the flags in front; sideways they nod and lean, till they sometimes touch, forming dark arcades, locally known as shutts. Many of these singularly beautiful, but now neglected structures, are to be found in out-of-the-way places, where they appear to shun observation. One faded mansion of the kind, with cloistered arches, ornamental upright brackets, and projecting stories, has been converted into shambles; and the beautiful ceilings, ornamented mouldings, panellings, fireplaces, and carvings of others have been torn down, and their outer shells made to serve as storehouses for bark or timber. In wandering through the dark passages of one we came upon a brush-maker, who seemed as surprised at seeing any human being but himself amid its wilderness of rooms as Robinson Crusoe did in discovering other footsteps but his own on his solitary island.

Equally metamorphosed are the old guilds, or halls of the trades, where feasting, and no little tyranny, was practised by corporations of shearers, mercers, and others. Excepting the latter—the members of which took the oath of allegiance before the mayor the other day—these corporate bodies no longer exist; but the old panellings, the quaint carvings, the portraits of the patrons and presidents, and the tables, may still be seen; and the modern pageant of Shrewsbury Show serves to recal the nature of the festivals these bodies kept up in former times.

With the founders of Shrewsbury's most valued institutions—a list including royal personages as well as private citizens—we find education and religion cared for. In some instances the funds of one were diverted to meet the wants of the other, as in the case of the Grammar School, founded by King Edward, and endowed by him out of the dissolved colleges of St. Mary's and St. Chad's. This valuable institution, enriched from time to time by subsequent endowments, has been fortunate in its masters, and eminently successful in sending out clever men, who have not unfrequently attained great eminence.

The Severn having completed its silvery crescent round the tower, falls back into a reverse and graceful curve in the direction of Uffington, a little village, pleasantly situated, three miles from Shrewsbury. Behind it rises the wooded steep of Haughmond, crowned by a castellated turret on the side next the river. Down these steep rocks—so tradition tells—Earl Douglas leaped his horse and fell, after the battle of Shrewsbury. A dark thicket of firs upon its brow is still called the Queen's Bower, from a legend that Queen Eleanor watched the progress of the battle in which the fortunes of her husband were involved. Sundorn, the seat of the Corbets, with its lawn and lakes and ornamental grounds, occupies an opening in the dark mantling chace to the west. On the same

side against the same dark background are the ruins of Haughmond, an abbey founded by Henry I., who gave its monks the pannage of the neighbouring woods, and rights of Weir and fishing in the Tern. They had, as we have seen, mills to grind and cooks to dress their food, and incomes from churches as far off as Coventry and Norwich; indulgences, too, were granted by Pope Boniface to penitents who should visit the monastery. Its chapter-house is a beautiful one of its kind. Archæologists visiting these ruins are pained to find how much they have been tampered with by modern builders, in taking portions down and “turning others to account.”

Leaving Uffington, with Haughmond hill behind us, and passing Preston Boats, we find Longmore Hall on the left, the mansion of the Burtons, one of whom, an ancestor of the present Squire lies buried in the garden. He was refused interment in the family vault of St. Chads because he had been so wicked as to die of joy upon the occasion of Queen Elizabeth coming to the throne.

The village of Atcham, with its bridge, church, and well-known inn, are now before us. These, with Attingham hall—the seat of Lord Berwick, where the Tern comes down to join the Severn, are objects familiar to old travellers along the Holyhead road. On passing the bridge, the river winds caressingly around a grassy knoll, on which stands the quaint and quiet village church, whose form is reflected by its placid waters. The green tresses shed of the luxuriant ivy, serve to conceal facts which show the real age of the structure, tolerable indications of which, however, are to be found in the fact that stones forming sections of a Roman arch, and a portion of a sculptured Roman column, form a part of its walls. These, no doubt, were part of the spoil of the ancient city of Uriconium lower down. Among the relics the old building contains is the reading-desk, carved, it is said, by Albert Durer; the panels of which represent passages in the parable of the Prodigal Son. Atcham is celebrated as being the residence of an able Salopian author, who lived soon after the Norman Conquest, and who faithfully recorded the transactions of his time. The Rev. H. Burton, who takes great pride in this venerable fabric, has done much to improve and restore it. The river, after winding considerably, below Atcham, passes the site of the ancient city of Uriconium. The first thing which strikes you upon alighting on this rich bit of table-land, bounded by the graceful winding of the Severn on one side, and by the far-famed Wrekin, that once lent its name to the great city, on the other—is the situation. Verily the old Romans, or whoever selected it, must have had some taste for the beautiful, some liking for pure air—for air filtered by trees and purified by hills. Like Caersws, it is the centre of an amphitheatre of hills, a position in harmony with the genius and daring of the people. Beyond the river, on whose waters the Britons

paddled their wicker boats, are seen the keen-backed Lawley, the pointed Caradoc, the round-topped Longmynds, the craggy Stiperstones; and, higher up the valley, the stately Brieddens, the hills of Llangollen, and others meet the eye. And, if we except some forest-lands where red deer bounded and the wild boar stood at bay, the state of the surface is not far different from the time when the sound of Roman trumpets and the shout of imperial legions broke the echo of the hills. From very childhood one has wondered at those hardy sons of Romulus, who dared the deep and came so far from home, ransacking our mines, and leaving roads, cities, and forms of government as indications of their presence. And here is the quiet sunlight let in once more upon their streets, their habitations, their gods, their goods, their personal ornaments, and the skeletons of the men themselves. You walk their streets, cross their thresholds, and stand where Roman slaves ushered in their masters' visitors to parties of festivity, or council deliberating upon more serious matters. After a lapse of fifteen hundred years, during which the surface has many times changed masters, you tread their mosaic pavements, the ornamented passages of their mansions, handle their domestic utensils, admire their well-turned arches, and see the very paint and plaster upon the walls of their apartments. The "old wall" that stood mute for centuries, like some old world relic, has grown eloquent: a veritable sphynx by the roadside, suggesting enigmas to the passers by, it has found its interpreter in the revelations the pick and spade have made within reach of its own shadow. From the very time when its fellow-walls first fell down with a crash, the city has furnished plunder for the country round. The old monks, who found it easier to take down its stones than to quarry new ones, built their churches with its spoil; whilst the old fragment to which we alluded, itself served as a perpetual advertisement of treasures buried around it. That a suspicion of the wealth which lay beneath its dark soil led persons who knew little or nothing of its history to poach upon its preserves, is evidenced by the fact that it was only upon the ground that they had found nothing, that a party of treasure seekers, detected digging by night, escaped the terrors of the Wroxeter manorial court in the thirteenth century. During the latter end of the past, and the first half of the present centuries much treasure has been removed; for, notwithstanding the jealous care taken by the lords of the soil to secure objects dug up, or turned up by the plough, there is scarcely a cottager for miles round but has done a small but profitable trade in coins or other articles of value. We have been told, by farmers in villages near, of Roman skulls having been used by their men as lanterns, for which they said they were suited by reason of their large size. To become the Cicerone of the reader over the old town whose streets so long since have ceased to echo to the tread of its inhabitants, let us mark its ancient circuit as

indicated by the broad mound and hollow, left by its walls and fosse—forming an irregular oval. We enter from that well-known Roman road, Old Watling-street, by one running at right angles, parallel with the Old Wall, and paved with small smooth stones, like many of our modern towns. North of this we come upon a beautiful tessellated pavement, highly ornamental, having an elegant border. Light and dark coloured stones of small size and oblong form, three inches long and one or one-and-a-half square at the surface, were employed to work out the design; but in the decorative border alluded to another of a red colour was added. A similar pavement was found at a short distance, indicating the existence of rooms of some pretension. A passage 14 feet broad, paved with bricks three inches long by one in width, set in what is called herring-bone fashion, leads from hence to a large rectangular enclosure, 226 feet in length by three in width. South of the Old Wall, where doorways have been found, worn by feet, we come upon the domestic apartments of the establishment, to which belonged the rooms on the other side, where are several apartments with hypocausts, for the purpose of warming the buildings, and from which the heat was conducted by flue-tiles to other apartments. These are in an excellent state of preservation, with pillars supporting the floors of the rooms, and portions of the flooring itself still standing. Upon a flooring of bricks are raised pillars of small square quarries, at a distance of two or three feet apart. On the tops of these are others projecting till they meet, and having holes to admit the heat. On these again is concrete—liquid mortar, and broken tiles—to form the flooring. One hypocaust had a room, with a semicircular recess over it, 37 feet by 25, communicating with another similarly provided. The hypocaust under the latter was approached by a stone staircase from without, and at the bottom of the latter, on a little platform, where the sweepings of the establishment had accumulated, was found a mine of old pottery, glass, coins, hair-pins, bones of edible animals of the time—wild boar tusks, red deer horns, &c., &c. Three of the rooms on this, the south side of the old wall, appear to have had vaulted roofs, and one is supposed to have been used as a store-room, judging from some burnt wheat found there. The human skeletons met with in different portions of the ruins are supposed to afford evidence of the massacre of the inhabitants. Five of these appear to have been pursued and slaughtered in an open court south of the old wall, and three others to have perished in one of the hypocausts, where they had fled for safety. One of the latter was evidently an old man, with whom the ruling passion was strong in death; for near him were a heap of Roman coins, 132 in number, and among them small nails and bits of decomposed wood, as though they had been contained in a box of that material. These coins were all, excepting one

which had been plated, of copper; and are exceedingly interesting, as exhibiting the character of the circulating medium of a period just prior to that of the Anglo-Saxons. These coins and other relics, including cart-loads of broken pottery, are to be seen at the Shrewsbury museum.

A PHOTOGRAPHER'S STORY.

I am a photographic artist. To prevent people from forming a mistaken conception of me, I may as well state at once that I do not pride myself on being an *artist*—that, in fact, I consider that term, as applied to myself, all fudge! I am a photographer, and not a bad one. If you want clear, sharp, brilliant pictures, I am the man for you. As for being an artist, I may confess here (nobody will know me) that I had much rather not be an artist. I should be very much ashamed of myself if I turned out such disgraceful smudges as artists delight in!

There was a man named Cox, a water-colour painter—perhaps my readers may have heard of him. Well, a lot of his pictures were exhibited in London some few years ago, and a friend of mine—one of our profession who sticks up for being an artist, and who does the art-articles in the "*Photographic Dial*"—this friend of mine persuaded me to go with him and see them. I think people are mad. To hear the ladies cry out "How sweetly pretty!" and the gentlemen "What broad handling;" and my friend "What keeping! what aerial perspective! what *chiaroscuro*!" I couldn't help thinking at first it was some farce they were all acting, or that they had plotted together to take me in and laugh at me. But they really did it all as gravely as people go through the kneeling and the standing and the sitting at church. Some of them actually spoke out from the heart! I watched them, and saw it was not sham—for them I should prescribe strait-waistcoats!

These pictures of Cox's (will you believe it?) were things of which I could make neither head nor tail. You might have turned every one of 'em upside down and it would have looked just as well! The very paper on which they were painted was a lot of odd scraps pasted together—the coarsest stuff I ever saw in my life; full of chopped straw, and as rough as a nutmeg-grater! The colouring reminded me exactly of the blotting-paper on which I dry my plates out of the bath! It was nothing but a lot of dirty greys and greens and reds run into one another just as it happened! Now this Cox, they tell me, was a great artist—then I say I don't want to be an artist.

Just another instance of what an artist is, and I will begin my story. I went to the Brompton Boilers the other day. What I went for was to see the photographs with which Government is so shamefully underselling us. When I had done with those, however, I thought I would just take a turn round the building to see what was to be seen there; and I hit, first thing, upon

the painting gallery. I don't mean to say there were not some pretty enough pictures in it. There were a good many of Landseer's dogs—I have nothing to say against them: but at last I came into a room the walls of which were all aflame. I rubbed my eyes; but I am generally quick at accounting for things, and I soon made up my mind what was the truth of the matter. I had seen in a long line of cases, down below, articles of food and their adulterations. There was coffee and roasted corn, chicory and dandelion roots, and hundreds of things besides. Well, I got it into my head that this was the art-adulteration room. These, I thought, are hung up as a caution to the public! They may see here what bad art is, and guard against it when they furnish their houses. It seemed to me a good notion, and I amused myself by looking at specimen after specimen. All the Plagues of Egypt were there. I thought these names were fanciful ways of alluding to particular defects and tricks. My friend, the writer for the "*Phot. Dial*," has some books written by a man named Ruskin, which I could never make head or tail of; but I had learnt, from opening them now and then, that this polite way of insinuating one thing by calling it another was a grand high-art dodge. I remembered the Seven Lamps of Architecture, and so knew very well what kind of meaning the Nine Plagues of Egypt might have. While I was looking at one after another, a man with moustachios and a beard came up to me. I mistook him at first for one of us. I think he mistook me (I also wearing a beard and moustachios) for a painter, which he turned out to be.

"I see, sir," he said, with a flourish of his hand, "that you, too, are worshipping the immortal Turner! Let us offer up our devotions at the altar of art together."

I thought at first he was chaffing; but he was perfectly in earnest, and I let him go on, and pretended to agree with him, and so drew him out. I never heard such bosh before or since. The art-writing of the "*Phot. Dial*" is nothing to it; though I will say that the painter was in earnest while my friend only pretends the feelings and the knowledge that he writes about. Thus I discovered that my specimens of art-adulteration were the works of "the immortal Turner!" "the glorious Turner!" Turner—psha! I know they turned me sick! This Turner, then, was another great artist; and again I say I don't want to be an artist.

However, it is the custom of the trade to call oneself photographic artist, instead of plain

photographer, just as one always puts esquire at the end of a rich man's name; and so I state myself to be (as I am printed on my professional cards) a photographic artist. The "artist" does not cost anything, doesn't make my photographs a bit the worse; and, since everybody else uses it, I may as well use it too.

Now I look upon Art as only another name for fancy and romance and imagination. Those who really believe in it I have generally found to be weak-minded men, and therefore not to be trusted in plain matters of fact. Those who pretend to believe in it are clearly not to be trusted; for, if they draw the long bow in that, they will draw it in other things besides. This is why I have been so particular in stating my views about Art before I tell my story. It is a mysterious kind of story, which I myself could never make out; and I don't wish to be accused of either weak-mindedness or drawing the long bow.

I have a partner in my business, and we have between us, besides our place in town, a travelling photographic gallery. "Humkins and Scrudge" is the title of the firm; and I am Humkins, at your service. I and my partner take it by turns to go out of town year by year, some time during the summer months. I have been half over England in this way; and I can tell you that this doing the provinces is a very pleasant sort of life, and pays well, too. We not only take portraits, but do a good bit of business in the stereoscopic line (perhaps some of my readers know "Humkins and Scrudge's views of Oxford and Cambridge?"): also we take, on order, views of the houses of the gentry round about the towns where we put up. Some would-be gentry, who live in little detached villas with little front gardens to them, give us a good deal of trouble in this way. They can't be made to understand that one cannot take a photograph where there is not room to focus. However, this is what we do in our summer trips—and the trips are very pleasant. We see a number of fresh places and faces; we get a good many negatives on hand, and among the rest an assortment of skies which are worth any money to those who know how to use them! Altogether, doing the provinces pays—pays in the way of health, of pocket, and of new dodges; and I may quote the old line, and say that doing the provinces

"Is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise."

When I was out in the South on my summer trip some years ago I settled for a week in the small town of L— (I will not write the name in full, for this may happen to come to the sight of the lady—Miss White I will call her—and she might not like old neighbours to know it). Handbills had been distributed some days before, and my first morning's work was a very fair one. I had three pairs of lovers, and about a dozen children—lovers and children are always our most numerous customers, though not the most pleasant ones. Lovers will arrange each other, always preferring one particular side

of each other's face or something of that kind; and children never can be arranged at all. Then lovers and mothers—both proverbially blind—are always inclined to grumble at the portraits when they are finished. However ugly and awkward the sitters are, they expect the portraits to be pretty and graceful. They never can understand that the eyes of the camera can't be blinded like the eye of a mother or a lover. On that morning I had the usual trouble with both lovers and children. Lovers would put each other into the worst possible light and the worst possible position, would be full of fluster and blushing, would start and disarrange everything just at the last moment, would stare each other when sitting out of countenance. Then some of the children were frightened and kicked and screamed, and some were in high spirits and jumped off and on the chair, and some were sulky and stiffened themselves so that they couldn't be got to sit at all. One baby woke up in the very act of having its likeness taken, and its portrait turned out very much like a catherine-wheel; of course I had several pictures of children with half-a-dozen eyes and any number of fingers; so that the average number of glasses I used was about three to each child. Photographers need have plenty of patience. Taking portraits is a very different thing to having one's portrait taken; and I can fancy, though I am not an imaginative man, that the feelings of the sitter are unlike enough to those of the photographer.

Over and above the positives, I had several orders for negatives. A swell young ensign came to me to arrange about taking a group of the officers of his regiment quartered in the town. A fat oily dissenting parson wanted a hundred copies of himself, to be sold to those sitting under him at seven-and-sixpence a-piece, the proceeds to go towards repairing his chapel. The local actors wanted a group of themselves in the characters of a favourite piece. Two pretty young girls from the Ladies' school wanted themselves taken together, with copies to give to all their school-fellows. Altogether I had done a good day's work, and as I smoked my evening pipe at the door of my van, I felt satisfied. I was knocking the ashes out of my pipe, when an old man in a sober groom's suit came up to me.

"Humkins and Scrudge?" he said to me interrogatively.

"Yes, my man," I said, "Humkins and Scrudge. What do you want with them?"

Thereupon he handed me a letter, the contents of which ran as follows:

"C— Vicarage.
"Miss White wishes two views taken of C— church—an interior and an exterior view. She will thank Messrs. Humkins and Scrudge to inform her what would be their charge for taking these photographs."

I wrote a polite note in answer, enclosing my terms. The groom took it back with him and in less than an hour returned with another letter.

"Miss White will thank Messrs. Humkins and Scrudge to take the two views of C—— church to-morrow morning (if weather permit). Any hour most convenient to them will suit Miss White. She will have the photographs of the size 9 inches by 7."

I packed up the necessary traps that night, and started with my wheel-barrow tent for the village of C—— a little after eight the next morning. The urchins of L—— cheered me out of the town somewhat derisively, having that sort of contempt for my wheel-barrow tent which anything unaccustomed excites in the urchin-mind. Some of them accompanied me to C——, and the C—— children turned out in mass on my entrance, so that I left quite a crowd outside the vicarage-gate. The distance to C—— was not more than half-a-mile. I hoped to get my business done and be back again at my van in time for most of the portrait customers.

The vicarage was little more than a cottage, but pleasantly ivy-covered, and surrounded by a neatly laid-out garden. There was a lady in the garden, dressed in the deepest mourning. She advanced to meet me, whereupon I put down my tent and took off my hat.

"You are the photographer?" she asked.

She was a tall, spare lady, not very young. She was pale-faced, and her eyes were sunken and dull. She looked unhappy; but her voice was hard and her manner proud. I had learned that the vicar, Miss White's father, had died about a month before; so I could account for her black dress and her unhappy look. It is strange how differently different people take grief. You may not know that we photographers sometimes have grave offices to perform, and see not a few people in their sorrow. In cases of hopeless illness we are called in to perpetuate the pain-drawn features; more than once I have been sent for to take the cold still image of a dead face. In such ways I have seen a good deal of grief and observed how differently it affects people. It softens some and makes them beg, as it were, by gentle, softened looks and tones and manner for the human sympathy of even strangers and servants. It humbles some who have been proud before, making them feel, I suppose, how all—vulgar and genteel, lords and beggars—are alike impotent in these losses. But others it hardens. They cannot bear their fellow-creatures to know that they are down. They give way to their grief in secret, and come out from their chambers with defiant eyes and rigid mouths. They resent the presence of anyone, fearing that he has a hidden pity for them; and feel as an affront each common act or word of politeness.

Miss White, I saw at a glance, was one of this latter kind. I put on my hat, and said indifferently; "Yes ma'am. Nine into seven, I think you said for the size."

"I consider your charge exorbitant," she said harshly.

I explained why I was obliged to charge what seemed to her a smart price. This bit of

business called me away from my portrait work; I lost a morning over it. Then, interiors were difficult, sometimes impossible, to be taken. It all depended upon the amount of light. Churches are the darkest buildings I know. As if the long narrow windows did not admit a sufficiently small amount of light, they fill them often with yellow and red glass, on purpose to bother us photographers. Well, I told her the reason why I was obliged to charge her very much more than I should for taking her portrait; and then I consented to lower my price a little.

Somehow I knew that she was poor. Her dress was scanty and coarse, the crape was brown, her gloves were stained and mended. I knew that she would have to turn out of her old home, as parsons' families always have. I felt an extra pity for her because she was one of that over-sensitive sort that will not accept pity at any price. These notions passed through my mind as I stood talking. It must not be supposed, however, that I lowered my charge because I pitied her. Feelings are one thing and business is another. If I were Jack Ketch I might feel sorry for the poor fellow with the rope round his neck, but I should do my duty all the same. We always allow a little for coming down, and are open to making bargains, in this branch of our profession. For instance a gentleman says, "I can't give you this price for the front view of my house;" then we say: "Come sir, we'll take the back view in addition at half-price." That is the way we manage it. In the present case, I agreed at last to throw in a small positive of the vicarage for my original charge.

"I will show you the views I want you to take," says she, a little more graciously, when it was settled. She went in for the big church-key, and then we started for the church which was close by. The tail of children followed up at some little distance behind us, taking up their position in rows on the church wall and flat tombstones when we entered the church-yard.

Just within the gate, I pulled up.

"We couldn't do better than this, ma'am," says I. The view was capital. I know in a moment what will make a picture, and I knew that I shouldn't get a better view of the church than that.

"That view," said the lady, "will *not* do."

She went on round the church, and by-and-bye stopped.

"This is where it is to be taken from," she said emphatically.

Not a good picture; but I saw in a moment why she chose that spot. There was a new tomb—very handsome tomb—in the foreground, with an inscription: "To the memory of the Reverend Theodore White, M.A., &c."

"We are to take in that tomb, ma'am," I said.

She scowled at me, but her lips trembled.

"Yes. Now, I will show you the interior view."

So, we went into the church. The view she chose there would not do at all. She had no

notion of the light and the dark side of a building. I found that she wanted the pulpit and the Communion-table, and a tall square pew (I suppose the vicarage pew) included in the picture. I managed to get them all from the opposite side of the church, and she said "that would do;" and then, leaving me the key, returned at a quick pace to the vicarage, while I followed more slowly, to arrange my traps.

First of all I took the house, finding all my chemicals to be in capital order. Then, leaving my dark tent in the corner of the garden, as the distance to the church was so short, I prepared to take the exterior view. By the time that was finished, the sun would have worked round sufficiently for me to set to work at the interior.

The children bored me sadly, as they always do. The personal remarks they make one don't care for, nor for the shout of laughter they set up when one puts one's head under the focusing cloth; but they are apt to rush before the lens, in pursuit of each other, while one is taking a picture; and one can't leave the camera at their mercy for a moment. However, I got the old groom, who had brought the letter on the preceding night, to stay by the camera while I took the outside picture; and then I locked the camera in the church, and there it was safe enough.

The church was very dark. I had great difficulty in making out enough of a picture on my ground glass to arrange the camera by. However I got it fixed rightly at last. I wanted more light. The belfry-arch was filled in with woodwork in which were doors. These I opened, and found other doors beyond, leading out into a porch. The porch was closed in by a gate of open paling-work, which was locked; so I could leave open the second pair of doors, too, and get light through the locked paling gate, without suffering from the intrusion of the boys. It was just what I wanted.

I fetched my glass, which had been in the bath while I focussed, locked myself again in the church, put the slide into the camera, and uncovered the lens. Half-an-hour's exposure, I decided, or a little more.

The light was beautiful; the sun was just covered with thin white clouds; there was as much light as one could have without actual sunshine. If the sun would pop out brilliantly during the last five minutes of exposure, nothing else could be desired. I think we photographers come to have a sixth sense about light. We can measure it just as if our eyes were the two pans of a balance. Or, I don't think it is our eyes after all; I think we feel light rather than see it. I know as well as can be when my picture is going on all right in the camera. I feel when a flat grey dulness is creeping over it; I feel the moment when it polarizes into great white patches. I know, when I am about to take it out, the very fraction of a second at which it reaches its best; and sometimes I can't hit upon the exact fraction, because my fingers are not quick enough for my inner sense.

Half-an-hour in a church, with nothing to do,

is a long time. The time passes slowly enough when the congregation are in the pews and the parson in the pulpit, but a church is still duller on a week-day. All I could do was to look about me, and even in this amusement I was sadly cramped: I could not move up the aisle far from the belfry-arch without coming into the range of the lens, so that I could take in but a distant view of most of the church.

The boys in the church-yard at first served to distract my attention. Of course they had discovered the open doors, and they collected round the porch-gate, looking between its pales, and crying one to another, "I see un, Bill—lookye, there he be"; or saluting me with the insulting question, "Who put his head into a box?" But, after a time they became tired of looking through the palings into the church, and began to find it more entertaining to wage war among themselves. The L— boys and the C— boys, I suppose, had a standing feud between them, as all boys of neighbouring places have. There was much rushing round the churchyard in pursuit of each other, and much shouting of their respective war-cries, which consisted, I remember, of—"Who put the wheelbarrow in the pound?" on the L— side, and "Who biled the goose?" on the other. Now and then one would flatten his nose for a moment against a low window, or would send a shrill whistle through the porch gate; but they ceased to take any other notice of me.

I am a good Christian, I hope; and I don't practice my trade (further than printing goes, which one must do sometimes under pressure of business) on a Sunday, as some I could mention do. But I must confess I am not often in a church. For the last two years, or thereabouts, I have been of the Baptist persuasion, and have attended pretty regularly the ministrations of the Reverend Barnabas Shuttledore, of Ebenezer Chapel. Miss Mary Jane Scrudge (sister of my partner), whom I hope next month to lead from the altar Mrs. Humkins, junior, is of the Baptist persuasion and of a religious turn, which facts may account for my present belief. The Baptists have a notion that a church is an improper place, scarcely better than a playhouse, and, though we are to be married in church—the ceremony there performed being held to be the most binding—I am sure that Mary Jane would think the worse of me if I entered a church for any other than professional purposes. Before I began to make up to Mary Jane, I used regularly to have a day out on the Sunday, thinking no harm of it then, though I know better now. But I have said enough, to show why I am not much acquainted with churches in the light of places of worship. In the way of business I have taken some half-dozen or more, and these pretty good samples of the various kinds of churches. I can never make out why they are so different from each other, when, as I suppose, all church-people worship in the same manner and believe the same things.

I have taken churches all titivated off with colour and gilding; the walls covered with

printing, which, like a bad hand, couldn't be read by anybody but the man who printed it; the communion-table set out, like the sideboard in some grand house, with lots of plate, big gold waiters and candlesticks (which the Reverend Shuttlemore, preaching from somewhere in Revelations, proved to be the mark of the beast); the pulpit inlaid with sham jewellery; spread-eagles, with bookstands on their backs; tiles, with patterns on them like green-house pavements; gold stars on the ceiling at one end; pews very low—uncomfortable for the back I found on trying them, and without doors—not so private as I should wish my pew to be. Well, that is one kind of church. There is a church in London (I dare say my readers have been to see it among the other sights), which was built as a pattern for this style. It is a regular show place, and very successful I should think. Whether they ever have service in it I don't know for certain, but I fancy not; they would be afraid of spoiling it. This style of church is harder to take than any other, because of the red and yellow glass in the windows.

Then there is another kind of church in London: big roomy galleries all round, supported on pillars beautifully painted to look like marble (that now is *art* I can understand); a great organ, all polished mahogany and gilded pipes, like a handsome clock-case; a mahogany pulpit with an octagon sounding-board, and no expense spared in the crimson cushions and fringes; high, square—what I call *comfortable* pews; the commandments printed very plain, so that one can't misread them, and framed off from all the rest of the ornaments, as if to draw particular attention. (The architects of the style of church described in the last paragraph seem to me to use the commandments as if Heaven had expressly sent them to them as a nice safe bit of ornamentation that may be zigzagged over their clean-scraped walls in endless varieties of shape and colour.) Then there are monuments of marble, black and white nicely relieving each other, with little fat cherub-heads at the corners, and crossbones and hour-glasses carved in prominent positions. Over the communion-table there is often a picture, which, between the two square windows, looks of an uniform deep brown snuff-colour, except where, in the centre, some white face, with upturned eyes, starts out from the darkness with a sort of ghostly life.

Then there is the country church, of which the C— church, now upon the carpet, may serve as a specimen. The country churches, I suppose, will not last long in their present condition, if this rage for titivating holds. Last year I took a view of a village church, which had been lately "restored," as the term is. I don't set up for a man of taste, but it did not seem to me to go well at all with the green grass and the blue sky and the bright sunshine outside. The colouring looked tawdry, like a masquerade dress the morning after. Everything looked too new and polished and clean, as if it had no affinity with those outside weather-influences, producing stains and damp and dust.

I walked up and down my limited space of aisle between the pews, watch in hand, seeing as much as I could see of the church. It was an old ramshackled building. Ages ago everything had been whitewashed that could be whitewashed—ceiling and walls and oak-beams alike; but the weather had been taking the white out of it ever since, marbling the walls with streaks and patches of brown and grey, or vivid green. I could make out in these stains, dim confused landscapes, not unlike the productions of that artist named Cox, before-mentioned. In places the plaster had fallen from the ceiling. The pews were like a parcel of old packing-cases or orange-boxes. I never saw such pews before or since; though the owners seemed chary enough of them, in almost all, their names being printed in black letters on a slab of white ground. The flat square tiles of the pavement had been mended up with common bricks, and here and there a stone had been let in, the whole being assimilated by a coat of green weather-stain. Tiny plants were springing up in the interstices—in the belfry quite a nursery-garden of them. There was a row of high-pointed arches on one side and of low round arches on the other. A great pointed arch led into the chancel. Squeezed up in a corner, between the arch and the first low round-headed arch, was the pulpit. An awfully dark corner—the parson must have had hard work to read his sermon there on a winter's afternoon. The pulpit, I thought to myself, will not come out well in my picture. The font was under one of the pointed arches, just opposite the door. The top of its lid was covered, for some reason or other, with a fool's cap. The lady had wanted me to include the font, too, in the picture; but it was simply impossible. Now, I may be wrong, but this is the notion I have of what was passing in the lady's mind. She was poor; she was going to leave the home where she had lived all her life, and she must have something to take away with her to remember the old place by, though she could not afford to spend much. Perhaps she would have chosen a view of the vicarage before anything (how her eyes brightened up when I promised to throw in that little positive!) but then it struck her, that a view of the church would be more proper. There was the grave, she must have that at any rate; then, there was the font where she was christened; and there was the communion-table where she had taken the sacrament, and where, at one time, for anything I know, she might have had a chance of being married; and there was the pew where she had sat Sunday after Sunday; and there was the pulpit her father had preached from. Women have a sentiment in these matters of religion. I know Mary Jane looks on Ebenezer Chapel as a sort of holy ground; and has a portrait of the Reverend Shuttlemore (worst photograph I ever saw) which she hangs up opposite mine.

Well, to go on with my description: through the chancel arch, the communion-table was to be seen; handsome worked cover to it, oak

rails before it, commandments very plain in yellow on a blue ground, high up on either side. The man who painted them didn't know that his yellow letters would come out black in a photograph, and his blue ground light. There were monuments on the chancel wall as elsewhere. On a pillar close to me was a large printed card stating that a man might not marry his grandmother, and so forth, which struck me as curious.

Exhausting that end of the church in twenty minutes and a fraction, I turned my attention to the other. Three painted shields of arms over the belfry arch. In the belfry an old iron chest, the trestles for funerals, a ladder leading up to the higher story, one bell rope a good deal worn. That was all. Through the porch gate I could see the village shop and the village inn; and as I stood there, a boy came suddenly round the corner upon me with a shrill whistle that made me start.

Twenty-five minutes. I watched a fat toad crawling slowly up the aisle. A robin, which had hitherto been flying to and fro, perched upon a beam over my head and began to sing. The sun popped out from behind the clouds and shone in through every window along one side of the church. The pulpit looked darker than ever behind the lines of light. I felt that my photograph was going on just right, but knew that Miss White would find fault with the pulpit. There would not be much of a pulpit to be seen.

Verging upon the half-hour. I paced back to the belfry and peeped out through the rails again, like a wild beast in a show. The minute-hand of my watch crept on. I have looked at it so often that I have learned to see it move. Time was just up. As I turned to go to my camera, I saw the bell rope swinging to and fro; and immediately after the heavy sound of the bell came thundering down upon the top of my head. I thought the bell, or the roof, or the whole tower was coming down on me too—it startled me so. The sound went trembling through the church; and outside of the church through the air, too, as I soon found from the rushing of the boys to the porch gate. However, I had my camera to think about just then, and couldn't stop to speculate on the ringing of the bell. I believe if a lion stood between a photographic artist and his camera when the time is up, the lion could not stop him.

Bringing my slide out of the church, I found the boys ready for me. The sound of the bell had aroused the villagers, and a good many of them were standing at their doors to see what was the matter. The only way I could account for its ringing myself was, by supposing that the wind had shaken it.

Miss White met me in the garden. I could see she was in a towering passion.

"If I had thought, Sir," she said, "that you did not know how to respect a sacred place where you were admitted on sufferance, I would not have employed you."

"Ma'am," I answered, for I was nettled,

"as for respect, I took off my hat, though there was a draught like the wind from a blacksmith's bellows. I should no more think of touching the bell than you would."

"Don't add to your sin," she said, "make haste and finish your work, and let me be rid of you."

There is nothing riles a man more than a false accusation. I knew I should lose my temper if I spoke; besides, my picture was spoiling, so I turned on my heel and ducked my head into the dark tent.

I am afraid I am using a great many expressions which people who know nothing of photography will not understand. But there is scarcely a family now which has not an amateur photographer in it: some young lady who spoils her pretty little fingers, or some young gentleman who blackens his shirt cuffs and cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, and whose pictures are not quite worth the spoiling of either. However, for the benefit of those who have not a photographic amateur in the family I will explain that, when I say I began to develop my picture, I mean that I poured on to it a certain chemical solution which brings out gradually all the details of light and shade which are already there, but unseen.

I began to develop. The windows started out in a moment, then came the patches of sunlight, then the white monuments on the walls, then the polished edges of the pews; and then, very slowly, the outlines of the arches, the round pillars, the walk between the pews, the details of the pews themselves, the communion-table with its railings, the commandments and the pulpit.

I have heard people talk about photography as if it were a very mysterious matter. I dare say that to a novice, the gradual coming out of a picture under development seems mysterious the first time or two. But it is the simplest thing in nature. It is the light and the chemicals that do it. Good light, good lens and good chemicals—these are your tools. I have seen in print a great deal of poetical nonsense about photography—waves of light, images thrown off from people and caught and retained by magic—"quædam simulacra, modeis pallentia mireis," (I copy that letter for letter out of a book;) "phantoms, strangely pale" it means as they translate it underneath. You may be sure that when anyone begins to write poetically on a subject, he knows nothing of that subject. There is nothing poetical to be got out of what one knows; and every photographic artist will tell you that there is nothing in the world more plain, and matter-of-fact than photography. Whatever there is in range of your lens, you will have in your picture..... But sometimes an extraordinary occurrence will happen in the most ordinary routine. An extraordinary occurrence happened in the development of my picture. I can't explain it in the least, but I am going to tell you what it was.

I had said all along in my own mind that the pulpit would not come out well. In develop-

ing, a space remained perfectly white in the dark pulpit corner between the two arches, while the rest of the picture was showing more and more detail every moment. This was natural and what I had expected. Towards the last a pinnacle of the pulpit on the light side and the edge of the cushion came faintly into sight. Then suddenly a great blur made its appearance where the pulpit ought to have been. I had never known, in all my professional practice, a stain like this or coming in the same manner. The stain came as if it were shot into the picture; sharp outlined, distinct, full of minute detail. I was puzzled. I held the glass up to the light. It was not a stain. It was a figure!

Miss White was angry that she could not have the photographs at once, and would not understand for some time that the negative-views of the church had to be printed. Of course, it was not likely that she would detect with her unpracticed eye, the figure in the pulpit. People never can make out a negative, where all the whites are black and all the blacks white. I promised to bring her the pictures on the next evening; and so packed up my traps and returned to the van.

I printed that afternoon, watching the printing-frames in the intervals of portrait-taking. The figure came out wonderfully sharp and distinct—an old gentleman with white hair, dressed in a black gown, every fold of which was visible, with a pair of white bands hanging down over the breast. I hesitated a little whether I would not leave this figure out of the picture, which of course I knew how to manage. But at last I decided I would let it be as it was.

The pictures were very successful. I framed them neatly and took them to C— Vicarage on the following afternoon, when it was too late for portraits.

I knocked at the door, and a servant let me in and showed me to a room where Miss White was. The house was all in disorder. They were evidently packing up for leaving. Miss White was overlooking a man who was putting an oil picture into a case. It was a portrait of a gentleman. Though the face was much younger, it struck me like lightning, that this was the same person as the figure in my photograph.

Miss White took off the paper in which I had wrapped the pictures. Of course she saw the figure in a moment.

She gasped out: "Papa!" and fell to the ground as if she had been knocked down. I caught the pictures as she fell, so that the glasses were not broken.

* * * * *

I keep the negative among my curiosities.

ROSE'S THREE TRIALS.

BY JAMES B. STEPHENS.

There are twenty years of sun and cloud
Betwixt my Rose and me:
Oft have I toss'd her in my arms,
To wake her infant glee:
I was vain of what was on my cheek
When she was on my knee.

The world is wide, and youth is wild,
The native soil is tame;
The sea is broad, and the blessed God
Is in all lands the same;
I prayed his grace, took heart, and sail'd
For Fortune and for Fame.

I fac'd the anger of the deep,
The perils of the shore;
I fought with Nature and with man—
Saw lands unknown before—
When sixteen years had come and gone,
I stood at Rose's door.

The gold of Ind was in my purse;
I was a rich man now:
The badge of Fame was on my breast,
Her scars upon my brow;
Yet a silvery voice unmann'd my heart,
I knew not why or how!
A little while and Rose was mine,
By plighted word and vow.

But twenty years between us lay,
A bridgeless, dark abyss!
Was my worn heart responsive
To the passion of her kiss?
And could my heavy spirit lean
On tender love like this?

Her very laugh awoke my fears;
I trembled when she smil'd;
Was hers the love of woman,
Or the impulse of a child?
Was this the life-love of her soul,
Or a freak of passion wild?

And when she shook her lustrous curls,
So fairy-like and young,
Above my joy this darksome doubt,
Like a foul vapour hung.
I was resolved to try her heart,
E'en with a lying tongue.

One ev'ning when the twilight's breath
Scarce stirred the leaves of June,
I led her forth, and lied to her
Beneath the mellow moon.
I told her I was deep in debt,
And would be bankrupt soon.

"Wilt marry one with broken fame
And broken fortunes too—
Waste thy young heart with fever'd dreams
Of penury in view?
I will not claim thy vows—unless
Thou speak them all anew."

Oh, fair is the moon, when in nights of June,
O'er her sapphire paths she hies,
And softly bright is each twinkling light
In the chambers of the skies;
But none are half so beautiful
As the light of Rose's eyes!

This was the light that she turn'd on me,
And I read her soul thereby—
I could divine her inmost thought
Before she made reply—
"I am almost glad that thou art poor.
I fear not poverty!

"And now I feel more near to thee;
It was not so before.
Now I can be of use to thee
Thou'lt love me so much more.
Thou canst not think how proud I'll be
To rule our little store!"

I took the dear one to my breast—
Woman and child in one.
"I did but jest, but now I know
What thou'dst have borne and done."
I thought my doubts were laid to rest—
They came back with the sun!

I sought her when the fiends of storm
Swept over earth and main—
When thunders peal'd, and lightning's shot
Athwart the window-pane.
I chose the hour of Nature's pow'r
To try her heart again.

"There is blood upon my soul," I said—
The blood of one I slew;
Wilt waste thy heart with fever'd dreams
Of infamy in view?
I will not claim thy vows—unless
Thou speak them all anew."

Oh, how gentle and kind is the sweet summer
wind
As it breathes o'er the perfumed land!
And how soft is the sleep of the silver deep
On the breast of the golden sand!
But nothing is half so gentle and soft
As the touch of Rose's hand!

This was the hand that she laid on me:—
"Tell me the tale, and I
Will take the guilt upon my head,
And for thy crime will die.
Only enshrine me as thy wife
Within thy memory."

I took the dear one to my breast,
Woman and child in one.
"'Tis true I slew him with this hand,
But the deed was fairly done.
It was a Russian soldier, Rose,
And I slew him at his gun."

'Twas eve again. Another dawn
Would bring the nuptial day;
I found her sporting on the lawn;
She seem'd to me too gay;
And the fiend whispered in my heart,
She's but a child at play."

I tried her once again: "Sweet Rose,
The vows I've sworn to thee
Were once another's, and her babe
Has sat upon my knee;
But I left them far away, Rose,
In a land beyond the sea.

"Wilt waste thy love on such as I,
With infamy in view?
I've jested with thee twice, Rose,
What now I tell is true!
I will not claim thy vows—unless
Thou speak them all anew."

Oh, swift is the flight of each ray of light,
That bursts from the gates of morn;
And keen is the blast o'er the ice that has past
In the lands where winter is born;
But nothing is half so swift and keen
As the glance of Rose's scorn!

This was the scorn that she flash'd on me,
From quivering lip and eye.
"Live thou, and learn to loathe thy sin,
Live on, but let me die.
Pluck the last vestige of my love
From thy false memory."

She took a bracelet from her arm,
And flung it on the grass.
"Take back thy gift . . . Sir, stand aside!"
"But hear me, Rose!" — "Alas,
I dare not hear! . . . Sir! stand aside,
And let a lady pass."

I took the dear one to my breast,
Woman and child in one.
"'Tis true I had another, Rose,
But our wedded life is done—
Ten years they've slept within their graves,
The mother and her son."

And Rose forgave me.—Now, though I
Am older far than she,
Her thoughts are wiser far than mine,
With all her childish glee.
Oh, could I only be to her
All she has been to me!

LOOK AT HOME.—When once a home is regarded by the young as only a place to eat and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in public-houses and a downward career. Young people must have relaxation somewhere: if they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought at other, and perhaps less profitable places. Therefore, at night, make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents ought to understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half-an-hour of merriment round the fire-light of a home blots out the remembrance of many a care during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little inner sanctum.—*Old Jonathan.*

THE WORK-TABLE.

NEW CROCHET STITCHES,

(Especially suitable for Wool-work.) *

No. I.—TUNIS STITCH.

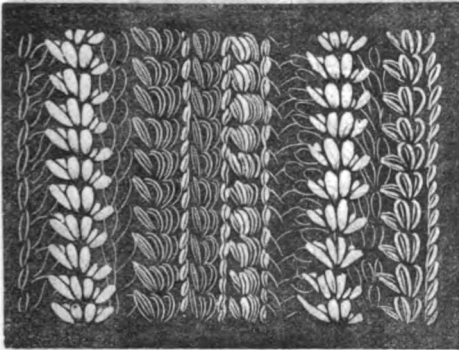
This is begun exactly like Princess stitch, and with the same kind of hook. You make a chain of any given number of stitches, and work back on it, taking up each stitch and drawing the wool through, until finally you have all on the needle. Work back, by drawing the wool first through one loop only, and after that through two, till you have one only on the hook, which is the first of next row. So far the two stitches are precisely alike.

3rd. Instead of putting the hook in the upright stitch, insert it under the top, or upper part, between every two upright threads; and draw the loop through; so that at the end of the row, working from right to left, you have all the loops on the needle, the last one being made of a sort of loose thread at the end.

4th, or returning row, is like the second, but that you draw three off together at the last. Repeat these two rows alternately till sufficient is done.

This stitch is better adapted for making squares than stripes, as it works into a diamond or slanting form, but can readily be pulled into shape.

A *couvre-pied* made of this stitch, in small squares of two bright *trenchant* colours, would be very handsome, especially if each square was surrounded by a line of *s c*, worked in gold or maize filoselle.



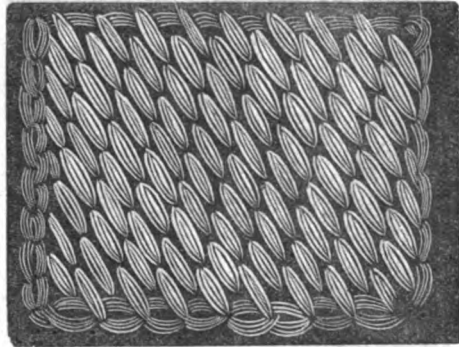
No. II.—VELVET STITCH.

is made by putting the wool twice round the hook (as for *t c*), and then inserting it in the stitch to be worked. Draw the wool through this, and then through all the four loops and twists of thread together, which requires a somewhat fine needle. Do a chain stitch after every stitch; and in following rows insert the hook under this chain.

You work the velvet stitch on every alternate one only of the foundation chain.

This stitch is admirably suited for stripes of bright colours, divided by a narrow one of three rows, black, maize (or gold), and black again. The bright colours ought to be of not less than four rows; and five are more effective.

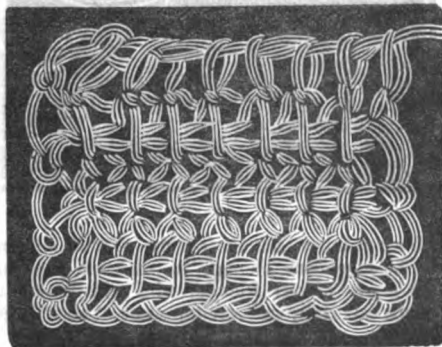
The maize line should be done in coarse crochet silk; the wool used must be double Berlin.



No. III.—LONG-PRINCESS STITCH.

This is a pretty and novel variety of the popular "Princess" (or, as the French have called it *Tunis*) crochet. The only difference in working is, that when doing the forward row, after taking up one of the front stitches, and bringing the wool through it, you draw the wool again through the stitch just made, working on it, in fact, a chain stitch. Do this to every stitch in the row, working from right to left, except the first stitch, which, as our readers are aware, is merely the last stitch of the alternate or back row: and this must have a chain stitch worked on it.

It is somewhat lighter than the ordinary Princess stitch, and done in 8-thread Berlin is quite warm enough for a *couvre-pied*, or baby's blanket; but the stitches not being square, it is not suitable for embroidery.

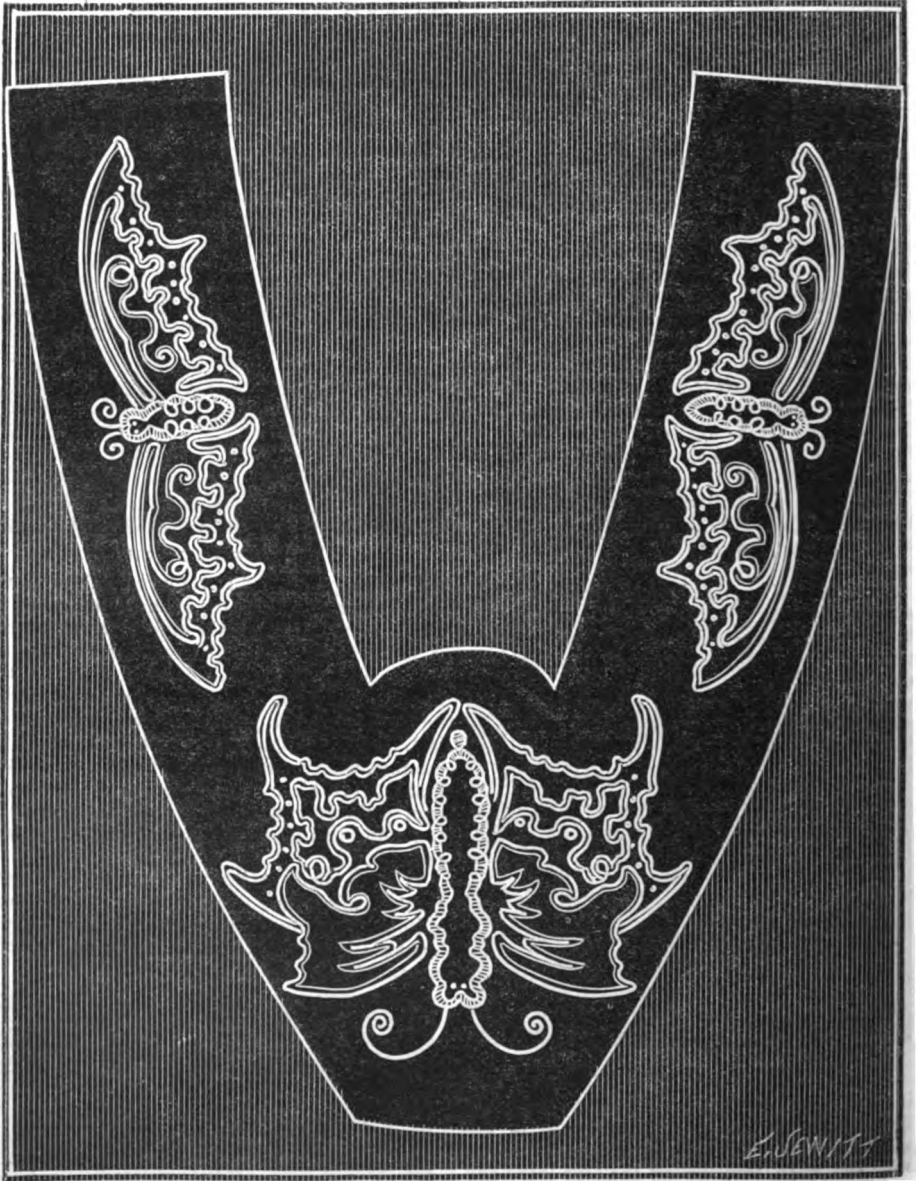


AIGUILLETTE.

* When it is desirable to use Cotton, we particularly recommend the Royal Boar's Head Crochet Cotton of MESSRS. WALTER EVANS'S and Co., of Derby.—ED.

THE BUTTERFLY SLIPPER.

MATERIALS :—Black Cloth, Violet, Green, Crimson, and Blue *Ombre* Silks ; Gold Thread, No. 3 ; Black and Ruby Cut Beads.



We can fancy that the design of this slipper may be *suggestive* enough to make it popular with many of our friends, who will think it a pattern especially *suitable* for some of their liege lords.

The butterfly is to be worked in chain-stitch, with the various shaded silks : the upper wings in green—the under in crimson, with blue spots. The body in lilac. On each side of the body a cut black bead may be put in every little loop.

surrounded by gold-thread. This must be laid on each side of the lilac silk; but on the outer side only of the remainder. It is also to be employed for the antennæ. The eyes are to be rubies.

Braid may be used instead of the shaded silk; but the effect will not be so good. It is trouble-

some, also, to draw the number of ends through to the wrong side. If done in one colour only, much of the beauty of the design will be lost.

Black velvet would be a better material even than cloth; but it should have a lining of fine thin linen.

AIGUILLETTE.

THE ART OF SWIMMING.

We particularly recommend this article to our lady readers, for they should all learn how to swim. At some of our favourite bathing-places we have been pleased to see how many good swimmers and floaters are to be found among the lady visitors to these delightful places of resort.

As it is at this season that the healthy pastime of swimming may be pursued, we venture to give those of our young friends who may be inexperienced in the art a few hints which may serve them in time of need. Great caution is required in the commencement, for it is too often a failing in youth to tempt danger, and incur risks (often fatal), from not having acquired the knowledge of averting them.

The tonic and reviving qualities of cold water are of the most remarkable character. How wonderfully refreshing it is to bathe merely the face and hands in cold water!

On first plunging into cold water, there comes a shock which drives the blood to the central parts of the system; but immediately a reaction takes place, which is assisted by the exercise of swimming, producing, even in water of a low temperature, an agreeable warmth. The stay in the water should never be prolonged beyond the period of this excitement. If the water be left while this warmth continues, and the body immediately dried, the healthy glow over the whole surface will be delightful.

To remain in the water after the first reaction is over, produces a prolonged chilliness, a shrinking of the flesh, and a contraction of the skin by no means favourable to health or enjoyment; for it is only in water thoroughly warmed by the summer heats where we may bathe for hours with impunity.

Certain precautions are necessary. Moderate exercise, by summoning into action the powers of the system and quickening the circulation, is better than inactivity. We should never go into water immediately after a meal, nor while the process of digestion is going forward. Nor should we plunge into the water when violently heated or in a state of profuse perspiration. Such imprudences are often fatal, especially if the water be unusually cold. If too warm, the

temperature of the body may be reduced by bathing the wrists and wetting the head.

Times and Places for Swimming.—Before meals rather than after, and especially before breakfast and before supper, are proper seasons for bathing. The heats of the day are to be avoided, but in very hot weather a bath is useful to cool the blood and secure refreshing sleep. If in the middle of the day, a shaded place should be chosen, or the head protected from the sun by being kept wet or by wearing a straw hat—as is practised by the fashionable French ladies at their watering-places.

The sea is the best place for swimming. Owing to the greater specific gravity of salt water than fresh, the body is more buoyant in it, as are other substances. A ship coming out of salt water into fresh sinks perceptibly in the water. The difference is nearly equal to the weight of the salt held in solution.

The bottom should be of hard sand, gravel, or smooth stones; sharp stones and shells cut the feet, weeds may entangle them. The swimmer must avoid floating grass and quicksand. The beginner must be careful that the water does not run beyond his depth, and that the current cannot carry him into a deeper place, also that there be no holes in the bottom. As persons are ever liable to accidents, cramps, &c., it is always best that boys or girls should be accompanied by those who are older than themselves, and who will be able to save them in an emergency.

Aids in Learning to Swim.—Probably one of the best ways of learning to swim is to go, with a competent teacher, in a boat in deep water, this supporting the body more buoyantly than that which is shallower, and preventing the constant tendency of beginners to touch the bottom, which here is, of course, impossible.

The teacher should fasten a rope securely around the waist, or—better still—to a belt, which can neither tighten nor slip down. The rope may be fastened to a short pole. Supported in this manner, the pupil may take his proper position in the water, and practise the necessary motions, and the support of the rope

may be gradually lessened until the pupil finds himself entirely supported by the water.

Corks and bladders are often used as supports for learners; but it is much better to begin without them. As, however, they may be a protection in some cases against accidents, and enable the learner to practise the proper motions for rapid swimming more carefully, they are not to be entirely condemned. Several large pieces of cork, uncut into stopples, must be strung upon each end of a piece of rope, long enough to pass under the chest and reach just above the shoulders; or well-blown and properly secured bladders may be fastened in the same way. Care must be taken to confine these supports near the shoulders, as by their slipping down they would plunge the head under water, and produce the very catastrophe they were especially designed to prevent.

A great variety of life-preservers have been invented, made of India-rubber and cork-shavings, in the form of jackets, belts, &c., which may be used like the corks and bladders; but, as their bulk is generally all around the chest, they hinder the free use of the arms and impede the velocity of motion. As life-preservers they would do very well if people ever had them on when they were needed, or had presence of mind enough to fit and inflate them in sudden emergencies. The best life-preservers are the self-reliance and well-directed skill of a good swimmer.

Swimming with the plank has two advantages. The young bather has always the means of saving himself from the effects of a sudden cramp, and he can practise with facility the necessary motions with the legs and feet, aided by the momentum of the plank. A piece of light wood, three or four feet long, two feet wide, and about two inches thick, will answer very well for this purpose. The chin may be rested upon the end, the arms used; but this must be done carefully, or the support may go beyond the young swimmer's reach.

A better method, as many think, than any of these, is for the teacher to wade into the water with his pupil, and then support him in a horizontal position by placing his hand under the pupil's chest, while he directs his motions. He may withdraw his support almost imperceptibly. But we do not see what advantage this method has over that first noticed with the boat, unless it be that the teacher can better enforce his precepts by example, and, in swimming himself, give practical illustrations of his theories of propulsion.

The rope is another artificial support which has its advantages. A rope may be attached to a pole fastened (and mind that it be well fastened) in the bank, or it may be attached to a branch of an overhanging tree. Taken in the hands, the swimmer may practise with his legs, or, by holding it in his teeth, he may use all his limbs at once. The rope, however, is not so good as the plank, as it allows of less freedom of motion, and the latter might easily be so fixed

as to be laid hold of by the teeth, and held securely.

The Cramp.—Those persons who plunge into the water when they are heated by exercise, and remain in it until they are benumbed with cold, or exhaust themselves by very violent exertion, are the most subject to attacks of cramp. The moment the swimmer is seized by cramp in the legs, he must not suffer himself to feel alarmed, but strike out the limb with all his might, keeping the heel downward, and drawing the toes as far upward as he can, although at the time these movements give him great pain. He may also turn on his back, and jerk the limb into the air, though not so high as to throw himself out of his balance. Should these attempts prove unsuccessful, he must try to reach the shore with his hands, or all events keep himself afloat until assistance can be procured. If he cannot float on his back he may swim upright, keeping his head above the surface, by striking the water downward with his hands near his hips, and thus make steady progress without using the legs. If only one leg be attacked, the swimmer may strike forward with the other; and, to acquire confidence in cases of cramp, it is advisable to practise swimming with one hand and leg, with the hands only, or even with one leg.

Entering the Water—Striking Out.—We now come to the most important directions. As the pupil must gradually acquire confidence in this new element, he should not be urged to plunge in against his inclination. After wetting his head, he may wade in until the water is up to his breast, then, turning towards the shore, inflate his lungs, and incline forward until the water covers his chin. The head should be thrown backwards, and the back hollowed, and the chest as much as possible expanded. In swimming, the feet should be about two feet below the surface. The hands should be placed in front of the breast, pointing forward, the fingers kept close together, and the thumb to the fingers, so as to form a slightly hollow paddle. Now strike the hands forward as far as possible, but not bringing them to the surface; then make a sweep backward to the hips, the hand being turned downward and outward; then bring them back under the body, and with as little resistance as may be, to their former position, and continue as before.

The hands have three motions: First, from their position at the breast, they are pushed straight forward; second, they sweep round to the hips, like an oar, the closed and hollowed hands being the paddle portion, and their position in the water and descent serving both to propel and sustain the body; and third, they are brought back under the body to the first position.

Having learned these motions by practising them slowly, the pupil should proceed to learn the still more important motions of the legs. These are likewise three in number—one of preparation and two of propulsion. First, the legs are

drawn up as far as possible, by bending the knees and keeping the feet widely separated; second, they are pushed with force backward and outward, so that they spread as far as possible; and third, the legs are brought together, thus acting powerfully upon the wedge of water which they inclosed.

The motion in the water should be as straight forward as possible, and the more the head is immersed the easier the swimming. Rising at every stroke—*breasting*, as it is called—is both tiresome and inelegant.

All these movements should be made with slowness, and deliberately, without the least flurry. The learner will soon breathe naturally, and, as the motions are really natural, he will not be long in acquiring them. If he draw in his breath as he rises, and breathe it out as he sinks, he will time his strokes, and avoid swallowing water. Those who have been accustomed to fresh water must be particularly careful when they go into the sea, the water of which is very nauseous.

Plunging or Diving.—In leaping into the water, feet first, which is done from rocks, &c., the feet must be kept close together, and the arms either held close to the side or over the head. In diving head-foremost, the hands must be put together, so as to divide the water before the head. The hands are also in a proper position for striking-out.

It is wonderful how easy the swimmer directs his course under water. If he wishes to go down or come up, or swim to the right or left, he has but to bend his head and body in that direction, and, after a little use, he will do this almost unconsciously, as if his movements were the result of volition alone.

In descending in the water, bend the head so as to bring the chin near the breast, and curve the back in the same direction; in ascending, hold back the head and hollow the back. In swimming over the surface, look up to the sky; it is quite impossible to dive beneath the surface in this position.

Swimming in Deep Water.—In the swimming schools of Prussia, the pupils are taught in deep water, sustained by a belt and a rope attached to a pole, which the teacher holds as a lever over a railing. The motions of the arms, then of the legs, and then both together, are practised by word of command, like military exercises. The support is given as required. After a few lessons the pole is dispensed with, then the rope; but the pupil is still kept until proficient, within reach of the pole. This mode of learning to swim is like that practised in teaching boys to ride in the circus. A rope, fastened to a belt, passes through a ring in the saddle, and the end is held by the riding-master in the centre of the ring. If the boy falls, his teacher has only to draw upon the rope, and he is secure from danger, and ready to spring to his feet again.

Those who are learning to swim in shallow water, and without a teacher, may find an advantage in the following method: When the learner has acquired some facility in swimming,

and wishes to try to swim out of his depth, he should first venture to cross a stream which may be a foot or two overhead in the middle. He must not be alarmed at not feeling ground under his feet, or make quick and short strokes, and breathe at the wrong time, so that he involuntarily swallows water—all which mishaps, of course, increase the hurry and agitation, and make it difficult for him to get back to shore. Learners should, therefore, never venture out of their depth without having first practised such distances only as they are certain they can accomplish; for, if they can swim eight or ten yards without allowing their feet to touch the bottom, they can fearlessly attempt to cross a deep stream of only half that width, and so on, increasing the distance by degrees; they will thus progressively attain presence of mind, and find that the deeper the water the greater is its sustaining power, and the easier they will be enabled to swim in it.

Treading Water.—This is a favourite position in the water, and useful as a means of resting in swimming long distances. The position is perpendicular; the hands are placed upon the hips or kept close to the side to assist in balancing the body, being moved, like fins, at the wrist only; the feet are pushed down alternately, so as to support the head above water, and the body may be raised in this way to a considerable extent. While in this position, if the head be thrown back so as to bring the nose and mouth uppermost, and the chest somewhat inflated, the swimmer may sink till his head is nearly covered, and remain for any length of time in this position without motion, taking care to breathe very slowly.

Upright Swimming.—System of Bernardi.—Bernardi, an Italian teacher of swimming, who has written a treatise upon the subject, warmly recommends the upright position in swimming as being in conformity with the accustomed movements of the limbs, from the freedom of the hands and arms, greater facility of breathing, and less risk of being caught hold of by persons struggling in the water.

Though this method can never supersede that taught by Nature and the frog—her best professor—it may be practised for variety's sake. The great difficulty is in keeping the head properly balanced, for whichever way it inclines over goes the body.

Side Swimming.—In swimming on either side the motions of the legs have no alternation, but are performed as usual. To swim on the left side, lower that side, which is done with the slightest effort, and requires no instruction; then strike forward with the left hand and sideways with the right, keeping the back of the latter to the front, with the thumb side downward, so as to act as an oar. In turning on the other side, strike out with the right hand, and use the left as an oar. To swim on each side alternately, stretch out the lower arm the instant that a strike is made by the feet, and strike with the other arm on a level with the head at the instant that the feet are urging the

swimmer forward; and while the upper hand is carried forward and the feet are contracted, the lower hand must be drawn toward the body. This method is full of variety, and capable of great rapidity, but it is also very fatiguing.

Thrusting.—This is a beautiful variety of this exercise, and much used by accomplished swimmers. The legs and feet are worked as in ordinary swimming, but the hands and arms very differently. One arm (say the right) should be lifted wholly out of the water, thrust forward to its utmost reaching, and then dropped upon the water with the hand hollowed, and then brought back by a powerful movement, pulling the water toward the opposite armpit. At the same time, the body must be sustained and steadied by the left hand working in a small circle, and as the right arm comes back from its far reach to the armpit the left is carrying in an easy sweep from the breast to the hip. The left arm is thrust forward alternately with the right, and by these varied movements great rapidity is combined with much ease.

Swimming on the Back.—This is the easiest

of all modes of swimming, because in this way a larger portion of the body is supported by the water. It is very useful to ease the swimmer from the greater exertion of more rapid methods, and especially when a long continuance in deep water is unavoidable. The swimmer can turn easily to this position, or, if learning, he has but to incline slowly backward, keeping his head on a line with his body, and letting his ears sink below the surface; then placing his hands upon his hips, he can push himself along with his feet and legs with perfect ease and considerable rapidity.

The hands may be used to assist in propelling in this mode by bringing them up edgewise toward the armpits, and then pushing them down, the fingers fronting inward, and the thumb part down. This is called "winging."

The hands may be used at discretion, the application of force in one direction, of course, giving motion in the other; and the best methods are soon learned when once the pupil has acquired confidence in his powers of buoyancy.

OUR CORNFIELD FLORA.

BY CAROLINE A. WHITE.

There is no spot of earth so desolate or rugged but that Nature brings a bit of floral beauty to cover and adorn it. For every soil, for every situation, she has whole colonies of vegetable inhabitants, relays deep hidden in her fruitful breast, ready to be brought forth whenever needed, stored, it may be, from the beginning, but at any rate, instinct with life, and only waiting favourable circumstances to develop it. On many places of the coast, left bare and scarred by landslips, a spontaneous springing up of shrubs and grasses may be noted by tourists, clothing them from season to season with picturesque uncultivated grandeur.

Then again, observe (and we may do this nearer home) the railway cuttings of to-day, which a few months hence shall be glorious with indigenous verdure; and the brown earth-works, left in their rude and formal nakedness by man, upon whose steps follow close the pitying mother and wraps their bare and shelterless sides in garments of green turf. But for no locality has she prepared so bright-hued a progeny of flowers as for the corn-field.

Devotion, in the days of old mythology, could devise no more befitting or more glorious crown for plenty-bringing Ceres, than one of Poppies and blue Corn-flowers. With these the Greeks and Romans garlanded the statue of the goddess, and her priests wore crowns of them in honour of her at the autumnal ambervallia.

To-day, though the mother of Proserpine lives but in poetry, we find them glorifying (at the expense of good husbandry) the fields dedicated to the cereal crops. How beautiful they are!—those sun-flushed poppies, flaunting their scarlet banners amongst the blue-green stems of the bearded barley and the paler spears of wheat, or the drooping spikelets of the tremulous oats! Beautiful and matchless in exquisite contrast of colour, whether the fields be clad in vernal green or sunburnt to the golden brown of autumn!

We may find the Corn-poppy in many other situations than its legitimate one, but the Corn-bluebottle (*Centaurea cyanus*) seldom opens its azure eyes out of the precincts of the standing corn. Nor does the scentless May-weed lift its solitary white-rayed flowers, or fling abroad the hair-like segments of its sessile leaves, or the purple cockle open its velvet petals, or the golden discs of the Corn-Marigold glitter, but as exceptions in other localities. The same Power who sets bounds to the encroaching sea, limits the whereabouts of the simple flower, and entwines in these especial ones their destiny with the harvest sheaves.

The Poppy tribe (*Papaveracea*) is said to have received its name from *pappa* (Celtic for *pap*), because, long previous to the invention of "Daffy's Elixir," nurses were wont to mix this plant with children's food to relieve pain and make them sleep. All this family abound with

a milky juice of a highly somnolent quality; that of the *Papaver somniferum* yields us, under the names of opium, laudanum, and morphia, most valuable medicines. The ancients were well aware of the narcotic nature of this species; its inspissated juice was originally prepared at Thebes, and was called, from its beneficent property of allaying pain, *Manna Dei*, or the hand of Deity. Sleep was allegorically represented crowned with white poppies, and scattering them on the slumberous earth.

Our Corn-Poppy (*Papaver rhæas*) may be distinguished by the size of its broad scarlet petals, its short, almost globose capsule, or seed-vessel, and the spreading hairs of the flower-stem. Like others of its congeners, it hangs down its rough, egg-shaped buds, drowsily, till the time of opening them arrives, when its closely packed petals burst the two-parted calyx and flutter forth crumpled and creased from their encasement to flaunt their red flags on the serried fields, and herald the approach of the solstitial Flora. We frequently find the base of the petals of the Corn-poppy stained with a dark mark, and its rayed stigma, like a star of purple velvet laid on a yellow ground, amongst its many stamens, adds not a little to the beauty of the flower. Though not accounted of any medical value in the present day, our forefathers gathered its green leaves for their soporific and cooling qualities, using them with the same intention that the heads of the Opium-poppy are used now, and also in anodyne ointments. Certain it is, that the whole plant is powerfully narcotic, for the holding of the flowers in the hand produces headache and heaviness; and the same effect has been felt from their presence in a room when forming part of a bouquet of wild flowers.

In a recent visit to Southend we observed a little garden attached to a very humble shore-side cottage, which, instead of the usual wilderness of sweet old English flowers, Clove Pinks, and Sops in Wine, Scabious, and Lavender, and Rocket, contained a monotonous crop of tall, dull Opium Poppies, with their straight-stemmed, grey-white flowers and glaucous green leaves. The plot of ground was too small to suggest their being grown for profit, and the lady, whose guest we were, set the matter at rest by telling us that for many years the same crop had filled the sombre-looking garden, whose owner laboured under a most painful and lingeringly cureless disease, for which opium afforded her the only relief; but who, finding its purchase too expensive for her small means, had given up her little garden to the growth of the plant, which yielded a sufficient number of Poppy heads or capsules, to keep the poor sufferer in comparatively soothed and pain-deadened state.

This digression has led us wide of the waving corn-fields and their flowers. Let us now turn back and bind the Corn-bluebottle with our Poppy-buds. What can be lovelier in colour or in form than this frilled corolla of deep blue florets, seated upon its pale green scaly whorl of

leaves, with the dark thread-like anthers in the midst! Like the Knap-weed, its near neighbour and relative (that other composite flower close at hand, that looks like a purple tassel set upright), its stems are tough enough to have gained for it in olden times the rustic name of Hurtsickle, "because," says our authority, "it turns the edge of the sickles that reap the corn;" but the Knap-weed, with its tall-branched dark green stems, much more deserved this appellation, as any one may prove who attempts to gather its flowers. In fair relief with these gay blossoms the May-weed spreads abroad its white-rayed discs, and may be easily distinguished from its frequent companions, Wild Chamomile and Corn Chamomile (*Anthemis nobilis* and *Anthemis arvensis*), by the convex centre of its large-rayed flower-heads, each seated on a long naked stalk, whilst they bear erect stems, much branched, and each branch supporting a flower. The aromatic scent of these pungent leaves and blossoms will help to overcome the drowsy exhalations of the nodding poppies; and their palely radiant flowers will set off to great advantage the large handsome purple ones with which the Corn Cockle (*Agrostemma githago*), one of the showiest of the *Lychnis* tribe, crowns its straight downy stems. Close at hand we shall find the tall Field Scabious (*Scabiosa arvensis*), the "widow flower" of France, with bowed head, wearing from year to year her sad-coloured suit of delicate grey or lilac. Every one who knows the rich claret-coloured scabious of our gardens, the dark convex heads of which, with their velvet surface and many white anthers, were named by nuns of old "our lady's pincushion," will recognize its rustic relative. In by-gone days the juice of this plant, mixed with that of samphire and the powder of borax, was used by dainty women as a cosmetic to clear the face of freckles and morpew, and the whole plant was accounted full of healing qualities.

The pretty Fumitory (*Fumaria capreolata*), with its delicate green foliage and many-branched stems, at the tops of which, in the quaint phrase of one of our old herbalists, "stand many small flowers, as it were in a spike, one above another, made like little birds of a reddish purple colour, with whitish bellies," still loves the corn-fields, and cannot be left out of our cereal wreath.

In the times just alluded to, when every baronial hall and manor-house had its "laboratory of flowers," in which the gentlewomen of the household were taught such portions of the chemist's art as the making of distilled waters, ointments, unguents, receipts for beauty, pomanders, and pomades, the Fumitory held a very high place amongst simples, not less for its cosmetical than its remedial qualities. The juice dropped into the eyes, though it produced pain and caused tears, cleared the sight and took away redness in them. Mixed with water and the honey of roses, and the mouth gargled therewith, it healed the soreness of the mouth and throat. The distilled water of the herb taken with treacle was good against pestilence, and the powder of the dried seed cured melan-

choly! As a toilet lotion, the juice mixed with that of Dock leaves and vinegar took away sunburns and freckles, and with gum arabic dissolved in it, was esteemed an effectual depilatory. Nor does this list contain half the hidden virtues of the herb.

Winding up the stems of the corn, we find the mischievous but graceful Climbing Persicaria (*Polygona convolvulus*), with its broadly arrow-shaped leaves and lateral spikes of four-whorled greenish flowers; it is a near relation of the common Buckwheat (*Polygona fagopyrum*), which has recently been brought into cultivation as an excellent food for poultry. The whole habit of this plant so resembles that of the small Bindweed, that it sometimes requires a close inspection to perceive that it is not the parent of the pretty plaited, white, or rose-coloured cups of the *Convolvulus arvensis*, trailing upon the ground or looping little festoons of its wreathing stems from one plant to other, wherever it can find support. Full of fragrance on sunny days—and it opens on no others—it incenses the air with the peculiar odorous principle known as *Coumarin*, to which melilot, sweet-smelling vernal grass, the broad-leaved plaintain, and the flowers of many other plants, owe their almond-like sweetness.

We will not linger over the minor occupants of our cornfields—the common Speedwell (*Veronica agrestis*), with prostrate stems and small blue flowers; the Corn Salad, or Lamb's Lettuce (*Fedia olitoria*), which is extensively used as a salad-herb, and on the Continent cultivated for the purpose; or the modest Shepherd's Purse (*Bursa pastoris*), the "Poor Man's Permacity" of our forefathers, with its diminutive cruciform white flowers, and its flat triangular seed-vessels, from which it derives its name. Nor is it worth while, unless a pet bird awaits our coming home, to gather more than a specimen of the common Groundsel (*Senecio vulgaris*), with its heads of dull yellow floeculous flowers; or the Corn Sow-thistle (*Sonchus arvensis*), which is certain to find a home upon the field. The great Yellow Ox-eye (*Chrysanthemum segetum*), known in Gerard's time as the "Goulden Floure of Valentia," will make a brighter contrast with the showy Corn Rose and the brilliant Blow Blue (for so the old masters of floral lore in England called the Poppy and the Corn-flower, and we love to perpetuate these rustic names) than even that glittering member of the Composite brotherhood.

Here and there, trailing its branched stems upon the surface of the ground, the variable little flowers of the Heartsease (*Viola tricolour*) live their sunny life. Its prettiness has rendered it a favourite in every age, and being under the dominion of the celestial sign Cancer (according to the old belief in planetary influences) it was anciently held in high repute for its medicinal virtues. The rose herself, has scarcely received more eulogy than this ex-

quisite little wanderer, which is found in cultivated fields, on barren ground, and even on the summits of high hills. Sweetest names have been lavished on it, only Nicholas Culpepper, Gent., has ventured to stigmatise it as "that herb which such physicians as are licensed to blaspheme by authority, without danger of having their tongues bored through with an hot iron, call Herb of the Trinity." And having thus disburdened himself of his rising spleen against the old religious name its tripart colouring had given rise to, he tells us that it is also called "Three-faces-under-a-hood," "*Live in idleness*" (a probable corruption of Shakspeare's "*Love in idleness*," yet so exquisitely characteristic of the prone, sun-loving habits of the plant, that it sounds very like the original); it was also known as "*Cul-me-to-you*," a sweetly significant appellation in reference to its common one of Heartsease; and the old physician and herbalist adds, "in Suffolk we call them Pansies."

There are a few more flowers scattered upon our cereal fields that well deserve our notice, especially the Pheasant's Eye (*Adonis autumnalis*), with its dusk green multifid leaves, its bright scarlet flowers, and its classic story. This is the "*Adonis-flower*" of the elder poets, who adopted the mythic fable which represented the solitary blood-red flowers, dropped as it were over the whole plant, to have fallen from the wounds of the dying youth beloved of Venus. In France it is called "*Drops-of-Blood*," which the bright red petals are freshly scarlet enough to resemble. Its beauty frequently introduces it to our gardens; but its "pheasants' eyes" glow brightest upon the yellow stubble-fields, in which Nature's hand has planted it—one amongst the fairest flowers with which Peace inweaves her cereal coronal of gold.

THE SUNBEAM.

BY J. C. TILDESLEY.

Gentle ray of sunlight, gleaming
From the bright and azure sky,
With celestial glory beaming
Full of light, and life, and joy,
Gilding every hill and mountain,
Smiling on their rugged side,
Cheering every crystal fountain,
And the streamlets as they glide!

Tell me, is it not thy mission
On life's gloomy path to shine?—
To give man a feeble vision
Of those Heavenly rays divine?
Yes! to soothe affliction's pillow,
And to banish earthly gloom,
Thine to cheer time's fleeting billow,
As it bears us to the tomb!

LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

THE LITTLE BREAD-WASTERS.

(Adapted from the German.)

BY HANNAH CLAY.

There were once two little children, named Godfrey and Emma, who lived in a nice house, with kind parents, and had every pleasure that they could reasonably desire. This little brother and sister were very kind to one another, and obedient to their parents. They were seldom corrected, for they had few faults; but one great fault they were constantly guilty of, and that was, that they were wasteful and extravagant about their eating. Their nurse had not been sufficiently strict with them in this respect; and they would leave such untidy plates after every meal that you would have been quite ashamed to see them. Bread especially, that good gift of our Heavenly Father, they crumbled about them, threw aside into corners, or kneaded into all kinds of curious figures. Their father had often taken them into the fields, in spring, summer, and autumn, and had desired them to notice how carefully the corn was sowed, ploughed, and reaped; but I am afraid that while he was talking, instead of listening, they were all the time watching the little birds in the hedges, or gathering the wild-flowers at their feet, or admiring the graceful waving of the ears of corn as they bent their shining heads to the breeze. Then, when the corn was ripe, these two children would follow the reapers in their merry work, drink buttermilk with them, and rub the brown rustling ears of wheat between their little hands to extract the grains, which they would parch at home on a shovel before the kitchen fire, their careless little hearts the while taking small heed of their father's wise words.

Thus the pieces of bread were still wasted, wasted, even although the children went to the farmer's barn to see the corn thrashed out by the great heavy flails, and to the miller's to see it ground, and to the baker's to see the flour made into dough, and baked in the large brick oven. They learnt no wisdom from all these curious sights; but the food, and especially the bread, at home, was still wasted as much as ever.

The kind and tender mother of Godfrey and Emma tried another plan. She thought to impress their young hearts by showing them the poor pale hungry children who came to the door to beg a bit of bread, and gave a hundred blessings for an old dry crust. At such times Godfrey and Emma perceived for a moment how

wrong they were, and promised faithfully to be less wasteful in future; but when they were again satisfied with a good dinner and had a piece of bread before them, they forgot all their resolutions, began to knead it into birds and ships and all kinds of figures, and finally threw it away.

One fine day in summer it was Emma's birthday; and the two children were taken by their kind parents for a short excursion into a beautiful wood near their house. There the birds were singing, and the green glades were enamelled with a thousand flowers; while the sunshine flickered through the tops of the tall trees, and made a golden network on the ground. Godfrey and Emma gathered sticks, and assisted their parents to build up a fire near a clear brook that ran through the wood. When they had done this, and had seen the coffee-kettle slung on a pole supported by two forked branches stuck into the ground, the brother and sister were at liberty to run where they pleased until the meal was ready. So they went about hither and thither, plucking wild flowers, until at length they became aware of a pretty reddish-brown squirrel, that sprang from tree to tree, from bush to bush, and endeavoured by numberless antics to attract their notice. "Oh!" said the children to one another, "if we could but catch the pretty creature, and take it home to live with us!" So they ran eagerly after it; but whenever they were apparently on the point of seizing it, it was off again, yards away; and at length it disappeared with a few great springs into the thickest part of the wood.

Godfrey and Emma looked wistfully after the provoking little animal, but the wood in that direction appeared so dark and gloomy, that they dared not follow the squirrel; so they gave up the idea of capturing it, and sat down on a fallen trunk of a tree to rest themselves and recover their breath. As they gazed about them, they remarked with alarm that they were in a part of the wood which they had never explored before. They could neither hear the murmur of the stream, nor the voices of their parents conversing with one another; nor could they discern beneath the over-hanging branches of the trees, nor among the tangled underwood any beaten path by which to find their way back again to the place they had left. Poor children! a dreadful fear came over them; and they began to run about and call loudly on all sides, in the hope that their parents would come to their rescue. It was all in vain, no one replied; and the further they ran through trees and bushes, the more they became aware that they had really lost themselves.

The sun had now set, and it began to grow

dark. The songs of the birds had ceased; and nothing was to be heard but the hootings of the owls as they called to one another from the tops of the old trees. Tired to death with running, anxiety, and crying; faint with hunger, their clothes and shoes ragged and torn with pushing through the brambles; the wretched little ones seated themselves beneath a tree, and, with their arms round one another, fell into a kind of doze.

It appeared to them that they had not slept long, when Emma raised her head and cried, "Look! dear brother, look! is not that a light shining there?"

The brother looked, and really thought he perceived something shining through the trees. Full of hope that they might reach some cottage, or find some one who could help them in their sore strait, they stood up, tired as they were, and hastened towards the light. Before long they came to an opening in the bushes; and, looking through, they perceived something so wonderful that they stood stock still with amazement.

In a great open space in the middle of the trees, sat a tall and very beautiful woman, attired in a dark-green dress strewn with stars, whence shone the light that had attracted the children. Round this splendid queen or fairy were immense baskets, filled to the brim with little broken pieces of bread. All excepting one, which was heaped with grains of wheat, ripe and yellow. Now while the brother and sister still stood gazing and wondering, behold a troop of little ragged children, who advanced in a long procession from the opposite quarter of the wood. Each of these pale, sorrowful, bare-footed little creatures carried a basket made of willows, and stopped in his or her turn before the beautiful woman. Then, as each child came opposite to her, the lady took a little piece of bread from one of the baskets, which changed in her white hand into a loaf, and this she placed in the child's basket with a friendly smile. The little ragged creature kissed her hand in token of thankfulness, and took its place in the retiring procession, which departed quietly as they had come. While this was still going on, a rush of wings was heard in the air, and an immense flight of small birds came and fluttered around the beneficent fairy. She extended her graceful foot, and with the pointed toe of her golden slipper pushed over the basket containing grain. The birds flew upon it with joyful chirpings, and in a few moments it was all eaten up.

Godfrey and Emma stood and watched this wonderful scene. Hungry as they were, the sight of the bread roused an intolerable desire to eat some of it; and by-and-bye they stole round through the trees, and slipped

into the procession of starving children. The nearer they advanced towards the beautiful woman, the louder beat their hearts; until at length, when they stood in their turns before her, they hung their heads, and remained speechless, clinging to one another.

"What do you want with me, you little bread-wasters?" said the beautiful lady in a severe voice. "Do you know to whom you come? I am the Corn-seed Fairy. I wander through the whole world, and collect all the pieces of bread that careless people throw away, in order to feed the hungry with them. What do you want with me, you naughty children, who have so often spoiled and wasted the good gift of God? To punish you as you deserve you shall now, with hunger tormenting you at the sight of the bread which is denied to you, suffer all the sorrow felt by the poor starving children, who could often have satisfied their hunger with what you threw away."

She pointed to a mossy bank; and with flowing tear and conscience-stricken hearts the brother and sister sat down. Thus they remained for hours, watching the endless procession of famished children; and still more tormenting waxed their hunger, and still more sorrowful their little hearts.

At length they fell quite despairingly upon their knees. "Forgive! good Corn-seed Fairy, forgive!" cried they. "We know now how very wrong we have been; and never again will we be guilty of wasting bread."

Then the Fairy rose from her mossy seat, for she saw that this time the children made their promise in holy earnest. Bending compassionately over them she touched their eyes with the fringe of her golden veil.

* * * * *

Godfrey and Emma awoke as from a deep slumber. There were voices calling to them, well-known, beloved voices; and through the trees they saw their parents advancing towards them, accompanied by neighbours with lanterns, who had joined in the search for the missing children. With loud cries of joy, the little ones rushed into the arms of their dear father and mother. Their first delight over, they turned to look for the beautiful lady, but Fairy, children, and baskets had all disappeared. Could it have been simply a dream?

Dream or no dream, the effect of the vision remained. Brother and sister alike kept silence as to what they had seen, but from that day they never wasted food; and especially did they respect and honour bread, the best gift of God.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

POE AND HIS POETRY.*

"Sic animis natum inventumque poema juvandis."
HORACE.

The life of Edgar Allan Poe is one of the most striking and the most melancholy on record. Gifted with the brightest genius, and endowed with graceful and tender feelings, he unhappily succumbed to all the temptations which could allure him, and at last fell suddenly struck down in the prime of his life and genius. It is not our intention to write a biography of him, but some brief words of introduction are needful before entering on the consideration of his poetry. He married his beautiful and amiable cousin, Virginia Clemm, and she appears to have been possessed of every virtue which adorns the softer sex. She was throughout all his vices and his failings, the same tender, affectionate, loving wife to the end. Poe loved her, doubtless, with all the strength and purity of which his faulty nature was capable; and when she died, he gave vent to his grief in a little poem, which is, perhaps, one of the loveliest ever written, and which we shall presently mention.

The poetical writings of Edgar Allan Poe are remarkable for the love of the beautiful that pervades them, for the deep mournfulness that characterises so many of them, and for the extraordinary word-melody, if we may coin an expression, which they possess. With regard to Poe's love of the beautiful; it is perfectly true though paradoxical, that plunging as he did into excess, no taint of unworthiness can be found in his poetry, which is so delicately ideal and lovely in its creation as to be utterly free from all materialism. While the poet led a life of riotous debauchery with occasional fits of repentance, his genius burned with the purity of its flame un sullied. It seems through all his verses as if the spirit made amends for its earthly errands by soaring upwards into a region of undimmed radiance and ideality where the sweetest hopes are quivering on the verge of tears. The first quotation we will give as showing his love of all that is beautiful, is a verse from a little poem which is a gem of the most polished loveliness.

"On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home,
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome."

Can anything more keenly and tenderly express a face which might, indeed, be the inspiration of a poet? Another verse (from a different

poem) which conveys so perfect an idea of the constitution of his mind is this—

"Thou wast that all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine:
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine."

To what shall his poetry be compared? To the chime of his own musical "Bells?" to the fresh bloom of flowers? to the ripple of a silver stream? But no one will find in his outpourings any deepness of hidden feeling or solemn inward scrutinies. *Non omnia possumus omnes*, and to those who are content to take his poetry as it is, will be offered a noble gift, saddened by the recollection that the mind from which it came was so often and so sadly abused. The next quotation we have marked is one which unites beauty, melody, and sorrow; it is this—

"Come, let the burial rite be read, the funeral
song be sung!
An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so
young,
A dirge for her the doubly dead, in that she died
so young!
* * * * *
The sweet Lenore hath gone before, with hope that
flew beside,
Leaving thee wild for the dear child, that should
have been thy bride.
* * * * *
The life upon her yellow hair, but not within her
eyes!"

The love which Poe had for his wife was one of his brightest and most redeeming qualities. She never had a reproach or cold word for him, often as he gave cause for them. And his grief when his Virginia died was such as might have been expected from such love. In the poem we are about to quote is embodied his affection and grief for his loved and lost one, whom he veils under the name of "Annabel Lee;" and thus runs its last verse:—

"For the moon never beams without bringing me
dreams,
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes,
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And so all the night-tide I lie down by the side,
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea."

Surely never was sorrow of a mourning heart more musically told!

Poe's wonderful command of language, and the manner in which he weaves the melodies of words, cannot but strike the most cursory reader. Like a true poet, he with all his genius

* The poetical works of Edgar Allan Poe.
(London: J. & C. Brown, Ave Maria Lane.)

was never careless, but each stanza was delicately finished and balanced. Perhaps the most obvious example we can give of this is the following verse from his "Ulalume"—

"And now as the night was senescent,
And star dials pointed to morn,
As the star dials hinted of morn,
At the end of our path a liquescent,
And nebulous lustre was born;
Out of which a miraculous crescent,
Arose with a duplicate horn.
Astarte's bediamonded crescent,
Distinct with its duplicate horn."

Of the "Bells" it is needless to speak; still more of the "Raven;" for these two poems would require an essay to themselves.

It may perhaps be allowed to compare Poe's poetry with that of Keats's, for both seemed only to long for and depict the beautiful, save that that of Keats is the most approaching to voluptuousness and is the more sensuous. As we have said, Poe shows no deep inward communing or religious sorrow. But we would rather not speak of this, but be content to take his verse as radiant with all that is most delicate in beautiful ideality. Sorrow we must feel that such a genius was marred by sin. But he should be judged charitably, and not held up to posthumous reproach by dull scribblers, who—without having a spark of his genius, without knowing his temptations, without comprehending his nature—measure all men by their own standard of dull and pharisaical respectability. Not for one moment would we say a word that could be construed into advocating the pernicious doctrine that "genius must be allowed irregularities;" but remembering that Edgar Allan Poe was gifted and graced with brilliant powers, remembering that he lost his wife who was his better genius, and lastly, remembering that the tomb has closed over him, we would tell all his enemies and detractors that there never was a nobler or a sweeter motto, than that of, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum."

Thinking of him with powerful admiration, how can we better finish than with his own words—

"For alas, alas! with me,
The light of life is o'er,
'No more—no more—no more'
(Such language holds the solemn sea,
To the sands upon the shore),
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar.

W. R.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS. Edited by Mary Cowden Clarke.—(New York: D. Appleton and Co. London: Trübner and Co.)—At a time when expurgated editions of Shakespeare for family reading are daily advertised, another edition, scrupulously revised, seemed scarcely called for, even though edited by one who so thoroughly comprehends and appreciates the poet as Mrs. Cowden Clarke. But the editor, in her preface, has reassured us. It is not an

improved text, but the *pure text of Shakespeare*, as far as the experienced and discriminating judgment of one who has studied him so well and thoroughly, will enable her to discover what it really is. It is an edition in which "whatever corrections, undoubtedly proper, or with high probability of being so, have been suggested in the innumerable other editions, are given in the text: the reader is spared the process, and has the result." Whatever word in Shakespeare may now be obsolete, or whatever allusion there may be to old-fashioned custom, can, when the reader feels the need, be explained by reference to the glossary (a copious one), in which whatever was good in all the old rubbish of foot-notes is given, and the poet is no longer buried under the mass of references with which his commentators have overlaid his text. The sonnets are included in this edition, which, for the convenience of purchasers, is published in one, and in two volumes.

THE TEMPERANCE SPECTATOR; THE TEMPERANCE DICTIONARY; ALCOHOL; WHY I HAVE TAKEN THE PLEDGE; THE TEMPERANCE STAR. (*Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.*)—We take this group of Temperance publications *en masse*, giving the palm of excellence in a literary sense to the Rev. Dawson Burns' Temperance Dictionary—a work which promises to contain a great deal of information upon other subjects than the one it is written to support. Here and there indeed the author, in his zeal for total abstinence, wrests his illustrations a little to one side; as under the word "Abednego," one of the four young Hebrew princes conveyed to Babylon with Daniel and his companions, where he refused to take the King's meat and wine, and exhibited in his subsequent appearance the *healthy effects of an abstinence diet*. In the text it is distinctly stated that it was to save themselves from *defilement* that the Hebrews refused to eat the King's meat or drink his wine, for the food of the heathens was an *abomination* to the Jews; but the argument pressed out of the passage might equally serve abstainers from flesh, and may be handed over to the Vegetarians. The "Temperance Spectator" we perceive has been for some time before the public. The present number we regret to say is chiefly occupied with *intemperate abuse of persons* and publications that differ in opinion from those of which it is the organ. It would be ludicrous if it were not painful to observe, in their efforts at one species of perfectability, how the ostensible leaders and supporters of this gracious virtue forget that charity to the weaknesses or mistakes of others which should of right belong to Temperance. Not by hard words, or phrases wrested from their real meanings, can the cause of this truly excellent movement be strengthened. It is rather singular that teetotalism requires a distinct edition of the Bible "with marginal readings and notes in harmony with the teaching of teetotalism." Hitherto, good men and temperate ones have thought it sufficient to make their lives har-

monize as much as possible with the teaching of the Bible.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. By Beta Pi. (*London: Tallant & Co., Ave Maria Lane.*)—Why we should be favoured with this volume resuscitated, as it appears, twelvemonths after publication, is as great a mystery as how it came to be written, or—a greater one still—published. That the author has the faculty of versification is evident. He expresses himself clearly at times, and in “Solitude,” and in one or two other of the minor poems, is comprehensive, and even agreeable. But whenever a thought has to be sustained, as in the most ambitious poem in the volume (“Christmas Day”), we find the author wholly unable to control his Pegasus—the so-called poem a very craze of words, a jumble of absurdity, with just sufficient clearness to show the writer running through seventy-four verses with an *idea* which he or she does not know what to do with. Every line encompassing the last in a greater haze of verbal mystery, which the reader is totally unable to disentangle, except by analyzing grammatically, when the whole resolves itself into the unsatisfactory compounds we have named. Take the following verse, for instance, though any one would exemplify our meaning as well :

For not yet, lo ! not yet this day of days,
This *music-hall* of man, this ground of peace,
Obtains completeness, rounding all its ways
Of Infinite Presence. Nay, not yet the lease
Expires of our decay ; not yet may cease
Its din of discord : but it shall : the harp,
The life-thought it is given which all these
Discordances shall drown. It wakens ; hark !
His “it is finished” now haunts all which love
the dark.

Here we have the most extraordinary accumulation of phrases—This “Music-hall” (whether the Surrey or Oxford-street is not stated)—“this ground of peace,” an unexpired lease, “the din of discord,” “the harp,” “the life-thought.” Really it is painful, where a sacred theme is in question, to find it treated in a *serious* manner which excites only ludicrous ideas. But, lest we should seem to have wittingly culled an exceptional verse of this strange rhapsody, we take another one at random :

O, messengers, swift come with early morn !
O dewy-mouthed, that breathe such speechless
grace !
O unguents (for here, lo, the Christ is born :)
Jesus ! exhale your odours round the place !
The Unguent, ah, is here. Adown his face,
It falls like a *dewy morning*. Yea ; if I
May utter it, or you, the while outrace
With me the thought to life ! But I will try !
He is the “*Unction* !” Muse—the Morn breaks
through His eye.

Really we are greatly tempted to continue our quotations, and, upon second thought, we will ;

but our specimen shall be from another poem. It is entitled, “Thou art no more !”

Thou art no more ! Can this be so ?
My heart will not receive
The thought, lest she be numbed with woe,
She seeketh “*not believe*.”
Spite of the leafy elms, there seems
A something men call “*death*.”
She must believe it : but there *steams*
Out of her mouth warm breath !
Out of her mouth, up through the skies,
Seems she aye pour her essence ;
And the word this shapes, deems she denies
This body of FLESH “*her presence*.”

Our readers will perceive that neither the laws of Lindley Murray nor those of metrical composition are of much consequence to Beta Pi, who in his great poem (longitudinally considered) tells us,

Ah ! I begin
A cheerful thought to take, what I will do !
Did not the blessed angels mirthful sing,
When their young bright-eyed brother to their view
Gave the fair Child of Bethlehem ? I shall do so
too !

Comparisons are proverbially odious, but we are compelled to say that less pleasant singing it has seldom been our melancholy fate to listen to. Here and there we find a strain modelled upon the quaint type of George Herbert’s pious songs : take, for instance, “Content” :

Ah ! sweet Content and I are ever
Very fond and close together—
Part we will no never, never !
Whateo’er the kind of weather,
I make the shoes—Content’s the leather.
In these we walk
With quiet talk,
With now and then a little baulk,
The path of Life together.

Here we have an attempt at the simplicity, the conceit, interpolated like an *appoggiatura* in music, the very rhythm ; but where is the analogy to the subject, the relevance of the grace-note to the theme ? Logically speaking, how can Content, which in the first four lines is treated personally, become leather in the fifth ? And being the material of which the shoes are composed, how can Content be said to walk in them ? Really Beta Pi is determined to mystify us in every way ; and we can scarcely forgive him, seeing that the “Music of the Winds,” and other unpretensive compositions, exhibit (as we have before said) a faculty for verse-writing, an ear for rhyme and number, and an occasional prettiness of expression, which might have resulted in something better.

PERIODICALS.

MAGNET STORIES : SEA-SHELL ISLAND.
By G. E. Sargent. THE PEDLAR’S HOARD.
By Mark Lemon. (*Groombridge and Sons, 5,*

Paternoster-row).—We have here the 13 and 14 numbers of this pleasant series of juvenile tales. Miss Sargent's second story is very much superior to "Havering Hall," in the versatility and interest of its materials. It is a tale that young people, especially boys, will delight in: full of adventure and pretty descriptions of far-off scenery and strange objects. A Captain Hastings, after living some years in California with his family where he has amassed considerable property, takes the command of a vessel to England, glad of the opportunity of returning to his native land, and embarks with his wife and children. Unhappily, the crew is made up for the most part of renegades from other ships; in short, a desperate set of men, who plot to take the ship from him, and make property of her cargo. The mate, with a few of the sailors, are faithful, but these fall victims to a fever which breaks out on board; and while the captain is still ill of it, he and his family are put into a boat and rowed on shore to a coral island in the Pacific. The black cook, "Guinea," and the dog "Neptune," swim from the ship and join them, and the former supplies the comic element of the story. The vicissitudes and expedients of the family, till taken off the island are very amusing and well described. The boys learn to be useful, and observant in self-defence, and "Guinea" is a capital fellow—whose acquaintance we are certain our young friends will be glad to make.

No. 14 is a well-told story, but it can scarcely be considered to fall naturally into the series. The incidents and suggestions are not those with which we should desire to familiarize young people. The Pedlar's Hoard belongs, of right, to an older and more worldly-wise generation, who know how to appreciate Lucy Lightfoot's moral obligations to Mary Garden, and are perfectly awake to the craft and double-dealing involved in Mr. Withers' "Selling Off, Alarming Sacrifices, &c.," and who, without enquiry, know how to estimate the questionable calling of the London young gentleman—Mr. Simmons. We know that children in these days are more informed on such matters than we could desire them to be; but not even the amusing manner in which this story is told, can reconcile us to the introduction of such characters and scenes as fit ones to figure in, or form the superstructure of a tale for children.

ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL. (*London: 19, Langham Place, Regent Street; W. Kent and Co. Paternoster-row*).—The June number of our contemporary contains much excellent matter: an article, entitled "An Interesting Blue Book," affords a carefully written summary of the report of the education commissioners, and is followed by another instalment of the memoir of "Madame Luce, of Algiers;" but the paper that calls for most notice, and the subject of which cannot be too widely known, is that entitled "A Rural House of Bondage," which exhibits some of the wrongs existing under

the system of "Statute-fairs," at which farm-servants are hired from year to year. As the fact itself may be new to many of our metropolitan readers we will transcribe the author's description of some, and, of our own knowledge, we may say, not the worst features of this truly "vicious and grossly demoralizing system."

At these "statutes," or, as the country folks term them, "statits," hundreds of masters and servants meet (or rather tyrants and slaves), to enter year after year into annual compacts of slavery. Not so bad as American slavery; no, it is in a great measure voluntary, yet not altogether so. Servants must have situations, and country families must have servants, for as yet no Earl of Shaftesbury has inaugurated a great national system of general registry. What most assists the continuance of this vicious and grossly demoralizing system is, that to the young it is a day much looked forward to as a general holiday, though its result is frequently bitter, unmitigated drudgery, and demoralizing slavery. There is annually a change, but it is often a change from bad to worse. Thither flock to our annual English slave-mart servants without characters, who can there get places without them; and heads of families, so well known in their own neighbourhoods, that their only chance of obtaining servants at all is by going to statutes at a distance. The bait by which the silly slave is most attracted and hooked is what is called the "ernst," earnest, or "fastening penny." Sometimes two-and-sixpence or five shillings is thus obtained, and for this miserable sum they give up what Burns calls "nerves, sinews, mind, body, genius it may be, wit, conscience, manly and womanly free-will into bondage;" for it seems it was so in his day, and in Scotland also. I have long since considered this vestige of the feudal ages as one of the most demoralizing of its dregs; for out of the tyranny and drudgery, its positive and natural results, rush the young into premature marriages, and young women into haunts of vice,

"Anywhere, anywhere,"

out of the hands of their domestic foes, into debauchery and crime, crowding with early wickedness our prisons and our union workhouses."

If I remember aright, William Howitt has already broached the subject in one of his rural tales; but it is one of those deeply rooted evils which only yield to the force of public condemnation. We are glad to find, from a paragraph in a provincial exchange, that during the past month an influential meeting was held at Doncaster to promote the establishment of a registry office for farm servants. Mr. E. B. Denison, late M.P. for the Riding, took the chair, and was supported by the clergy of the deanery and many of the principal farmers of the district. The speakers admitted the evils of the present system of hiring, and, whilst doing so, they expressed an opinion that the plan of register offices should in the first instance be tried in the case of female servants, as it was regarded impolitic to carry out such a plan with regard to the men. A committee was appointed

to carry out the object of the meeting. Here is a first step in the direction of the very measure suggested by the writer of the paper referred to, and we heartily hope it may be followed up with

the earnestness and firmness that it calls for. The unnamed writer of "Fruits in their Season" continues his pleasant gossip upon his very fruitful subject.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

Really there is little theatrical news for a critic's pen to record as the result of the last month. To a certain extent, the intense heat of the weather has thinned the audiences, though managers have little to complain of in that respect. At

THE ADELPHI

the famous "Colleen Bawn" has been running as usual, and, therefore, all the intelligence as to that house is summed up in a line. At

THE HAYMARKET,

Mr. and Mrs. C. Mathews have made their appearance in "The Overland Route," and other pieces in which scope is given for the peculiar talent of these favourite artistes. At

THE PRINCESS'S,

Mr. Fechter and Mr. Phelps have been alternately delighting the numerous and brilliant audiences. The play of "Werner" has been revived, and we are promised "Othello," which will enable us to have some material for our readers' amusement in the way of description and criticism. At

THE OLYMPIC,

Mr. Robson, having recovered, has been performing in "Ticklish Times" and a new comedy from the French (anent which French adaptations we shall one day, when at a loss for subject, say a word), called "A Charming Woman," has been presented, Miss Amy Sedgwick playing the chief part. At

THE STRAND,

The comedy of "The Old Story" has been running. With all deference to its author, who holds the first place as regards a prolific pen in burlesque writing, we really cannot but think the piece, amusing as it is, scarcely deserves the honoured name of Comedy. The characters are all old ones, though very amusing. The dialogue is, of course, very smart and piquant as all is from the author's pen. The burlesque, "Aladdin," is still running.

THE FANCY FAIR OF THE DRAMATIC COLLEGE

Takes place at Sydenham on July 20th, and we trust it will be productive of large results to the

treasury. It is in aid of an object most meritorious. We certainly hope to succeed in seeing the "brilliant galaxy" (to borrow a fashionable euphonism) of stars that will officiate as vendors at the stalls, and will say a little thereon in our next.

VOCAL ASSOCIATION,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

The last concert of the season took place on the evening of the 19th ult., and was, as usual, fully attended. The entertainment presented a varied and liberal programme, the chief novelties being the appearance of Miss Anna Whitty and the re-appearance of Mr. Aptommas, the harpist, after seven years recess. Amongst the solo singers were Miss Stabach, Mdlla. Koch, from Leipsic; Miss Messent, Signora Belart and Beletti, and Herr Dalle Aste—a German baritone, of whose powers a single hearing scarcely warrants our pronouncing an opinion. Of Miss Whitty's voice much has been said, and we are enabled to endorse all that has been reported of its fullness and flexibility; her notes are generally so pure and finished, that, seeing how much she has learned, we regret that she has something to unlearn, and especially counsel her to restrain the exhibition of unnecessary power, which provincial singers (especially from the northern districts) are so prone to indulge in. The facility and gracefulness of her vocalization were very pleasingly displayed in Rossini's delicious aria "Non piu Mesta," which, with the exception of the last few notes, was carefully and exquisitely executed; in these a vain-glorious desire to astonish by the power of her voice, almost overcame the flavour of its foregone sweetness. Again, the appearance of labour—the action which gives the impression of tearing the notes from the larynx is, not pleasing, and should be got rid of as soon as possible. The delightful solo and chorus, "With the carol on the tree," from Dr. Bennett's "May Queen," was given, *con amore*, by Miss Stabach and the choir, for the first, and, consequently, the last time this season. The "Ave Maria," from Mendelssohn's posthumous opera of "Lorley," which so often delighted the frequenters of these concerts

during last year's series, was also reproduced; the chorus of women's voices, in sweetness and richness, painfully contrasting with the singing of the solo part so exquisitely and devotionally rendered by Madame Catherine Hayes, but to which Miss Messent's voice and style is by no means suited. Rossini, always melodious and healthy, found an agreeable exponent in Signor Belart, who sang, with much taste, the aria "Pria che spunti in Ciel" (*Matrimonio Segrato*), as well as the duet with Beletti—"All idea de qu'il Metallo" (*Il Barbiere*), and the *buffo* trio "Papataci," into the florid comedy of which he entered fully. As for Beletti, always rich in voice, and genial and at home with his audience, his singing was sympathetic, and resulted in an unavoidable encore. Miss Stabbach gave Haydn's sweet canzonet, "My Mother bids me bind my hair", very charmingly; and Mdle. Koch essayed one of Mozart's delicious arias. If we except Mendelssohn's delightful part-song, "Oh hills, oh vales" which we have too recently noticed to require comment here, the choral gems of the evening were J. S. Bach's "God is our refuge in distress," and "Behold how glorious is yon sky" (Graun), both performed, for the first time, but with remarkable precision, and devotional expression. It has more than once occurred to us, through the concerts of the present season, that the progress of the choir was most observable in sacred music; this is probably owing to the growing popularity of oratorios, the frequency of their recurrence, and the demand for auxiliary force on festival and other occasions. A very delightful feature of the evening was the performance of Mr. Aptommas, an artist whose playing appeals not only to the admiration, but to the hearts of his audience—a need in music, too often lost sight of in these days of muscular force and showy manipulation—and which, very late in the evening, awakened real enthusiasm in the audience, who, broke into a very *furor* of applause, which Mr. Aptommas gracefully acknowledged by returning and delighting them yet more with the simple plaintiveness of "Poor Mary Ann." Of the performance of Miss Alice Mangold, a very young and carefully taught pianist, all we have to say is summed up in these phrases: we could

wish that something more of mind could be infused into her playing, which is rigidly correct, very clever, but at present soulless. In our last notice of the Vocal Association we mentioned the spirited performance of the "Garibaldi Chorus," by the choir, but neglected to name the composer, Mr. W. Spark, of Leeds. Our *resumé* has already exceeded our privileged space, or we should have been tempted to enter into other details relating to these concerts, and recur to last month's *conversations*, which is however *passé* at this date.

BURFORD'S PANORAMA, LEICESTER SQUARE.

Is a place particularly adapted for a visit this sunny weather, as the contemplation of the pictures, especially "*Messina*," with that lovely azure sea, carry the spectator's mind far from this smoky and unbearable city to regions of beautiful scenery and fresh air. W. R.

LONDON AND MIDDLESEX ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

A meeting of this Society is fixed for tomorrow, July 2nd, at the church in Austin Friars, at 11 o'clock at noon precisely. The history of the church, which was granted by Edward VI. (all but the choir and steeple), to a congregation of German Protestant refugees for religion's sake, will be given by the Rev. Thos. Hugo, whose antiquarian research and interest in all that remains of ancient London is well known and appreciated. The members will also visit Sion College, where the Librarian, the Reverend W. H. Milman, M.A., will give an account of the library, and a selection of the MSS. and early printed books will be exhibited. The meeting will terminate at the Artillery Ground, where a brief history of the company will be given, and its muniments, &c. exhibited.

T H E T O I L E T.

(Especially from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—Dress of grey *barege*. On the skirt nine flounces, bordered with *mauve* silk. A plaiting of *barege* forms a heading to the upper flounce. Body high and pointed, trimmed with a plaiting edged with *mauve* and two bows, *rosettes*, *macarones*, or whatever other ornament is adopted. Wide sleeves, with an opening edged with a plaiting. A single shawl of black lace. Muslin under-sleeves and

chemisette. Bonnet composed of white and *mauve* crape; the front and curtain of the latter colour, the crown white, puffed, and covered with spotted black *tulle*. The only ornament on the outside is a drooping *mauve* feather, inside a *bandeau* of Parma violets; *mauve* strings. Swedish leather gloves.

SECOND FIGURE.—Robe of emerald green silk, made in the *redingote* style, and simply

ornamented from top to bottom with silk bows edged with narrow black lace. Sleeves wide and open. Muslin collar and under-sleeves. White muslin shawl, trimmed with a deep flounce, headed with two rows of plaiting. Bonnet with a loose crown, made of spotted white *tulle*. The front is straw, the curtain white crape, covered with black lace. Branches of fuchsias are placed in the middle of the front, and hang down on each side; inside a full *bandeau* of black blond, with a narrow white blond border. White blond down the cheeks. *Marquise* parasol of maroon *moire*.

THIRD FIGURE.—A toilet for a little girl about six years old.—Skirt and jacket of embroidered white quilting; nansook collar and under-sleeves. Hat either of the Tudor, or bell-shape, of tuscan straw, trimmed with flowers. Maroon lasting boots. Blue parasol.

At length the light robes belonging to the season have made their appearance: the most popular are *barege*, garnished with flounces. For *negligée* and the country, *piqués* and mixed fabrics are in favour. For dress, silk-grenadines, *taffetas*, and French *moire* quadrilled with satin of divers colours, such as pale-yellow, blue, green, rose, &c., the grounds preferred being white or pearl grey.

Shawls and mantelets of muslin bordered with flounces, embroidered or simply hemmed,

are again in vogue; and shawls of lace, China crape, white embroidered with black, or gold colour and black; shawls of grenadine, plain, or bordered with lace; in brief, shawls of all sorts of light fabrics, are the rage for the present summer.

I give you notice of a grand amelioration in the toilet, and *toisure*. We have now very few *ballons* or bells—the form is becoming more supple and more natural, and, after having metamorphosed women into individual fortresses, Fashion, by a reverse wave of her wand, decides that they shall return to the appearance of women, and become simple, graceful, and *séduisante*.

In the meanwhile, the actual style of toilet demands a certain harmony in the *jupon* which forms its superstructure, and the new fabrics and new forms would require a longer space to describe them than I have at my disposal. A short time since we were content with a cambric petticoat handsomely embroidered or garnished with lace. At present an English tissue to imitate poplin, the ground white or grey, with bands of black, or maroon, or violet, are much in vogue, while, for the mountains and the sea-side, I have seen a mixed fabric rayed white and black, bordered with black velvet, and trimmed with a broad band of black silk, forming a gallery above it; with this economical *jupon*, a white one is a superfluity.

PASSING EVENTS RE-EDITED.

"Sensation songs," "sensation dramas," "electric baths," and the gigantic sensation performance of Blondin at the Sydenham home of science, and the fine arts, are just now the newest vogue. When eighty thousand persons collect to see a man play at chances, not only with his own neck, but with that of his own child, it is a sign that at least the hazard has its charm. The accumulative horrors of the performance had not reached half their expected acuteness when the interference of Sir George Lewis nipped the exciting exhibition in the bud, and reduced the altitude of the acrobat from two hundred to ten feet from the ground. We look back with disgust at the spectacle of Queen Elizabeth and her ladies on various occasions visiting the bear-gardens, and having one or more bears baited for their delectation; and shudder at the barbarity which makes the Spanish bull-fight a royal and national sport. But, though of course there is all the difference in the world between witnessing the brute courage and skill of the Matador, pitted against the brute strength and ferocity of the animal he meets to slay, and the show of a daring rope-dancer wheeling a passive child along an inch-and-a-half rope two hundred feet above the heads of the spectators, the child the while prettily scattering flowers

along his aerial course, it must be granted that the secret of the popularity of both exhibitions is the same—a taste for horrid excitement—for shows out of the ordinary range, to which an element of rigorous terror gives a zest—and which, however secure to the performer, *exalts* the sensations of the spectators to the very *acmé* of apprehension, and gives the feat the air of an impending catastrophe.

This taste for excitement was full fed on the evening of 22nd ult., when the flames of the most frightful conflagration that has happened since the Fire of London outfaced the summer sunset, and drew half the inhabitants of the metropolis to witness the horror, grandeur, and devastation of the scene, to which the sad death of the brave and good chief of the Fire Brigade, Mr. Braidwood, imparted a tragic gloom. The fire which broke out in the waterside warehouses of Messrs. Scovell at Cotton's wharf, has destroyed property to the prodigious amount of £2,000,000. It was low-water, and the ships moored at the wharves could not be moved, but were included in the fiery ruin.

Amongst the noticeable events of the past month is the death of Lord Chancellor Campbell, of presumed rupture of one of the great arteries in the region of the heart—so suddenly and

quietly that no alarm was given, though the event is supposed to have taken place about six o'clock, a.m. His lordship was eighty years of age, and was one of that group of talented Scotchmen who, as he was fond of quoting from Wilkie, "born in the Manse, had all a patent of nobility." As a judge, we read that he was one of the most notable that ever sat in the Court of Queen's Bench. As a literary man, his "Lives of the Chancellors," and the "Lives of the Chief Justices" which he subsequently wrote, afford a valuable addition to Biography.

Dr. Rodet, the chief surgeon of the Antiquaille at Lyons, is said to have made the valuable discovery that a solution of the perchloride of iron destroys the virus of hydrophobia with certainty, if applied within two hours of the infliction of the bite. The solution of perchloride of iron may be obtained of most chemists, and any person can apply it, which is far from being the case with the only other known preventive, the application of the actual cautery, which scarce anyone but a professional man has the nerve to use effectively or without danger to the patient. In cases of cow-pox, Dr. Rodet has also used the solution, and finds that it completely destroyed the virus. Glancing over the same paper in which this announcement is made, I see it stated that Mr. Simon has reported to the Privy Council, that owing to the indifference exhibited by the poorer classes on the subject of vaccination continual epidemics of small-pox have occurred in various parts of England during the last three or four years, and that wherever vaccination falls into neglect small-pox tends to become the frightful pestilence it was previous to the days of Dr. Jenner. If the solution of perchloride of iron is found efficacious in destroying the virus of cow-pox, is it not worth while to make an experiment of its efficiency in killing the malignant virus of small-pox: surely the experiment is worth trying?

Amongst the free exhibitions in London, especially interesting to our lady readers, I may suggest half-an-hour's investigation of the Messrs. Wheeler and Wilson's sewing machines, at 462, New Oxford-street, to which my own attention was drawn through a paper in the last month's number of this magazine. The visit must convince all but the most resolute believers in the self-sufficiency of the past to the needs of the present, that the only real way to assist our needle-women is to furnish sections of them with a machine which may help them to compete with the outfitters who at present monopolize the labour of the skilled women who have learned to use the machine at but a small advance upon their wages as hand-sewers, while they themselves reap all the advantage of the greater neatness, punctuality, and rapidity of the invention. We have heard of thirty and forty machines being purchased by one house, and yet ladies, as practical in some things as they are philanthropical in others, attempt to make a stand on behalf of distressed needle-women, whose only chance is in equal power of production with the day-workers in wholesale houses. It is in the order of things that manual labour shall yield to machinery, and the occupation of the seamstress is no exception. For years the employment has not (as a rule) yielded daily bread to a moiety of those who make it a business. And now, close upon the heels of the middle-men and women, who cut closer and closer into the miserable earnings of those by whose starvation they enriched themselves, drives up the cleanly, frugal, tireless sewing machine, clearing the ground year by year of hopeless needle women, and steadily advancing from the warehouse to the mantua makers' work room, till now it may be seen in its rose-wood or walnut-wood frame, making an article of drawing-room furniture, and effecting in two or three days the plain work of a family.

C. A. W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Books for review, MUSIC, MSS., &c., must be sent in by the 10th of the month to be noticed, and replied to in the following number.

POETRY received, with thanks: "The Golden Wedding Day;" "Pansies."

Madame de Genlis, Bewdley: The sender is thanked for the offer of the translation, which is declined. The MS. has been returned as requested.

Willenhall: Our correspondent is thanked.

E. F. B., Knutsford, Cheshire: The article shall appear in our next. With regard to our correspondent's queries, we cannot tell, from the titles of papers, whether they are likely to suit us or not; but every attention shall be paid to the manuscripts, if forwarded, and an answer given in our next.

J. M., Greenock: Our correspondent challenges his fate; we yield to his request and publish his verses—the poetry and originality of which will,

we have no doubt, surprise our readers as much as they apparently satisfy himself:—

IN REMEMBRANCE.

The flowers that thou gavest me are faded and gone:

How rich in beauty were they!

Sweet emblems of purity, love, and delight,

I cherish them e'en in decay.

They speak to me softly of those happy hours,

When fondly I strayed with thee,

'Mid Nature's wild grandeur, round thy native home,
Dear evermore unto me.

Is it possible that J. M. regards this piece of metrical patchwork as his own? We are tempted to print the whole, but one verse affords a fair sample of the entire.

We cannot undertake to return articles unless stamps are sent with them.

MANUSCRIPTS received, but not yet read: "Fergus and Henry;" "Furze-bank Lodge."



Design & Engraved by J. H. Topham

Deer in the Forest

London: Published by J. H. Topham, 1842

RUTSON MORLEY.

BY JAMES B. STEPHENS.

CHAP. XII.

I need not record my impressions of Genoa. My new friend and myself did what we could to exhaust it in the few hours during which the steamer lay in its harbour; but nothing that we saw or heard had any reference, either direct or indirect, to what was uppermost in our thoughts. Yet how fain I am to speak of its glories, sea-enthroned and hill-o'er-canopied—of princely palace and gorgeous cathedral—of its charms of art and its charms of nature!... It is not needed. Has it not been already photographed into English literature, in words that are as near to the realities of marble, and clothing, and life, as words can come?

Late in the afternoon we again went on board, and in a short time Genoa was a tale to be told. Fearing lest my companion would renew the discussion so vitally affecting my hopes in regard to Stephanie, I took the first opportunity of again entrapping him into the story of his previous life. He had made several appeals to the Cyclopean brethren below, but in each instance had been absolutely refused admission into the engine-room.

"I told you," he resumed, when we had managed to secure an uninhabited corner of the ship—"I told you of my introduction to the monastery of Iveron. Some other time, perhaps, I shall tell you more about the place, and about the manners of the monks, which I now know are very different from the ordinary life of the world. But in the meantime it will be sufficient to say that after entering a great isolated gateway, and passing a curiously painted verandah, I found myself in what is rather a little town than a single building, the most characteristic feature of which consists in an intricate confusion of projecting windows wonderfully old and inquisition-looking. Now I wish Mr. Winslow would go there, and bring it all back in his portfolio!

"I was fortunate in a companion. The priest to whose care I had been committed was as kind to me as my poor uncle had been. He had been a sailor in his youth, and had not lost the

love of his former life. On the very first evening I spent with him in the monastery, he took down some old books which he had on the shelf of his cell—works on navigation, containing, in addition to many uninteresting diagrams, pictures of ships, which he showed to me, with enthusiastic explanations of the different parts of them. It was now that the light of books first dawned on me. The priest, whose name was Father Peter, was only too glad to hear me beseech earnestly to be taught the use of them. For days and years the good man laboured at the work of my education, and I never tired of my tasks. Day after day, the mystery became clearer, and the prospect wider and richer. I did not confine myself to one language, but mastered several, especially the old Greek, which was my chief delight. At last the mere mechanical part ceased to be a toil, and reading became a passion with me. But Father Peter's books were few, and I found one day, to my great sorrow, that I had come to the end of the shelf. I began again at the other end, and had done so again and again, before I became aware that the gratification was not such as it had formerly been. And what a chasm now seemed to stretch out darkly before me! A new necessity had grown up within me, and, without the means to meet it, life seemed empty dreariness. For a while I betook myself to my old wandering ways, but without the former relish.

"I was much given, too, to basking in the verandah, and to lying in the chapel, dreaming of all that must be somewhere. Father Peter had told me that there were many more books in the world; and what I chiefly wearied for, was to have books that might tell me of the lives of all the great old saints that were painted on the chapel walls, and whose figures were as familiar to me, and as much a part of my life, as those of the living fathers around me.

"'My son,' said Father Peter to me, one day, 'I have observed thee of late, that thou art different from thy former wont, and that thou lackest the joyfulness that becometh thy years. I think I know the burden that weighs on thy spirit. I have led thee to a Pisgah-top, whence

thou hast seen a goodly land flowing with milk and wine and honey, but thou art denied an entrance into it. Is it not so, Iveron?

"'It is,' I replied, seeing that he had indeed penetrated into my inmost mind.

"'What wouldst thou give me now, were I to open up to thee treasures of learning that all thy years could not contain?'

"'If it were not sin, I could fall down and worship thee!'

"'But hast thou considered the danger? Harken, Iveron; even when I sailed on the deep, loving my ship and the open sea more than the home of my nativity, I yearned after the higher life that drinks its nourishment from the fountains of learning. After many years I retired hither from the world, trusting to dwell during the rest of my days in the calm of study and of worship. But I found ere long that (for me at least) the two paths led in different directions. I found myself losing the God I had innocently worshipped on the sea under the stars: I was losing him in the hopeless labyrinth of learned disputation. Instead of fearing the God to whom my mother taught me to pray, I found myself compelled as by a charm to seek out his uncreated essence, and to strive after such beatific visions of eternal light as I read of in the volumes of ancient lore. I know not where I would have stopped. Perchance I would have striven on to blasphemous questions, till heaven had blasted me with righteous fury. But a holy brother, long since gone to God, perceiving that my prayers were less frequent and my human sympathies less keen, and knowing in himself the refined temptations that Satan uses through learning, counselled me with words of sweetest persuasion to return to the simplicity of worship. After much fasting and prayer, it was given me so to do, and from that time I have restricted my study to the few books which thou and I have read together. I fear for thee, my son; for thou art quick to learn and ever desirous to know more. Yet I fear also to imprison the immortal mind that lives within thee. Thou art old enough now to judge for thyself. I give thee thy choice. Wilt thou for the sake of knowledge enter upon a new world of temptation, or wilt thou live as I live, a simple worshipper of God? Think how glorious all this is!' and he waved his hand over one of the fairest of scenes. 'The whisper of the leaves will not pervert thee from thy God. The little brooks have no doubts wherewith to darken thy soul. This great chasm beneath us doth not veil its danger, and its awful depth hath no temptation to the sound in mind. The great sea worships in unquestioning silence, and only rises from the repose of adoration to do the behest of Him who made it. And this great mountain tells reverently of the years of the right hand of the Most High; and, though it seems almost to touch the heavens, yet clings with its firm foundation to its appointed place on earth. But in the sphere to which thou aspirest, which is peopled with the thoughts that are the offspring of a fallen race, there thou

shalt find confusion, doubt, perversion, the casting off of allegiance, and blasphemy. It is the ground—ah, how fair indeed!—on which earth and hell meet, and where their forces, alas! so frequently mingle, that it is sometimes beyond the keenest vision of men to distinguish them! Iveron, my son, season thy deliberation with prayer, and make thy choice.'

"I was not slow in choosing. Indeed, what Father Peter had said to me, only confirmed my choice. I relished the idea of attaining to great learning all the more because there was danger to be encountered. When I announced my opinion to the good father, he said:

"'It is God's will. Let Him defend thee. Come then with me, and I will show thee thy heart's desire.'

"I then accompanied him to another part of the monastery, and ascended with him a broad old staircase, terminating in a massive door, strongly secured. He then produced a ponderous key from his girdle, and admitted me into a small room which contained the earnest of what was coming, in the shape of loose leaves of parchment scattered hither and thither on the floor. Then with another ponderous key, which was secreted in a scarcely perceived recess in the wall, another massive door was opened.... I have read in fairy tales of some one being taken by powerful genii into the heart of the great mountains, and being there dazzled, even to fear, with the revelation of the riches of many mighty kings—vessels of gold and silver, rich robes and sparkling crowns, rings and jewels and chains, heaped together in untold profusion. I think I must have felt somehow as that one felt, when I beheld before me more books than I had ever believed to be in the world, ranged shelf above shelf, and heap upon heap, more to be prized than all the treasures in the heart of the earth! And such books, many of them! Massive, awful with the mystery of centuries, and richly encased as by the reverence of men lavishly devoted to the shrines of wisdom, how imposing they looked!—almost too grand to be handled. I clung in a kind of terrified delight to the robe of Father Peter, and asked, hesitatingly, if all this were really open to my use.

"'The kind Abbot hath permitted it, though after much entreaty, he knowing the danger. All this is henceforth to be thy charge. The key is to be in thine own keeping. Thou must be answerable for every loss. Thou must watch therefore, for these are precious.... Ah, how precious! God forgive me, but I would fain close the door, Iveron, and throw myself again into the arms of this ancient father!'

"And as he spoke he seized a ponderous old manuscript, and pressed it to his heart, sighing like a man bereaved of a friend.

"I cannot describe my wondering joy; not shall I dwell on the months and years during which I revelled in this exhaustless banquet of delights. I know, sir, from your face, that you, too, have known the frenzy of lore, that well repays the fevered frame and the aching head. My special delight was in deciphering old Greek

manuscript. The more difficult, the more welcome, as I felt that the feast would be all the longer. Had not Father Peter compelled me to daily exercise, I should long ere this have been among the secrets of the other world. Such continued to be my life until what I calculate to have been my sixteenth year. At length my tastes were turned into a new channel, and in this wise :

"An English artist, who had been travelling through the greater part of Turkey, happened to reach our peninsula. By the time he arrived at our monastery, both he and his servant were so weak with fever as to be unable to proceed on their journey. The monks gave them shelter, and I was appointed to minister to the artist himself. I rejoiced in the office, and wearied for his recovery—not only, I confess, for his own sake, but because I longed to satisfy my curiosity about that outer world of which I had heard so much. It was some weeks before he was able to converse; but I was selfish enough to appropriate the first fruits of his strength. We had many conversations together, much to my satisfaction. A kind of friendship sprang up between us; and when he was sufficiently strong, he began to apply himself to his professional pursuits, by making a few sketches of the scenery and the monasteries. I longed to learn his art, yet I knew his time to be so limited that I had not courage to ask him to teach me; but having one day furtively employed his materials in painting a rude portrait of himself, which accidentally came under his notice, he professed to see some merit in it, and, on the day of his leaving, left to me—as he said—in acknowledgment of my attentions to him, a large supply of colours, brushes, canvas &c., of which he affirmed that he had no further use on account of his intention of returning at once to England.

"My time—at least all the time I could spare from the chapel, in which I performed daily duty as a chorister—was now divided between books and painting. I tried landscape, but with little success; and I next devoted myself to copying the great paintings of the saints and martyrs that adorned the walls of the chapel. In this I found great pleasure. When my hand became a little more skilful, I tried to embody my faint recollections of her of whom we have spoken. I made many attempts before I succeeded in pleasing myself, the difficulty being that whenever I tried to fix my thoughts on the fleeting image, many other faces, equally unsubstantial, mingled themselves with the one I sought, rising from and blending into one another as do pictures seen in the clouds. At last I seemed to myself to have succeeded, and since that time the face has been more constant and more real.

"This kind of life continued till I must have reached my eighteenth year. During all the years I had lived on the peninsula of Monte Santo, I had never seen the face of woman. To me she was a beautiful mystery—a something that would mingle sweetly with the beatitudes

of that heaven to which our life of retirement pointed. You are doubtless aware that no female is permitted to dwell in any part of the peninsula, and that the law extends even to the brute animals. Between Father Peter and myself this was a forbidden subject; and I never heard it spoken of among the monks without a shrug of the shoulders, and an allusion to the story of the fall. But I could not shut my eyes to the pictures of the female saints which even *they* venerated, nor my mind to the tales of their beauty and of their noble deeds to which the many histories the library contained bore such ample testimony. Above all, the thought of *her* kept alive within me that sense of pure affection which seems to be reckoned the dearest feature of womanhood.

"One day, as I emerged from the library into the open air, to perform one of my various duties, namely, to sound the hour of noon, which is done, as are all the calls to prayer, by beating with a hammer upon a suspended board, I was startled by the sound of the sweetest laugh that had ever greeted my ear. I listened, and the silver notes were repeated with even more of sweetness than before. They seemed to stir some long silent chord in my heart which now thrilled as at the touch of an angel. I rushed out eagerly into the front court whence the sound seemed to come, and, looking up to the verandah, saw, to my astonishment, the Abbot and several of the monks in conversation with a company of strangers, among whom were two ladies, both of them far more beautiful than any of the pictures of the saints that had hitherto been my ideal of loveliness. From where I stood I could see also the ship in which they had come, and at the landing a boat drawn up, beside which stood several sailors in bright uniform.

"Father Peter was among the number of the monks who were conversing with the strangers. I saw him direct the attention of the Abbot to me, who then beckoned me to him. I ascended the few steps which admitted to the platform of the verandah in great trepidation, wondering what could be wanted with me.

"'Iveron,' said Father Peter, when I had joined them, 'do thou interpret for me, while I go and make arrangements for the entertainment of the strangers.'

"How my heart thrilled when I found myself face to face with such beauty, and saw the ladies stretch out their hands to me with looks of kindness such as I had only read or dreamed of before! I had to conduct a long conversation between the Abbot and the visitors, the chief part of which consisted in the apologetic explanations of the former in regard to the strictness of monastic rule not permitting him to receive the ladies within the monastery. Indeed he had gone to the utmost verge of his power in admitting them so far as the verandah. In a short time the Abbot, thinking that all would now be ready for their entertainment, demanded of me the key of the library, and then led the gentlemen off, leaving me in the verandah with

the ladies, at their own request. The number and minuteness of their questions soon made me alive to another quality in woman, of which I had heard the monks make mention; but I did not find it at all disagreeable, worshipping as I did every expression of their faces, and every tone of their voices. You smile, sir; but I see no reason why I should be ashamed to confess that I was in a state of beatitude. We conversed in Italian, which they spoke beautifully, although, as they informed me, they were English.

"After smoking a pipe with the monks (this was not against rule), partaking of some refreshment, and seeing the sights of the monastery, the gentlemen cut short our interview, and bore the ladies off to the boats; but not until, to my great delight, they had promised to renew their visit on the following day, as they had not had time to examine so minutely as they wished some of the manuscripts in the library. The ladies, too, asked permission to sketch for an hour or two from the verandah, while the gentlemen would be pursuing their more learned researches: which permission was of course readily granted.

"I retired to bed that night, not to rest, but to ruminate on an idea that had taken entire possession of my mind. Among other things, the ladies had told me of a great gathering of all the arts that was shortly to be held at Paris. When I heard of the great doings that were then going on in the grand world that had so long been closed to me, a sudden distaste of my own life had taken hold of me. I had many times before, as you may suppose, conceived the idea of stealing secretly away from that land of solitude to some other part of the world. But the question of *whither*, had always baffled me. Now, it occurred to me that if I could prevail on these strangers to allow me to work my passage to Marseilles, to which city I understood from them they were next bound, I might take my paintings with me, and perhaps obtain a place for them in the palace of the arts of which they had spoken, and thus open the door to a new way of life. As I had seen so few paintings, and as my own were certainly equal to the best of those in the chapel, I confess I had a very different idea of them from what I have now. I ruminated long on the subject, and at length formed my resolution.

"Next day, when the party arrived, the gentlemen were again conducted into the monastery, and I was, as before, ordered to be in attendance on the ladies. As they told me that they were to sail next day, I saw that no time was to be lost, and accordingly took advantage of the earliest pause in their run of questions to tell them a little of my story. I said nothing about the paintings, as I had still some doubts in regard to their merits. I merely mentioned my earnest desire to escape from my present mode of life, and to work my way in the busy world. I felt encouraged to press my wishes, from the evident relish with which they were listened to. The young ladies fervently promised to use the

utmost extent of their influence with their father, the owner of the yacht, to have me taken on board. When I told them that the matter would require to be managed very secretly, I think really that they relished it all the more. After a conference, during which many extraordinary suggestions were started and rejected, it was at length concluded that I was to be on the beach at ten o'clock that same evening, and that if I observed the sudden extinguishing of a light in one of the ports of the yacht which was pointed out to me, exactly at the last stroke of "four bells," which I could easily hear from the landing-place, I was to consider the matter as settled, and to prepare myself to mingle as stealthily as possible with a boat's crew, which was to be sent on shore some time afterwards on the pretence of a sudden necessity for a supply of olive oil, in which article our monastery was superfluously rich. The great difficulty was to settle the capacity in which I was to be received. At length one of the ladies suggested that the yacht was much in want of a 'steward's mate.' It was unanimously agreed to, by the second member of the party, that the yacht *was* in need of a 'steward's mate;' and though I was in utter ignorance of the duty either of the steward or of his mate, I at once professed my utmost readiness to execute the functions of the office indicated.

"I need not detain you, sir. You see how I am here. The family—let me bless them, as I leave off mentioning them—were determined to touch at Gibraltar on their way to England. I had managed to bring what I thought the best of my paintings with me; and fascinating as their kindness was—even to a 'steward's mate'—the purpose with which I set out was more fascinating still. I left them at Marseilles, with many regrets. I wonder if I shall ever meet them again! But if a cup of cold water shall not fail of reward, how great must be the recompence of those who turn the whole river of a human life into a new and better channel! When I meet my sister I shall tell her all the tale of their bounty.

"You seem to know the rest. I have told you much—more than ever I told to any one else before: yet how little it seems! Moment by moment made up the years that have made my life. Each moment has had its feeling, its fancy, its phrenzy. The present end is—I am here; but ah! where is she?"

CHAP. XIII.

Pisa. "Pisa morta."

Morta indeed; but still the residence, chosen or otherwise, of 22,892 living members of humanity, according to statistical accounts published by A. Zuecagni Orlandrini, and quoted by the excellent Du Pays. Whether, considering the resemblance between flesh and grass, the

said A Zuc. &c. is still prepared to swear to the odd 2, is more than one dare determine. If however, the odd 2 were beggars, and especially if they were afflicted with some loathsome and mortal disease, I have not the slightest hesitation in affirming that they are still alive and begging.

My first day in Pisa, spent in passing from street to street, and from house to house, with the view of obtaining a suitable abode for the Delby's, left with me an overwhelming impression of such beggary as itself beggars description. Was this the Italy of my dreams?..... I had need of all my romance to shut out the importunate present—the palsied, leprous, limbless present, and of all my stoicism to shut my ear to complaint and my eye to foul disease, in order to realize the historic sacredness of the streets I was treading.

Our first day's search was unsuccessful. I say "our," because my new friend was still with me. By acquainting myself with a harder bed and coarser food than Mr. Delby in his liberality had provided for, I found myself able to retain Iveron's companionship without intrenching on his slender means. Truly loath he was to yield to any such arrangement; but as I threatened an instant dissolution of partnership in the great matter between us as the penalty of contumacy, he was fain to submit.

Next day Fortune was more favourable.

On the South side of the Arno, close to the Church of San P...., stands the house which I selected as the future residence of the Delby family. A gloomy, unpromising street-door, or rather gate, opens into a long corridor, the vaulted roof of which is Saracenicly alternated with broad bars of black and white. At the end of the corridor was a broad antique staircase, the walls on each side of which were of a pale blue colour, adorned with the loves of Dian and Endymion in exquisite white relief. "Never saw I figures so likely to report themselves." The great vaulted corridor, full of echoes that seemed to spring from far-off centuries, had given me the idea of unmitigated loneliness; but when the door that admitted to the staircase was flung open, the great flood of Italian light startled so many white figures into life and beauty that it seemed to me as if the rigid, calculating nineteenth century was but a cold intrusion upon the lively fancies and brilliant vivacity of the joyous days of old, when nature was all in all, and not, as now, the fleeting privilege of a hard-earned holiday. The apartments upstairs were equally contradictory of the gloomy corridor. Everything was elegant, flowery, festive. Everything was lightsome, heartsome, handsome. A more harmonious combination of taste and profusion, of classic and Arabesque, of Athens and Alhambra, could not easily be imagined.

On either side of the staircase a glass-door opened into new interest. On the one side a few steps led down into a garden full of orange and lemon-trees, in all the abundance of sunny orient; in the midst of which a fountain, ever

leaping into life from the heart of a marble basin, showered perpetual blessing on glistening multitudes of gold-fish, that twinkled ceaselessly amidst the dancing waters. On the other side, a similar number of steps conducted to more consecrated ground, a flag-paved court, where stood a little octagonal chapel of red brick, the roof of which commenced about six feet from the ground, and then tapered upwards to a most disproportioned distance. Seven arched niches relieved the monotony of the outer wall, in which the dilapidated torsos of of old effigies were still discernible, though whether they had represented Christian saints, or heathen abominations, Time and the elements had rendered indeterminable. Within the door, as in most continental churches, hung a heavy quilt of stuffed leather. The first sight of the interior, which was dimly lighted from above, showed that the chapel was in reality a tomb. The centre of the floor was a richly emblazoned marble tablet, bearing the following inscription:

Hic Jacet
Honorabilis Princeps Petrus,
De principalibus de Roma.
Qui migravit
A.D. 1357.
Mense Decembri, Quarto Die.
Requiescat in Pace!

In the eastern recess stood an altar, with its complete equipment of ceremonial appurtenance: but rust and mildew were over all. What had once represented Deity itself had become dim and inglorious: the candlesticks were mere masses of rust; and the lace of the altar-cloth hung, faded and torn, among the rank weeds that grew in the chinks of the broken marble steps, and that derived half their life from the water which dripped from the roof in times of rain. Above the altar hung a faded Madonna, that, in spite of so many destructive influences, still bore the stamp of genius and laborious art. The walls had once been hung with tapestry which had evidently told some historic tale; but the greater part of it was now lying on the floor, displaying a violent confusion of heads and limbs, that was more like the result of tumultuous shipwreck or railway disaster than the slow work of decay.

My first idea on surveying the place was that the terms of residence would be much above the sum which I was authorized to offer. To my astonishment I found that they were considerably below it. I was even so undiplomatic as to inform the old man who was in charge of the house that I thought it worth a great deal more. "Ah, Signorino," said he, reciprocally confidential, "it has been empty so long, so very long!"

"It is on the wrong side of the Arno, for one thing," I answered; "but I don't see how that can make so very much difference."

"Ah, no, Signorino, it is not that."

"If the house were haunted I don't see how it could be cheaper."

"Ah, then, the Signorino has heard the story!"

"What story? I know of no circumstance whatever connected with the place."

"Ah, then, perhaps I should not tell it you."

"If it is haunted, I shall take it all the more readily!"

"Well, then, Signorino, one night, when I happened to be living in the house alone—it was a dark and dismal night—I saw strange lights in the chapel."

"Well, I hope you went to ascertain what lights they were?"

"No, I was too much afraid! . . . And, Signorino, they have been seen since—by others!"

"Who was the last inhabitant of this house?"

"Salvestro Gagini, the younger brother of Count Gagini, who is now the richest man in Palermo. The family is descended from the Prince who is buried in the chapel. Signor Salvestro was in the habit of repairing thither at midnight, to pray for the soul of his ancestor, from whom the family derived their wealth. He always went alone, and locked the chapel within."

"Was he a pious man, then?"

"I did not know him. The people here say that he was a miser; but he seems to have left very little except his house, which in reality belonged to Count Gagini, who at one time lived here along with his brother."

"How long is it since Salvestro Gagini died?"

"It is not known, Signorino, whether he be alive or dead. One night, at the accustomed hour, he shut himself up within the chapel. A favourite servant, who waited up for him, observing that he remained beyond his usual time, became anxious, and at length ventured to knock at the chapel-door. No answer was given. He knocked again and called his master. Still no answer. The other servants were then called, and the lock was forced; but they found nothing—not even the key. Salvestro Gagini has never been seen since!"

"How long is it since this happened?"

"Some fifteen or sixteen years ago."

"Did he leave no child?"

"Only one daughter—an infant of two years."

"And is she still alive?"

"Ah, Signorino, that brings me to the saddest part of all. Little more than a week after her father's disappearance, she and the son of Count Gagini—likewise a young child, and, like his cousin, motherless, who had been for tipwards of a year in Pisa under the charge of a faithful nurse—set out for Palermo, accompanied by this nurse and her husband, who was in command of Count Gagini's yacht, in which they sailed. It was calm as it is now when they left Leghorn; but, ere long, furious gales sprang up, and as none of the party have since been heard of, it is supposed that the little yacht went down with all on board."

"It is, indeed, a melancholy story," said I, quite mechanically, for the mention of Count Gagini had showed me that I was again on the mystic track, and at once my mind whirled with the old bewilderment, and seemed to become full of moving diagrams, of circle wheeling within circle, of lines diverging and converging, yet all concordant to some all-interpreting principle to me unattainable. It was an old speculative state of mind, conjured up from dead University days, and linking itself strangely to practical circumstances.

"Is this all you know?" I asked at length.

"All that can throw light on the mystery."

"And who are you, if I may ask?"

"I was once the house-steward of Count Gagini, in Palermo. The loss of his son, his brother, and niece, weighed so heavily on my master, that he has never been like his former self since. He soon became unable to manage his affairs, and left everything in the hands of a Frenchman, who had lived with him for some years as his secretary—a designing, evil man, whose whole aim plainly is to make himself entire master of the Count's mind, and no doubt to influence his last testament in his own favour. His first policy was to get rid of all the old dependents of the Palazzo Niti—this was Count Gagini's house, of which I had charge for twenty years. It is out a little way from Palermo, a grand old Moorish palace. Ah, how I gloried in it, Signorino! I was the last who was sent away, and as my good master would not consent to part with me altogether, I was sent here ten years ago, to take charge of this house, and to let it, if occasion offered, to strangers. But it has got an ill-name, and in good truth I little care whether it lets or not, as this was a mere excuse for my banishment. But I have kept it well, for my master's sake; and, if you would like it, it is in excellent order."

"Stay a little," said I, under the influence of new light. The circles were more still, and more nearly concentric: the lines became less aimless, and seemed to tend more to one fixed point. "What is the name of this secretary?"

"In truth he is no secretary now. The Count has already given him much of his wealth; but still he tends him, yet always in such a way as to make it appear that it is the Count who follows him, since he manages to keep ever before the poor foolish old man's mind that he is on the track of his lost son; and also, as I have reason to believe, using his wealth and name to form and foster dark plots which he pretends are to lead to the freedom of Sicily, and to the establishment of Count Gagini as the head of that state, but which are doubtless designed to serve his own evil ends."

"But you have not yet told me his name."

"His name is Biot."

The circles became still, and the lines radiated towards a common centre.

"Tell me next," said I—"for I am interested in this—did you ever know a man named Herr Dulcken?"

"Herr Dulcken, Signorino! would to God I could see him again! But you are agitated! Ha! it may be so!"

He clutched my two hands, and, holding me at arm's length, gazed on me awhile with looks of utter wonder.

"Tell me, tell me—I am an old servant of the house, and I love the very name—tell me, Signorino, are you the long-lost son of my beloved master?"

"I am not. . . . Nay, do not doubt me. You may see I am at least two years older than you could make him out to be, if he were still alive."

The old man looked woefully disappointed, and continued his story:

"You must know that my master had in his palace a wonderful museum both of natural and historical curiosities. Herr Dulcken, who had acted as master of languages to a former son of the Count—dead, poor lad! many a year ago—had so completely won the Count's favour, that the latter, being desirous to retain him in his household after his son's death, gave him charge of this museum, and thus Herr Dulcken became a permanent inmate of the palace, and was beloved by all in it. But after M. Biot was made secretary, it became plain that the place could not hold them both. It was especially after the terrible family losses that the breach became apparent. M. Biot did so much, both openly and secretly, to blacken Herr Dulcken's character in the eyes of the Count, that the good German, whose only fault was a hasty temper, was one day, in his anger, betrayed into saying, before master and servants, that he believed M. Biot to be at the bottom of all the disasters. The Count was greatly troubled. Loving the one and feeling his dependence on the other, he was at his wits' end when M. Biot told him to choose between them, as they could no longer live together. At length Herr Dulcken, indignant at seeing that he was hesitating as to the choice, spared him the pain of it, by an abrupt departure. I never learned what became of him. Do you know aught of him?"

"It is not much more than a fortnight since I saw him. He is well; yet I cannot tell you where he is now. He was just leaving Paris then. I trust I shall again chance upon him. But we shall talk more of this at another time. Meanwhile can I have the house this very night? I shall have a companion with me."

I found that I *could* have it, everything being in readiness for instant occupation. Having made all other necessary arrangements connected with domestic economy, I set out in quest of Iveron, whom I had deputed in the morning to make inquiry in various other parts of the town in regard to furnished apartments. It was now pretty far on in the afternoon, and, on arriving at our lodging, I found that he had been there but an hour before, and had again gone out, leaving a message for me that he had walked out into the country by the Porta Nuova. As I had not yet been in this direction, I turned my steps thither, and soon lost sight of

the object of my walk in those glories of architecture that mark the comparatively small Piazza del Duomo as one of the most wonderful spots on earth. The Leaning Tower—the Cathedral—the Baptistry—the Campo Santo! How rich in beauty, how lavish in ornament, how delicate in detail, how reverend with centuries, how calm with the solemnity of Death! Darkness put an end to the rapturous survey, and, suddenly remembering Iveron, I hasted back to our lodging to ascertain if he had yet returned. I found that he had not made his appearance, and fearing that he might be treating me as he had treated Winslow, I set off in pursuit of him by the direction indicated, having first of all taken the precaution of purchasing a pair of pistols. I walked, or rather ran, along a country road for upwards of an hour, straining my eyes into the ever-darkening distance without perceiving any trace of him. At length when the darkness had become so intense that I began to think it advisable to return, I was suddenly faced by a person who sprang out from a gap in the hedge by which I was walking, and asked me hurriedly if I could tell him whether he was in the neighbourhood of any dwelling where he could pass the night.

"How could you serve me so, Iveron?" I said, for the voice was his.

"Ah, Mr. Morley," he cried, embracing me, "forgive me for this. I had made up my mind to burden you no longer. We have been two days in Pisa, and, so far as I am concerned, there has been nothing to repay my journey. I could not leave you a lying message, and so you have found me again. Let me thank you once for all with my whole heart, and then let me begone!"

"Come back with me this once," I said, "and I will assuredly let you go to-morrow, if by that time I have not done something that will materially aid your search."

He seemed loath indeed at first; but I insisted, and gained my point.

I had heard during the day that the bones of an old bishop, who had lain for a hundred years in his sarcophagus in the Campo Santo, had again been exposed to the light of day, and placed upon the altar in San—, where a series of magnificent services were being performed over them, which were to be terminated by an illumination in the Cathedral, and a torchlight procession in the Campo Santo. It had pleased his Holiness the Pope to disturb the rest of the said Bishop with the kindly intention of canonizing him.

When we returned to the Piazza del Duomo, the windows of the Cathedral were pouring forth floods of light that brightened the old pile with glory as of a resurrection, and dashing against the Baptistry, startled the canturiers of beauty that slept around its marble pinnacles. The organ was uttering its grandest harmonies, now softening into the voice of childhood, and now swelling with the tumult of billows; and many sweet voices were chanting like a choir of angels. The crowd was so great that we could get no

farther than the door, where we waited and listened until it was rumoured through the multitude that the priests and choristers were forming in order for the torchlight procession in the Campo Santo. We then hastened thither to obtain a good position for witnessing the spectacle. We had hardly secured this, when the flare of the foremost torches lit up the grand old frescoes of *Orgagna*, and vividly revealed the terrible scenes of *Death and Judgment* in face of which we stood. It was strange indeed to watch the struggle of light and darkness around the spiral pillars and capricious ornaments of the long arcades, upon the faces of the grim stony guardians of noble sepulchres, upon the time-worn *Bacchanals* that danced with wreathed goblets around old Roman sarcophagi, in and out of many a solemn recess where even the holier light of day seldom strayed, and, above all, on the pictured walls, where, as the fitful torches moved on and on, the bodies of the lost seemed verily to heave and writhe with their everlasting pain.

Archbishops, and bishops, and priests, and monks, and choristers, each carried his lighted torch; and in the midst, borne of four, and overshadowed by the wings of shining cherubim, a gorgeous shrine containing the bones of the new-made saint. Just as that part of the procession in which the shrine was carried reached the spot where we stood, the sudden glimpse of a face in the crowd, on the other side of the priestly line, startled my thoughts away from all the pomp that was passing before me. Was it not one of the faces of the lost that my excited imagination had startled from the frescoed wall! Now it is hid by the mitres of bishops! They are past, and there it is again! Now it is a massive crucifix that hides it! That too passes in an instant, and still it is there! Now it is a cloud of incense swung by one of the choristers from a brazen censer! In the dim mist of frankincense it does verily seem a thing of fancy; but the cloud clears off, and the lowering face of *Guissac* is there!

In the dead silence that reigns over the vast assemblage, in the midst of the solemn splendour of religious ceremonial, in the sacredness of the dread occasion so awfully fraught with the dignity of sainted death, how shall I intrude my own petty individuality on the universal devotion! Yet I cannot contain myself, and I dash forward where I see a gap in the procession, but am instantly dragged back by *Iveron* and many others, and so roughly handled by the irritated multitude, that I am glad to make my escape through the first opening into the grassy interior of the great quadrangle, where my companion shortly joins me.

I told him what I had seen, and, not yet hopeless of again seeing *Guissac*, we took up our station at the principal entrance to watch the crowd as it dispersed. Our intention was to follow him, in order to see where he took up his abode, if abode he had. But we waited in vain.

First of all, the multitude swept out like a resistless torrent which gradually died away into a straggling brook; and even that died away too, leaving nothing but the old guardian closing the gates. *Iveron* and I looked at each other, each comprehending the other's disappointment, and walked away in silence till we reached the *Casa Prati*, as the house I had taken was named.

We were admitted by a young man whom the steward had engaged to attend on us. From him we learned that the old man had long before retired to rest, having first seen that everything was comfortably arranged for our reception.

I watched *Iveron* as we paced along the echoing corridor, and up the peopled staircase, and into a grand old hall, where a log fire blazing on the hearth quite superseded the classic lamp that stood on the table, and, playing in all the corners of the room in fitful succession, woke up the rare old carvings and gilded cornices with a goblin merriment,

"That said as plain as whisper in the ear
The place is haunted."

The expression of his face was that of mute questioning wonder. Though no exclamation escaped him, it was perfectly plain that the place was in some way or other mingling with his memories. We sat down in the hall, where supper was immediately served, and which we were partaking of in perfect silence, when *Iveron*, whose eyes had been fixed for some time upon an old Pompeian vase on which was painted a *Bacchanalian* procession, suddenly started from the table, rushed to the vase, and, turning the other side to the light, exclaimed, in a voice quivering with agitation, and pointing at the same time to the figures of *Bacchus* and *Silenus*:

"I knew it! I knew I should find the laughing little child, and his old father with the wine-cup! Heaven of heavens! what does all this torrent of memory mean! Tell me, *Mr. Morley*, is there a little chapel just outside?"

"There is."

"And a picture of a beautiful lady over an altar?"

"Yes."

"And orange-trees somewhere, and a fountain, and gold fish?"

"All just as you say."

"Then I have been here before; and she too. . . . It is very dream-like, yet it cannot but be true!"

"The lines are surely about to meet," I answered. "Let us pray to-night that they may not merely intersect each other, and pass out again into infinite darkness."

We were not long in retiring to our bedroom, each keeping up before the other the fiction of necessary rest. We shared the same apartment for the night. Our window looked out upon the chapel, but the night was so intensely dark

that I thought it useless to turn Iveron's attention to it.

I lay down in the midst of a painful mental conflict. So Iveron was her cousin ! What then ?

THE PORTRAIT.

To other eyes 'tis nothing more
But just a girl's fair loving face ;
In which, perchance, they read a trace
Of deeper things than Fashion's lore.

To them it is not, as to me,
A volume full of life's sweet songs ;
A chant, that memory prolongs,
Of wildest unreality,

Filling to overflow the heart ;
A life within the life I hold ;
A treasure, infinite, untold,
Save in a dream, I could not part

From my own self but I should pine,
As one in darksome dungeon pent,
Where scarce a gleam of sun has lent—
Where not a single star could shine.

All have such treasures, rich to each ;
Poor to the world, that cannot know
What spirit-strains of music flow
From unseen strings—a gentle speech,

Finding its goal by other ways
Than through the dull sense of the ear—
A touch, a kiss, from lips how dear !
And Memory the enchanter plays.

And things will come again, again—
Things that were, or would have been :
The little mound of earth, grown green,
Is but a myth, and Death is vain.

We live the life we thought to live ;
We feel the joy we should have felt ;
And Sorrows, like the snow-flakes, melt
At touch the talisman can give—

All, all ! And I—I see thee now,
Glad childish faces round thy chair !
My wife, my children, all are there :
They come to me, I know not how,

For they have never been : she died—
The promised sunlight of my home—
And the dark shadows round me come,
In lieu of her, the wish'd-for bride.

Yet, as I gaze upon this token
Of the deep love I deem not lost,
But only for a moment cross'd,
The dream to me is still unbroken ;

I live—live ever in the hope,
And ever seems the vision true
As when we gathered flowers that grew
Where meadows from the river slope !

H. C.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING-DAY.

(Addressed to a Happy Couple.)

BY MRS. ABDY.

I look not on the newly-wed with full and perfect
joy ;
My hope has still a shade of doubt, a measure of
alloy :
Fain would I trace the wedding-day, throughout
its calm career,
And know that in the happy home, which greets it
year by year,
Its welcome presence ever proves that all the cares
of life
Have only knit in closer bonds the husband and the
wife.
To you, my dear and valued friends, how truly may
I say,
That, with unmingled joy, I greet your Golden
Wedding Day !

Through Fifty Years no angry strife, no dark dis-
trust, has come
To mar the quiet concord of your fair and tranquil
home ;
The marriage-bond, by many deemed so trivial and
so light,
In letter and in spirit has been hallowed in your
sight :
No careless, cold indifference, your early faith has
chilled ;
Your promises have well been kept, your duties well
fulfilled,
And you have helped each other through Life's long
and varied way,
Earning sweet memories to cheer your Golden
Wedding Day.

May many a future Wedding Day your ample store
increase,
Each bringing forth its record of a previous year of
peace !
The fairest scenes must pass away—the dearest
home of love,
In time, must yield its tenants to a better home
above ;
Yet may that time be distant !—may you long
together live,
Possessing all the happiness that mutual love can
give !—
Esteemed and honoured by the friends who deeply,
truly, pray
That Heaven may send a blessing on your Golden
Wedding Day !

WORK IN THE WOODS.

BY SILVERPEN.

In our present days of civilization, our English woods serve more for ornament than use, except it be for the preservation of game. But in ages long ago they were the storehouse whence man took mostly his daily food; and that it was there in profusion for him to take, the *débris* of his feasts sufficiently prove. Wherever we open British tumuli, or dig on Roman sites, there the tusks of the wild-boar, and the bones of various species of wild cattle, are found often in startling quantities. At Wroxeter these remnants of sylvan spoils lie about in huge heaps, thus showing that the food of this Celtic-Roman city was largely derived from the surrounding forests. It is the same on all the earlier Roman sites. But then, it must be remembered, that the woods in those days were not mere fringes of trees, of a few miles in length and breadth, and environed by thousands of acres of highly-cultivated land, but vast forests, stretching away across the undivided land, and hiding in their fastnesses moor and fen and hill. Shropshire was one vast forest from end to end, except upon the sterile heights of the Longmynds. On the borders of south-eastern Shropshire, its forest of Shirlet met the dense forests of the Trent, and these stretched away for miles into the west and north. Nor in the south of England, or around London, were the woodlands less. The after counties of Hampshire, Dorsetshire, and Devonshire were thickly covered with woods. The Roman legionaries made their way from the *Portus Lemanis* to *Londinium*, through the dense forest of *Anderida*, which in its turn stretched away into the equally dense woodlands of Surrey and Sussex. Fitzstephen tells us that a dense forest touched the very walls of London on the north, and that in his day the citizens went forth to chase its wild inhabitants. As to the road between London and St. Alban's, it became anew so densely wooded, through those troublous years which followed the Conquest, that Matthew of Westminster, speaking of it and its environments, uses this strong expression, "*Horridæ silvæ*"—the dread woods.

As the growth and use of cereals increased, as the felling portions of these woods enlarged the amount of pasture-land, and the example of the great ecclesiastical bodies, in the rearing and fattening of stock, and in farming generally, was copied by the surrounding populations, the English forests became less a resource for the supply of food. Many wild animals had become extinct, population had increased and spread, and the chase became henceforth more a pastime for nobles and kings than a necessity for the sustenance of a thinly-scattered people. But there were other uses for these still mag-

nificent breadths of forest-lands. Here the charcoal-burners had their homes; here the miner delved his shallow pits, and melted his iron with the boughs and boles of primeval oaks; and here the sturdy descendants of the Saxons—the Arkwrights, the Wainwrights, the Boatwrights, the Shaftwrights, the Fletchers, the Pilbeams, and countless others—carried on their handicraft in wood, or, as it was called in old days, *treen* or *tree-ware*. A curious physical fact lies at the bottom of all this. The Celtic and Iberian races were by nature smiths. Long before the descent of Julius Cæsar on the southern coast of Britain, these mingled races, at this their highest point of British civilization, were already clever artificers in both gold and bronze, for the amount of native gold was then considerable, and was eventually one of the things which, by its fame, allured the Romans to invasion. But the Teuton came forth from the gloom of northern woods, and loved them like his life. To him Roman pottery and Celtic bronze-work were as nothing to the ashen platter and the ashen cup. He had a superstition and a love for things of wood, which in other forms survive in his English descendants to this hour. Our passion for landscape-painting, for rural scenery, for gardening, for planting, for country-life, all come from what Dr. Laycock would call "Saxon strata." Heathen or Christian, the Saxon of the *Hæptarchy*, or even later days, could take nothing more precious to his grave than his hooped mead-bucket; and such are often found in Saxon tumuli. In the series of extraordinary excavations made on the Kentish Downs during the middle of the last century by the Rev. Bryan Faussett, mead-buckets were found in many graves; as also more recently on similar sites by the late Lord Londesborough; and even later still by Mr. Ackerman, in excavations made near Abingdon. For centuries almost all a poor man's or yeoman's "belongings," as a Yorkshireman would say, were made of wood. His house, his pillow, his stool, his bow, his saddle (if he rode), his platter, his cup, his tree-selled board, were all of wood. This even up to so late a date as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as old wills, inventories, and papers prove to us.

This consumption of wood in so many forms made workers in it abundant. Every town and village, and edge of forest-land, abounded with these woodwrights; and this fact brings me to the pith of this little paper—a description of an old worker in cherry-tree wood, who thirty years ago, when I was a little child, frequented the fine old border town wherein I was reared. Every few weeks he came many miles from a remote part of the country, with a small cart-load of

these beautifully-wrought chairs; and placing them in array on the pavement in front of an old-fashioned inn-door, waited till they were sold; and then harnessing his horse, set off towards the primitive woodlands once more. One of the most pleasant recollections of my childish days is the purchase of a set of these chairs by those I dearly loved; and I am happy to say that the whole eight are still as good as the day they were bought, and rubbed to a degree of brightness rivalling ebony. Their form is elegant, and does great honour to the hand, so long passed away, which wrought them.

I and a brother used to watch, from the bow-window of the dining-room in the house where we lived, in great expectancy, for the coming of the old chairmaker. A month or five weeks would often elapse between one visit and another, and when it came it was often noon when his primitive cart stayed before the inn-door. His first job was to bring some hay forth for his horse; and then, whilst he unpacked his chairs, and set them in order along the pavement, his wife—as quaint and as old as himself, and habited in a perfectly bygone costume—opened a basket of viands. They then sat down together beneath the wall of the inn, leaving the passers-by to admire, or to buy if they willed—but never once asking them to do so. They were ignorant of modern puffing. The old man had made the goods himself, and he knew his work was worth the money he asked.

One autumn afternoon, soon after the chairs were set out—and they seemed more elegant in shape than any we had seen hitherto—I saw a neighbour whom I loved cross the street, and ask the price of them. The bargaining was short enough, for in five minutes the old man began to carry his goods across the street in the wake of his new customer. Wild with delight, I ran out of the room to ask leave to cross the street and see the purchase; and this being granted me, I was soon in the most ancient of kitchens, my small hand locked in an aged hand, and an earnest listener to all that was passing. All present admired the chairs; and great was the old woodman's pride as he placed an arm-chair on either side the fire.

"Those of my name," he said, quietly, in reply to some questions, "have for five or six generations been workers in cherry and other woods, and for a time longer than that we have been dwellers in the old woodland where I come from. For forty years I have carried goods about this county, and those adjoining; and many a man knows me—maister and missis. My work has a good fame; and them cheers (this was the very word) will, with ordinary using, long outlast the hand which made 'em." This was a true prophecy.

The old man went, and that night I had the delight of seeing those I dearly loved sit on either side the fire, each in an arm-chair. The one smoked his pipe, grave and sententious, whilst I sat upon his knee; the other in her doye-coloured Quaker bonnet—her eyes were weak, and she always wore one—spoke with

mild voice, and plied gently her diligent knitting needles.

Years passed by—perhaps twelve or thirteen—when I went and made a lengthened stay in the very country whence the old chairmaker had come from. It is a country of hills, occasionally of dense woods, and is solitary and primitive in a strange degree. One day, in spring, I happened to pass through a large orchard abutting on the village churchyard; and there I saw the farmer to whom it belonged. His men were felling some dozen or more old gnarled fruit-trees. As I knew the owner, I stopped to speak, and a natural question arose as to the business he had in hand.

"Why, ye see," he answered, "the trees ha' done their duty, and only cumber the ground. They've borne fruit for many a generation; and now the best on 'em 'll serve the use of old—the chairmaker, who lives a bit from here. The rest 'll do for the charcoal heap, for he and his lads send off many a load to the glass-houses and steel-houses, and many a place o' that sort, where it's found to answer a deal better than coal."

The surname he had mentioned, in connexion with the cherry-trees he was felling, brought to my recollection the chairmaker of my childish days, and I questioned him.

"Aye! I dare to say it's the same. Old John used to travel to—with his cheers, years ago. But he's an old man now, and don't go far from th' chimney-corner; and, what's more, folks now-a-days like to buy furnitur in a shop wi' plate-glass windows, and be waited on by a talking shopman, instead o' buying cheers off a cart at the door, or off the market pavement. I don't think the things last as well; there's more o' the glue-pot, and less of a man's honest hand work. But folks like the palaver and the plate-glass, and so they mun bide wi' the tumble-down trash they get for their money."

"But old John, I should fancy, would never do bad work."

"Not he—he comes of an upright race. All on 'em ha' lived in the same part, generations without count, and everybody knows 'em. Time was when trade was better than it is now, for a lot o' things that used to be used ha' gone clean out, and no man knows 'em. Crockery now-a-days is in everybody's house; but when I wur young, wooden cups and bowls wur to be seen on every board about here, except it wur the parson's or the doctor's. Old John and his fathers made trenchers by the score; but that trade's done for, as many t'others be."

"What does he make, then?" I asked.

"He? why, he does nought but sit i' the chimney corner, or warm himself in the sun; his day o' work's done. But his lads carry on a trade in cheers, which they send to the big towns; the going about in a cart's clean done for, and when they get wood that's likely they make what's called 'rustic work,' and send it away to Lunnnon. A lot o' this old cherry-wood here 'll do for that sort o' b'nis. At times, when they get oak or walnut timber, these young

fellows 'll do a tidy bit o' carving; and this goes to Lunnon too, and passes off for work, I am told, done three hundred year ago. But the cleverest of old John's lads—him as carved the best—got disappointed in some love affair, and so 'listed. His regiment was sent off to India, and many a day it was before the old man lifted up his head again. It's said the brothers ha' been working hard and saving money to buy him off, unbeknown to old John; and to-morrow, when they comes here, I'm likely to hear news on 't."

"To-morrow, are the young men coming?"

"Aye, wi' their timber wain, to fetch the old trees. If thou'rt coming this way, thou'd see 'em in the orchard about noon. Or if thee'd like to see the wooded country about their dwelling, thee cans't; for there'll be an empty seat i' th' gig when I drive that way next week, and the old wooden house i' th' forest's worth seeing, for it holds many a cu'rous thing, thou'lt see no where else."

"Indeed! then I'll gladly accept your offer. The country is one I want to see for its wildness, and the old woodwright's face will bring me pleasant recollections."

So the following week I accompanied the old farmer on his solitary drive. Leaving a picturesque mountain village, and winding round the base of a hill, clothed in moss, and varied here and there by immense masses of lichen-covered granite, we began to enter upon a wooded tract, broken by breadths of heathery uplands. At last we struck into a forest tract—strictly such—and which, climbing as it were a hill-side, brought us to a narrow upland, wild and weird beyond description. On either side descended from it some miles' breadth of trees; whilst this high sweep of land, itself comparatively bare, was covered by long and wind-swept grass, varied, at intervals, by enormous clumps of hollies, of vast age, as one might see by their thick stems and twisted branches. All beyond this upland was a sea of trees, some yet leafless, and others hastening to show their vernal glory. Not a sound was to be heard: the very gig-wheels were silent, as they passed along the shorter grass; not a bird's note broke the intense stillness; and if sound there were, it was that of the tall grass, as dried by the March winds, it moved occasionally to some impulse of the light noon breeze. The scenery reminded me of some passages of a descriptive kind in Walter Scott's "*Ivanhoe*," and gave a very good idea of what English woodland scenery was during the middle ages, when baron or abbot hunted his "hart of grace," and charcoal burners passed their days amidst the gloom of trees.

Descending from this upland into a mere wain road, the ruts of which were worn deep by winter's rains and centuries of traffic, we struck deep into the forest, where the shadows were at times dense, though as yet the trees were but partially leaved. For two miles or more we followed this road, and then, on a lower level

amidst the trees, a long, low, deeply-saved thatched house, with many detached outbuildings or working sheds around it, came in view. It was built of wood, the interstices plastered in; and, as though one generation after another had built a part, it was of different sizes and elevations: here was an old stone buttress, there a gable, a little further on a deeper-dipping eave of thatch. There was a surrounding garden, a narrow shallow brook making its way across the thick gnarled roots of trees; and, as if those who lived by handicraft in wood loved the old forest too well to live away from its shadows, vast oaks dipped their as yet bare branches on to the very thatch, whilst a picturesque clump of birch trees environed the garden wicket.

The sound of hammers, and of saws worked by a water wheel, had grown more and more distinct as we approached the homestead, and now in its close vicinity it was louder still. The old farmer, on our little journey, had told me that the soldier-brother had been bought off, and was now on his way home, and that, fearing too sudden a surprise, the aged father had been told his joy beforehand. It seemed so; for the old man, sitting in the sunny porch, had more than the peace of this world resting on his half-sightless face. He rose at once, he put forth his palsied hands to greet his visitor—me he did not see—and then with the garrulity of age and great happiness, he began to tell about his son.

Presently we entered a low, sombre, very large kitchen, where a young woman—one of the sons' wives—bustled about, preparing dinner; whilst another, still younger and apparently a visitor, for she was dressed in her Sunday's best, sat nursing one of the old man's grandchildren. In his garrulity he at once gave us to understand that this was his returning son's sweetheart, that she had not married after all, and, penitent for the lovers' quarrel which had driven him to so wild a step, had come some dozen miles to see his friends, and thus lead the way to reconciliation, as soon as he was home once more.

The old man being too feeble to be our guide, one of the sons—a smart man of forty—was called from the workshops, and he led the way. In the sawing house there was not much to see, but in the next, where all sorts of gnarled clumps and twisted branches of forest and orchard trees were collected; the sight was rather curious. The man then went forward, up a dilapidated flight of stairs, into some old chambers, where were collected the last relics of a hundred bygone English customs: old spinning-wheels, rocks, distaffs, spindles, then old wainscot cradles, vast salt-boxes, meal chests, bowls and trenchers. From time to time the man said occasional specimens of the former articles were sold to antiquaries, or persons who still cleaved to bygone customs; but the trenchers were never parted with. It had been the staple produce of this ancient race of woodwrights, and they seemed to have a pride in the

preservation of these ancient relics of their handicraft. There was the square trencher and the round trencher, and the trencher with a brief legend on the rim, thus anticipating our modern bread-plate. There were dates on a few of these articles, which extended far back into the seventeenth century.

Returning to the open air, and looking round the environment of the old woodwright's home, nothing could be more picturesque. Except for two mere wain roads, by one of which we had reached the house, the shadow of woods lay for at least a breadth of three miles around it, but extending, in many parts, thrice that distance. The little croft, with its thin crop of springing barley, crept, as it were, beneath the trees; and the few fruit trees in the garden could have little sun to ripen either cherry or damson; yet all the vegetation looked healthy, and not a sickly face was to be seen within doors.

We had not yet entered the parlour, but hither we were presently conducted; and here the old

woodwright's daughter had set forth refreshment. The room contained some old furniture, and some tolerable wood-carving, the work of the son who had enlisted. One of the old man's anticipations was that his "lad would come back and work at the old trade; for," as he quaintly said, "none of his race had a ready hand at aught else."

Be this as it may, here was a quaint old English craft, well nigh gone, or, at least, diverted into far different branches. Earthenware had superseded the wooden trencher and the wooden bowl; the spinning-jenny, the distaff, and the wheel; and other appliances, due to chemistry, had rendered obsolete the bellows, the tinder-box, and other old-fashioned articles. Thus every generation, as it masters the hidden secrets of Nature, and utilizes them to its use, prepares the way for the succeeding generation to sweep what it used and honoured aside, as things obsolete and of no account.

ROUND THE LAMP-POST.

I wonder if they think it was put there for their especial benefit. But they think nothing about it: they are not come to the age of cavilling; they make no effort to separate the real from the ideal: it is in effect to them not an invention of science for lighting the streets, but their lamp-post, their rallying point when national-school doors give up their prey, and little urchins trot out from cottages to join their bigger brothers and sisters round the lamp-post.

And there is a joining of hands and singing and shouting; a merry-go-round would be nothing to it. And occasionally a lifting up of some small voice in tears, and an argument as to who did or did not give Tom a black eye.

As I hear the noise and put down my pen in despair, I wonder who would live opposite a lamp-post. And then, looking at the antics, and the merry faces; the sort of joyful abandon which there is in that dancing chain, strangely enough my sympathy is with the noisy ones in spite of their noise. Children must play, and perhaps they have no other place to play in but the street. What a beautiful thing that post is, in their eyes! How the fleetest of the troop runs up, and clutches it with a triumphant caper at being first! As I watch them, an uneasy reflection arises within me: I sat down to write a tale. What in the world is it to be about? There is a portfolio full of unfinished ones before me, but they look stale and dead; stereotyped sort of things, which I cannot go on with to the accompaniment of a many-tongued

lamp-post. And now there is a shrill-voiced woman screaming out about "no placelike home" all down the street. I wish she would try it, if it is so nice. But that is a mere spurt of impatience because I have got to write a tale and she worries me. Write a tale indeed! But I know I must do it: it is my trade. Ah, before I made a trade of my pen how I loved it! I love it still, but the breadwinner has not the beauty of the first love. Just the way with us all; we want what we have not, and when we get it the shine is no longer the same. But what to write about? Good tales don't take: I suppose people don't like goodness, because it is unnatural. I could give a sort of skeleton picture of my own life. There is not much in it, when I come to reflect: very little indeed; but it is not dead, like the portfolio sketches; it would not worry me with its incongruity when I hear the animated lamp-post.

I was born—

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

The refrain comes in appositely. No, I was not born here opposite that post, but in the country, a blessing on it!

I think I see it now, and hear the softened whirr of the mill wheel, and see the sunlight on the water, glancing over the stems of the trees and the green grass. And I see the wood anemones down in the ravine, and the celandine and the violet; and the beautiful green young leaves, promising wild hyacinths in plenty. And

above my head in the budding trees the thrush is singing.

Oh, you boys round the lamp-post! this queer sensation which rises in my throat is not for you; but I wish you had such a place to hunt each other in, for once, as that coppice by the mill; and I wish—how I wish!—I could go now, and lie down hatless, with a cup of leaves, by the trickling brook that falls into the mill stream.

I ran away, boys; more shame for me. My step-father thrashed me, and I grinned in his face, and told him he never should do that again; and I ran away from home.

I never stopped to think of my mother, or to look at her: with my passion hot, and fearless, I started for the school which I never reached, never meant to reach, on that April morning how long ago! No need to reckon.

There are streaks of white in my head—shining tubes, into which the colour has refused to rise: will never rise again.

How the sun shone on the stream, and the birds sung in the trees, that morning! You would think me foolish if I told what they all seemed to be saying; but I have never heard the birds in the spring-time without remembering it. How one whistled out "Do it, do it, do it," and another "Stop a bit, stop a bit." But I would not stop a bit; I went on, red-faced and panting, thinking how I should be revenged for that beating. As if I were not taking vengeance on myself—cutting off my own nose to spite my face, as the saying is.

And I spent the first night under a hedge, hungry enough. I had emptied my money-box into my pockets, and had taken a piece of bread, but that went at noon by way of luncheon: so there I was, hungry and weary and alone, lying under a hedge, and looking up into the stars.

You begin to think it was time to find my senses and go back, perhaps. If I had—why then my story would have been different, or I might not have been here to tell it. No, I was not going back. Tears came into my eyes and rolled down my cheeks as I thought how lonely it was; but I only grew more angry with my step-father, who, I said, had caused it all, and more determined to punish him.

I pictured myself dying of hunger and exhaustion there, where no one would see me perhaps till I was quite dead. I assisted at my own funeral, and looked in upon the mourners to see how sorry they were. But then I thought of my mother; and my sobs broke out loud and thick, in spite of my manly clothes, and the big jacket I was so proud of. Still I would not go back. I built fine castles about "the wanderer's return," setting forth myself as a tremendous hero in moustaches: I had not quite made up my mind as to the profession in which my glory was to be won, but I was decided about the moustaches. And then my mother would fall on my neck, and weep for joy; and as to my step-father, of course I should raise him from his knees, after the fashion of magnanimous conquerors, and forgive him. But there is no

need to linger over my dreams, waking or sleeping, for in spite of the cold I did sleep, and did not catch my death. I meant to go to London, and with marvellously few trials, considering all things, I got there.

You would wonder now what an awkward country lad like I was could do in the great crowded streets, where the tide of people marches on steadily about its business, and every one looks straight before him into some future which concerns himself alone, and which he only sees. Well, I wondered myself, somewhat drearly, and I stood looking on with a heart that was growing heavy and hopeless, when an idea struck me. There were two boys about my own size climbing about some iron railings and sucking the knobs, and I had been watching them with some interest.

"Ever been inside, Bill?" enquired one, thrusting out his fist, which by the way was not a clean one.

"No, there's a big dog."

"Ahee! Who's a coward?"

"Coward your granny!" was the quick retort: and the two lads began to fight vigorously. Then I saw some one stop a moment before a basket which one of the boys had put down. The fight was over in the twinkling of an eye, and the basket-owner was crying out "Fine oranges!" as amiably as though his temper had never been ruffled in the least. He could not suffer private feeling to interfere with business. As I said, this gave me an idea. I bought a basket, which I took into a confectioner's shop, and with my remaining money I filled it with the most tempting edibles I could select, with the view of commencing street business in a small way.

It was hard work, but I went on perseveringly, and had actually earned a few pence, when I sat down to rest for a minute on a door-step. The houses began to swim before me, and the figures of walking men and women to dance up and down in a marvellous manner as I stared at them, and listened to the ceaseless humming of the human hive.

By-and-bye I awoke, and my basket was gone, contents and all. As I had put my earnings in one corner, I was then alone in London without a farthing, or the means of procuring one. That was comfortable. With the tears of weariness and disappointment running down my cheeks, I went back till I found the shop where my basket had been filled. I told my tale, and they laughed at me; they did not believe it. Then the tears dried on my cheeks, for they were burning with anger and shame; and I said to those who mocked me: "Well, I don't want your help, I will do without it. I have told you the truth: I would not lie to save my life. Some day perhaps you may see me again."

It was a high-sounding speech, and the shopmen laughed all the more, but they were lucky words for me. There was a gentleman sitting at one of the tables with a newspaper, and as I

spoke, he looked over it at me quickly. Then he put it down and came forward.

"Stop a bit, my boy. You wouldn't lie to save your life, eh?"

"No, sir," replied I. "At least I hope not."

"Ah, that's better. Where do you come from?"

"That I shall not tell anybody."

"Indeed!"

"I have never worked for my living yet. At home I—I had plenty of everything, but I ran away because my step-father beat me, and I will tell no one where I came from, for fear they should send me back. I mean to go sometime, when I get rich."

There was a suppressed titter all round the shop; but I never raised my head: I didn't mind it then, for the gentleman did not seem to be making fun of me.

"And you are willing to work—hard?"

"Indeed I am."

"Your name?"

I hesitated. "If I tell you, you will not try to find out where I came from."

He smiled. "No, my lad; I have something else to do."

"Robert West, sir."

"Very well; then come with me, Robert West, and I will see what you are good for."

My work was little enough at first. I was an office boy, and was only trusted to a certain extent. Besides which, whenever my master happened to be in the outer-office, I saw that he watched me closely. One day I looked up at him, and caught his eye upon me as usual.

"I don't care, sir," I said, boldly; "you will trust me by-and-bye."

He laughed, and said I was a "queer chap;" and the next day sent me on an errand of such importance that I felt myself already on the way to greatness.

That was the beginning—a fair start in life—and it was all I wanted: I meant to succeed. I would have worked myself to the bone for success, and I got what I wanted. In one way or other we most of us do get what we really strive after! which is a thought at once of encouragement and warning; for if we go out of the way of duty after what we want, though we obtain it, the sin shall not go unpunished. I rose to be a clerk, well salaried; and then those dreams of ambition which never would let me rest, urged me on in the pursuit of something which had as yet been only a secret hope, a hidden beauty—I mean authorship.

All these years I knew nothing of my mother or my stepfather. Often a miserable longing arose within me to take a holiday, and go down to the old mill. Holidays I had in plenty, but they were all devoted to the new ambition. Whole restless nights I have paced my room, when the pulses of the great city were still, struggling with that desire to see my mother's face and hear her voice again. But I said, "It is not yet time. I will be rich first—great and independent; then I will see her, and she shall be proud of her son."

And then, as my pen grew facile, and my thoughts came forth in a stream that flashed and sparkled, and filled me with delight, I threw away the crutch of clerkship, and struck out boldly into the field of literature. I prospered. Looking along my past, I felt tempted to cry out, "It is wonderful: it has been one success!"

When a book by Robert West, which had reached a third edition, lay on my table; I thought the time had come at last. It was April, as it had been when I ran away and slept under the lonely hedge. I paced my room, no longer struggling, but full of a joyful excitement. I looked over the grimy housetops, and the smoke and the chimneys, and thought of the dewy coppice and the mill-stream. I saw in the street the crowd that journeyed on, for ever hot and dusty, and thought of the fresh air blowing through the trees, the sunlight on the water, and the birds. Restlessly, tremulously happy, I packed my travelling-bag, and turned in thought the noise of the street into the whirr of the mill-wheel. I started home again, no longer a weary tramp sleeping under hedges, but comparatively rich—a man of fair prospects and great hopes. I reached the town where I used to study a little and play a great deal at school. There were faces which I recognized, but none knew me. There were improvements, too; I might have had a "fly" (formerly an unknown luxury), but I would not. I would walk through the coppice, that I might see the picture whose shadow had so often flitted before me in the hours of toil and weariness. I did see it. I could have thrown myself in the grass and sobbed aloud as I caught sight of the mill and heard the wheel. But we Englishmen are ashamed of our feelings, and smother them. I crossed the footbridge dizzily, and my hand was on the gate leading to the front door. I stopped. I would go to the back; it was a little further round, and my heart beat so painfully. How natural it all looked, even to the old water-butt with its green sides, and the fowls that were stretching themselves and pecking at stray morsels.

I could not look in at the windows, for the sun beat upon them, and the blinds had been drawn. The door stood open; I went into the passage, but no one was to be seen: then into the parlour. An old dog rose with difficulty, and snarled at me: when I spoke to him he wagged a feeble tail and lay down again, as if I were of no consequence at all, and it was too much trouble to notice me further. At the right there was another parlour. I turned the handle noiselessly, but it would not yield. Then I went up-stairs, and stood at the door of a room where my mother had been used to sit sometimes when she was not well. I knocked, but there was a strange sinking about my heart as I did so. No one answered, and I went in.

Yes, she was there. At least the face I knew so well, and had so longed to see was there, but the lips were never going to speak to me again.

It was another cause than sunshine that had

drawn down those blinds. Not one word, not even forgiveness! Does it seem too hard a punishment, too bitter an after-taste of the apple of rebellion?

Oh you children, you boys and girls, think of it. You may not do as I did, but then those hasty words that you utter and forget; the rebellious temper, and the acts of disobedience: forgotten long, they do come back to us when they are past recall or atonement; when there is no more any breath in the dead lips to utter forgiveness.

* * * * *

The flowers may blossom in the coppice, and the sun shine over the water, but not for me; for the old mill is sold, and I am alone in the world. This is my tale; my sin and its punishment which rose up before me almost in answer to the shouting and merriment of those noisy urchins who are capering and dancing round the lamp-post.

LOUIS SAND.

LAST WORDS.

BY ELIZABETH TOWNBRIDGE.

Mother! they say I blame you as one who came between
Me and my early, happy dreams of all that might have been!
But, Mother, I do not blame you; against you do not rebel:
No; though I loved one better, dear Mother, I love you well!

You believed you did but your duty, as we were both so poor—
Alas! the world holds suffering worse than Poverty doth endure!—
Besides, it was late, it was too late, when we were bade to part.
I spoke the words as you told me; but, O Mother, they broke my heart!—
The timid heart which since that day doth cold in my bosom lie:
I had not strength for the bitter strife—I could only yield and die.

The words, perhaps, may sound strangely towards her through whom I live;
But one day it may be a comfort to know that I do forgive—
Forgive you the hours of anguish that into my short life came;
That, dying, I love you dearly, and never mean to blame.

I forgive all that bitter parting which gave his bosom pain:
One grief, at least, is spared me; for he now is happy again!
He thought I was false, cold-hearted. No matter: it is as well;
For a wife and a smiling infant in his heart and home now dwell!

For me all has long been over. Never, ah! never more
Shall we stand, 'neath the quiet starlight, loitering outside the door;
Lingering in the soft twilight, or the moonlight, fair and pale,
Listening the story of his love, like a child to a fairy tale,
Under that broad blue heaven which I never again may see,
His loving words and his clasping hand making earth a heaven to me!

You have but one other daughter—a gentle, loving child—
This morning she nestled near me, and asked why I never smiled:
I could not tell her the reason, or cloud that open brow;
But, Mother, I charge you, never let her die as I die now!

Love her—I know you love her—but let that love be told:
When she turns to you in her little griefs, do not seem so stern and cold:
If one wins her love, do not part them!—forth to the Battle of Life
Let them pass, 'neath thy shielding blessing, a husband and a wife!

And should children gather round them, at a table poorly spread,
He who fed men in the desert will send those children bread!
They will be round her when she dies—when her golden curls are grey;
Daughters to weep, and sons whose hands place her lovingly in the clay.

You weep, and your hand clasps my hand, to give me the pledge I claim;
But remember, Mother, I love you, and never mean to blame!

PRACTICALITY.

My clever friend, your sage advice is good:
"Be practical," you say, "and cease to trouble
"Your brains on matters never understood
"By mortal, priest or layman; cease to brood
"On wind-eggs—chicken never sprang from bubble."

Your sage advice is good, my clever friend:
To Demos, sure, a spectacle for laughter
Is Socrates, when poet-drolls suspend
The Satyr, squatted (O ye gods perpend!)
In a buck-basket, from a rotten rafter,

Half-way 'twixt heaven and earth—by both abjured:
Poor Socrates! a dolorous condition!
Such are the bitter fruits of being lured
By Siren-Clouds.—My clever friend, I'm cured,
And will repent in *practical* contrition.

J. A.

OUR INFANT SCHOOL—ITS RISE AND PROGRESS.

A squall—a scream—a curse.

Our carriage stops suddenly, we let down the glass quickly, and, popping out our head, enquire—

“What is the matter, James?”

“Only one of them confounded brats under the horses’ feet again, ma’am,” exclaims our coachman.

“I’ll not have one of my childre cussed and swore at and called a confounded brat by you, you nasty vulgar fellow! You’ve been the death of this little-un, you have, with your careless driving!” was screamed out by a shrill female voice.

Now, as our ears informed us that the child most certainly was *not* killed, we got out of the carriage to make ourselves acquainted with the real extent of the injury, and found a sturdy brat of four years old struggling and squalling in the arms of a woman, just fresh from the suds, and who was most energetically bestowing upon our luckless coachman every epithet which her fancy suggested as suitable to the occasion.

As soon as we could obtain any attention to ourselves we ascertained that the little one was not in the least hurt, but that its screams proceeded from fright and a sense of injured dignity. It was extremely dirty from its fall in the mud, and its pinafore was torn, but that was the extent of the evil. To this fact we for some minutes endeavoured, in vain, to call the mother’s attention; for she, generally a decent well-spoken woman, and one of our especial village favourites, had on this occasion completely forgotten her manners, and would not cease in her abuse of James, who, in reality, was not to blame, as the child was making dirt-pies in the road, and had run directly in front of the horses, which was testified by *assser-by*.

When we could make ourselves heard, we tried to show her how disproportioned her anger was to the extent of the mischief; and, at last, pacified her with the promise of two new pinafores on the morrow, provided she would promise to keep the child out of the road. Finding that, as long as we remained, she would return to her abuse of the coachman, we thought it advisable to let her cool; and, saying we would call again the next day, we left her to wash and comfort the little squaller.

This violent altercation had quite put out our coachman, and he emphatically declared to us, that “them brats was the plague not only of *his* life, but of everybody else’s life that travelled along the road; they was always in the way. He was sure that there was nothing for it but to kill one of ’em, and then, perhaps, the mothers would take some care of ’em.”

Now, we perfectly agreed with James, as to the great annoyance that “them brats” were to all travellers; but we also fancied that the evil

might be remedied without resorting to the extreme measure recommended by him: we therefore set out the next morning with two new pinafores, to try what a little quiet talk to our friend, Mrs. Cooper, would effect.

We found her very busy, ironing. She was cooled down, and seemed rather ashamed of her outbreak of the previous day; but still disposed to throw all the blame upon the coachman.

“But why, Mrs. Cooper,” said we, “why was the child in the lane? you have a nice garden for it to play in, and a gate which might be kept shut.”

“Why, you see, ma’am,” she replied, “I have got a bit of extra washing to do for a gentleman as is staying at the Parsonage, and I had not the time to be a looking after her, so she got out a-playing with the Jones’ and Simpsons’. You see I be like to be doing summut; I ca’n’t be always a’gate of minding the childre: after they can walk they must mind themselves: and the lane is as good a place for ’em to play in altogether as anywhere else, as far as I can see; if so be the drivers wouldn’t be so careless, and I must say your James is the carelessest of ’em all: he is *always* a-knocking down summun, and then he calls out ‘Oh! it’s only dirty! no bones is broke,’ says he. If he had only the mending and washing of all the frocks and pinnies, he’d sing a different song, and not laugh about it, I’ll be bound.”

Finding she was going off in the same strain as yesterday, we merely presented the new ‘pinnies,’ and, requesting her to be more careful in future, rose to depart, when she said, more humbly—

“Thank you, ma’am, for the pinnies—I’m sure I wish I know’d what to do with the childre—I did try last week, and kept Caroline at home to mind ’em; but the parson’s lady called, and asked why she was not at school; and when I told her the reason she shook her head, and said: ‘That will never do, Betty, its ruining the girl.’ She said, besides, that you wouldn’t like it either. So, what be I to do? I did think of sending that little un there to the church school, along with her sister; but Mrs. Watkinson says that she cannot do with such babies, the’re more trouble nor they are worth. What be I to do? My master was very angry with me last night about it: he said, the coachman had been complaining to him about ’em. What be I to do?”

Mrs. Cooper’s melancholy despairing “What be I to do?” rang in our ears all that day and for many succeeding ones. It was a very difficult question to answer, for how it was to be answered was not at once clear to us; and we had come to no decision on the matter, when news was brought, that one of the

little Simpsons' had really been run over by a tipsy driver, and that one of its legs was broken. Now, as the broken leg was not so easy to mend as the "torn pinnie," we felt that the case imperatively called for prompt and active measures—it was become serious.

"Oh!" exclaimed one of the mothers, with whom we were discussing this untoward event, "if we had only an Infant School in this parish, as they have in some places, we should know where the children were."

"An infant school, to be sure!" we mentally exclaimed, "that is the very thing." We wondered that we had not thought of it sooner. The idea, however, once started, rapidly took form, and an infant school we determined to establish.

The plan was mentioned to the mothers, who hailed it gladly; they would willingly, they said, pay as much as fourpence a-week to get the little-uns taken care of. It would pay, they were sure, in soap alone; for they could not keep unclean do what they would, when they were playing about all day. Two "pinnies" a week was enough for the girls that went to school; while those that stopped at home wanted a clean one every day. Oh, yes, they would send them, and thank you, ma'am.

This was encouraging; we determined to set up a school directly.

When the subject was broached among our own friends, we were met with smiles of derision. "An infant school! a factory for fools! a hot-bed for idiots!" More than one school-teacher declared that the greatest dunces they had ever seen had been brought up at infant schools. While others, more seriously, said: "You will find it very expensive, as you will require a trained mistress, who understands the system; and then the apparatus will cost a good deal."

This was *not* encouraging, and we began not to see our way quite clearly.

But, as we are not easily balked when we have set our minds upon a thing, we had no intention of giving up our scheme for ameliorating the condition of the childre; we only determined to go to work cautiously.

The epithets applied by our friends to infant schools in general, rather puzzled us; as we supposed "what everybody says must be true," and that there must be some foundation for the uncomplimentary remarks; what the foundation was we set ourselves to discover, as we could not understand why keeping children out of the dirt and from under the horses' feet should have a deleterious influence over their mental faculties. We had been kept clean and tidy in our juvenile days, and we did not think, whatever our friends may say, that our intellects had suffered in consequence: we therefore inquired of all sorts of people, visited schools, and, at least, satisfied ourselves that we had discovered the rock upon which infant schools had split, and which had caused the regular infant-school system to be so frequently the subject of animadversion.

We found, that it was *not* the enforced absence of dirt-pies and the risks of the road that was hurtful to the children, so much as the

routine of tuition which was substituted. The lessons and amusements appeared to us to be carried on with such mechanical precision, that the thoughts—i. e. the intellects—of the child might be with yesterday's dirt-pie, or to-morrow's mud-pudding, without the slightest mistake being occasioned in his present occupation. We do not wish to be thought captious and fault-finding with those, no doubt wiser than ourselves, who invented this system, we only wish to give our reasonst for going out of the beaten track.

We hink that meaningless manipulations, and songs which it cannot understand, is injurious to the mind of any child, as laying the foundation of a habit of repeating by rote, without employing the understanding—a habit, which we have repeatedly seen to be a very difficult one to conquer in after-life—a habit, in which the meaning, instead of acting in *concert* with the reasoning powers, is encouraged to act quite *independently* of them, which practice induces a careless way of doing things; and the expression we so often hear, "Oh dear! I was thinking of something else," is the consequence.

Feeling all this, we determined, in our school—for a school we would have—to try a different plan, and to go more upon the system of a well-regulated nursery than that of a school.

We kept our own council, as we had been so quizzed that we did not like to run the chance of any more jokes upon our failures, if we did not succeed, and set to work quietly. After some deliberation we settled upon a system, for the success of which we felt sanguine. Having a promise of a sufficient number of scholars to make a trial with, our next care was for a teacher. We had two reasons for not sending to a training school for one: firstly, we could not afford the wages; secondly, we did not want the system; so we set to work to train one for ourselves. We felt that, to mature "our system," much, very much, depended upon our choice in that respect, and we steadily said *no* to every spinster applicant of any age, and eventually selected a middle-aged matron, who had reared a large family of her own—a well spoken, good-tempered woman, who read correctly, and could sew and knit well. She did not apply, we sought her out; and, on our offering her the situation she replied: "I am afraid, ma'am, that I should not give you satisfaction; for I know nothing about teaching, and there are such new plans since I went to school, that I do not think I shall make anything of it," &c., &c.

A little conversation soon overcame her objections, and convinced us both that we should get on very well together. We came to terms accordingly; we agreeing to find everything required, and to pay her a certain weekly sum, taking her children's money ourselves, thus guaranteeing her from any loss, and preventing all temptations to favouritism, &c.

A spare room in her cottage was speedily cleared out, and our simple materials for school-keeping collected in it. A couple of low benches and a table and chair for the mistress comprised the furniture; while for school apparatus,

we had a dozen small slates, a box of letters, a large sheet alphabet, a few pictures of familiar animals and birds, a book of easily understood stories, and another of childish (not silly) songs; needles, cotton, pencils, thimbles, and patchwork: with all these, *the best of their kind*, we opened our school.

We began with ten specimens of "perpetual motion," varying in age from three to five years, and at the end of six months we were entirely satisfied with our experiment. The school was found to answer, not, we beg leave to observe, in the common acceptance of the word, for it did not pay its way, nor could it do at twopence a-week (our charge); but it answered in its object—the children were kept clean and happy, they acquired good, quiet, orderly habits, and some little reading and working; the parents were satisfied and so were we. We have since progressed steadily, and our numbers have so much increased, that we have found it necessary to enlarge our room, send in more benches, and raise the mistress's wages. Friends have ceased to laugh; the master and mistress of the parish school have complimented us upon the good conduct of our "superannuated" which have been passed on to them; we have the pleasure of seeing "our school" is appreciated; the small sum which it yearly costs us brings in a rich harvest in orderly children and grateful mothers; and we have every reason to congratulate ourselves upon our steady adherence to our determination.

We have so many times hinted at the super-excellence of "our system," that it is incumbent upon us to say a few words in explanation of it, in order that the reader may form a fair estimate of its merits. In arranging our plans we kept in memory the last verse of the "Busy Bee":—

"In books and work and healthful play
Let my first years be past;
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last;"

and we bestowed as much attention upon the settling of the "healthful play" as upon either of the first two clauses. The elements of reading were taught, but not urged, as we consider that there is no fear now-a-days that a person will not learn to read; and that art may be acquired at any age; whereas if the use of the fingers is not taught early, excellence in either working or writing is seldom attained. This was one reason for our bestowing so much more attention upon the working and knitting; and another was, that with a very little trouble working may be made an amusement; but no one ever made the alphabet or primer really attractive. We therefore devoted very little time to them.

Generally speaking nothing pleases a child more than making something; i.e. putting into shape that which before had none. A bit of coloured stuff, turned-down and tacked to form a bag or pouch, will entice a small thing to work far sooner than the endless frill or uninteresting white handkerchief, which is so

often a child's first performance: we said coloured stuff, because their unaccustomed eyes do not easily catch the stitches on white, and they like to see how they get on. Then, again, until a pupil takes an interest in her work, and can handle her needle properly, we never give her hamming to do, as it is one of the most difficult things to do nicely; and nothing sooner disgusts a child than a hem, on which the chances are that she pricks her finger and loses her temper.

A little above we drew our pen under "all the best of its kind;" for this reason: We do not consider it fair upon a young child to make it set its first stitches with a skewer of a needle, a long piece of knotty cotton, an ill fitting thimble, and a bit of hard calico; and then expect it to learn quickly and delight in its employment. Yet we have frequently seen children so treated by mothers, and nurses, who ought to know better if they gave themselves the trouble to think at all; but whose favourite maxim is "anything will do to learn upon, it is a shame to waste anything good upon a child." Now as we happen to differ in opinion from these worthy women, we also differed in our actions; and provided for our little ones' needles, as the best adapted to their short fingers, smooth cotton, well fitting thimbles, and soft bits of patch-work; and with these good materials we were satisfied with the progress made, and the pleasant faces of the little work-women.

On the same principle we taught knitting to both boys and girls, with short, straight needles, and cotton that would not easily split. Among our employments was the manufacture of kettle-holders in cross-stitch on coarse penelope canvas, which work was very popular with the pupils, and always made a great favour of by us; also the tearing-up of waste letter-paper into shreds for the stuffing of pillows; some of which served as beds for the very small to take an hour's nap upon, and others were given away. And we may remark, that these pillows are much appreciated by bed-ridden people on account of their coolness.

The next thing we must touch upon is the "healthful play," which is divided into two sorts: the romp, either in-doors or out, according to the weather, and the quiet play. To assist in the latter the slates proved most useful.

"Slates!" we think we hear some one exclaim, to whose mind's eye nothing pleasanter regarding a slate is presented than Long Division or Compound Multiplication. "Slates!"

Yes; slates, dear reader, slates made subservient to healthful play; for no arithmetic is taught by us.

Slates are, we flatter ourselves, an original idea; and we use them thus:—

When a piece of the "raw material" comes into our hands, the first thing we do is to persuade it to sit still for a few minutes without crying. Pictures are but little use; for a completely uneducated mind cannot appreciate a picture; it cannot derive any amusement from it, unless some one points out the various parts of the picture; but, with a slate and pencil, the

child immediately discovers that it can make a white mark of any size or shape it pleases; and scratching soon becomes a most fascinating employment. In a few days the scratches assume a form though perhaps an unpractised eye would not instantly discover what; but the young artist will obligingly inform you that, so and so represents a pump or a tree, and such and such a cat or a cow. Though not offended by your stupidity they are ready for any suggestions to improve the likeness; and, if you were to set them a copy you will win their hearts.

It is in copying that the slates afford an intellectual employment (grand words for an Infant School?). For in copying the *minds* of the children become interested, their attentions are absorbed, and they are imperceptibly taking in fresh ideas. Thus: You give a cow for a subject. Several draw cows upon their slates; on examination Tommy's cow proves to have only three legs, and Sally's no eyes. You enquire "Who ever saw a cow with only three legs?" The children stare, you point to the copy, and count the legs, making the children count after you; then make Tommy count the legs of his cow he sees the difference; so do the others. Next you draw Sally's attention to her "poor cow without eyes" and ask her how the animal could see to walk about the field without eyes? &c., and finish your remarks by desiring that they will look at the cows in the lane and count their legs. Another day a duck or a horse may be the lesson, and comparisons made between them and the cow. In a short time the animals in the fields and yards will be invested with quite a new interest for the little minds, and afford much conversation among themselves and those at home, who always hear what has been doing at school. By this simple process two very important intellectual powers are developed — Observation and Comparison. Having taught a child to observe and compare, a great step has been taken towards mental education. The habit of observing accurately once attained, it is seldom lost; and to that habit early acquired, many self-made men owe much of their greatness and success.

Simple songs, and pretty stories read to them are among their other amusements; but we take especial care that nothing shall be learnt by rote that they are incapable of understanding, and nothing done carelessly. "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well," is a very favourite motto of ours, and our mistress fully shares our feelings.

Having then divided our time among "books and work and healthful play," a small portion of the first two, to a large one of the last, our system was arranged, and we had only to superintend and watch its progress, which has continued steady and perfectly satisfactory. We see that the mind and intellectual development is advancing; though we have not one prodigy — not one child that is made to stand up and say its hymn to "the lady," and in so doing

losing a great share of the child's best ornament — bashfulness — and putting her companions to shame: we never show them off, except in a mass. We do not expect that the career of a Turner or a Stephenson will be that of one of "ours;" but we do expect that, as we have tried to educate them on a rational system, they will grow up rational men and women, and do their duty in the "station to which it shall please God to call them."

The success of our school has been mainly owing to our mistress; and we repeat our firm conviction, that the best training school for an Infant School mistress is her own *nursery*.

The economical reader may accuse us of extravagance in using every thing of the best; but, allowing for knots and breakages, we do not think the good costs more than the bad material; and though there is no Royal road to learning, yet we believe there is both a crooked as well as a straight one, and we prefer the latter. We do not approve of removing *every* obstacle *always* out of a child's path; but we see no policy in permitting obstructions which do not necessarily belong to the business in hand, and thus rendering that business more distasteful than it need be.

Lest some reader might remark as a neighbour did, "you teach no religion in your school," we must say that we consider a knowledge of right and wrong, a consciousness that God is always watching them, and that He will reward the good and punish the evil doers, is as much religion as a child under seven can understand; and the stories selected have all a good moral attached to them; but, as we dislike hearing texts stammered through, we give them none, preferring that Bible words should come fresh to them when of an age to understand them; and, believing that the old proverb "familiarity breeds contempt" is as applicable to scripture as to anything else, we do not venture upon that holy ground.

Now, kind reader, it is time that we lay down our pen; and, in thanking you for your patient attention, we only hope that our hobby has not proved more tedious than hobbies are in general. The reader who mounts up behind an author on his hobby, should prepare himself for the fact that however the animal may kick, plunge, rear, gibe, start, or run-away, no hobby-horse was ever yet found to be short-winded.

CAN SHE SPIN?—A young girl was introduced to James I., as excelling even learned men in classical acquirements. "Well," said the monarch, "now tell me what this prodigy can do." He was informed that she could speak and write Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. "Ah," replied the king, "these are rare attainments for a maid: can she spin also?"—*Old Jonathan*.

LE PUY, HAUTE LOIRE.

(From the Note-Book of an English Lady.)

After a week's sojourn at D——, our house hired and furnished, our luggage not yet all arrived from Paris, a Government letter ordered us to pack up again and return to the metropolis (more than two hundred miles by *diligence*), and then to proceed to Le Puy, Haute Loire, in the south, some four hundred miles farther—a perfect Siberia in winter, we were told, with a broiling sun in summer; and in the midst of a bigoted race as wild and uncouth as the mountains, amongst which they are lost, from the rest of the world. Others, indeed, gave us more cheerful prospects; and I confess that my repugnance vastly diminished at the thought of seeing a mountain, and that a mountain of the Cevennes, where streams of Protestant blood had once flown in the cause of religion, and where it will be strange if we do not find some traces of Protestantism.

We were also told that this capital of the anciens Velay is a very curious old place—that it is surrounded with ruined castles; so that there will at least be some scope for amusement, if it only consists in letting the imagination wander back to days of yore, on the very spot where “minstrel sung to lady fair of her true knight afar;” and where I will conduct you, kind readers, if you do not find the ramble too tedious.

We bade adieu to D——, leaving our things to the mercy of strangers, to be sold or sent after us: but my worst grief was the distance that would soon separate me from England—a grief which my husband guessed, and by his tenderness endeavoured to soothe and overcome.

I will pass over our journey back to the metropolis, with which in these days of easy transit so many of my readers are well acquainted. It was night when we entered the railroad carriage for Lyons, so that we were deprived of the views of those rich vine-clad hills of Champagne and Burgundy that yield such joy to the heart of man, but which man is wrong to quaff too copiously at any time, and more particularly so when he is going to be married, and has to travel by that “cursed English invention” a railroad—which verily you will appreciate, after hearing the sad dilemma of a bold young Gaul, somewhat less in stature than those described by Cæsar, but the colour of whose hair and beard declared him a descendant in direct line. We had comfortably arranged ourselves for the night, when, at a few leagues from Paris, this gentleman entered our carriage, with Bacchus at his heels and in his head, disturbing us all with his noise and perpetual motion, now on this side now on that, now drawing the window up, now letting it fall down, his tongue striving to reveal the wisdom

of his brain—that none appeared inclined to listen to. At last a fellow-traveller beside him, feeling the night-air too keen, requested him to shut the window. Our Gaul was enchanted at the sound of a human voice. Oh certainly, with the greatest pleasure; although for himself he felt very warm; but he always made it a rule to be obliging, were his head to burst even with the heat! And up went the window, making us all start from our seats with the noise.

“A little sleep would do you no harm,” interposed the traveller, turning drowsily round.

“Sleep, my dear sir—sleep! when to-morrow is my wedding-day! I assure you I have not the slightest inclination: I feel much too gay for sleep. Fancy a hundred thousand francs, and unheard-of expectations, with a pretty girl into the bargain! There is a chance for you! I that have nothing but my profession—and that, between us two, not over-brilliant! . . . I sleep, when at ten I am to be married! And if I passed the station, what then? ‘Julie would not die with grief,’ you may answer. Very probable; but adieu, then, to all for me—a broken match, I tell you. Julie would not be ready a second time—girls are so susceptible!”

Then perceiving that his companion dozed, or pretended so to do, and casting a despairing glance around on all the other slumberers, he with a sigh resigned himself to silence, and in a few minutes gave audible proofs that he could sleep in spite of the wedding-day on the morrow; and we, far from troubling his slumbers, respected them, as those who feel their own repose at stake.

On, on we rolled, each one dozing, or buried in his thoughts, and already “pale morn had opened her silvery gates, and chased dark night afar,” when suddenly our bridegroom elect started awake. “Jesus, Maria!” cried he, with bewildered looks, daylight already! Where are we, gentlemen? where are we?”

“Near Maçon,” answered Victor.

“Near Maçon! *grand Dieu! grand Dieu!* I am lost!” vociferated he; and, putting his head out of the window, he bawled like one frantic.

On, on rolled the wheels; shouts and cries were in vain.

“A midday train will convey you back,” said Victor, quietly examining a time-table.

“At twelve, and I am to be married at ten! I shall go mad! yes, mad, I tell you! Oh, the cursed English invention, to rattle on at this rate!”

And he gnashed his teeth with rage. Then, with gestures and words, he gave vent to his fury—so grotesquely, that it was absolutely impossible to remain serious; and, if truth must out, I fear our commiseration in the misfortune

of our night's disturber was not so profound as it might have been; and we felt that the bride elect, as he had intimated, would not be very sorry to have a pretext to keep her person and fortune for another.

We left our despairing companion at a station before we reached Maçon, he, every limb in motion, declaring that back he must go immediately, as he was to be married at ten; the station-master shaking his head quietly, repeating, "impossible! impossible!"

I see the pantomime still that made us all laugh so heartily as we sped on towards Maçon, where a sumptuous breakfast awaited us, with twenty minutes to regale ourselves. "Oh, the handsome refreshment-room!" exclaimed I, as we entered; "and what a delicious meal after the night's fatigue! See how the table teems with good things! The sight alone gives one an appetite."

"Make haste!" answered Victor, who was already seriously at work; "or you will get nothing."

But, instead of obeying, I amused myself in watching a jolly-looking priest opposite me, who, although it was Friday, studiously avoided all meagre dishes, which the waiter as studiously persisted in offering him; and that without losing time, he most probably knew from experience the length of twenty minutes there.

"Make haste!" repeated Victor again.

But, just as I was on the point of beginning, the signal of departure resounded from the platform, and "Six francs each" from the waiter. In vain I protested that I had eaten nothing. Victor paid his twelve francs, and away we rushed to our places, I as hungry as when I arrived. I soon, however, forgot Nature's cravings, at the sight of those luxuriant hills, covered with vine, or with patches of different crops of various shades that met our gaze as we approached Lyons, and that stretched out far and wide before us, resembling a gracefully waving sea of verdure, though far from possessing the gigantic beauty of the Haute Loire.

We had a few hours to remain in Lyons, and we ran through this ancient capital of Gaul with true delight, admiring its noble squares, public walks, superb edifices, and winding rivers; and thankful should we have been had our journey ended here. But no—on, on we must go, and at nightfall we bade adieu to the charming city, and set out for St. Etienne—black St. Etienne, with its ribbon manufactories and coal-mines—a town that appeared to us particularly dirty and gloomy. Happily we had only the rest of the night to pass there, and at sunrise we started *en diligence* for Le Puy, Haute Loire.

Oh, magnificent Haute Loire! with what ecstasies of delight did we hail thy glorious mountain-tops! now lost in the clouds, now smiling in the morning sun! My heart palpitates again with renewed wonder and emotion as I write, and recal this my first view of a mountainous country. Huge wild rocks, hurled, as it were, one on the other, arose in solemn silence before us, and struck us mute with awe;

for man seemed entirely banished from the scene; and it was only as we advanced further and further that small patches of cultivation denoted his presence somewhere there, with ever and anon a stray cottage, or small village, now half-way up, now at the foot of those stupendous heights.

We had a whole day's journey before us, for fast travelling is impossible in those mountainous regions: nor were we sorry; for it enabled us to admire at leisure the majesty around—so novel to us both. And who can analyze the sweet emotions that pervaded each of us, as, for the first time, we felt ourselves alone in a new world, our hearts animated with the same joy that the sentiment of the beautiful inspired in us, and made us feel more and more one?

My exclamations of surprise and rapture greatly amused our companion in the *coupé*—a fat, rosy, good-natured-looking *notaire*, who, flattered at our admiration, hastened to acquaint us that he was a son of the Velay, by doing the honours of his country with great amiability. But we soon perceived that Le Puy had not the honour of having given him birth; but that Brioude, a town on the opposite limits of the Haute Loire, was the Madonna before whom the capital even ought to bend. We of course readily acquiesced, not being acquainted with either, particularly as he also assured us that the streets in Le Puy teemed with dirt, and that the wine there is detestable. "Trust a *Ponot*" (name given to the inhabitants of Le Puy) "to touch it when he can get any other," said he. "A young *Ponot*, some time since, being at Bordeaux, determined to regale himself, he entered a *restaurant* to dine, and for beverage ordered the waiter to bring him a bottle of the best wine—*vin du cru*. 'Home-made wine?' asked the waiter. Now *vin du cru* for the waiter was a very different thing to *vin du cru* for the *Ponot*. The first was the best Bordeaux, while the latter was sour Le Puy wine. '*Vis du cru*' indignantly sneered the *Ponot*, 'do you imagine that I came all this way to drink *vin du cru*? No, no, I have enough of that at home: bring me a bottle of the best Bordeaux.'

"And yet they have the mania of cultivating the vine," continued our *notaire*. "And you will see with what perseverance they plant it all round the town in every direction, and with what perseverance, also, the sun refuses to ripen its fruit."

"Has the town any particular industry?" asked Victor.

"Lace is the support of the poor, and the making of the rich. A vast deal is yearly exported to England: that is the only commerce of the Velay; and a poor affair it is for the working classes, who gain three and four sous a-day; and the very best hands never exceed ten sous. Few there are who arrive at that price; so that, alas! misery frequently visits our beautiful country. Well, well, the people are habituated to it. They are very frugal, living on black bread, soup, and potatoes; and I dare say they

are as happy as the rest of mankind—besides, they have a horror of what the world calls progress. That feeling is fostered in them by the clergy, who persuade them that railroads, electric telegraph, and all kinds of machinery are inventions of the devil, sent to scourge mankind; and that if they wish to go to heaven they have only to believe all the priests tell them, and go to mass: nothing else is necessary even for happiness in this world also. And most of them believe it."

"I suppose we shall see plenty of monks and friars?" I observed.

"You will, indeed, Madame: scarce anything else in the streets of Le Puy; for our capital abounds in all possible congregations and orders. We have the largest establishment in France for Jesuits, at a village called Walz, which village is under the protection of the Black Virgin."

"And pray, who and what is the Black Virgin?"

"The Black Virgin! Have you never heard of Our Lady of Le Puy—the marvel of the middle ages? But I am a bad narrator. You will soon get initiated into all the miracles she has wrought: I cannot remember half of them. If my wife were here, she would tell you all about it, and relate volumes to you; for I leave all that to her. Miracles and saints, confession and penitence, that is her affair; she has nothing else to do, so practise for us both." And he laughed—a very unorthodox laugh. "Madame is Protestant, I presume?"

"Yes, thank God!"

"Amen! Had I been born a Protestant I certainly should have remained one: but one must keep in the religion in which one was born."

"Why so?" said Victor.

And then began a discussion between the two that made my soul thrill with delight, to hear my French husband compare our pure doctrine with Romish corruption; and again and again did I mentally thank the Giver of all good for this inestimable good to me. But our *notaire* soon declared his incapacity to argue on such a subject, and his conviction that Monsieur was right; yet, in spite of all, "one ought to keep in the religion in which one was born. My wife," added he, "would a thousand times rather see me a heathen, a Jew, or anything rather than a Protestant; and I caution you to be on your guard when at Le Puy, or you may encounter many disagreeables. The clergy are all-powerful, and have spies everywhere; but here we are at Monistrol; and if, like me, you cannot live on air, I advise you to alight and refresh yourselves. You will find bread and cheese, with *vin de cru* in all its acidity. I warn you that we shall get nothing else before we reach Le Puy, at ten or eleven to-night."

We followed our jocose friend's advice, and descended between two or three *gendarmes*, and as many children—only symptoms of life in this town. However, I am bound to say that,

if the wine was sour, the cheese was excellent, flavoured as it was with a good appetite; while mine hostess, a plump, dark-eyed little woman, was overflowing with politeness; assuring us that, if we had been two hours later, we should have found a first-rate dinner—which, as we could not wait to verify, we tried to believe, in spite of the incredulous style of the *notaire*, who had provided against casualties, and held between two pieces of bread an enormous sausage, which he appeared to devour with great gusto; while, with the importance of some one arrived from afar, he related the news of the day to the inquisitive landlord and *gendarmes*, a troop of half-clad urchins standing before him with doleful faces and voices, both made for the occasion, begging "*Un petit sou pour l'amour de Dieu!*" all in the same tone. But crack again went the whip, and round went the wheels, and soon Monistrol was far behind us, with its *séminaire* for young priests, whose brass band, the *notaire* assured us, is the pride of the Velay, and the indispensable of every *fête* far and near, and has been so for years. "How well do I remember it in my college-days, and our rival when at Le Puy! They paraded the streets with us, in all the religious ceremonies, which Government compelled us to take part in to please the clergy. How we strove to triumph in noise, if not in harmony with each other! . . . Ah! those were happy days! And the thoughts of the *séminaire*, where I spent a year, and left for the College of Le Puy, recall many a bright hour before me. My mother, being ambitious of having a priest in the family, and persuaded by her confessor, sent me to this establishment, where I was flattered, and allowed to do as I pleased, so I did nothing, and soon became weary and disgusted, particularly as I felt no vocation for the life I saw before me, and positively declared to my mother that I would not embrace it. She then placed me at Le Puy, and there I spent four of the happiest years in my life; and, in spite of all I have been saying against it, I then thought it the gem of cities, and that because the pretty Adèle was bred and born there!"

"And who was the pretty Adèle?" asked I, astonished, for I little expected to find sentiment in our *notaire*, and that so soon after the unsentimental sausage!

Our loquacious companion was delighted. "Who?" replied he, "why one of the sweetest little creatures imaginable, with whom I fell desperately in love at first sight. You smile, Madame: do you, then, think I never felt the all-engrossing passion?"

I protested.

"I assure you I have, and that many a time: for I have always had a very tender heart, although I remained single until forty years of age; but then no one would have me" (his smile said, "You cannot believe that!"). "But at eighteen I was exceedingly accessible to the inhuman god, and was ever sighing after some cruel fair or other. But the passion for Adèle was really serious; and she was often the cause of my quarrelling with my professor, who never

could persuade me that Latin verses would ever be of any utility to me. I once did try my poetic skill in French verse; but, alas! the rhyme was never reason in spite of Adèle's vision before me: so I gave it up, and instead of allowing my genius to soar on high, I kept it close down on earth, to discover for me when and where I might probably meet Adèle. I lodged opposite the lady of my thoughts, and passed my whole year of rhetoric watching her window, turning every shadow there into Adèle: and, if happy chance showed me Adèle and her mother going out, away I ran, darting down all the bye-streets, to be able to turn and meet my love as if by hazard. I quite edified the old lady with whom I lodged by my constant attendance at mass and vespers, Lent and *Mois de Marie*. 'Look! look!' would she say to her refractory nephew, 'what an example you have before you—the pious young man!' Alas! the poor nephew had no Adèle to attract him there! The sequel of my tale was sad, and cured me for some time of falling in love; for, being with Adèle's brother one day in their drawing-room, I slipped—as a precious relic—into my pocket a large pin I thought I had seen in Adèle's shawl, and that I imagined of no intrinsic value; and, oh the blissful dreams it that night brought to my enamoured soul, as under my pillow it laid, a talisman of felicity! Alas! alas! fond illusions, how soon you all vanished and filled me with horror, when, the next morning, my friend Henri related to me the distress of his father, who was in despair at the loss of a very valuable pin he had left on the drawing-room table the day before, and now could find it nowhere! I trembled at what I had done, and, as soon as it was dark, I carefully sealed up the stolen article, and went into the street. 'Here, my lad,' said I, to a boy who happened to pass me—'here, take this parcel to that house opposite, ring the bell, put it into the servant's hand, and then run away!' The child obeyed me, while I stood watching him. My fright greatly cooled my passion, and a day or two after I left college and Adèle!

"Did you, then, hear no more of your adventure?" asked Victor.

"And what became of the pretty Adèle?" said I.

"Well," answered the *notaire*, his face shining with satisfaction at having interested us—"see how oddly things often turn out: for more than twenty years I never heard a syllable more either of Adèle or the pin, and the event was almost effaced from my memory, when, one day, weary of living alone, I resolved to marry, and asked a friend who was fond of making matches to find me a wife. 'Young, rich, and pretty, I suppose?' inquired he. 'Well, yes, as much so as I can find. I possess so much, and should like about the same in a wife.' 'Come and dine with me on Sunday, for I think I have just your affair—only fifteen, and not ugly, I assure you.' Brief: I dined with my friend, and, to my great astonishment, who should the mother of the young girl be but Adèle herself, whom I soon

recognized; and during the dinner the tale of the pin came out. Its disappearance and reappearance had ever remained a mystery to the family; and I, confessing all, made my former love laugh heartily at my youthful passion—unsuspected by her, although she remembered well that at the time she had observed my constant attendance at church, and our frequent encounters in the streets: and if, Monsieur and Madame, you ever pass through Brioude, I should be most happy to introduce you to Adèle and her daughter—now my mother-in-law and wife! But excuse an old man's loquacity, for I impose on your amiability in withholding thus your attention so long from our beautiful mountains; and night is fast approaching, and will soon mask them from you: a misty vapour commences to encircle them already. Do you not perceive it?"

"Yes; and how dreamy it renders the scene!"

At that moment the *diligence* stopped. "Would the travellers be kind enough to walk up this mountain to ease the horses a little?" asked the *postillon*.

"You must excuse me, friend," answered the *notaire*—"with my load to drag up I should sink under the weight!"

Victor and I alighted with pleasure, and, while the *diligence* took a circuitous route, we scrambled over bramble, bush, and rock, almost perpendicularly, up to the summit: and well were we recompensed for our fatigue and heat. Such a sight I never beheld! An immense panorama was at our feet. Mountain upon mountain, rock upon rock, now rugged and bare, now covered with every shade of autumnal hue gilded with the burning rays of a setting sun gradually becoming fainter and fainter, and with which woods of fir trees, here and there contrasted their sable darkness, while ever and anon streams, that in winter are torrents, fell boisterously down, and rippling in capricious windings, ran quietly into the Lignon and the Loire that here meet in a bed of rocks, trees and bushes, bed that they appear to have dug between huge masses of granite which, for a short distance on either side, tower in most fantastic shapes perpendicularly above them, and then the two rivers branch out again in different directions, meandering and meandering, now appearing, now disappearing, until completely lost amidst the picturesque valleys through which they wander.

As hand-in-hand we stood and gazed in silence, an indescribable feeling of awe crept over us. Not a sound reached our ears, save the distant rumbling of falling waters, the tinkling of the horses' bells and the rolling of the slowly advancing vehicle. We looked, and the shades of night gradually enveloped the scene with her misty mantle, slowly and slowly, tree, rock and mountain melted and melted away like fairy-wrought scene.

At that moment the dying sounds of a vesper bell issuing from the vale beneath, and carried away by the embalmed gale, swept past us,

taking up, as it wafted along, our evening adoration also to the mighty Creator of such marvels; and as our souls cleared the space a momentary glimpse of the fatherland, of fair Albion, sparkling amidst the waters, added another joy to that blissful moment, and brought a tear of love and emotion to our gladdened eyes.

The approach of the *diligence* awoke us from our reverie and we turned to resume our seats. The vast horizon on the opposite side was one sheet of fire. The glorious orb of day had finished his course, and had just sunk behind the chain of mountains that separated us from the rest of the world, throwing out with magnificent beauty the majestic contours of those opaque masses, now black as night. We paused for a moment, as if in presence of something supernatural: our hearts beat almost audibly.

"What is the matter?" enquired the postilion, who was walking beside us, and who also stood still, his glance following ours, and then returning to our faces to discover why we halted, carrying with it, as much surprise at us, as ours at the spectacle before us.

"Look!" ejaculated Victor.

"At what?" demanded the postilion.

"At the sun and mountains!"

"At the sun and mountains, as if I did not see them every day without looking! What comical folks travellers are to be sure, they all fall into ecstasies before what I should never think of looking at, except to see whether it will be foul or fair weather to-morrow. Why about a month ago, an odd kind of an Englishman gave me a franc to wait five minutes for him, while he stood like a post on this very spot, and when I, as I thought to please him, and to gain my franc better, offered to point out to him the solitary house in which a *prefet* of the Haute Loire and his family were all murdered, 'Hush! man,' said he angrily, 'do not talk of murder to me now.' Well every one to their taste!" and the postilion shrugged his shoulders in pity.

"You would rather see a bottle or two of wine or brandy, would you not, before you?" laughed a traveller.

"I should think I would, after mounting such a steep as that we have just come up."

How strange methought that beauties amid which we are born and daily behold, should so often lose their charms for us! and thus it is for us all to a certain extent, though one must be a "postilion" I imagine to have one's senses as obdurate as those of our "postilion."

We again resumed our seats, again our companions chatted; but we were too much lost in the immensity we had just contemplated to enter into conversation again, and we all gradually became silent.

We passed through another town, called Yssingeaux, more miserable in appearance than Monistrol; and as we rolled down one of its streets, the crepuscule offered us sufficient light

to perceive small houses, with mud floors and rags stuffed in broken windows, inhabited by men, women, children, pigs, and fowls, all pell mell together; and not once in our day's journey had we seen a rosy healthy face, or a sprightly country lass, like those in Normandy or in England—all looked sickly and indolent. Numerous lights apprised us that we were drawing nigh to Le Puy; but, as it was now quite dark, we could see nothing but those lights shining as they did, from the high and low town, offering a very singular aspect. After mutual thanks, expressed and received, we bade adieu to the "Notaire," and, according to his recommendation, we took up our lodgings here—"Hotel des trois ambassadeurs," situated on a handsome square, Place du Breuil, and having one side on another smaller square, where the market is held. So now, after whirling over three parts of "la Belle France," we may, I presume, pitch our tent here in security, for some time, and in our exile labour to increase, if possible, our mutual affection, mingling with it love for those whom thought will daily waft us to in spite of mountain or distance.

THE PAST.

BY ADA TREVANION.

You tell me of the rosy Present, smiling,
And of the Future with her promised charms;
But while you speak, I turn from their beguiling,
To watch a pale form lying in my arms.

It is the shrouded Past; with her have perished
My girlhood's dreams, and all my sunny hours;
She was so much a part of Hope, so cherished,
That I have strewed her corse with fairest flowers.

I do not breathe her hushed name to remind you
Of our past love, which is as dead and cold;
Nor do I seek to loosen ties which bind you,
Sweeter and happier than the ties of old:

I only ask you, now that she is sleeping,
To spare to me at least her beauteous clay,
Since she will never waken for my weeping,
Or yield her hoarded secrets to the day.

The Present hath for you a thousand pleasures,
And the vague Future golden gifts in store:
Leave me the dead Past, with her shadowy treasures;
Leave me the Past—for I have nothing more!

Ramsgate, 1860.

AN UNEXPECTED AUDIENCE.

(From a Pastor's recollections.)

When first I settled as pastor in the parish, where I have now resided for so many years, it was my wont to go on foot to pay most of my parochial visits. Some of those visits were made at a considerable distance, but I did not enjoy them the less on that account; for I was then young and active, and preferred walking exercise to any other; and I remember how delightful those long walks used to appear of a fine spring morning, when I rose with the lark, and pursued my way through the green lanes and along the pleasant paths which lay across the fields; the early morning at that season has charms peculiar to itself, everything looks so fresh and bright, and seems to bear the very impress of gladness; the light gossamer, as it hangs from branch to branch, gemmed with dewdrops, which sparkle in the morning sun like diamonds; the wild violet, so elegant in its growth, and "the pale primrose" glinting forth on the green banks; while the air bears on its wings the most delicate of odours—the first offerings of the season; and the birds sing their songs and hop about merrily, in their happy companionship, among the branches. In later years, when I have been borne on such occasions by my trusty horse, or conveyed, as now, in my little four-wheeled carriage, I have often cast a longing look towards the intricate paths and wide fields which I used to tread.

In those days I often bent my way through the tangled brakes and by the winding stream, to call on the inmates of the hamlet which overhangs its banks, but which I now approach by a less circuitous route, and in a less laborious manner. Among my first parochial visits in this direction, I often call to mind those which I made to a family of the name of Mansfield; I soon felt a great interest for those poor people, which has continued unabated for nearly half a century, for such among them as have been spared; and I frequently call to mind the worth of those who have been removed from the present scene; they won upon my regard not only by their many excellent qualities, but from the respect with which they at once treated me, which I know was not due to my time of life, as I was a young man when I came among them; nor was it owing to rank or fortune, for many in the neighbourhood possessed both in a much higher degree, and yet were not held in the same consideration. I felt that it was owing to my office, and the veneration which they had for it placed me in a very peculiar position with respect to them, and the circumstances which afterwards occurred drew still closer the sacred ties by which we were united. The family consisted of four—the father and mother, a son,

and a little girl many years younger. By a sad accident poor Mansfield's leg had been broken, and he had fallen into an infirm state of health, and was utterly disabled for work; but his son laboured hard to support them all, and, by his skill as a carpenter and his steady industry, he was able not only to provide all that was necessary for the family, but to lay by a little, for a store. His workshop was close by the house, and there he might be seen, at the first dawn of day, busy with his tools, and whistling or singing some lightsome air as he went cheerfully about his work. The neighbours used to remark that John had a right to a light heart, for there was not a better or a fonder son through the length and breadth of the parish; they were indeed a happy family, blessed with affection and content. Little Nannie—a merry little elf—was the plaything among them; but John, as he well might, was the special darling. I loved to linger for awhile in his workshop, and to have a little chat with him as he worked. His mother would often saunter to the door and peep in, that she might indulge herself with one look at John, and then John would always hurry to place a chair for her, and invite her to his side with that natural politeness, which, always pleasing, is so lovely; from a child to a parent. I often admired the lively tone which he gave to our chat when she was by, that he might have the pleasure of seeing her amused. Poor Mansfield, too, helped on by his crutch, would make his way to his son; and it was interesting to see the intense delight which he took in his work, and to hear his many questions respecting it, to which John gave explanatory answers, which left an evident impression of his genius on the old man. "Sure," his mother would say, "the blessing of Heaven is on our John, for there is nothing he takes in hand that does not prosper. When he comes in of an evening from his work, he sits down by his poor sickly father, and pets him like a little child; and before we go to our rest at night, he often opens his bible, and reads out a chapter for us; and we all feel the better and rest the easier for hearing it from his kind voice." John was continually planning something to add to their means, and had himself built an addition of two rooms to their house, which he proposed to let. It was not long before he got a tenant for them, in a man who arrived in the neighbourhood for the purpose of setting up a day-school; he was a person of quiet and retired habits, seldom stirring out after the school broke up. When the vacation enabled him to shut up school for a short time, he took the opportunity of going to see his friends, who lived in a distant county,

saying that he would be back in a month, when holidays were over, at which time he promised to pay the rent due for the rooms. The time that he had fixed for his return passed over, and week after week went by, and still he did not come; at length John gave up all hopes of his return, and he determined to have the rooms put in order, and to look out for another tenant. He broke open the doors, which the lodger had locked up before he went; and to his surprise found a crucible, and all the implements for coining; some base money was lying on the table, which John carelessly put in his pocket. In a few days after this, it chanced that a quantity of wood was stolen from a neighbouring mill, and a warrant was issued for searching all the houses in the hamlet. On entering the rooms vacated by the schoolmaster, the constables discovered the crucible and instruments for coining, an offence at that time severely punished. Suspicion immediately fell on John, and he was apprehended in the neighbouring wood, where he had gone to fell some timber which he had purchased; he immediately be thought himself of the base coin which he had so heedlessly consigned to his pocket, and, dreading the trouble into which its discovery might bring him, hastily put it into his mouth, as the only way in which he could conceal it; but the action was noticed, the money found; and this circumstance, along with the fact of all the implements necessary for coining having been discovered in his room, was sufficient evidence against him, and considered quite conclusive of his guilt; he was taken to the assize town, put in gaol till his trial came on, when the circumstantial evidence was so strong, that a verdict of guilty was brought in against him, without any hesitation; and, indeed, the confidence in his innocence which his previous character and conduct might have warranted, was sadly shaken in the minds of many of his friends. However, for my part, I never doubted his explanation of the matter, and therefore was not deprived of the greatest source of consolation which I could urge upon his afflicted parents. I had often gone to them while the trial was pending, and they, assured as they were of his innocence, could not bring themselves to think that it would not be clear to all the world; but the sad news did come—he was found guilty and condemned to die. On hearing this melancholy intelligence I hurried to the poor afflicted couple; my heart grew heavier with every step I took, and though I was anxious to reach them as soon as possible, I involuntarily slackened my pace as I got nearer, and had to pause when I reached the door, to endeavour to gain some degree of composure before I entered. Poor old Mansfield lay stretched on the bed, quite overcome by the shock and the grief. I moved stealthily on, with that instinctive dread of breaking in upon the grief which I held so sacred—which every one has felt. As I advanced Mansfield glared on me with an air of wildness. Alas! he thought in his agony that every one who ap-

proached him was the bearer of still more bitter news.

"Is it all over with our John?" said he, turning ghastly pale; "is it all over with our boy?"

As well as I could speak I told them that he had still some days to live.

"And so," said he, with that bitter composure which inevitable calamity sometimes brings, "they will hang my good and brave boy like a dog—and there is an end of us. Ah! sir, sir, it is hard to believe it; to think that we are never again to hold the hand that worked so hard for us—the hand that it was natural for us to think would close our poor eyes. Oh! sir, how can we bring ourselves to believe it? how can we think that the step for which we so often listened will never cross the threshold again—how can we think that the laugh, and the merry songs that so often delighted our very hearts, will never be heard any more within these walls! This poor woman—the poor mother", added he, gently laying his hand on his wife's arm, "ought to see him once more, ought to take her last leave; but she is loathe to leave me in such an extremity, for my life is wearing fast, fast away; grief can bring down the strongest to the grave, and why not one weak and worn as I am?"

A violent burst of agony from the poor woman was the only lament which she made: she looked mournfully in his face, and grasped his hand tightly in her own, as if she feared to lose him if she loosened her hold.

"Sir, sir," resumed Mansfield, "pardon us, and ask pardon for us, if we are flying in the face of Providence; but such a good child, such a comfort, such a credit! Ah! sir, it is hard to part with one like him."

"My own darling, my own darling," interrupted the poor woman, "if we could see him (as if apostrophising her child) in his bed dying of some sickness sent by Providence, we could make up our minds to the parting; but oh! sir," added she, turning towards me, "to have his natural days cut short—to have his eyes close upon a world so pleasant to him! Oh! sir, it is hard to think it: my poor darling that I reared upon my knees, that used to follow me about as soon as he could use his little feet, in and out, from place to place, wherever I went. My poor darling that worked early and late for our sakes ever since he grew up. Ah! sir, our hearts be n't stone: they must break!"

I tried to speak a few words of comfort, and to raise their thoughts to a world where friends may hope to meet, never to be parted.

"Ah! sir, it is much to think all that," said Mansfield; "and our boy may be with us in a happier place than this poor world; and yet we would give our heart's blood to have him here but for one hour—one little hour."

"My dear people," said I, taking a hand of each, and letting my tears fall unrestrainedly on them, "my dear people, think how good

John was; how he strove to please God: how dutiful and tender he was!" I was obliged to stop, for the recollection of all the fondness which I had so often seen him bestow on them affected me deeply.

"Do you think, sir—do you think there is no chance—no chance for his life," interrupted the poor mother, who still clung to hope in spite of all: "a king might well pardon such as he is. Oh! if he did but know how good he is—how true! Oh! if he did but know that a lie had never passed his lips, he could not but believe him on his word."

To work at these false hopes, which were only laying up more bitter disappointment, was indeed a painful task. To reason with those in an agony of grief is unavailing; it was only by the most heartfelt sympathy, and by withdrawing their minds from secondary causes, that I could in any degree soothe them. These poor people were strong in faith, and the texts were not lost on them which I brought forward to prevent the rankling of the terrible agony inflicted by the idea that but for man the bereavement would not have been. I left them sorrowfully indeed, but trusting they were not mourning as those without hope. What an anxious journey was that which I was pursuing some hours after I had left the unhappy people, as I went on my way with all the haste I could command—the agitation into which I had been thrown—the dread that my speed might be retarded by accident or obstacle, that a physical impossibility of seeing him who could alone aid me, might mar the object of my mission! He might be ill, he might be absent. All these misgivings filled my mind, and added to my unhappiness. These anxious hours appeared as if occupied by a harassing dream; and even at this distance of time, when the excitement under which I then was, has so long passed away, the recollection of that wild tumult of perturbation seems as a troubled vision. Sometimes disappointed in procuring a chaise, I mounted a horse, and galloped on to the next stage. When driving on, as I am now sure at the utmost speed, it appeared to me that the horses lagged lamely, and that the wheels moved heavily and slowly. Several times I was on the point of alighting, thinking I could have got on more quickly on foot, and fancying that I was equal to run at my utmost speed the whole way. At eleven o'clock the next night, just off my journey, splashed, and spent with fatigue and anxiety, I stood at the door of England's Prime Minister. When the servant had shown me into a reception-room near the entrance hall, I requested to see his master, and though he replied that his master was engaged with company, and that he could not be seen till ten o'clock the next morning, when he would be ready to give audience to all who called on business, I said I could not possibly go without an interview, and taking my card from my pocket, wrote underneath my name, "on a matter of life and death," and directed the servant to put it into his master's hand. He

returned in a few minutes, and, showing me into a library, said that his master would wait on me immediately. During the time which elapsed before he appeared, I might have amused myself in examining some of the various specimens of Art with which the room was adorned, and in which he was well known to take special delight; but my heart was too full, and my mind too much engaged to admit of any interest, but that which already occupied it. The door opened, and the Premier entered. I impatiently rushed forward: "I have taken the liberty of breaking in upon you, sir," said I, "at a most unseasonable hour; but the importance of the business which brings me will best plead my excuse."

"I am at your command, sir," replied the Minister, with much suavity; "I am ready to hear whatever you may have to communicate."

"It is in the matter of John Mansfield, who is now confined in gaol, under sentence of death, having been found guilty at the last assizes of coining."

"A case of coining, my dear sir," said he, impatiently interrupting me, "is one in which we never interfere; nor do I recollect at this moment a single precedent of the Royal Prerogative having been extended to any such. I am sorry, sir, but it is absolutely out of my power to serve you; and it would only be to the waste of your time, and the disappointment of your hopes, were I to hold out the least encouragement."

"But my dear sir, I do not come to solicit mercy—I come to ask justice; and if you will permit me to detail a few circumstances—which I will as briefly as possible—you will at once see that immediate steps must be taken. The execution is ordered for Saturday, and this is Wednesday."

The Premier motioned to a seat, in which I placed myself, and he took another, while I entered circumstantially on the subject in which he soon appeared to take an interest. "After I had returned yesterday evening from visiting the poor people," continued I, minutely narrating all that had occurred, "I found a messenger at my house waiting for me. He informed me that a traveller had been taken suddenly ill at a neighbouring cottage, and was dying, and that he had expressed great anxiety to see me without delay. I lost no time in going to the sick man, whom I found, as had been stated, in a dying condition."

"Sir," said he, "I see you do not know me, but I have often seen and listened to you of a Sunday. I ought I know to have profited more by what I heard from you, and not have acted the unworthy part which I have done. All I can do now is to tell the truth, the whole truth. Bad company, sir, is the destruction of many, who might, if they kept out of it, be respectable by their industry; but, happening to fall in with coiners' (at these words I became deeply interested, and listened with breathless

attention), 'I joined myself with them, and always having been of an ingenious turn, I was able to be of much use in the business; I fixed on Mansfield's lodgings, from their secluded situation, where I might the more securely and uninterruptedly carry on the work. I brought the crucible and things necessary with me. I had hours to myself, when I worked hard, and struck off much money, which we passed here and there, and up and down through the country, no one suspecting us all the time. When my school broke up for holidays, I went home to see my own people, meaning to be back in a month. I left the crucible and some of the coins by it, carefully locked up in my bedroom, and took the key with me. A long fit of illness prevented my returning when I had intended; but, getting uneasy about the crucible and what I had left in the room, I set out before I had gathered sufficient strength for the journey. I was taken ill here, where I have been lying some days, as you see me, sir, at the very last ebb. I have heard all that has happened—I hope it is not too late—I hope the young man, the innocent young man, is still in life, and that with my dying breath I may save him." All this verifies what poor John Mansfield has asserted all through; and here, my dear sir, is the dying man's deposition; there is now but barely time to save the young man."

I need scarcely say that, all things being found to corroborate my statement, a reprieve was of course granted, and I hastened from London to poor John Mansfield in his prison. I was truly astonished to see the self-possession and the fortitude of the excellent young man. His voice faltered, indeed, when he spoke of his parents, and a few natural tears fell; but he was not long in resuming his composure, and he spoke of the closing scene, which was now, as he believed, so near, and of the hopes and bright anticipations which lay beyond it.

"John," said I, grasping his hand fervently, "you are not to leave us; a good Providence has watched over you—your innocence is no longer doubted—a reprieve is on its way, a release will follow, and before many hours you will be restored to your home. The being who had stood before me, undismayed, with the grave, as I may say, yawning before him, now that the sentence was reversed, and that he was restored almost miraculously to life, was fearfully overcome—every limb trembled, a ghastly paleness overspread his face, huge drops of perspiration burst out upon his brow, and he gasped for breath; I feared, though I had made some little delay in the communication, that it had, after all, been too sudden; and I, too, felt painfully agitated. But his colour came again, and he burst into tears, and, fervently clasping his hands, he exclaimed: "Thank God—thank God!" and fell upon his knees, and in silent prayer poured out the feelings of his heart; then he ven-

tured to talk of his home, and to ask question after question about his parents, which he had not dared to trust himself to do before. A few hours passed thus; it was, in truth, a scene of surpassing interest to me, the more particularly as I had been the happy instrument of averting his fate.

When the hour came that, according to the prison rules, all strangers were to quit the gaol, John lost all self-command, he became like one nearly frantic, and, clinging wildly to me, declaring that I must not leave him, and exclaiming that if I went he knew he would be lost; it seemed that if I were to stir from his side, the happy vision would be dispelled beyond all hope of its being ever realized: it was with the greatest difficulty that I soothed him into a more composed frame of mind; but I did succeed in calming him before I took my leave of him for the night. The order for his liberation came in the middle of the next day: it would be a vain attempt to describe his rapture—he kissed my hands over and over again, he jumped, he laughed, he cried by turns. I really feared that his brain was turned; but he gradually became more composed. We travelled on towards the hamlet where his heart lay; the moon had just risen as we reached the stream, and was shining in all its calm lustre on the pure waters, as they glided along by the cottages. Poor John's transports were renewed as each familiar object, that he had never expected to see again, met his view. I went in alone to break the news to his parents: the poor mother looked in my face to read there the disastrous news of John's execution; the old man wrung my hand without speaking.

"My dear good people," I began, breathless with agitation; but speech utterly failed me, and I sank down, exhausted and overcome, into the nearest seat. When I could again speak I went on: "My dear good people, you have been patient and submissive to the will of God; he has looked with pity on your affliction"—I again felt choking, and was obliged to pause—"with great pity" I resumed, "and in his mercy he has seen fit to restore that which was lost; and, my dear good people, I have brought John back to you."

John was soon in the midst of them. The poor old man threw himself upon his breast, and gave way to a passionate burst of tears; the mother had fallen on her knees in humble thankfulness, and grasping John's hand, kissed it in wild ecstasy, while tears of joy fell fast. Little Nannie's joy was exhibited after a merrier fashion, for she danced round John with childish glee. As for me, I had taken my seat at the farthest end of the cottage, where I cried very heartily in all the joy of my heart. Having given them my parting benediction I left them to give expression to those feelings without the restraint which even my presence might have imposed.

GENEALOGY OF JEWELS.

There is nothing new under the sun. Imagine not therefore, dear ladies, that your most cherished ornaments have the least novelty about them—even if you can produce the newest fashioned necklace, bracelet, clasp, chain, or locket. From the beginning of the world women have always fixed their affections on these trifles: and you, also, in valuing them so highly, only follow the track made by thousands of the daughters of Eve who have gone before you. For instance, in the patriarchal tent, gold and gems were well known. Abraham's servant presented Rebecca with earrings and bracelets; Judith prepared for her fatal visit to Holofernes by taking off her sackcloth and adorning herself with jewels. The prophet, also, reproving the daughters of Israel with their vanity and love of finery, says: "In that day the Lord shall take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments, their networks, their crescent-shaped jewels, their chains, their bracelets, their spangled ornaments, and the pearls that overhang their brows."

All the surrounding nations of Israel supplied the prophet Isaiah with examples of this pagantry. The Egyptian tombs disclose to light jewels as remarkable for cunning workmanship as for intrinsic value: the golden scarabæi, necklaces, rings, and bracelets, engraved, chiselled, or enamelled in a thousand different ways. Cleopatra's famous pearl, and its fate, is remembered by every one. The women of Nineveh, Media, and Persia, lavished gold and pearls upon their garments. The Grecian women, according to Homer, were well acquainted with our golden girdles, rich clasps, crescent-shaped earrings, and bracelets, adorned with precious stones. All these figure in the toilet of Penelope. Amongst the Grecian jewels the ring of Polycrates is the most celebrated. Omazis, king of Egypt, having heard Polycrates described as the most fortunate of men, sent him this caution: "Your prosperities fill me with alarm; for the jealous gods suffer not that any mortal should enjoy unchanging felicity. Endeavour to bring upon yourself some loss, or misfortune, to counterbalance the dangerous favours of the gods!"

The tyrant of Samos, struck by this advice, threw into the sea a ring on which he set great value. Some historians declare it to have been an emerald, adorned, by a skilful engraver, with a lyre surrounded with bees. Pliny asserts that it was one entire sardonyx. The ring in question, having been swallowed by a fish, made its appearance three days after on the king's dinner table!

The ladies of Athens sometimes wore a golden grasshopper in their hair; and stones, cunningly carved, formed an important part of their costume. They served to clasp the tunic upon the

shoulder, the mantle on the bosom, to confine the folds of the veil, and to fasten the sandal.

The Romans wore jewels even during the republic. The ring among them was a sign of nobility. It is well known that, after the battle of Cannæ, three bushels were filled with the rings of the knights. As for the Roman ladies, their love for jewels amounted to infatuation. The riches of the world, the spoils of vanquished nations, flowed through their hands in every variety of decoration. Diadems sparkled in their black hair; their robes were brilliant with the starry gleam of jewels; their purple mantles were adorned with golden palm-leaves, and sometimes also with precious stones: rings glittered on their fingers, bracelets of gold and pearls encircled their arms, and they wore chains and necklaces with pendants. These latter were sometimes formed of coins or medallions.

Lollia Paulina, the reputed wife of Caligula, is said by Pliny to have appeared at a simple family repast, adorned with pearls and emeralds worth forty millions of sesterces. Her head, breast, arms, and fingers were loaded with the spoils of the provinces. Precious stones were sometimes chiselled into the form of a cup and used at table.

The Roman matrons borrowed from the women of Gaul their blond tresses; from the eastern women their mitres of gold tissue and jewels. And the men themselves, when the empire was declining, gave themselves up to these frivolities. Heliogabalus appeared in public with an embroidered tiara, and a flowing robe adorned with jewels. Incredible sums were given for engraved stones, mounted as seals or rings; and the iron circlets of the Roman knights were replaced by rings set with the most costly gems. There were rings for summer and rings for winter. The women had balls made of amber to rub between their hands, as it was imagined that the friction had an invigorating effect. A few of the patrician families remained faithful, nevertheless, to the ancient customs, and wore no other than ornaments of iron.

The barbarians had a strong appreciation for this splendour which made such eloquent appeal to the eyes. The moveable huts, and tents of skins, belonging to the soldiers of Genseric and Attila, were filled with treasures. The Goths had obtained possession of no less than a hundred basins filled with gold, pearls, and diamonds—a plate of gold weighing five hundred pounds, and a table formed of one single emerald, surrounded with three rows of pearls, and supported by massive golden feet inlaid with jewels.

Charlemagne succeeded in recovering some of

these innumerable treasures; for, having vanquished the Saxons and Huns, he discovered the secret caves where these grand-children of the barbarians (former conquerors of the world) had collected the spoils of their forefathers.

Eginhard relates that the soldiers of Charlemagne entered by torchlight into the citadel of Panonia, and there found heaps of gold and silver. Armour enriched with rubies, sceptres, and ancient crowns, the heritage of a hundred nations, celebrated in former times. The chief part of this wealth was bestowed upon the churches and abbeys of France, since plundered at the time of the revolution. The jewels from the tombs of martyrs, the wealthy spoils of the consuls, passing through many hands, are at length melted and absorbed in commerce.

Our Gallic neighbours also adorned themselves with jewellery. Necklaces and bracelets were worn by the men: they ornamented their helmets with branches of coral. The women fastened their hair with curiously-fashioned pins; and in their ancient burying-places specimens of these rough ornaments were found. The early queens of Gaul crowned their long flowing hair with a circlet of fluted gold, or a crown composed of gems and pearls. But if the material of these ornaments was precious, the workmanship was not only simple, but clumsy—as may be proved by the seal and the carved bees found at Tournay in the tomb of Childeric.

In vain did the kings enact sumptuary laws against the increase of luxury, and the rage for jewels. Nobleman and peasant alike vied in transgressing them. The women wore golden chains, jewelled crosses, rings, and purses. The men adorned even their arms with precious stones: they wore round the neck heavy chains of gold, from which sometimes a precious reliquary depended. The byzantine jewels were much sought after, adorned with enamel and frosted silver, curiously engraved.

The Crusades served to increase this love of finery, by disclosing to the Europeans the riches of the Orient. At that time (as occasionally in ours) linen was extremely scarce, though jewels abounded; and if a grand lady adorned her coronet with rubies and sapphires, the peasant's wife also had her carcanet of gold, her cross, and amulet. Louis (king and saint) presented Queen Margaret with a ring, bearing an engraven cross surrounded with lilies and daisies (Marguerite), with this inscription: "*Hors cet anel pourrions trouver amour?*"

The inventory of the rings and jewels of Charles V. proves that this king possessed forty fine rubies, nine sapphires, twenty emeralds, and one turquoise, all mounted in rings; specimens of workmanship in amber, chaplets of pearls and sapphires, talismans or stones engraved with Hebrew characters, endowed by the credulity of the age with supernatural virtues; also twenty golden crowns garnished with diamonds and rubies, ten caps of gold adorned with pearls and the balase-ruby, and fourteen

girdles with jewelled clasps belonging to the queen; without counting count-boxes, cups, and larger vessels, where jewels glittered upon the massive silver and gold.

Diamonds were well known during this age. History relates of Peter the Cruel that he gave all the diamonds he had with him to the pilot who conducted him to Tunis, when he was hard pressed by the troops of Henry of Transtamare. But at this time no extraordinary value was set upon diamonds, because the art of cutting them was not known. A young nobleman of Bruges, named Louis Berghem, first remarked that two diamonds rubbed together would polish each other; and thus he easily learned the art of making "diamond cut diamond." The first cut diamond, called the "Sancy," was worn by Charles the Bold, who lost it at the battle of Nancy. It was found on the field, and sold for almost nothing to some poor shepherds; then to a priest for three florins. It afterwards passed into the family of Harlay, at Sancy, and now belongs to the French crown.

It was not until the reign of Charles VII. that women began to wear the bracelets formerly appropriated by the men. The dukes of Burgundy, who were great lovers of pomp and prodigality, had amassed vast treasures of jewels and golden vessels. The collar of the Order of the Golden Fleece sparkled with gems; and it is well known how strange was the contrast between the magnificence of Charles the Bold, the splendour of his raiment, and the jewels of his ducal crown, in comparison with the worn doublet, and the little images of lead, sole jewels of Louis XI.

The discovery of America brought treasures into Europe; by which, however, it has scarcely been enriched. In one night a captain was seen to win and lose the famous gold chain suspended in the Temple of the Sun, at Quito; and his companion paid 1,000 golden livres for a cake of Indian-wheat. Fernand Cortez lost in a shipwreck, on the coast of Algiers, five emeralds of inestimable value, cut by the Indians into the shapes of a cup, a horn, a rose, a bell, and a fish. Perhaps one day they may be found beneath the sands of that shore!

The foreign influx of wealth caused the jewel-mania to increase still more. At the court of Francis I. the ladies wore girdles of wrought-gold, and shoulder-knots set with diamonds. Numbers of jewels were chased for them by Benvenuto Cellini.

The queens of the house of Valois are generally represented as gleaming with pearls and precious stones. Marie Stuart, in her portraits, is often adorned only with the pearls of her beloved Scotland; but Elizabeth seems to bend beneath the weight of her jewels; and even in her old age she had a passion for this kind of decoration.

Henry III. had a woman's admiration for trinkets, and wore necklaces of pearls beneath his open doublet. Queen Anne of Austria

added to the treasures of the crown, a string of splendid oriental pearls, which her son, Louis XIV., wore over his cuirass, at great festivals. The ladies of the court used their jewels for embroidering their robes. The men wore jewelled shoe-buckles and garters; every button on their coat was a precious stone; and often even their hats were adorned with gems. Louis XIV. was said to be the most simply-dressed person at court, excepting at a grand festival or a marriage ceremony, when he would be arrayed in jewels worth nine millions of money. At the reception of the Persian ambassador in February, 1715, this king wore a coat of black and gold, laden with twelve million brilliants, and so heavy that he was obliged to disembarass himself of it, before dinner. A nobleman of Genoa, having offered to Louis XIV. a pearl of singular shape, bearing some resemblance to the bust of a man, that king had it set in such a manner as to represent a Roman warrior. *Apropos* of the reign of Louis XIV., we must not forget the emerald ring, given by the Duchess of Orleans on her death-bed, to Bossuet, who, in his funeral oration dedicated to this princess, makes a delicate and touching allusion to the gift.

The system of law, which dispersed so many fortunes, gave fresh scope to luxury. The *parvenus* boasted of silver articles of furniture, and gems of fabulous value. St. Simon—who advised the Regent to obtain for the crown the famous diamond bearing his name—gives us the following description of a pearl belonging to the kings of Spain, seen by him during his embassy. “This pearl, called ‘la Pérégrine,’ is of the finest colour, shaped and marked precisely like those small, musk-flavoured pears, called ‘Sept-en-gueule,’ which arrive at maturity after the strawberry season. Their name is intended to indicate the smallness of their size; nevertheless no human mouth could contain more than four at once. The pearl is as large and long as the small pear of this kind, and larger by comparison than any other pearl. It is therefore unique; and is indeed declared to be the companion of the identical pearl earring dissolved in vinegar and drunk by Cleopatra, in an extravagance of folly and love.”

Now we cannot vouch for the truth of this genealogy; nevertheless, all famous diamonds have their history. The “Sancy” was found on a battle-field; the “Regent” belonged to the Pitt family before it became the most magnificent jewel of France; the diamond now adorning the sceptre of the Czars was formerly the single eye of an Indian god. But the diamonds of the fatal necklace of Marie Antoinette are all dispersed; and Napoleon I., on his marriage with Josephine, could only boast a diamond ring of very ordinary value.

In Germany each precious stone is invested with a symbolical meaning; and every month of

the year is said to be under the influence of one of these stones. We furnish our curious reader with a list:—

January.....	Garnet	Fidelity to promises.
February ...	Amethyst	Control of the passions.
March	Bloodstone ...	Courage and discretion.
April	Sapphire	Repentance, and also Diamond, Innocence.
May	Emerald.....	Happiness.
June	Agate.....	Long life and health.
July	Ruby	Oblivion of grief.
August	Sardonyx	Conjugal felicity.
September...	Chrysolite	Preservative from folly.
October	Aqua marine...	Misfortune, and also Opal, Hope.
November ...	Topas	Friendship.
December ...	Turquoise	Success.

Thirty years ago, rings were made with precious stones, of which the initials formed a name or a word. For example: the name of Sophia would be expressed by the following jewels: a Sapphire, Opal, Pearl, Hyacinthus, Jasper, and an Amethyst. This was at once an ornament and *souvenir*; for we all like to have something dedicated to the memory of those we love.

The unhappy princess of Swartzemburg wore a necklace of medallions, engraved with the names of her eight children; and when she fell a victim to her maternal love, this ornament alone caused her remains to be recognized.

We will not enumerate the ornaments of our own day. This is a question of fashion; and the fashions are subject to change, now, as in the olden time.

Recent newspapers have made mention of a ruby ring, which forms a microscopic stereoscope; and in its depths can be distinctly seen the portraits of two of our most distinguished princes—a strange union of modern discoveries with gems dating their origin from the foundation of the world! And where are they, now, all those treasures of old?—the spoils of pagan temples, of Christian churches, of the palaces of Greece and Rome? A part has been destroyed by fire, buried in earthquakes, or overwhelmed in the depths of the sea; the rest perhaps, melted a hundred times in the crucible, pass at last into our hands under the form of money, plates, cups, and jewels of every description.

So, through manifold transformation, the hands that are now become nameless dust transmit to our keeping the gold and gems with which they were once adorned, when the pulse of life throbbed in them as now in our own, till we also—caring no longer for the gleaming pearl, the lustrous emerald, or the flashes of the keen-glancing diamond—shall in our turn relax our grasp, and consign our treasures to succeeding generations.

LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

THE TALKING DOLLS.

(Adapted from the German).

You think that dolls cannot speak, do you? Listen, then, to the story which I have to tell.

Three little girls lay sleeping in their small white cots, with the white curtains shading their little curly heads. Outside shone the moon, very brightly; and as she rose higher and higher, her beams fell aslant through the window-blinds on the three white counterpanes, and gliding up to the snowy pillows, roused the children from their slumbers. The curly heads turned from side to side, the rosy lips murmured some indistinct words; then the three pairs of bright eyes, black, blue, and hazel, opened widely and gazed around them.

Very still was the great house, for it was past midnight, and all the inhabitants had retired to rest. But through the stillness came a tinkling voice, very sweet and very small, like the trilling music of the tiniest of musical boxes.

"Oh dear!" it tinkled, "I am so miserable! My little mistress has again knocked a hole in my head, which hurts me dreadfully; yesterday my nose fell to pieces; my whole body is full of blue spots; I have no sound place about me! Who would have thought, when I lay dressed so beautiful on a stall in the Great Exhibition, that I should come to so lamentable an end! Little Mary lets me fall every minute of the day; and to-night, when I am so ill and wretched, she has not even put me to bed, and I must sleep on the hard floor in this dusty corner!"

The trilling little voice ceased, and another began.

"Ah! Miss Polly, you need not grumble so, you are better off than I am. You have some of the prettiest clothes in the world; and when little Mary takes you out to-morrow, and puts you on your beautiful hat with feathers and your lace veil, no one will see the hole in your head or your broken nose. My mistress, Emma, has lost or dirtied all my clothes; and I only lie in bed now, and not, as usual on the ground, because this afternoon, when she washed me, she took off my last garment and mislaid it, no one knows where. What will become of me to-morrow, when all the little girls will dress their dolls and go out to enjoy themselves, because it is a holiday. I think I shall be obliged to be wrapped in my sheet, and be carried about like a sick ghost! If I had but known this two months ago, when I belonged to a royal child, and lived in splendour and luxury day and night!"

As the small voice lamented thus, there came from another doll's bed a low sound of laughter; and out popped the head of a baby doll, with a clean-washed china face. It had on a snow-white cap, trimmed with pink ribbons, and its

brown glass eyes glimmered in the moonlight like glow-worms.

"Well, you little dwarf, why do you laugh so?" chirped one of the other dolls. "One would think you were laughing at us."

"Yes," squeaked the baby-doll—it had a spring in its body, and could only squeak—"I do laugh at you, and I cannot help it. You are, both of you, continually boasting, the one that she has belonged to a princess, and the other that she was at the Great Exhibition. Yet look at you, what sad figures you are! maimed and scarred, and almost blind, not a feature perfect; one would think you had been in the wars. I am but an ignorant baby-doll, have never lived anywhere but in this house, and never belonged to any one but my own dear little mistress, Lily. Yet though I boast of no distinction, and have seen nothing of the world beyond our dusty square, I am nursed and tended like a princess. My mistress washes and dresses me every day, as well as she can; she does not take me out in wind and weather, but remains quietly at home with me when the day is not fine; and carries me so gently up and down, that I shall remain young and beautiful for ever. You with your untidy mistresses will soon be destroyed, or given away wounded and ragged to some beggar-girl, who will leave you to die on a dunghill. Ha! ha! ha! I shall always have the best of it, I that am only an ignorant baby-doll. Ha! ha! ha!"

Thus spoke and laughed the baby-doll, and it was not very kind of her to triumph over her unfortunate companions, though they had been vain enough to consider themselves above her. But then it is well known that dolls have no consciences, and do not distinguish right from wrong, like little boys and girls. The two large dolls were quite discomfited by the satire of their small companion, and did not say another word.

Meanwhile the three children had been listening eagerly from their beds, and had heard everything that had been said. The two elder girls were so much ashamed at what they had heard, that they got up by the light of the moon to make their neglected dolls more comfortable. Mary took up her poor wounded Polly, put her on a little frilled night-gown and cap, and covered her carefully up in bed. Emma sought about until she found a small chemise. She put it on her doll for the present; intending to awake at five o'clock in the morning and make her a new dress and bonnet in time to go out with her little mistress and enjoy herself like other dolls.

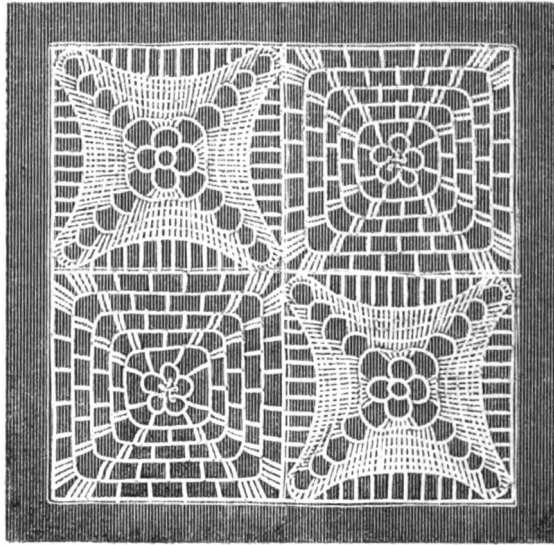
The two girls henceforward took the best care of their dolls; but nevertheless unlucky Miss Polly was compelled to go about her whole life long with a hole in her head and a broken nose, although she had been at the Great Exhibition.

THE WORK - TABLE.

COUNTERPANE, IN CROCHET,

TO BE WORKED IN SQUARES.

MATERIALS: Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Knitting Cotton, No. 6 or 8, with a suitable Hook.



This counterpane is to be worked in squares, alternately close and open, arranged as in a chess-board, the open of one row joined to the close of another, and *vice versa*. They may be sewed together; but I prefer connecting them with a crochet-hook, one line piece by piece, and the next line to it when completed.

THE CLOSE SQUARE.—8 ch close into a round.

1st round.—× 5 ch, 1 sc under the chain of 8 four times, slip on two of the first set of 5 ch.

2nd.—× 3 sc under chain of 5, 5 ch × four times.

3rd.—5 sc, 3 on 3, and 2 under the chain of 5 beyond, × 5 ch, 7 sc on 3 sc and two chain at each end; × three times; end with 2 sc, to make the first five seven.

[N.B. All the sc stitches are taken either under the chain or under the two sides of the sc stitch; and in the following rounds, as in this, the extra stitches can only be worked at one end of the first side in beginning the round, which is finished by doing them at the other end of that side.]

4th.—11 sc worked as the 7, with 5 ch after them, four times.

5th.—15 sc.

6th.—19 sc, with 5 chain after them, four times.

7th.—In this round a sc stitch is worked, as before, in every one of the former round, and 7 sc under every chain of 5.

8th (and last round).—Sc on every sc at the corners, working two in one *once*; and along the sides, × 1 ch, miss 1, 1 dc; × as often as may be required.

THE OPEN SQUARE.—4 ch, close into a round, 5 ch, × 1 dc, 2 ch, × four times.

2nd round.—1 dc, 2 ch, 1 dc, 2 ch, all under the chain of 5; the same under the chain of 2 three times over.

3rd.—× under the next chain of 2, 2 dc, 3 ch, 2 dc (which forms the first corner), 3 ch, 1 dc under the next chain of 2, 3 ch, × repeat all round.

4th.—× 2 dc, 3 ch, 2 dc, all under the 3 ch, between the two pairs of dc; 2 ch, 1 dc under chain, 2 ch, 1 dc under chain, 2 ch, × four times.

5th.—× 2 dc, 3 ch, 2 dc, all under 3 ch at point, 3 ch, 1 dc under chain, 3 ch, 1 dc under chain, 3 ch, 1 dc, under chain, 3 ch, × four times.

6th.—× 3 dc, 3 ch, 3 dc, all under 3 ch at point; between point and point work as before, but with one repetition more.

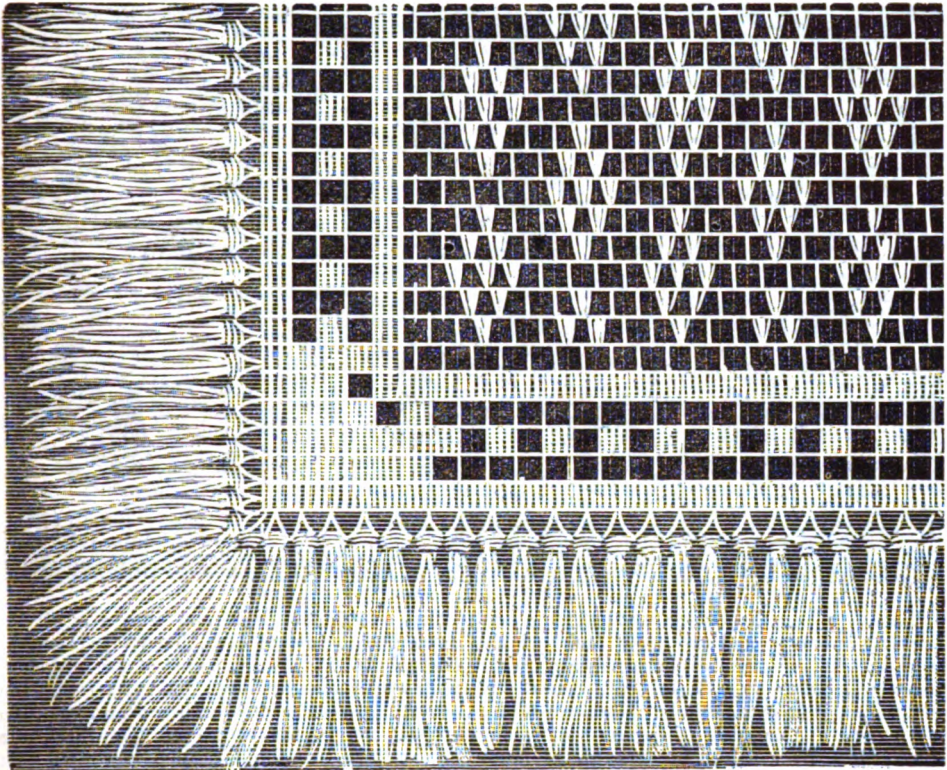
This design is extremely pretty done in double Berlin wool, of two colours, for a couvrepieds, or baby's blanket.

AIGUILLETTE.

SPOTTED CROCHET,

ADAPTED ESPECIALLY FOR ANTIMACASSARS.

MATERIALS: To be worked, always, in hard-twisted Cotton. No. 4, 8, 10, or 12, of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Boar's Head Crochet Cotton will be found adapted to any kind of Antimacassar, from the large one intended to be thrown over a couch, to the tray or cake-basket cover.



The stitch which I have called spotted crochet was invented recently in Germany, and is singularly rich and effective. It is done by working five or six d c stitches on one, then inserting the hook in the first, and bringing the thread through it; so that you continue working, *not from the last of the six, but from the first.* It makes a raised, pip-like, spot.

Of course, it is adapted to many purposes and designs; but I begin by presenting the readers with a very simple one—a diamond of nine spots, on a honeycomb-ground. This is somewhat like a square crochet-ground, only three chain are made between every two double-crochet stitches, and the following row always has the d c stitches on the centre of the three chain; not on the d c stitch. At the beginning and end of this ground, in alternate rows, you do one chain, instead of three, to throw the d c stitch into its right place.

As a stitch in spotted crochet takes up no more space than any other d c stitch, it does not interfere with the groundwork at all. The six d c forming the spot are to be reckoned only as one.

The design now given requires the foundation to have the following number of stitches:

Sixteen for the border on each side 32
Fourteen before the first spot; thirteen after .. 27
Twenty-eight for each perfect pattern—say six. 168

227

This will make a good-sized antimacassar, done with Evans's Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, No. 4. You do the first row in d c; the next in open-square crochet, except the first and last squares, which throughout are close. In the following row every alternate square is close. The next is open, like the second. The following is thus: 1 close, 1 open, 1 close, 1 open; then all d c stitches, until you come to the last four squares, which you work to correspond with the first. The border afterwards is of fine squares; the first and last *always* close; the middle one close in every alternate row; the rest open.

One row of honeycomb must be done before the spots are commenced. The engraving will show where they come.

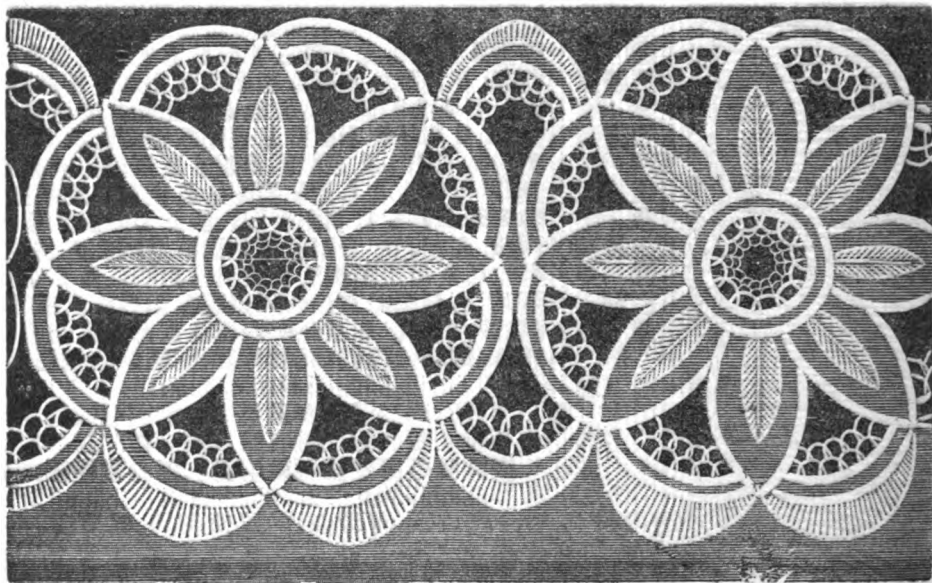
A plain row must be worked before the border at top.

FRINGE.—1 d c, 2 ch, 1 d c in same, miss an equal space, *except at the corners, where miss none.* Knot a rich fringe into the loops.

AIGUILLETTE.

TRIMMING FOR A PETTICOAT, IN EMBROIDERY.

MATERIALS: Stout Long-cloth, with Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Perfectionné Embroidery Cotton, No. 20, and Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, No. 40.



This is a very handsome and effective embroidery pattern, and is easily and quickly worked. It is in a succession of wheels, united above and below by a single scallop, and the embroidery is done entirely in buttonhole-stitch, except the double rows of barred buttonhole, which form the lace-like borders to the inner side of the scallops.

The centre of each wheel is a double circle of buttonhole-stitch; one worked towards the inside, and the other towards the outside. From the latter spring eight leaves, or spokes, button-

holed round the edge, and with a small lea down the middle of each, likewise worked in buttonhole-stitch. The points of the leaves are united by double scallops; the two forming the actual edge being considerably deeper than the others. As in the centre of the wheel, the inner row of this double scallop is worked with the edge to the inside, and the muslin cut away from between every pair of leaves; then the double line of Brussels edging is done, each over a thread, which gives the design a particularly rich and lace-like look. AIGUILLETTE.

CUPID A "MEDIUM."

BY SHIRLEY GERARD.

I had been knocking about the world, here and there and everywhere, for—no matter how many years; and having reached Paris at last I had a very bad attack of home-sickness. The result of this malady was that I found myself in the smoke and fog of London in December—the month, of all months, when London is most dreary.

I never felt more miserable. That New Zealander, to whom the ruins of St. Paul's are to sit for their likeness, will not feel more completely out of his element while taking his

sketch than I felt out of mine as I walked along the deserted streets. Every face was unknown: Even the language did not appear so familiar as I reasonably expected it would have been. I suppose there was something outlandish in my appearance, for at one time I was followed for the length of a street by a set of grinning and ragged boys, who leered into my face, and jabbered at me, and danced round me like so many imps. They also pointed me out to each other with, "I say Bill; look at this 'ere chap! Ain't he a stunnin' Wolmatser? Don't want

no drill neither, not he!" These speeches were so much High Dutch to me; I was not aware of the Volunteer fever which had seized upon my countrymen.

Being an Englishman, I should have found comfort in the reflection that another week would bring us to Christmas. But what was Christmas to me? I am a sociable animal, and the prospect of solitary roast beef and plum-pudding was not inviting. It is true, I had a "place" in Dorsetshire; but, bad as London was, *that* would be unbearable. A great empty house, which no amount of fires could warm into comfort. I saw myself at the head of an immense dinner-table, a wilderness of mahogany stretching out before me, and the sound of my own knife and fork painfully audible. I recalled former festivals in that house before I had been "head of the family," when warmth and light, and bright faces and glad hearts were to be found beneath the dear old roof.

But death had made many changes among us. I found myself at two-and-twenty master of Nidcote Hall; but, unable to build up new pleasures amid the relics of the old, I left England, and wandered over half the globe. I had kept up a correspondence with some of my College friends—with Charlie Neville especially—for a time; but my rapid changes of residence made the reception of letters a mere chance; so that when I arrived in England in December, 18—, I did not know how fate had dealt with my old companions. Poor Charlie! What a dear light-hearted old fellow he was! How well I remembered the day I had seen him last! We had come up from the Priory, his father's place, by an early train. I was to start for France on my way to the East that same night; Charlie was returning to Oxford, and the scene of our farewell was not the most sentimental in the world. It took place on the roof of an omnibus in the Regent's Circus. Just a grasp of the hand, and a "Well, good bye, old fellow! don't get eaten up alive anywhere," as he swung himself down into the crowd. I watched his tall figure and broad shoulders, as he strode off, as long as they were visible; and then I began to whistle, for, somehow, I was not very old, or hard-baked at that time, and I could not bear to say "good bye!"

I began to whistle again, as I thought of all these things; and the confounded fog must have got into my eyes, for I ran blindly against a gentleman who was rushing out of a shop, and into a "Hansom," which was waiting for him in the street.

"Hollo; look out, will you!" he exclaimed.

"What! Charlie, my boy! don't you know me?" I cried; for it was Neville himself. He peered at me for a moment, then with the one word—"Heathcote!" his fingers seized mine, and we shook hands like Englishmen.

"Where did you drop from? How long have you been in England? We thought you had been cut to pieces in the Bush, or swallowed by

a crocodile in the Nile! I am delighted to see you, old fellow!" and with each expletive we shook hands again.

"And what are you going to do with yourself now?" he asked, as, having dismissed the cab, we walked along arm-in-arm.

"I suppose I ought to go home," I replied a little dolefully. "Christmas will be next week, you know."

"And a lively Christmas you'll have at Nidcote by yourself, certainly!" and Charlie laughed.

"No, no; you must just get your hair cut, order some civilized clothing, buy a pair of gloves, and come away with me to The Priory. They'll be delighted to see you. It was only last week my mother was wondering what had become of you."

"But I hav'nt spoken to a woman these hundred years, and you have no end of sisters and cousins."

"Not a bit of it. Lucy and Julia and the rest of them that you remember are all married long ago. The only one at home is little Violet. They will muster strong enough with nurses and *babbies* for Christmas I suppose; but we'll hunt or shoot all day, and they won't hurt you. It's all settled now: not another word. I'll write to Violet to-night, to make sure that you have a place to sleep in."

The prospect was really too tempting to be resisted; so I ordered the clothes, bought the gloves, got my long locks trimmed; and then, of course, we dined together.

I am aware that to announce the latter fact is almost unnecessary, for Englishmen always dine together. Before they part for an indefinite time; when they meet after an indefinite time; when they get first honours at Brasenose; when they are plucked at Trinity; when they come in for an estate, or are cut off with a shilling, the result is invariably the same—a dinner! And why not? Why should not mock turtle and champagne be a suitable accompaniment to the congratulations of success, or the condolences of failure?

We enjoyed ourselves amazingly. Charlie was the same light-hearted fellow as of old. I was more matter-of-fact and prosy, but still no disciple of *St. Simeon Stylites*; so we got on admirably. I had a host of questions to answer about my travels: he had a host to answer about mutual friends. Then came a short cessation while we smoked a—no they were not cigars; we had a meerschaum each, and then we fell into conversation again; but this time it was upon the topics of the day.

"I am rather behind the times, as you may suppose," I said, as Charlie, in his brisk, off-hand manner, tried to make me *au fait* with current events. "You have had an international exhibition, a war, and a mutiny, a big ship built, a submarine telegraph attempted, a prize fight, and no end of volunteering and national defences since John Bull and I parted company—how many years ago now?"

"You need not be precise as to dates," re-

plied Charlie; "intellect has certainly been marching in double-quick time since you turned wandering Gentle! but more wonderful things have taken place than any you have mentioned."

"What could be more wonderful than a ship as large as the ark, or—"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Charlie, "that's nothing—a mere every-day natural occurrence. What do you say to ladies and gentlemen in acknowledged communication with the other world?—*mediums* we call them. What do you say to spirits passing into mahogany tables, and keeping up a conversation with a roomful of people? What do you say to poetry written from the dictation of Byron and Shelley, and songs set to spiritual music?"

"Ah! come, old fellow," I said, "you look solemn enough, but you cannot 'do' me. You think I shall be deluging you with 'traveller's wonders,' and you want to take the initiative."

"Very good," he replied; "be as sceptical as you please; you always were an unbelieving dog! But if you do not mean to join a volunteer rifle corps, and believe in spiritualism, you may as well pack up your carpet-bag again, and go back to the bush; you're not the man for Galway."

"Are you really serious, Charlie?"

"Am I serious? Of course I am. It is not a matter to jest about at all, I assure you. I could take a blowing-up from my mother or the governor, but I would not answer for the consequences if one of the round tables lifted a claw, and commenced to harangue me for my incredulity. I don't see why they could not do a scolding as well as any other kind of talk."

"Charlie," I said, soothingly, "how many glasses of champagne did you drink?"

"What? do you mean to insinuate that I am—not to put too fine a point upon it—that I am—drunk?" he asked with a comical twinkle of his brown eyes.

"Well, I don't think you are; and yet—"

"Ah! you only look upon the matter in this light, because you have not properly 'ventilated' the subject. I hope you notice the new application of that word? It is all the fashion now. I was a sceptic at first; but when one finds the science upheld by some of our cleverest men, what can one say? There is that *Wheatear Magazine*: the editor is a man of established reputation, the magazine itself has a circulation of a hundred thousand, and in a recent number there was a strong article, written by an eye-witness of some most remarkable manifestations. My dear friend, there is no help for it; you must believe."

"Never!" I replied, stoutly. "There is no such thing as a *medium*! I don't believe it, and I never shall."

"I shall make a note of that," said Charlie, gravely, drawing out his tablets, "and bring it up against you the day you acknowledge your conversion."

"I hope your paper is indestructible and your pencil indelible," I remarked sarcastically,

"for the lasting power of both will be strongly tested."

"Oh! you think so now; but I assure you you have no idea of the length to which the thing has gone. In another year or so it will be as firmly established, as one of the institutions of Great Britain, as the House of Commons or Greenwich Hospital. It is as usual now to ask a young lady if she is a *medium*, as to ask if she can sing. *Séances* are displacing *thés dansant*; and they are an improvement in many ways, for, as there is no light, your eyes are spared much wear and tear; you may wear soiled gloves too, or no gloves, if you please, and instead of asking a young lady to waltz, you beg that she will invoke the spirit of your grandfather. Now, for lovers of novelty, what can be more delightful?"

"Charlie, are you mad?"

"Now, Heathcote, do be reasonable. It is really painful, in this enlightened age, to find any one so wedded to old-world prejudices. You have plenty of excellent common-sense if you would only bring it to bear. Let me recommend you, as a friend, to take a few lessons in *mediumology*; you can have them for a guinea an hour, and at the end of six months you will be able to bring up all your own spirits without the aid of a professional. It appears rather a large outlay, certainly; but then, consider all you gain. Let me see; you can do it cheaper, I think. Some one told me there was a *Medium made-easy* in the press, compiled by the celebrated Mr. Farris; he is the man to whom Byron and Shelley dictated their poems. By-the-bye, I heard that Phelps is in treaty with Shakespeare, through Farris, for an original five-act tragedy for the "Standard"; and there is also some hope of getting Addison to edit a rival to the *Wheatear*. The only fear is that his style may be a little too stilted and old-fashioned for these run-and-read days; but the mere rumour of such a thing has so frightened the editor of the *Wheatear*, that he has engaged Charles Lamb, at almost fabulous pay, to write an essay for him every month."

"Do you know, Charlie, I am getting afraid of you."

"Don't be, in the least, my dear boy. I am not a spirit myself yet; and I assure you I have only given you a mere outline of the affair. It is only in its infancy. There are to be professorships to *mediumology* attached to Oxford and Cambridge, and papers on the subject read at the British Association. There are to be *mediums* appointed to the Royal household; they will take precedence of the chaplains, and are to be chosen by competitive examination. The *medium* to whom the spirits appear most attentive, and for whom the tables clamber highest, will get the post. Rather a good thing too—a thousand a year, and the privilege of communicating with all the Kings and Queens who have departed this life since the Conquest."

"Delightful privilege, truly!" I replied. "Anything more?"

"Well, you know I have not studied the subject very carefully myself, as yet; so my information is limited. Stay—it has been suggested to her Majesty that she need not have any trouble in future with her Ministers; but when they are beaten on the Budget, or have a squabble about Reform, she is to send for Pitt, and give him the reins of Government; and in the event of an invasion from France, the Duke of Wellington is to resume his old post of Commander-in-Chief—I hear that the Duke of Cambridge is furious at the prospect of such a slight; and Nelson will take the direction of the Channel Fleet, and—"

"Oh! for mercy's sake stop!" I cried; "you will drive me mad! Are you sure that I am in England—in London?"

"If you have any doubt upon the subject, come out and I'll show you the Thames. But you really do look scared. Take another weed, old boy, and submit to the inevitable. I should be most unhappy about you, were I not convinced that you will be a convert before six weeks. You will hear nothing else talked of at The Priory. Violet is a first-rate *medium*. The tables and chairs would do anything for her. I shall leave the honour of your conversion with her."

"Charlie, I repeat you will drive me mad! You don't mean that your sister is a *medium*?"

"Of course I do—the best in the world. I don't know what we should do without her. But she dresses like other people, and all that, you know. Do you remember her at all?"

"Oh, perfectly. A pretty little girl with long curls. I remember she gave me a rose and a kiss the day I left The Priory. I suppose she is a young lady now, with crinoline, and all that sort of thing? I warn you, Charlie, you have not predisposed me to like her by telling me of this rubbish of *mediumology*, or whatever you call it."

"Very well, please yourself, and you'll please me. You will find plenty of amusement at The Priory without spiritual aid; but I know you will not be able to withstand the evidence of your senses. It is all very well to condemn a thing in theory; but practice knocks a fellow over at once. And now it is verging towards the small hours, suppose we adjourn the debate?"

I assented, and with a cordial "Good night" we separated. We remained in London until Christmas Eve, and the short daylight of Christmas Eve itself was over when Charlie and I reached The Priory. I followed him, slightly dazzled and bewildered, into the warm and lighted hall. There was a sound of doors softly opening, and gleams of light began to stream down the staircase and to issue from unexpected places. Then there was a rustle of muslin. I saw Charlie's arms round a girlish figure, while golden curls floated about him, and in a moment I found myself face to face with—

stay! If I go into raptures about Violet Neville, you will only laugh at me: but she was the prettiest creature I had ever seen.

As Charlie had predicted, the family mustered strong for Christmas. There were three married daughters with their husbands, one married son with his wife; while after dinner, every day, I thought the file of babies in white frocks, and with sashes of every colour under the sun, would never come to an end! How the mothers recognized their respective darlings is a mystery to me to this moment!

I had not taken Violet "in" to dinner, but Charlie had contrived that we should sit together. He had introduced me to her, and to the whole family, as a blind sceptic in the doctrine of "Spiritualism;" but added that I was "open to conviction"—which, as you know, was a gratuitous falsehood on Master Charlie's part.

I was determined to be agreeable, and Charlie says I succeeded: but, do what I would, I could not beguile Violet from the absorbing topic of spiritualism: yet she looked so pretty while defending her theory, that, after a time, I was quite willing to listen: and, whether it was that I was infected by the universal belief apparently held in the science by the entire family, or that Violet being, as Charlie told me, a *medium*, exercised some influence over me, I know not; but the whole affair did not appear so absurd as it had done at first.

I felt exceedingly happy when I awoke on Christmas morning, and heard the bells of the village church pealing through the frosty air. It was really delightful to know that I was in dear old England once more! And I lay, dreamily tracing the outline of the leaves and sprays which the frost had formed upon the window-panes, feeling that I ought to get up, but not knowing well how to begin, when Charlie burst in, in his dressing-gown. He pulled me up without mercy, announced that the children were getting their Christmas-boxes in the dining-room, and said there was already such a good savour through the house, that he thought the plum-pudding would be for breakfast!

That Christmas-day at The Priory was the happiest I had spent since I had outgrown jackets and lollypops. We all went to church, and after luncheon we went to walk; Charlie and his sister and I went together to look at some view; but, on our way, he declared it was very uninteresting to talk to one's sister, and attached himself to a very pretty cousin. Then Violet and I had really quite an interesting conversation upon spiritualism; and I was surprised to find how the subject bore investigation, and how much we found to say about it! I said that I should like to see some "manifestations;" and she promised to gratify me if possible; but added, laughing, that the spirits were sometimes sulky; so that I must not expect too much.

So engrossed were we in our discussion, which branched off now and then to other topics, that we took a wrong turn, and it was not until all trace of our companions had vanished that we discovered our mistake. It was quite dusk when Charlie, who had been sent in search of us, met us returning leisurely towards the house.

"Well, I hope you saw the view and enjoyed yourselves," he said, taking Violet's arm, and desiring me to 'go on out of the way.' "Were you geologizing or botanizing? or what were you doing?"

"We were 'spiritualizing,'" I replied; "I begin to think that the subject is worth investigating."

"Ventilating, you mean. Did I not tell you that to 'ventilate' a subject was the correct term now? But there is the second bell. Off with you, Violet, or you will never have your curls arranged before dinner. And so you were 'spiritualizing,' were you?" he said to me, as we separated in the hall to dress. "I shall make you apologize for all the hard names you called me that night we met in London," and, snapping his fingers in my face, he sprang upstairs, whistling "Sweet Spirit," from *Lurline*.

Away flew the days. We danced the Old Year out and the New Year in. On Twelfth Night we had a regular jollification! A ball for all the children in the county, with lots drawn, from a huge cake, for King and Queen, and games until they could play no longer. And all this time I was becoming more and more convinced that there was some truth in "spiritualism," and I was never tired of conversing with Violet upon the subject. To gratify my curiosity there were several attempts made to let me see some "manifestations," but somehow they were always unsuccessful. I thought they did not go to work with sufficient seriousness; Violet said there was a "disturbing power" present, which was a hint at my incredulity. They little knew that but for dread of Charlie's ridicule I would have declared myself a convert.

Towards the end of January the merry party at The Priory began to dissolve. Every day our circle was reduced, and at length I felt that I must also tear myself away. I was very miserable, for the prospect of solitary state at Nidcote was more distasteful than ever, the more so as I must leave behind me one with whom even a desert would be a paradise. I had, during my travels, encountered dangers fearful enough to make the stoutest heart quail, but I confess I could not muster sufficient courage to ask Violet Neville to be my wife. She had grown so shy with me of late too, and our long discussions upon "spiritualism" and other isms had gradually, but decidedly, ceased.

Well, my last day came; we had spent the entire afternoon skating upon a small lake within The Priory domain, only reaching home in time to dress for dinner. I went into the library to get some of my belongings, which I knew were scattered about there. It was lighted only by a

wood fire, and, to my surprise, I saw Violet sitting on a low stool before it, her hat thrown upon the ground, and her face hidden by her curls.

"I beg your pardon," I said, advancing to her side; "I did not know you were here. I fear you are over-tired; it is unusual to—"

"I am not tired, but very cold," she replied, with a slight shiver, and the curls fell lower.

I felt I must say something. "Miss Neville," I began, and I actually did not recognize my own voice, it shook so wofully—"I have spent a very happy time at the Priory; I shall be far away to-morrow, and—"

"How far?" she interrupted, looking up at me.

I don't know to this hour how it was. It must have been something in the expression of her eyes; but it all came out: I found courage to ask the momentous question, and you may infer the result, when I tell you that the second dressing bell rang unheeded, and we talked on in the delicious firelight—not about spiritualism however—until the gong announcing that "dinner was served," caused Violet to start.

"Oh! what shall I do?" she cried.

"Go and make yourself presentable," said Charlie's voice, at the open door. She darted past him like a hare, and he turned the light of the candle he held upon my face.

"So it has come to that with you, has it?" he said.

"We were only holding a little private *séance*," I replied, carelessly. "You know the spirits prefer darkness. I have renounced all my errors, and proclaim myself so firm a believer in the mysterious science, that I am about to place myself upon a footing with Royalty, and attach a *medium* to my household."

"Humph! I see," said Charlie; "and Violet has consented to accept the post. You see I was right, old fellow; I knew you would be a convert before six weeks. Well, you have my blessing and approval." And we shook hands, and laughed at each other in the most comical fashion.

I did not leave The Priory the following day, and in three months there was another gathering of the clans; for in three months Violet and I were married. I have always felt it a cowardly act to shrink from confessing an error, so I shall just state that the belief I acquired in *spiritualism* at The Priory, at that Christmas time, has not since diminished. And I would strongly recommend all single gentlemen, if they want to be happy, to supply themselves with a *medium* without loss of time.

My dear wife is a "medium" still; she is the "medium" through which every pleasure and every happiness has come refined into my life; she is the "medium" through which I have learned to value many things I was disposed to overlook before; and, with such qualities, I am more than contented to allow the fabled power of communion with the other world to pass into the oblivion it deserves.

A GRAVE SUBJECT.

BY GOLDTHORN HILL.

Prone as we very generally are to provide ourselves with necessities, and something more, there are one or two essentials, certain to be required by every one of us, who hopes to make a good end, and exit calmly and naturally from the present scene of our existence, which, as a rule, we are content to dispense with purchasing, and shift the trouble on any other shoulders than our own.

Occasionally, we hear of an individual, who, after the manner of China-men, sets up his coffin while his appetite is still good, and his general health unaffected. But the case is exceptional, and, instead of winning approbation, the expositor of so much practical foresight renders himself the subject of suspicious queries touching his sanity, and of newspaper paragraphs which *ricochet* from county to county for months afterwards.

Nor does it often occur that we buy a little freehold on our own account, with a view to building on troglodyte principles. Anybody may purchase that estate, and plan that mansion for us: we set aside our personal interest in it, in the most disinterested manner, and leave the affairs to our executors or next of kin. Even those of us who are eligible to the mouldy honours of the "family vault," have no great appetite for its present occupancy; we enjoy the privilege best through a long perspective; it hath a fine air at a distance! But we are quite ready to stand aside, and let another take precedence of us. The company of all the Capulets hath no argument in it for our being of their osseous guild. With Juliet, we have no stomach for the bones of our buried ancestors. Love itself can give no fragrance to them: we would rather be their servitor on *this side*, and spend our days like Old Mortality in freeing the inscriptions on the door of their silent *domus* of moss and lichen, than be ourselves the substantive article of the stone-cutter's *Hic jacit*!

But, however distantly as individuals we are content to regard such posthumous honours and possessions, a relative interest in them is another matter; and, in all ages of human history, and amongst all peoples, the homes of the dead and the rites and ceremonies of sepulture have engrossed a large share of solicitude.

These rites, neither commanded by religion, nor made incumbent on the survivors by acts of law, have their root in the affections of our common nature, the sympathies of a common fate; and we bestow in love, or reverence, or pity, that crowning act which gives back earth to earth, in the certainty that when Nature claims her part in us, some hand will be found to provide us with a bed of clay, and such cold hospitalities as be needful!

Yet are there preferences even where graves are in question. Various nations have had various methods of disposing of their dead; some have them still, though civilization is gradually assimilating them to one simple pattern, and no people now, that we know of, cast the bodies of the dead to the dogs, as did the ancient Bactrians, or feed the fish upon their coasts with them, like the piscivorous Ichthyopagi of Ptolemy and Herodotus; or solemnly commit them to the deep, as the Norsemen their warriors, and vikings. The cairn, the cave, the catacomb, columbarium, holy crypt, and saintly church-yard, have all been dedicated to the service of the dead. The Jews, while a nomade people, made use of the two first: the heap of stones over the place of sepulture not only served as a memorial, but warned strangers of its purpose, and prevented their polluting themselves by disturbing it. At other times, they buried their dead in natural caves, or hollowed graves in the rocks; and the practice prevailed, as we learn from a notable instance, long after they had become a settled nation, and appropriated fields to sepulchral purposes.

The earliest family tomb we meet with is the Cave of Machpelah, which Abraham purchased to bury Sarah in; and wherein Isaac and Rebekah were laid, and the weak-eyed Leah, and to which Jacob, ere he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, solemnly commanded his sons to carry him.

All through the Old Testament we find the recurrence of this sentiment: kings and judges, and other great men, as they die off, are "gathered to their fathers," or "buried with their own people"—a sentiment widespread as the human family, and inherent in many savage tribes, as well as amongst civilized people.

Graves in cliffs and mountains were common in the land of Egypt, where the embalmer's art bestowed a seeming immortality to the eviscerated corpse, which demanded as enduring a depository. Hence, those old-world wonders, the pyramids; which, whatever scientific uses ingenious *savans* may discover in their geometrical proportions, were the tombs and monuments of kings.

The interiors of many of the graves, which perforate the Libyan and Arabian mountains, as well as those extensive sepulchral galleries and chambers hewn in the limestone rock on the western bank of the Nile, are adorned with pictorial representations of the domestic customs, religious ceremonies, and sepulchral rites of this ancient people, whose language is a mystery, but whose social history the tombs have kept sealed for the science and research of modern times.

Many of these illustrations of antique life are in a state of marvellous preservation, the

colours fresh and bright, as if the artist, who must have laid aside pencil and pigments more than two thousand years ago, had only recently left the scene of his labours. Nor were the guests for these still chambers less carefully prepared or brilliantly ornamented.

The toilet for the tomb was of the richest, as any one may perceive who looks into the wall and table cases of the Egyptian-room at the British Museum. The ear-rings, and bracelets, and necklaces of gold and silver, of emerald, amethyst, and cornelian, the finger-rings and figures of deities, the amulets and engraved gems, the gilded ornaments, the fragments of garlands, sepulchral sandals, and the silken, painted, and net-work coverings of the mummies, all show the extraordinary care bestowed on the adornment of the dead.

That the Egyptians looked for the resurrection of the body seems certain from the pains they took to prevent its destruction; and we could almost imagine that a loving and foreseeing tenderness thus surrounded the dead with familiar things and pictured circumstances, that when, like the sleepers in the Ephesian cave, they should awaken, they might look upon their long sleep as a dream, and be unscared by Plutonic surroundings.

According to Pomet (quoting, of course, from Herodotus and the elder historians), three modes of embalment were practised by the Egyptians; and rank and wealth were thus enabled to purchase a longer immunity from dust and ashes, than those whose relatives were obliged to content themselves with bestowing on them a second or third-class preparation. Hence the greater number of the mummies in the Egyptian-room are those of priests and officers of state; and if the superstition still prevalent in simple places, that the soul cannot rest till the corpse returns to the earth, were more than a superstition, could any worse purgatorial retribution be devised for a bold infringement of the laws of Nature than the tardy crumbling of King MEN-KA-RE and the courtly company around him?

The first and most expensive mode of embalment was valued at a talent of silver—a measure variously estimated from £138 to £500 sterling; and to this cost, in all probability, these swart, slim masks of men and women, many of whom held priestly offices at Thebes three thousand years ago, owe their appearance in metropolitan glass-cases at the present day.

When a person of the first quality deceased, I should not wonder if the city article in the current "news" quoted a rise in the price of palm-wine, and other aromatic liquors, or that the event affected the spice and drug markets to the advantage of the Arabian merchants, whose riders must have sent them home full sheets of odoriferous orders for a month afterwards. Wax, too, and flowers and all sorts of fragrant herbs went up, and the vendors of sweet-scented essences and oils and ointments found a quicker sale than usual for their goods.

In the meanwhile three functionaries pro-

ceeded with their offices upon the corpse. The first marked the parts of the body where the necessary incisions were to be made; after which the dissector (a professor who appears to have been regarded as infamous and held in general reprobation) stole in, and with a knife made of an Ethiopian stone (Pomet) cut through the flesh, "as much as was necessary and as the law permitted, and immediately fled away with all the expedition imaginable; because it was the custom of the relations and domestics of the deceased to pursue him with stones, and do him all the injuries they could, treating him as an impious wretch and the very worst of men. Afterwards the embalmers (who were reckoned as holy men) entered, to perform their office."

The received account of this process (which occupied thirty days), the nature and description of the vinous baths, the fragrant gums, spices, odoriferous herbs, oils, unguents, and essences used in it, the swathing of the body, and its after-ornamentation, are known to every one. Nevertheless, the arcanum of the embalmer's art has never been discovered; but remains a "dead secret" to this day.

When a man or woman were thus mummified, —wrapped in scented cere-cloth, cased with bitumen, or enclosed, like a fly in amber, in resinous gums, and subsequently enveloped with a network of bugles, or covering of painted or blue linen, with gilded figures of the divinities, or scenes from the great funeral ritual depicted thereon. The face painted after the most approved cometical fashion, or, if suffering had rendered it *facies Hippocratica*, covered like that of Khat-ti, priestess of Amoun, with a gilded mask. A garland or diadem upon the head, a necklace of sacred symbols round the throat, the arms and hands adorned with bracelets, and finger-rings set with scarabæi (or figures of the gods), the breast covered with a pectoral plate, charged with the same sacred images—he or she frequently became of more value to the survivors than they had been during the whole course of their lives. A gabbara, or mummy, had a money-value in the market; it was negotiable at sight. Its presence was better than a policy of insurance in a house—a man might pawn it, or mortgage it, or otherwise raise property upon it, the embalmed body of his relative becoming a more reliable security than the two living householders demanded by the customs of usury in the present day; "for the debtor who could not redeem this pledge was reckoned unworthy of civil society, which engaged him indispensably to find out ways to recover his kinsman in the time limited."

In bygone years, mummies, real or pretended, had an actual place in the pharmacopœia of European physicians; and the Jews, who chiefly exported them, may have thus indemnified themselves by the most terrible form of retribution that could befall the ancient Egyptians, for the sufferings of their forefathers—those hardly-used brickmakers, whose labour is traditionally said to have been expended on the materials used in building certain of the sepulchral pyra-

mids. During the Græco and Roman-Egyptian periods, the same modes of embalment and sepulture continued; but though we subsequently find embalment practised in many nations, in the case of royal and great personages, the method of withholding the body from decay for many centuries has been, comparatively, unknown out of Egypt.

In ancient Greece cremation was the general mode of disposing of the dead: it was enjoined by law upon the Athenians. But interment in the earth was likewise practised, and it may be that some traditional modification of the Egyptian customs crept into and lingered in their ceremonies. It is curious, in connexion with the pigments and gilding used by the embalmers, to find the late Dr. Chandler, in his travels in Greece, noting that in the City of Zante, he saw a woman in a house bewailing her little son, whose dead body lay by her, dressed, his hair powdered, and the face painted, and bedecked with leaf-gold.

Those of our readers who have visited that interesting, but too little known collection, the Soane Museum, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, will remember the beautiful alabaster sarcophagus, discovered by Belzoni in the Valley of Tombs, BIBAN EL MOLOUK, and from this and the black granite chest which enclosed the sarcophagus of the royal scribe Hapimen, now in the Egyptian Saloon of the Royal British Museum, can form an idea of the cost and wealth of workmanship bestowed on these receptacles of the dead, by those old worshippers of the principles of vitality and renewal, as evidenced to them throughout all nature.

Glass coffins are also said to have been used by the Egyptians, and recent discoverers have found that the Babylonian potters numbered these articles upon the list of their productions, and coffins of glazed earthenware have been found at Wurka, very slightly injured, except from external violence, which Mr. Birch believes date back to the days of Nebuchadnezzar. The early Greeks as I have before said, the Romans, the Gauls, the ancient Germans, and various other nations, consumed the bodies of their dead by fire, and afterwards collected the bones and ashes into urns. Amongst the Greeks and Romans these were frequently of the most costly workmanship, adorned with mythological and historical subjects, sometimes in *relievo*, and at others painted; but those found in the tombs of poor and undistinguished persons, are usually of dark-coloured or black earthenware, and unornamented, save for the name, and a simple expression of sorrow. Cinerary urns are also found in the graves of the ancient Britons, amongst whom, in all probability, the practice of cremation existed long before their conquest by the Romans.

It has often occurred to the writer of this paper, that at some future time, when wisdom shall be stronger than prejudice, we shall return to this classic mode of relieving the living from the ever-present and ever-increasing incubus of

the dead. In whose gariand or monumental beds, however compactly we may make them, lurks and festers the germ of old and new diseases, ready to exhale in summer heats, to spring out at the touch of the sexton's pick, and spread themselves abroad upon the viewless winds, or attach themselves to the garments of the passer-by, or to enter into him with the air he inspires. Such contingencies were disposed of utterly on the funeral pyre of the ancients; and though affection or ostentation might cumber the ground with family sepulchres (*colambaria*), with a separate niche for every *arca*, and into which even the ashes of favourite slaves were admitted; or magnificent mausoleums altogether disproportionate to the requirements of the handful of dust, into which even a Hadrian, or a Severus resolved themselves out of the flesh. Yet, in this harmless and purified condition, all that was left of the beloved in life might be placed in our chamber, or enshrined in the garden of our home, with nothing to repel us from its presence, or to make its continuance either above the earth or within it monopolize the corn-bearing acres of rich land, or become a source of dozing epidemics, certain to wake up in the hereafter.

Probably, in contradistinction to the funeral practices of the heathen Greeks and Romans, as well as that the bodies of their friends (martyrs or otherwise) might escape desecration at the hands of their persecutors, the primitive Christians buried their dead in the subterranean catacombs, which are said to extend twelve or fifteen miles under and around Rome.

These passages and chambers, penetrating from the church of St. Sebastiano, in the direction of the Aventine Hills, were originally formed by the ancient Romans, who took thence the *pozzolana* used for their buildings. In all probability the whole of the excavations are due to the same cause, and are supposed to be the *PUTICULI* of which Horace speaks, and which Varro and Festus Pompeius also mention, where the bodies of slaves and those whose means were not admit of the expense of cremation were interred. There are, however, places for cinerary urns, and as it is well known that, even before Christianity was recognized, the Romans occasionally buried their dead, it is possible that persons of higher rank were subsequently deposited here.

In these gloomy chambers many evidences of eastern sepulchral fashions are found in the paintings on the walls, the presence of lachrymatories, or, as they are now supposed to be, incense bottles, beside the dead; and, instead of the pectoral plate with gilded images of the gods, the piece of painted linen laid upon the breast, with the pictured face of Christ, or of some saint (often St. John); or, it may be, the device of two doves on a cross, with the monogram of Christ, surrounded by a wreath so often found on sarcophagi and funeral monuments. Sometimes it is the cross; though the presence of this symbol is by no means an unerring sign that the occupant of the tomb on which it appears was a

martyr, or even a Christian; for the cross was an Egyptian emblem of eternal life, and is often present on Egyptian tombs, as well as in the temples of Serapis.

The true indications of martyrdom are too often the cup of desiccated blood placed at the side or feet of the remains; the insignia of the death suffered, or the mark "R"—a compound character, from the Latin and Greek alphabets—to signify the emphatic epitaph, "PRO CHRISTO!"

With the advance of Christianity at Rome, the "Bustum" gave way to the burial-ground, and funeral pyres were quenched. Only the flower-strewings and the garlands, the purple roses of the spring, and fragrant lilies that Virgil sings of—

Tu Marcellus eris. Manibus dare lilia plenis:
Purpureos spargam flores; animamque nepotis
His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere— [Æneidos lib. vi. 883.]

which decked the old Roman columbaria and funeral monuments, were still continued—a simple rite, full of pathos and poetry, and which appears to have suggested itself very early to the human heart. There are nosegays represented in each hand of the mummy-shaped coffin of the priestess Katb-ti—she with the glittering mask, and the ivory studs in her hair—to whom I have already referred amongst the Thebans in the Egyptian-room of the British Museum.

The Greeks crowned their dead with flowers (roses especially), and laid wreaths of them upon the graves; and in Britain the same practice, if not native, took deep root upon its introduction by the Romans, and has never since been wholly lost. The Britons marked their graves (as is still done in Ireland, where a suicide is buried) by a heap of stones. The conical shape of these circles has led an ingenious writer on sepulchral customs to suggest an affinity between this form and the Egyptian pyramid; but as a load of stones or earth, thrown down promiscuously, immediately takes this shape, the first handful cast upon the spot would decide the form, and every future stone would help to build it up, or adjust themselves by the law of gravitation into a conical shape.

The Saxons, as is proved from writings still extant, planted flowers upon graves, and interred their dead in fields and cemeteries apart from the towns; but on the introduction of Christianity, a desire on the part of the people to be buried where saints and holy men had lived and died, or where their relics were deposited, led to the practice of burial in churches.

The first Christian place of sepulture in England was the present site of Canterbury Cathedral, formerly outside the walls of the city, and between 750-'60, occupied by an idol temple, which Ethelbert, first King of the Saxon heptarchy, granted to Austin (or Augustine), a Roman monk, as a burial-place for himself and his successors. Burial within churches preceded burial in church-yards; but as the Saxons simply laid

the body upon the surface of the earth, or in a very shallow grave, and raised earth and stones over it, the floors of the churches soon became encumbered with those little mounds, and, from other causes, so unfitted for the celebration of Divine service, that many of them were obliged to be abandoned; and canons were decreed forbidding sepulture in consecrated buildings to any but saints and priests, or those who would enrich the church by heavy fees for the privilege; nor even these, unless deposited in graves at a proper depth beneath the pavement.

Hitherto our ancestors (wiser than their descendants by many generations) had forbidden burials in cities; but although the cost of interment within sacred edifices of course contracted the numbers who benefited by the privilege, the superstitious desire to share in it was not weakened. It was doubtless with the hope that his example would effect a revolution in this feeling, that the good St. Swithin desired that his body might not be laid within the church, but where the drops of rain might wet his grave, and where passengers might walk over it. We have all heard how munificently his desire was granted; how, for the forty days his remains were permitted to rest under the vault of heaven, the pluvial July clouds poured down their rich warm showers, till the monks of Winchester, fearful that as long as the saint bishop lay there the rain would never cease, *pro bono publico* removed the body to the interior of the cathedral.

During what are called the middle-ages, the rage for costly tombs and funeral pageantries reached its *acmé*; and the descendants of a people whose only monument had been a rude heap of stones, and whose coffins (when they used any) were a rude oblong of unhewn and uncemented stones, or a bull's-hide, or, at a later period, a sheet of lead, now revelled in elaborately sculptured tombs of marble and alabaster, or carved work glorified with gilding and bright colours; or marked the resting-places of their friends, beneath the consecrated pavements, with sepulchral brasses of the richest designs and most exquisite workmanship.

Puritanism, at the period of the Revolution, gave a severe blow to this fashion of posthumous magnificence. The most beautiful tombs were despoiled, and the brasses torn from their sockets; and henceforth the richly ornate altar-tombs and monuments, dating from the twelfth to the close of the fifteenth, or commencement of the sixteenth century, gave place to memorials of a less elaborate and costly nature. Doubtless the filling up of the churches with pews had a great deal to do with the extinction of these splendid monuments, which, as commerce and riches increased, were no longer confined to nobles, county magnates, and distinguished men, and hence mural monuments multiplied.

In the meanwhile, though a species of embalment was almost always practised in the case of great or wealthy people in this country till comparatively very modern times (a circum-

stance not without its effect upon the air of the crypts or vaults in which such bodies were im-mured), generations upon generations heaped up the town and city grave-yards, which drained themselves into the open sewers, and disseminated on every hand the seeds of pestilence and fevers. Every few years (and it is worthy of note) that one is not recorded in this country previous to the date of burials in church-yards, and that the two first broke out at Chichester and Canterbury, the precise places where the custom of placing the bodies of the faithful within the precincts of the church was first observed) the plague appeared. London soon takes pre-eminence in the history of this fearful epidemic, the return of which recurs curiously enough at proportionable intervals to the growth of its dead and living inhabitants. For some time it seems to have confined its visits to a centenary appearance; but during the fourteenth siècle, four different visitations are recorded; three in the fifteenth; four in the sixteenth (the last of which carried off the fourth part of the inhabitants); and two are chronicled during the seventeenth. But, in reality, we learn from official accounts of the last—emphatically the Great Plague of 1665—that the city had not been clear of the plague for twenty-five years before, and only free from contagion *three years in above seventy*; so that the dreadful disease appears to have permanently established itself in the metropolis.

From this period, or, rather, from the purification of the Great Fire which followed it, we may date the growth of sanitary improvement in the city. One of the first measures of the King and College of Physicians had been the covering of the church-yards two feet deep with fresh earth; and, as the fire destroyed eighty-nine of these consecrated charnel-houses, and their smoldering ruins must have charred the very mould around them, the noxiousness of these sources of malaria was, for the time, lessened. But in 1773, almost midway between the Plague-year and our own times, the state of the sepulchral vaults of the city churches called for severe animadversion from the public writers. Nor did these complaints die out; but, as complaining is a natural institution of the English, it continued from time to time for a hundred years without notice; and was only regarded, long subsequently, when the outbreak of that modern pestilence, the Cholera, with its marked predilections for bad drainage, corruption, and churchyard fetor, forced the attention of Government to the condition of these tumid repositories of the dead, and happily resulted in the closing of their gates for funeral purposes, and the Act for extra-urban burials. Thus, at the close of more than a thousand years, we return to the fashion of the past—a fashion from which modern Oriental nations have never deviated.

In the meanwhile, private enterprise had anticipated, by many years, the slow movements of the legislature, and suburban cemeteries arose, replete with the unaccustomed solemnity of shade and quiet, and that pensive beauty

which the admixture of monumental pillar and sculptured urn with the dark cypress and other evergreens bestow; and to which the neatly-kept paths (trodden mostly by sedate or sorrow-laden feet), the carefully-trimmed lawns, and lowly garden-graves, contributed. Norwood, Nunhead, Fulham, Highgate, and (surprise of its time for its great size) Kensal-Green, rapidly became popular. But, while every year has added something to their positive beauty in the growth of the trees and the luxuriance of the flowers, Time has also taken much from their salubrity and the appropriateness of their situations. Look where we will, Town is rapidly approaching them. The value of ground in the neighbourhood of London leaves men no choice: they must build—must meet the demands of the living for house-room, even though they tread on the threshold of the dead; so that the out-of-town cemeteries of a score or more years since, soon bid fair to become themselves intramural.

I know but one of these funeral gardens, in choosing the position of which such contingencies have been calculated to meet the requirements of its solemn purpose a hundred, ay, hundreds, of years hence, though all the dead of London were deposited day by day in separate graves beneath its healthy hillocks. That huge demesne, whose central avenue, had it pleased the Directors, might have extended miles in a straight line across Woking Common; but which, at present, only intersects four hundred acres of the two thousand one hundred appertaining to the Necropolis Company.

The plan is almost too vast, too grand, to be quickly and popularly appreciated. The solitariness of its surroundings; the far-extending moorland, stretching onward till the eye rests upon the ridges of the Hogsback and the wooded Frimley Hills—only the waters of the Basingstoke Canal silently sinuating through the midst—has a pathos of its own, in its expanse and sterility. In presence of which the solitude of the grave, its utter resignation and solution of all human interest, becomes suddenly and terribly realistic. To members of a population accustomed, as a rule, (till very lately) to bury their dead at their very doors, or beneath the floors of their family pews, I can imagine that the very circumstances which give such especial fitness to this spot for sepulchral purposes, are regarded by the majority with lingering prejudices in favour of London clay, and proximity to the habitations of the living. As if the dead were better lodged for their nearness to us; or, that the common observation of mortality had any influence, save that of blunting our impressions of it!

The distance of the Necropolis from any towns should be regarded as a concession to sanitary science, which renders reverence for the dead compatible with the preservation of the public health. The aridity of the ground is another most important point in its favour, in some sort attributable to a thorough system of drainage; but more so to the nature of the soil—

a superfluous of peat-earth upon sand, or graves. Then, too, the fresh sweet air, coming and going over outlying miles and miles of heath-land golden with furze thickets, or purple with ling, and essenced with the exhalation of thyme and other aromatic plants, which form, upon the highest parts, so large a portion of the herbage. The wild space that margins it; the very silence, unbroken but by the lark's song, or the plover's cry—save as a train runs past, tracing its path upon the distant landscape by soft grey vapour-wreaths—are surely objects more consonant to humanity, to religion, to the tenderness of active grief, than those that greet the mourner who lays his dead in the dank and already overcrowded cemeteries in our metropolitan districts.

The arrangements, too, from the first reception of the corpse at the Station of the Necropolis Company, in the Westminster Road, to its final lodgment in the grave at Woking, are conducted with a simplicity and quiet decorousness that leave no soreness on the minds of the observer. If we have no plume-crowned horses, or feather-tufted hearse, no mutes, no dainty-stepping undertakers' men, with wands, neither have we the tittering and small jokes of these so-called silent gentlemen, behind the well-craped carpet brooms (reversed) which they carry; or, simulated grief, being doubly dry, the frequent application of white handkerchiefs to wipe the dew of furtive potations from the lips of the bibulous men in black, who flit to and from the passages before the lugubrious *cortège* moves away.

The utmost silence prevails; each coffin is placed in a separate compartment of the funeral carriage, and firmly strapped round to prevent disturbance from vibration. The carriages for the mourners and friends differ only from those on ordinary lines in having everything about them black; as are all the fittings-up of the waiting-rooms at the termini. The carriages are divided, as elsewhere, into first, second, and third-class, and the funerals are classed in the same way, with a corresponding rate of charges.

The cheapness of this tariff (as everyone has seen who reads the *Times*)—a first-class grave in perpetuity, inclusive of the conveyance of corpse, funeral service, and interment, £2 10s.; that of a second-class grave, inclusive of the same items, £1—might have been borne with; but when the Company, though leaving it optional to the persons concerned, offered—when a processional ceremony was desired from the house of the deceased to the London terminus—to provide responsible undertakers to perform this portion of the funeral, at comparatively moderate charges, it aroused considerable acrimonious feeling on the part of some of the modern

Libitinaris, who, at first, very fiercely opposed the Company: not in the fairest way, perhaps; but by setting afloat the most disgusting and frightful reports, infinitely calculated to terrify the credulous, and keep alive the prejudices of the humbler classes.

We remember, when the beauty of what was then called the general cemetery at Kensal Green was first talked about—ten years, I find, after its first opening—how soothing was the effect of a visit to it; and what a relief the thought occasioned that now there was no longer need to dread the being laid in a treeless, turfless, desecrated nook, built round with the most loathly houses, where the children brawled all day; or in those gaunt expanses, where the tombstones fell over one another, white and bare, and not a branch waved, nor a flower grew, as in Bunhill-fields and old St. Pancras, but all was ghastly and full of noisomeness and horror; how we talked of its 40 acres and its capacity for no end of funerals; and yet at that very period, '42, it already held 6,000 occupants. What of it, now, after a lapse of nearly twenty years? Of Highgate I scarcely like to speak; for who desires to speak ill of that which they have once well loved? and yet, on most warm days, the exhalations from the gratings in Swain's Lane have made us reel with faintness, and, for all the wealth of flowers and their perfume, the digging of a grave makes itself evident from one end of a walk to the other, so saturated is the soil with the malaria of decay. Other cemeteries in the neighbourhood of London are lovely to look upon, in the fulness of their summer leafage and the luxuriance of their flowers; but in winter there is the water, and the black slippery clay, and we do nature a violence when we bury our dead out of our sight under such conditions. Better a pauper's grave within the precincts of the wind-swept common, where every occupant keeps his narrow bed, apart and undisturbed, and Nature is left, without profanement, to her solemn work of elemental restitution!

Some years have now passed since the grounds of the Necropolis were planted, and by this time the thousands of trees have assumed shade and stature. The travellers by rail across the common can see the gleam of marble column and monumental stone shining amongst its ever-greens, and avenues of limes and lindens; but we must go nearer to perceive the beauty of its arrangements, and scent the unnumbered roses and the cream-tinted flowers of the magnolia, and the many-coloured garden-beds, quite apart from those of the sexton's planting. There the ashes of the dead may hope to remain unmolested, and the living find a tender pleasure in visiting, from time to time, a scene made doubly sacred by the sanctity of its solitude.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

FRAMLEY PARSONAGE. By Anthony Trollope. (*Chapman and Hall*, 193, *Piccadilly*.)—It is as yet by no means decided what a novel should be. There is a growing inclination to restrict the domain of the novel within narrower and narrower bounds. Novels with a direct moral purpose, or a historic purpose, or a scientific purpose, are sure to be carped at by the critics. An essay, they say, is the right form in which to embody these high purposes; an author ought not to foist his speculations upon the public in a manner necessarily so untruthful and incomplete. Then, tragical subjects are said to be unfit for novels. To choose a tragical subject is instantly pronounced to be a mark of ill-taste. An intricate plot is decried as impossible in real life. Carefully elaborated characters are held up as burlesques of human nature. Altogether, it will be found that unfavourable criticisms generally point to the fact that the novel-writer has aimed at *too much*. His plot or his characters or his speculations are overdone. To say that the novel shall represent, without overstepping the modesty of nature, real human life, is no longer a sufficient definition. We are beginning to restrict it within very much narrower bounds. Some weeks ago we read in a critical journal a definition of what the novel should be, which, perhaps, most of our modern school of critics would accept. The writer stated that the only proper subject-matter for the novel was the *manners* of the time in which it was written. With great ingenuity he proceeded to show how invaluable such books would be to historians of later ages, who would thus have documents ready to their hands from which to cull those historical flowers which so pleasantly bestrew their heavier pages. "Tom Jones" was cited as an example of this orthodox novel—"Tom Jones," from which book we learn that swearing was more common in those days than in these, and that the lighter vices were not so strictly kept behind the veil as they now are. If we accept this definition of the novel, viz. that it shall represent solely the *manners* of the time in which it is written, then "Framley Parsonage" is a model novel. This, with the other numerous works of Mr. Trollope, will be hailed by after-ages as a priceless possession. From its pages the future antiquary will learn, among other curious facts, that the contemporaries of Mr. Trollope were accustomed under all circumstances, whether of joy or grief, to dress for dinner. Surely, Mr. Millais, when he drew that personification of crinoline representing Lucy Roberts in a state of woe, was in an humour of grim satire. There could not be a better emblem of the book than this picture. The pretty woe-ful face and clasped hands and little pendant foot (though this must be booted in a horse-breaker fashion) squeezed into odd corners to

give due prominence to that mountain of flounces, are as the touches of real human nature which Mr. Trollope has sparsely scattered on the outskirts of his huge mass of conventionalism. The story turns upon the inconveniences caused by a bill-acceptance, and the disquiets arising from a love-affair between a rich lord and the sister of his parson-friend. The bill, with all its attendant expenses, does not exceed a thousand pounds. Mark Roberts who accepts it has an income of fifteen hundred a-year; moreover, all his friends are rich and are eager to lend him or to give him the thousand pounds in question. One does not quite see why the affair should end in bailiffs taking possession of the parsonage furniture, save that the exigencies of the story demand that little piece of excitement, and that a moral is thus pointed how very much more shocking it is for a clergyman to suffer such misfortune than a layman. With regard to the love-passion between Lucy Roberts and Lord Lufton, the only difficulty is that Lady Lufton, his mother, is supposed to be hostile to the match. Lucy will not accept Ludovic until the consent of his mother is gained. The mother never could or did refuse Ludovic anything, and so, when he asks her to consent to the marriage, she does consent. Why Lucy should so often enter upon the scene woe-begone in crinoline does not sufficiently appear. There are the usual questions of conscience in the book—the struggles between duty and pleasure which lie at the bottom of all human stories. Here these take the form of casuistries as to what a parson ought to do or ought not to do. How far may he act against the wishes of his patroness? Ought he to visit a bachelor-duke? Does the presence of his bishop with him in questionable society render that society innocuous to himself? May he ride to the meet with a friend, and, if so, may he cross one field after the hounds, and, if one, how many more? By how much is the wickedness of having anything to do with a bill increased by the *party* being clerical instead of lay? We know of old that Mr. Trollope takes a great interest in the clergy. He tells us somewhere in this story, with a somewhat grandiloquent gravity, that his mission towards them extends only to consideration of their social relations, not of their parish or diocese business. We are glad his mission is so far limited. In another place he hints that he has a scheme for the equalizing of ecclesiastical incomes, which scheme would seem to us to be an interference with ecclesiastical business in its most sacred point. However, we are spared the unfolding of this scheme in "Framley Parsonage," and so we have only to look at Mr. Trollope's mission according to his own proclamation—a mission to satirize gently the "social relations" of the clergy. "Spare the rod and spoil the child," quoth Solomon; and Mr. Trollope when, after

mild castigation, he relegates *this* child to a fool's cap and the corner, performs these severities ostensibly with an eye to the child's good. We have often wondered what he purposes in these constant mild satires. We get always now, in his books, a flourish of trumpets when he is going to trot out a parson. He has achieved fame for that trick, and it is always printed in his bills, in the largest letters. Mr. Trollope in his famous act of parsonship is received with loud applause at the threshold of the arena, and probably hisses would follow if he substituted any other performance for that time-honoured one. The lady-part of his audience, especially, appreciate this poking of fun at their pastors. Bishop Proudie turned into an old pantaloon is meat and drink to them. The wickedness of making fun of a bishop gives an exquisite edge to their delight. We could understand that applause of this performance would make Mr. Trollope repeat it, also that habit would make him repeat it—it must be very easy to do what he has been doing for half a life; but when we find him gravely hinting a high moral purpose in these exhibitions, and referring to his labours past and to come as giving him a claim to the gratitude of his countrymen, we recur with double force to our old wonderment—what is his object? Is he a special enemy or a special friend to the parsons? Did a parson ever injure him, or are all his relations in the church? Does he think the parsons the only men worth warning in this wicked age? or does he think them the only men foolish enough and defenceless enough to be lashed by satire? Or is it that he has some natural sympathy or antipathy anent them? Some men are strongly affected by a cat or the singing i' the nose of a bagpipe. Any how the parsons would be well rid of him. That the question of parsondom, in its social as well as its other relations, is a difficult one and becoming more and more difficult yearly, is pretty generally acknowledged. But poking gentle fun at the manners and customs of the clergyman will not help towards a settlement of the question. It has long ago been pointed out that the pet parson holds, as it were, an intermediate position between the sexes male and female—he is a weaker man, he is a stronger woman; and it is against this emasculate condition, which has been forced upon our priesthood gradually—now by rampant platitudinarianism, now by rampant attitudinarianism—that our Muscularians have risen in revolt. Such discussions as Mr. Trollope brings forward—how far a clergyman is justified in putting himself in the way of contamination—whether his virtue is pure enough to resist seduction and strong enough to repel ravishment—whether the pharisaical attitude of gathering one's garments about one is not the most becoming and the safest attitude for him—such discussions take for granted the semi-femininity of the clergy, and propose only to decide what precise cross between breeches and crinoline would be their most fitting garb. Another novelist is fond of

touching upon this parson-question—touching upon it in its social light and in an humorous manner. If Mr. Trollope cannot get cured of his itch parsonwards, he would do well to study George Eliot's treatment of the subject. To return to the hypothesis of *Manners* being the proper subject of the novel. Accepting this, we must inquire what *Manners* are. In the sense of our definition, *Manners* are the conventional habits of *Society*. *Society* lives in London for so many months of the year; at country-seats for so many; hunts in Leicestershire during this season, fishes in Norway during that, shoots in Scotland or travels on the Continent during another. *Society* has its boxes and stalls at the opera, its entrance into certain houses. It consists of lords and commoners, and of some few out of the lower world who gain admittance into *Society* by reason of their great wealth. Higher dignitaries of the church are in *Society*, and during the country-seat season parish-parsons gain entrance on a lower footing. Sometimes an apothecary or a lawyer is heard of there; but either is sure to have a ludicrous name and a burlesque manner. Ladies'-maids and footmen and grooms play the broadly comic parts, speaking a language peculiar to themselves alone. The country-seat has its attendant village, and so we hear of Robin postman and Mrs. Podgers's baby. The town has terrible dens upon its outskirts, whither wild young men resort, and so we are introduced to the Tozer family. *Society* consists of a few thousand people who all agree to live much in the same way, and to do the same things. Probably among these few thousands there is genuine tragedy and farce enough to form the basis of as heart-moving a human story as has ever been written. Animal Hetties and mystical Dinahs, Godfrey Casses, devotees of Favourable-Chance, and Silas Marners, God-stricken, we have them all in those higher walks of life, made by the same Maker, creeping on the same earth, different only in that their clothes are finer and their grammar more precise. But then these deeper commotions of life never rise to the smooth surface of *Manners*. Love-sick Lucy wears innumerable flounces, and the flounces are the chief business of our novelist. We want description of the savage's war-paint, not speculations as to his thirst for blood. To say that there are no touches of nature in "Framley Parsonage" would be untrue; but we do say that they are almost lost and swallowed up in the overwhelming floods of conventionality. Lucy is pleasantly drawn, and sometimes her satiric utterances against herself express as well as can be her bitterness of heart. The devotion of Mrs. Robarts in the bailiff-scene is touching. The spice of poetry that exists in Sowerby gains instant acknowledgment in every heart as true. The pride of Crawley, in its first conception, is excellent; but then Mr. Trollope has chosen to burlesque it with his flippant wit. There are passages in this book so truthful, so pathetic, so humorous, that they move those who are not admirers of the author to a tenfold impatience

of the mass of twaddle in which they are buried. The standard which the story sets up for itself is a false one. There are no men and women in "Framley Parsonage;" they are never viewed as men and women; but only with regard to their relations to Society. The only conscience in the book is, "What will the world say?" the only morality, "Such conduct does not become such a position." Unfrock Mark Robarts and he does not exist. Deprive Lord Lufton of his title, Miss Dunstable of her wealth, and they cease to be. No doubt the accidents of life affect men greatly; but men do exist apart from these accidents. We can take Hetty, strip her of her lowly circumstances, and raise her to the rank of a lady, and she will remain the same Hetty. In Maggie Tulliver we have the very type of a nature always at war with the circumstances encompassing it. But can we imagine Lucy Robarts lowered to the station of Hetty? Does she not disappear entirely when we take from her her educated sharpness of tongue and her conventional notions of propriety? It is because Mr. Trollope's characters are not men and women, but effects of given circumstances only, that he errs so greatly in bringing them again and again upon the stage. He has not the wonderful talent to show a Beatrix Esmond developed into a Baroness Bernstein. * * * * We have said enough about Mr. Trollope to show that we differ from all the world in our estimate of his novels. He is now, perhaps, the most popular of our modern novelists: his name (Heaven save the mark!) is coupled with the toast of English Literature at literary dinners. (Is novel-writing the highest branch of Literature? and have we no Dickens or Thackeray to represent it, if it is?) Rumour promises us another novel from his hand in the pages of the Cornhill. His Orley Farm, illustrated by an artist, once our first, is on every drawing-room table. Mr. Trollope is at the height of his fame. We prophesy that he will live to see his novels rated at their worth. That we should return to an admiration of the fashionable novel, long since buried beneath worthier fictions, now resuscitated in all its flimsy flippancy, is not a good sign.

J. A.

MARGARET; OR, THE MOTHERLESS. By Mrs. Pfeiffer. (London: Hurst & Blackett.)—A novelette in verse, with a really interesting story, earnestly and gracefully told—so earnestly, that at times the reader has difficulty in believing that it is not an actual memoir. Without rising into the higher realms of poetry, the author's verse is neat, smooth, and even elegant. Margaret is an orphan, left to the care of a light-hearted woman of the world (Juliet), who wearies of her task in a day or two; and hands over the poor infant to be cared for by one very little adapted to the office—

The farmer's homespun wife, who, stern and narrow,
Went round a mill of duties still the same,
Hard, grinding, eating into soul and marrow.

The girl grows on apace—grows beautiful,
—— with wonderful brown eyes—
Now bright, now quenched, as in a wavy flood
Of young emotions.

She has intelligence and aspirations, a kindly heart, longing for sympathy and filled with keen desires for a more loving life than the hearth of the farmer and his wife affords her. Meanwhile Julia has "failing health;" and, being about to visit Italy, remembers her friend's child, and takes her with her. The character of Julia is very cleverly sketched; as are those of the men, of all countries and professions, that, as a lover of the arts, she draws about her. Amongst other German visitors, comes "Albrecht," who exerts a sort of fascination upon everyone; but chiefly upon Margaret. Briefly, his Highness (for he is a Prince) falls in love with the young girl; who, robbed of all her dower of love through life, loves in return—or thinks she does—and they are married. The next scene is a "grey old castle," in Germany; and Margaret has already outlived affection on the part of her husband, and sits, in "poverty of heart, a loveless wife." Undisciplined in mind, she submits very ill to her great sorrow. Her jealousy is roused by his attentions to his cousin; her patriotism insulted by his scorn of her country; and his intention to take an active part against it, by heading a band of soldiers in the interest of Russia (it is the period of the Crimean War), renders her indignant. This portion of her story is supposed to be written by Margaret. The sentiment of the following lines will find ready sympathy:

"Let us have each our way," I said;
"I love my country, you your class;
Bondage is hard for those, who, bred
In freedom, have been doomed to pass
Beneath a yoke: but the true son,
Or daughter, of a generous soil,
Will keep some hold no arm can reach,
Some liberty of thought and speech;
Some fastness never to be won,
And which no tyrant can despoil."

Subsequently, the diary of the lady falls into her husband's hands; and, as she has written all she thought and felt, these revelations end in a scene and the final separation of the pair. Margaret returns to England, a dishonoured wife; is coldly looked upon by those who knew her, and has even to seek a livelihood.

Done for one; ay, there appears
The source of all sorrow and heaviness;
The bread, for one, is made heavy with tears;
A greater burden would weary her less.
But the time has come, when the Battle of Life
Must be fought by woman, and often alone
Many a woman can never be wife,
And many a mother's heart makes moan
Over the children she never has known.

By-and-bye, we find her again under the roof of her friend Julia, whose dangerous illness introduces us to a young doctor and a nurse, who

exercise much influence for good on her future life. But we have no space to follow the windings of the tale. The following verses will acquaint the readers with the sequel, though not till farther trial, and lead them, we hope, to read this well-told story and graceful poem for themselves.

They stood together, with averted eyes;
Filled, penetrated with each other's being;
Not daring to disturb, by looks or sighs,
Or words, however to the thought agreeing,
The infinite consciousness that, beating heart
With beating heart, they were united here;
Commingle, interfused, no more to part;
That earth was quick with love, and heaven was
near,
And they alive within; with the same light
Which gilds the Eternal City day and night.

And ever after, thinking on this gleam
Of heaven, they were unable to recall
The steps by which they mounted in their dream;
Or what, at last, had hurried on their fall.
There only swam the poppies and the corn
Before them, and the alder at their side;
And, strangely, though their glances were with-
drawn,
The waving grass and hemlock, spreading wide
Behind them, with the dandelions seen,
Floating their bubbles everywhere between.

PRISON BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS. By John Alfred Langford. (London: William Tegg.)—Considering the great number of men, illustrious for their virtue, ability, and learning, who, by the exercise of their genius, have glorified the dungeons—into which bigotry and tyranny, in one form or another, had cast them—there cannot be a worthier theme for a book than that offered by the history of their lives and prison recreation; and scarcely one which, to do sufficient justice to, entails a heavier demand upon the highest qualities of authorship. Mr. Langford has the merit of always selecting subjects for treatment by his able pen, which, from the extent of their bearing on the highest interests of humanity, must ever command attention, and be profitable to all; and which, interesting as they are in themselves, are, in his case, rendered still more so by the great ability, learning, and breadth of view he brings to the task of discussing them. And to indulge in this commendable exercise of judgment, as it is exemplified in his present work in particular, with any degree of success, is no easy matter. It requires much more than learning or mere undisciplined talent to do so. To make it productive of anything merely good and note-worthy, a writer must possess not only learning and ability, but also great critical acumen and habits of skilful analysis, patient industry, and research—all of which Mr. Langford evidently has in no mean degree; and as the result of their exercise we have one of the most pleasant and instructive books on the interesting subject to which it relates that have yet been contributed to enrich our literature. To say our author has written it in a manner and spirit worthy of his theme is high praise, but we can honestly give it to him.

His is one of those keen, comprehensive, and disciplined intellects which seem intuitively to know all the merits and defects of any subject they take in hand, and have the happy faculty of placing them at once, and without any apparent effort, in the precise light which will best make them understood and appreciated. And this valuable faculty is exemplified in the work before us in a remarkable degree. The space devoted to the prison books and their authors treated of is necessarily very limited in extent; but it is quite sufficient to enable our author to give an accurate and satisfactory idea of both—of their excellencies and faults, of everything indeed, that, at least for the purpose of estimating them aright, is needful to be known about them; and we rise from his account feeling that nothing more is needed to enable us to pronounce judgment on them, and that they have become permanently impressed on the memory. The merit of his sketches and criticisms, too, is enhanced by the charm of his style, which is one of the most easy, natural, and flowing of any we have met with, and harmonises in every way with his subject. Of course he has been compelled to confine his attention to only a few authors, it being impossible within the limits of one book to deal with more than a few of the great number entitled to notice; but he has chosen some of the most eminent—amongst whom are two or three deservedly dear to Englishmen especially—intimating in his introduction to the work that he is prepared to extend the list should it be found necessary to do so. The book is divided into twelve chapters, each of them being devoted to a separate author—the chief events of whose life are given along with an analysis of and extracts from his most remarkable prison works. The authors treated of are:—Boëthius, the Earl of Surrey, Cervantes, Sir Walter Raleigh, Robert Southwell, the Martyr; George Wither, the Puritan; Richard Lovelace, the Cavalier; John Bunyan, Dr. Dodd, James Montgomery, Leigh Hunt, and Thomas Cooper—all of whom have written more or less, and most of them their best productions while in confinement. The chapter on Boëthius, the last great representative of the classic mind as it flourished in ancient Rome, and his celebrated work, "*De Consolatione Philosophiæ*," written in prison shortly before his inhuman execution, occupies the place of honour, and from it we take our author's estimate of his character and the merit of his book, which may also serve as an illustration of his powers of critical analysis:—

He was master of all the learning of the times, and has won for himself the praise of the scholars of his own and all succeeding ages. Cassiodorus, speaking for his master Theodoric, thus speaks of the many-sidedness of his friend's genius: "Through him Pythagoras, the musician; Ptolemy, the astronomer; Nichomachus, the arithmetician; Euclid, the geometer; Plato, the theologian; Aristotle, the logician; Archimedes, the mechanician—had learned to speak the Roman language." Like all other truly great men, Boëthius did not forget the citizen

in the student, but gave his country the services of his great learning and his powerful name. He was an active member of the Senate, a personal adviser of his Sovereign, a consul, a patrician, and a master of the offices. How he fulfilled his duties, the following speech of his to philosophy will show. The facts are fully confirmed by the history of the times. He says: "You confirmed this saying from the mouth of Plato, that states would be happy if either philosophers should rule them, or if it should happen that their rulers applied themselves to the study of philosophy. You taught, by the mouth of the same man, that this was a necessary cause for wise men to undertake the management of public affairs, that the government of cities might not be left to wicked and debauched citizens, and good men brought to destruction. Following, therefore, this authority, I resolved to reduce into action in the public administration, what I had learned from you in my private retirement. You, and God, who hath implanted you in the minds of wise men, are my witnesses; that, when I came into the magistracy, I had no other end in view than the common interests of all good men. Then I had to encounter mighty and irreconcilable differences with wicked men; and, what liberty and clearness of conscience is apt to produce, I always slighted the displeasure of powerful men in the defence of right. How often did I oppose Coniugatus, when he was making an attack upon the fortunes of every weak and unsupported person! How often did I check Triguilla, the chief officer of the palace, in the committing of injurious deeds, which he had designed and well nigh executed! How often by my authority, which was exposed to dangers, did I protect unhappy men whom the unpunished avarice of barbarians always harassed by endless calumnies! Never did any one draw me aside from right to wrong. When the fortunes of the provincials were ruined, both by private extortions and public exactions, I was no less grieved than the sufferers. When in the time of severe famine, a distressing and inevitable proclamation was made to bring up corn, which threatened the province of Campania with want, I engaged in a contest against the principal officers of the palace. I insisted before the King, as a judge, that the corn to be purchased should not be exacted; and I prevailed. I saved Paulinus, a consular gentleman, whose wealth the dogs about the palace (greedy courtiers) had already, in hope and ambition, devoured from their very jaws, while they were gaping to swallow him up. I exposed myself to the bitter hatred of Cyprian, the informer, that Albinus, a consular gentleman, might not suffer punishment upon a prejudged accusation."

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The "Consolatio" is a noble book. It is worthy of being the closing work of the classic mind. In its pages are enshrined the purest and noblest thoughts of old philosophy. A finer eulogy of virtue and its benign and universal blessings was never penned. To the lone man in exile and suffering appears the divine vision of philosophy, and holds high discourse, with the favoured prisoner, on life and death, and virtue and happiness; on good and evil, on fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute; and all the moot questions of philosophy and metaphysics, in a high and noble tone, which recalls to mind the noblest of the Platonic Dialogues. The work is divided into five books, and in short chapters of alternate prose and verse, somewhat in the manner of strophe and anti-strophe, the various

subjects are discussed. The verse portions are moral deductions from, or illustrations of, the prose discourse; some of them of much beauty, and possessing a pure vein of poetry. The mind thus thrown entirely upon itself, cut off from the outer world and all its snares and attractions, finds that wealth and station and fame and the things which are usually the prizes for which men struggle, are, after all, but vanity of vanities. It echoes the cry of Solomon, and exclaims to all these things, "*Vanitas vanitatum.*" But, unlike the sceptic Ecclesiastes, the Roman does not rest here. He seeks for consolation and peace in the great Author of all things, and finds that, although the golden apples of the world are but ashes in the mouth, God and virtue are realities, and in them happiness is to be found. Earth is not to him a wild, weltering chaos, but a divinely-ordered place, in which men are to be tried and tested; and thus prosperity and adversity are but ministers in the hands of the All-wise to lead men to Him, the one and only good.

From the chapter on Bunyan we take the following, illustrative of his moral character before his "conversion;" which lets us see he was by no means the desperately depraved and wicked being most of his biographers—taking their cue, we suppose, from the picture which (obeying the dictates of a heated fancy) he has drawn of himself at that period—describe him to have been:

The question of his early depravity and wickedness is no longer a moot point. Only in the language of pietists, who consider all men utterly depraved until they are converted and have received the grace of God, can Bunyan be again named as a "vile wretch," an "abandoned man," a "son of Belial;" nor, except in the same sense, can his own self-denunciations be received. That he was addicted to swearing at one period of his life is true; yet one rebuke and one struggle cured him of this foolish practice. He was never a drunkard, never profligate. He played at "cat" and "hockey" on Sunday afternoon it is true, yet he attended church in the morning. He married before he was nineteen, and was a good and faithful husband; capable, as was proved by the conduct of his second wife, of inspiring the deepest love and the bravest heroism in the heart of a woman. In a word, his great wickedness and depravity are to be understood only in their peculiar religious sense.

And our author thus truthfully and admirably sums up the merits and characteristics of his immortal book, "The Pilgrim's Progress":

Its dramatic power is wonderful. Every character is distinct and real. Every person introduced is a man or a woman, and not a shadow, an abstraction to which names are given. We recognize them all, so vivid and so thoroughly human are they. Bunyan had represented and seen and heard it all in his own mind before he committed it to paper. His persons have all human hearts; and the red blood of life flows through their veins; and they talk, and feel, and slip, and get on, even as the people we meet in the streets, or amongst whom we move, talk, and feel, and slip, and get on. Every one who keeps his eyes open could supply persons for every character drawn in the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' The dramatic power of Shakespeare is more varied, and of larger grasp, and more universal meaning; but it is scarcely a bit more intense

than Bunyan's. This is one of its great sources of power over the heart; for men are more moved, and more permanently influenced, by dramatic than by any other power of genius.

We must now take our leave of this most interesting and ably-written work; and, in closing our notice, we may remark that it is embellished with excellent portraits of some of the authors depicted, is beautifully printed in antique type, and, altogether, is got up in a style of much elegance and taste. It has, as it deserves, our heartiest commendation; and we trust it will meet with that large measure of success to which its great merits entitle it.

PERIODICALS.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S JOURNAL. (19, Langham Place, Regent Street; W. Kent and Co., Paternoster-row).—The July number of our contemporary opens with an article from the "Journal des Economistes," of October last, entitled, in its present form, "Women and Commerce," in which the vexed question of woman's labour is discussed, and the arguments for and against its employment in those crafts already occupied by men, are carefully summed up by M. Joseph Garnier, who, however, concludes that the *ideal desideratum* is to be found rather in the diminution of the necessity of woman's presence in the manufactory, field, or workshop than in the growing need of her presence: a conclusion in which we fully agree. That thousands of women must live by their own labour in the present day is but too patent to us all, as it is equally so that thousands of men block them out from certain in-doors and womanly occupations for which they are, by right of taste and feeling and natural affinity—to borrow a phrase from another science than social economy—distinctly adapted. Let us hope that the spirit of emulation and manly enterprise, which our volunteer system bids fair to bring about, may result in the need of worthier occupations for a large section of the young manhood of this country than the unfolding of silks and muslins, the fingering of artificial flowers, and the measuring of tapes and ribbons—aye, or the sale of soaps and essences, or the dressing of ladies' heads—and this while thousands of their fellow-countrywomen have to seek the means of livelihood at the sacrifice of home and friends and country, in distant colonies. But the fact that

—the competition, on a large scale, of women, whose remuneration is always less than that of men, must exercise upon the general rate of wages a real depression—

should, in the humble opinion of the writer of

these lines, make us pause before throwing them into competition with male workers in manufactories or other undertakings, which unsettle them for home occupations, and render them less valuable as housewives and mothers. The very interesting memoir of Madame Luce, of Algiers, is brought to a close. "Fruits in their Season" is continued, and among other papers is one entitled "Emerald Green," which reveals unsuspected terrors lurking in the seemingly gentle and graceful art of flower-making. In the colouring of certain kinds, substances are used of so dangerous a nature that the persons employed in manufacturing them are seized with what the least practised hands suppose to be a violent cold; it is especially the case with dark-blue or green flowers, from which the poisonous powder which gives the colour, is never rinsed, as is the case with other colours; and though the young girls and women work at them with handkerchiefs tied over the ears and mouths

—the green powder will search into the nasal organ. To-morrow there will be a discharge of blood and mucus, and, ere the order is done, sores will break out upon the face, and, especially within the ears and nostrils, there will be inflammation.

Surely our lady readers will put an end to this frightful wrong—this system of slow poisoning—by abandoning the wearing of green wreaths, and dissuading others from doing so after the details so vividly set forth.

MAGNET STORIES—THE STORY OF NELSON. By W. H. G. Kingston. (London: Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster-row).—Mr. Kingston is so well known as a writer of pleasant books for boys, that his name upon the title-page is sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the present number. Especially at home in nautical matters, he takes his young readers through the most stirring incidents of Nelson's life, and, with a pleasant facility, compresses into the pages of this little book an amount of interesting anecdote and adventure, which will make many a boy's heart beat with emulation. The story is supposed to be told by an old Greenwich pensioner, who, as man and boy, had sailed with Nelson all his life; and who is as pleased to relate his remembrances of the heroic Admiral, as his auditor, an embryo midshipman, is to listen to him; and as we are sure all manly boys will be to read his story.

[We regret that want of space obliges us to hold over our notice of Mr. Timb's pleasant book, "Something for Everybody"; "The Odd Fellow's Magazine"; "Report of the Royal Life-Boat Institution"; "Workhouse Visitors' Journal"; &c., &c.].

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

But little has taken place in the way of theatrical novelty during the past sultry month, and the heat of July always renders a close theatre less inviting than at other times, although, on the whole, managers have had little reason to complain. At

THE ADELPHI,

The "Colleen Bawn" has been for a time withdrawn, and the thrilling "Dead Heart" revived. Mr. Webster's fine impersonation of the hero, Mr. Fisher's finished and striking portraiture of the *roué* abbé *Latour*, and Mrs. A. Mellon's touching rendering of *Catherine*, render the drama most attractive. One of those ephemeral farces that this theatre delights in has been produced, yclept "The Pretty Horsebreaker," the plot of which, such as it is, consists in a wealthy gentleman, whom the titled mother of seven charming creatures is angling for, preferring the humble cousin of the family, under the impression that the title of the piece is her proper description. At

THE HAYMARKET,

A new comedy called "My Lord and My Lady" has been brought out. Passing to

THE PRINCESS'S,

We see Mr. Fechter's "Hamlet," has been, as usual, drawing crowds. The performances, during the earlier part of the month, by Mr. Phelps of "King Lear" drew good audiences. We were greatly pleased and enthralled with his reading of the character, which was at once powerful and touching. At

THE OLYMPIC,

"A Charming Woman" has been running, followed by "The Wandering Minstrel," in which Mr. Robson moves to the utmost the risible faculties of his appreciative audiences.

On the 20th July, the Crystal Palace, lovely with its green lawns, masses of brilliant flowers, and sparkling fountains, was the scene of the

FETE OF THE DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

The stalls of the Fancy Fair, at which presided most of the popular and charming fair members of the histrionic profession, were crowded with eager and admiring purchasers. The Richardsonian Drama, one of the cleverest exhibitions possible, also drew great numbers, as did the burlesque performed by the Savage Club. Aunt Sallies, Raffles, Tents of Mystery, and a Post-office presided over by a charming Post-mistress, played their parts in lightening the hearts and pockets of the thousands of amused visitors. So excellent an object as the Dramatic College deserves every encouragement, and we sincerely hope that year after year the Fête will increase

in its successful enterprise, and, judging from the last one, it bids fare to be, next to the Derby and the Rifle Meeting, the most popular annual assemblage in London. W. R.

LONDON AND MIDDLESEX ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

A very interesting meeting of the members of this Society and their friends took place on the 2nd ultimo, at the church of Austin Friars, where the meeting was addressed by the Rev. Thomas Hugo, who entered very lucidly into the past history of the church—one of the few which escaped the great fire of 1666, and which has been since the time of Edward the Sixth in the possession of the Dutch congregation, to whom all the present monuments in the church belong. Formerly the church had been rich in beautiful monuments and brasses, of which last only the sockets remain; while no vestige of the effigies or tombs of the Blondells, and Giffords, and Courtneys, and the Oxen-fords, and many names of mark and likelihood exist. Whatever escaped the rapacity of the Marquis of Winchester, son of Sir William Paulet, who for the pitiful sum of £100 "disposed of the pavement thereof, with all the magnificent sepulchral monuments of the nobility," fell subsequently before the iconoclastic spirit of the Cromwellians. Nothing can be plainer than its present appearance; yet, standing on the raised platform on which the communion-table is placed, the appearance of the long line of beautiful arches which remain attests to its former beauty; though neither the roof nor even the entire of the walls are of the same period; indeed, there was nothing to prevent the rapid rotting of the former, for the Marquis had stripped it of the protecting lead, and had impiously converted the fine church of the Friars Eremitic, which Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, had founded, into a stable. The carving on the front of the organ gallery is in the *renaissance* style, and has been painted; while that of the oak-panelling behind the communion-table was pronounced by the learned illustrator to be Jacobian. A discussion arose touching the date of the windows; Lord Talbot de Malahide, who presided, being inclined to consider them of the *Flamboyant* style, and Mr. Hugo's opinion leaning to a later period.

It had been stated in the programme of the day's proceeding that the Society would, after leaving the church of Austin Friars, visit the Armourer's and Brazier's Hall; but, upon its being understood that the visitors would probably number two or three hundred, the worthy

company thought it prudent to cancel the favour of admitting a scientific society within their gates; and in consequence, instead of having to chronicle the plate, charters, &c., of the Brazier's Company, we found ourselves in the Merchant Taylor's Hall, which reminded us, by its quaint magnificence, its carved festoons of fruit and flowers above the doors, its richly-ornamented ceiling, and painted windows, of some of the ancient city guilds in Belgium. Here, not only the hall and library, and ball-room, but the curious old crypt (now used as a cellar), were thrown open for the inspection of the visitors. The hall itself, with its star-spangled walls and festive banners—for a banquet had recently been held in it—was a pleasant sight: but treasures of another kind, and far more interesting to the archæologist, were courteously displayed upon the tables. Here a golden bowl of rich workmanship, weighing 200 ounces, another of silver-gilt, almost as massive—dishes of the same now used for rose-water at the dinners of the brotherhood—and a loving-cup of the precious metal, capable of containing three quarts. Amongst other objects of antiquarian interest, was the standard yard-measure of the realm, of solid silver, and which in former days it was imperative on the cloth-merchant and drapers who attended Bartholomew Fair to send for before selling a particle of their goods, and for the loan of which 8s. 11d. was charged. A very curiously wrought silver hammer was also exhibited, the gift of Thomas Roberts. And, turning from the festive insignia, memorials of a very different character, but quite as gorgeous in their way, met us in what Lambert calls the ancient tapestry hangings of the company, two of which, however,

were state-palls, suggestive of funeral pageantry far more magnificent than we moderns have any notion of. One of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold, exhibits round the border the arms of the Company, and the history of St. John Baptist, the patron of the fraternity. Another, of cloth of gold, has the same emblems wrought in colours in the border. From hence the Society proceeded to Sion College, on the ancient site of Eleing Spital. The college owes its foundation to Dr. Thomas White, who left £3,000 to purchase and build the same, with almshouses for 20 poor people—10 men and 10 women—besides making provision for their support by liberal endowments. A selection of curious MSS. on vellum, and rare books were exhibited, of which the spacious library contains a number; one with a chain still appended to it, by which, in former days, such treasures were attached to the walls of libraries, as well as to the reading-desks of churches. The Rev. W. H. Milman, M.A., Librarian of the College, gave an interesting account of the treasures in his charge, some of which belonged to the Jesuits, and others to the old library of St. Paul's. The library itself, with its nooks for quiet reading, the ascetic plainness of its fittings up, and its unexpected wealth of books, (which are open to the scholar by the payment of a small yearly stipend), and the courtesy of the curator, are amongst the pleasantest reminiscences of a pleasant day.

The meeting terminated in the upper hall of the Hon. Artillery Company, where the minutes of the Secretary were read by the Hon. Secretary, H. Sass, Esq., and exhibited the growing popularity of the Association.

C. A. W.

THE TOILET.

(Especially from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—A *Pompadour barege* dress. On the skirt, one deep flounce and four small ones, the last of these headed. These flounces are bordered with green silk. Body high; waist round. Duchess sash of green ribbon. Sleeves plaited at the top; loose at the bottom, and trimmed with four frills, beginning at the shoulder. Plain black *tulle* shawl decorated with bands of black velvet and bordered with lace. *Tulle* under-sleeves puffed. White crape bonnet, having a limp crown covered with black *tulle*. Green crape front; the curtain of black *tulle* covered with lace. For ornament small tufts of green feathers and white narcissii.

SECOND FIGURE.—Dress of pearl grey *barege*. Body high. Sleeves with large plaits at top; wide at the bottom. On the skirt, and

running upwards to the body, a plaiting of the material five inches wide. White muslin mantel, trimmed with two frills, having a wide hem and three rows of lace insertion: above the last frill a plaiting with a transparent of pink. Head-dress, a Greek net and a broad brimmed Tuscan hat, trimmed with black velvet and roses.

THIRD FIGURE.—Toilet for a little girl nine years old. A buff quilting skirt and jacket, with worked muslin collar and under-sleeves. Tuscan hat, bordered with Prussian-blue velvet, with a tuft of blue corn-flowers. There is a small pocket on each side of the jacket.

Surplice dresses, and dresses crossing in front and fastening at the side, are much worn.

Ribbons are the favourite trimmings. They

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are gffered, and placed at the bottom of the dress, either sloping or in losenges, and are sometimes of two colours, in alternate portions, about a quarter of a yard in depth. Front trimming of bows of ribbon of the same colour as the dress, passing one above another from the bottom to the point in the centre of the *corsage*. A bow of the same ribbon is worn instead of a brooch at the top of the *corsage*.

Sleeves, of course, continue wide and open : those in the bell-shape are pretty, looped up in front by a strip of silk, edged with lace, under which plaits are formed. Puffed sleeves also continue in favour.

Dresses for young ladies are generally made low, in order to wear with them, the very pretty spencers of white muslin just now in fashion. They are either embroidered or puffed; the puffs running lengthwise or horizontally, according to taste. Some are puffed only, to form a yoke, when the style allows of it. Black ribbon velvet intersected longitudinally has a very pretty effect; lace or ribbon may be introduced instead, so as to vary the toilet when desired: the

puffings may be sprinkled with little bows. Most of the sleeves are puffed to the wrist; but they may be made either long or short.

Black and white lace spencers are also worn, and are very pretty for evening, especially over a Spanish *corsage* of black or bright-coloured silk. The general form of head-dresses partakes of the diadem and the *câche-peigne*, connected by a very narrow wreath on each side.

The newest wreaths are of two kinds of flowers, and the round tuft in front and at the back continue to be worn: the latter is sometimes separated, so as to either enclose the hair or to be placed under it. The envelopes are of the same forms as described in my last. The colour Isabelle is much worn in mantles and *cachemere* shawls; but black is greatly in vogue. At the sea-side and watering-places, the cloaks are generally circles, with large hood, lined with silk and trimmed with heavy tassels. White, blue, and fuchsia-coloured mantles of *cachemere*, with a sleeve puffed in the style of Henry VII., and trimmed with gold *passementerie*, are also a very effective wrap.

PASSING EVENTS RE-EDITED.

While regret is still fresh for the loss the literary and artistic world have sustained by the death of Mrs. Jameson, a wider circle is made sorrowful by the passing away of one who has been pronounced, without a dissentient voice, so far as we have heard, the greatest English poetess of this or any other age. Elizabeth Barrett was the daughter of a country gentleman, who, after leaving Cambridge, purchased an estate in Hertfordshire, where we presume his gifted daughter was born. Few particulars of her life or illness are given in the notices we have seen of her death; probably her father's sympathy for intellectual cultivation and literary exercises encouraged her predilections; for it is denied that she owed much to the influence of her kinsman, John Kenyon, or to the Greek-scholar, Mr. Boyd, with the first of whom her correspondence did not commence till she was thirty years of age, and had become a poetess of some fame. In brief, it is claimed for her that she was a self-taught and self-sustained artist, though not in the simplest and severest sense of these conditions; since position, education, the sympathy, companionship and correspondence of learned and intellectual friends were hers from the first. It would appear that Miss Barrett never enjoyed robust health, and that her sight suffered so much that she was confined for some time to a darkened room. But her mind appears to have soared the wider and higher for these physical limits; and the most intrepid thoughts,

and noblest and most courageous aspirations and sympathies, enshrined themselves in her heart and found an utterance in her verse, that kindled them in others. It is twenty-four years since she wrote "Victoria's Tears," a friend reminds me; and then she was famous. Few who read it can forget the womanly pathos of the poem; but the strong tenderness, and pity, and scorn of wrong that was the best part of her nature; and the great power of her verse overflowed years afterwards in the "Cry of the Factory Children," the passionate pleadings of which echoed and re-echoed through all England, in town and village, and helped forward their emancipation. All she has ever written has been remarkable for power and originality; but the most powerful and most original of all her works—the master-piece—is her brave, pitiful, sublime novel in blank verse, "Aurora Leigh." The marriage of the poetess with Robert Browning, a poet, whose instincts and sympathies were finely in accordance with her own, is said to have proved a most happy one; while her removal to Italy must have enabled her to enjoy existence much more than her fragile health would have admitted of in a less genial climate; and at the same time, by its new life, and centuries of associations, to have invigorated and added power to her inspirations. The death of the poetess took place at Florence, on the 29th of June.

To recall ourselves to the events of the past

month at home, melo-dramatic horrors have abounded. In Northumberland-street, Strand, at noon of a summer's day, with people passing, and others actually in the house. Pistol-shots are heard, and a deadly struggle takes place, which ends in the death of the would-be assassin, and the wounding of his intended victim without causing inquiry or interruption. The Vidil case is also without parallel in this country; and, while we sympathize in the silence of the son, who, despite his written statement, has since refused to proceed against his father, we most sincerely hope that the Baron, who, after riding out on a mid-summer's afternoon to pay visits to Royalty, decoys his son up a shady lane, and then endeavours to knock out his brains with a hunting-whip, may not be allowed—in a land where justice is presumed to be blind to rank and wealth—to escape her inexorable hands.

On the 20th ult., the Annual *Fête* and Fancy Fair in aid of the Dramatic College Fund, took place at the Crystal Palace, and was most numerously attended. All the principal actresses had stalls, and assumed the characters of saleswomen with felicitous earnestness—asking and obtaining unheard-of prices, and in some instances, where trusting individuals had neglected to obtain change outside the stalls, more than the prices. But then, charity thinketh no ill; and the fair faces and persuasive eyes of the extortionists made willing victims even to the proverbial juggles of the wheel of fortune. On the part of the actors, it was whispered to us, that they dealt more in “sells” than in sales; but their strategy was of a less subtle description than that practised by the stall-keepers; in fact, on the part of Messrs. Toole and Paul Bedford, it was barefaced to a degree, and yet everybody appeared thoroughly to enjoy it. Forsaking the

legitimate drama for the day, these gentlemen and their compeers turned aside to the picturesque outskirts of the stage, if I may so express it, and converted themselves into proprietors of Punch and Judy, the Peep-show, Aunt Sally, and Cheap Jack; or revelled in all the luxurious ABANDON of their art on the platform, or the stage of Richardson's show. In front of which the clown and lady in the low boddice and straw hat promenaded as of yore, the former eagerly handed the company up the orthodox steps, and making the proclamation: “All in, all in!” “just a-goin' to begin!” and the gong, that surely we have all heard, sounded with tremendous effect on vacillating spectators. Indeed, though the performance was announced to take place every ten minutes, the theatre filled to overflowing; and we confess, such was the fascination of the unique performance, that we found ourselves twice slipping with our friends through the side-door at which the press were admitted. Subsequently the Savage Club took possession of the stage, and performed the original burlesque of Valentine and Orson, written by Messrs. Planché, Talfourd, Byron, Halliday, L. Buckingham, and W. Brough: the acting of the latter gentleman, Mr. Lionel Brough, and Mr. Byron was excellent, and the performance, which was repeated to a more than crowded house on each occasion, must have produced a very handsome item to the proceeds of the day. The whole of the amusements were repeated on the 22nd, and we have heard that the Dramatic College Fund has been largely increased by the active exertions of the managers, actors, actresses, and gentlemen connected with literature and art, who succeeded in sending home delighted audiences on both days of the entertainment.

C. A. W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Errata: In the article “Our Cornfield Flora,” in the last month's part, a misprint has occurred through the dropping of a paragraph, by which “whorl of leaves” takes the place of “involucre” in the description of the corn-bluebottle.—ED.

POETRY received, with thanks: “After the Rain;” “Fancies.”

Declined, with thanks: “Gertrude;” “The Parting;” “At Florence;” “To a Dead Poetess;” “Honeysuckles.” “Sonnets,” by H. B.; Enigma, by Emelia; “Evilen the Fair,” much too long for our pages.

MANUSCRIPTS received: T. L., from Cork. Had the author not stated that the first part sent was the *half* of the tale, we should not have put him to the trouble of sending the remainder, which is three times as long, and would require much more space than we can afford. “The Reason Why;” “The

Lathams.” As soon as read, the authors shall hear from us. “Our Summer Deserts.” The similarity of the subject, and its treatment, to an article at present publishing in a contemporary journal obliges us, with much regret, to decline our resented contributor's favour.

D. M., Eccleshall: Our temporary absence from home prevented our receipt of this correspondent's note till too late to answer it to the address given. In reply to his inquiry, the magazine may be had to order of all booksellers. We hope to find space for the first portion of “Ballowmere” in our next.

BOOKS, MUSIC, &c., for review in this magazine, must be sent by the 10th of the month.

NOTICE: We cannot undertake to return rejected MSS. unless stamps are forwarded for the purpose. Authors are requested to make copies of short articles.

RUTSON MORLEY.

BY JAMES B. STEPHENS.

(Concluded.)

CHAP. XIV.

It was very faint indeed, if it was a light at all. Perhaps it was that the words of the old steward had taken so strong a hold upon my mind that the dim beginnings of a dream had assumed the reality of open-eyed perception. It was gone so soon, too; as if a mere memory of light had fled over the world, and had then passed away into forgetfulness.

Yet there it was again! dreamlike as before, dim and lurid as if the remote reflection of a demon's wing, hovering on the confines of night! Again it passed. Where had it been? In the chamber, or outside? Or had it been at all?

A third time! More dim but more steady. Iveron sits up in bed, and I know that he too is gazing on it, and that it is not a creation of phrenzy. We look for some time at the window in silence, for the light is now plainly outside, till it disappears, and then only we question each other of what we have seen.

Each had seen a light, three distinct times. Each had suspected his sight until the third time; but now we were quite agreed on the point of its accuracy. Accordingly we rose as stealthily as possible, and proceeded softly towards the window, which, as I said before, looked out on the chapel. We waited there for some time, when at length the faintest possible glimmer showed the only window of the chapel which our point of view commanded. The light was unmistakably in the chapel and was moving slowly to and fro. My first feeling was that eerie sense of the supernatural which will sometimes make the stoutest heart aware of its own beating. But my curiosity was stronger than my superstition, and the abiding impression that we had been sent here for the unravelling of the mystery that had wound itself around us, impelled me to instant investigation.

We dressed ourselves as quickly as we could without light, and were finding our way noiselessly down stairs, when Iveron, in a whisper, prudently suggested that we were unarmed. I remembered the pistols which I had purchased, and which I had left on a cabinet in the old hall. I soon found my way into the hall, where the

dying embers of the log fire made the darkness only more visible and more insufferable than the utter blackness without. Finding the pistols where I had left them, I rejoined Iveron, to whom I entrusted one of them, and a few steps more brought us to the glass door that led out into the chapel-yard. The key was in the lock inside, and attached to it hung a much larger one that even in the darkness I divined to be the successor of that which had been lost when Salvestro Gagini had disappeared. Slipperless, and hand-in-hand, we glided over the flagstones without awaking the ghost of an echo. As might have been expected, we found the chapel-door closed. With the utmost caution we inserted the key we had brought, into the lock, and found to our great satisfaction that the door yielded noiselessly, and that nothing was now between us and the interior but the heavy leathern quilt. Here we came to a standstill, hardly knowing whether to burst in suddenly, or to proceed cautiously. The latter appearing the surer method, we pushed forward one side of the quilt, at something like the rate of a hair-breadth a minute, till at length the gap was sufficient to admit a head. Being next the opening, I was the first to look in. The first glance showed the merest intimation of a light proceeding from some place underneath the altar. It was clear that a light was burning somewhere, and that what I saw was but a faint escapement through an intricacy of minute apertures in the decayed ornamentation of the woodwork. It was clear, also, that we could gain no further satisfaction by standing where we were, and we entered the chapel with the same caution we had hitherto observed. We were just about to proceed to the altar to pursue our investigations, when the light became brighter, as if approaching nearer the altar from within, and our excited ears caught the sound of slow stealthy footsteps.

"Behind this tapestry!" I whispered hurriedly, and drew Iveron beside me under the damp mildewed folds that nearly stifled us with the falling mould of years and years of decay. I could see the light from where I stood. It continued to approach and to brighten. Shall I be ashamed to confess that each felt the other's

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trembling, and that we stood hand clasping hand, each trying to keep up the courage of the other by a succession of friendly squeezes?

At length the footsteps ceased. The light was now unmistakeably just within the woodwork of the altar. All was silent for a moment or two, when suddenly the whole front of the altar opened up perpendicularly, and the figure of a man became visible in the light of a lantern which he held before him. He crept out slowly on his knees, and when he had fairly emerged, raised himself, gradually let down the altar-front which closed with a slight click as of a spring, and then pulled down over it the faded remains of the cloth and lace, which he disposed as nearly as possible in the manner in which I had seen it on the previous day.

I knew him at the first glance. Pale and haggard, hair and beard stiffened more than ever with abject terror, shading with his hand the lantern which he had now placed on the altar, along with a pistol which he had also carried, there stood Guissac, shivering audibly. He stood for some time, peering from under his gloomy brows into the dark recess of the tapering roof. Soon the motion of his beard indicated that his mouth was shaping itself to words. I strained my ear to catch any sound, and at length caught a few detached whispers—deep gasping whispers.

"So often and for nothing too!..... Shall I try once more?..... If his arms were not round it!..... If I could even lift one bag without disturbing him! But the rattle of his bones would bring all hell around me!..... And yet why should I be afraid?..... I did not intend to kill him!..... No, I did not.... Once more then?..... Ah, well! Perhaps to-morrow night if it be as dark as this..... But I must see to the spring."

At this point he placed his handkerchief over the lantern, and then moved to the side of the chapel opposite us, where he bent down and employed himself in replacing a small marble slab which had been removed from its position. "Guard the door," I whispered to Iveron, and at the same time stepped quietly to the altar, lifted the handkerchief from the lantern, and seizing the other pistol, stood with them both presented at the terror-stricken miscreant, who had sprung to his feet at once, and was making for his pistol, when the sight of the two barrels levelled at his head made him wheel towards the door. Here, however, Iveron stood firm, his pistol likewise ready; but it was evident from the convulsive shudder that seized the wretch, and the sudden hiding of his face in his hands, that the features of the youth, dimly seen as they were, were more terrible to him than the deadliest of weapons. Gradually he sank on his knees, his face still hid. Never was villain so caught in villany, or more paralyzed by its discovery. His body was literally writhing, as those of the lost had done in the torchlight a few hours before. It behaved some one to speak, but it was some time before I felt conscious that I could command

my voice sufficiently well to conceal the fear that possessed myself as well as him.

"Guissac!" I managed to say at length.

He started at the mention of his name and looked up at me. Evidently he preferred looking in my direction to that of the door. It was plain, notwithstanding, that he did not recognize me, and his terrified perplexity even moved me to pity.

"Now," said I, struggling to be firm, "your choice lies between us and the authorities. You will probably find us the more easy of the two to deal with; but your only hope lies in exact obedience to anything we require you to do, and in answering faithfully any question we may put to you. Do you promise this?"

"What power have you over me?" he asked, seemingly reassured by the mention of a hope.

"You murdered Salvestro Gagini."

"I did not intend to kill him! But stay! How do you know that?"

"It is in vain to parley with us. I have told you already that your only hope lies in exact obedience. Touch that spring, and lead us at once to where his body has lain for fifteen years. Go before us. Remember we are two to one, and both armed. Any suspicious movements, and I shall maim you with a bullet, and then deliver you up to the police."

"Do not ask me, sir, to look on him again. Oh! it is awful; though I did not intend it!"

"Quick!" I said, "or I shall put a bullet in your right arm!"

Forced to yield, the craven touched the spring, and then moved towards the altar. I lifted the lantern and allowed him to open up the concealed door. We crept in cautiously, keeping our eye on his every movement, and found ourselves in a small recess, where was another door that Guissac opened with a small key which he produced from his pocket. A flight of stone steps was now before us, leading down into a dark vault, into which we descended, notwithstanding that the unwholesome atmosphere nearly stopped our breathing. When we had reached the floor, Guissac, hanging back, pointed to a corner of the vault, and signed us to go forward. I pointed one of the pistols at him, and insisted that he should still keep his position in front. We then moved on a few steps, and holding forward the lantern, I saw what I had heard darkly hinted at on the night which had led to so many strange events. A strong iron chest stood in the corner, on which, and with its gaunt arms round it, lay a human skeleton. It was what I had expected, yet the reality struck me with horror, and at the same time with such furious indignation at the guilty villain beside us, whose hand had quenched the light of a human life, that I felt my finger tremble on the trigger, in a manner which it needed all my self-command to restrain.

"Look here!" I cried, holding the lantern to Iveron's face, "Look here! guilty wretch, and tell me whom you take this to be!"

"It is the face of a Gagini."

"Now," said I, "I am in possession of several

points of the story that hangs round all this; but I insist on your telling us every particular; and if in any one point you falsify what I already know to be true, I shall discredit the whole, and give you up to justice. Tell it quickly, too, for this atmosphere is too horrible to bear long. Sit down on the ground there, and tell it as you shall have to tell it on the Judgment Day."

The wretch felt himself obliged to comply, and his story—ever interlarded with weak excuses for his own too evident guilt—was to the following effect:—

His first acquaintance with M. Biot began in Palermo in a court of law, before which Guissac was tried for a crime that he did not name, but which I had little doubt, from the hold that M. Biot had over him, must have been something flagrant and bloody. Through the thin tissue of his evasions I could learn that M. Biot had witnessed the act for which he was tried, but had appeared, furnished with a fictitious story, as a witness in his favour. His evidence had been the means of Guissac's acquittal, and in this way he had bound to his arbitrary beck the cowardly miscreant over whose neck the sword of justice was ever hanging by the slender thread of this man's caprice. At this time Guissac was a common sailor, but had shortly afterwards been put in command of Count Gagini's yacht.

He had not long held this position when M. Biot propounded to him a villainous scheme for getting rid of the children of the brothers Gagini, the son of the one and the daughter of the other, who, it seemed, were betrothed in early infancy. After the death of Count Gagini's wife, in accordance with the story I had heard from the old steward, his son had been sent to Pisa under the charge of an old nurse, as the Count, whose mind, naturally weak, was much shaken by his bereavement, was ordered to travel for some time by way of restoring both mind and body. After the child had been upwards of a year with his uncle and cousin, M. Biot persuaded the Count, who had by this time returned home, to send for his son, and, by way of reciprocating his brother's kindness, to insist on the little niece being sent also. The yacht was accordingly sent to Leghorn to convey the children to Palermo, Guissac having orders, with the promise of a large reward, and with ample means placed at his disposal, to discharge the crew at the former port, to have the yacht newly painted, and to engage a new complement of men, with whom and the children he was to sail for Alexandria. On arriving there he had orders to deliver the children into the hands of a villain like himself, also, for some reason or another, dependent on M. Biot; then to discharge the second crew, and dispose of the yacht as best he could.

After arriving at Leghorn he proceeded to Pisa to declare his mission. Some delay in the preparations necessary for the children's departure caused him to be established as an inmate of the Casa Prati for some time, during which he had ample opportunity of observing the

habits of life of Salvestro Gagini. Combining the report of his being a miser with the circumstance of his nocturnal visits to the chapel, Guissac suspected the truth. He had even the boldness to ask Signor Gagini to allow him to see the interior of the old chapel, which request had been granted, doubtless for the very purpose of avoiding suspicion. Making the most of his opportunity, Guissac had taken an impression of the key in wax, so that a night or two afterwards he was able to ensconce himself behind the tapestry of the chapel, and watch the motions of the ill-fated miser.

Then came the foul tragedy. Suddenly struck with the desire to share the treasures contained in the chest, Guissac, with the intention of merely stunning the owner of them, struck him a blow on the back of the head with the butt end of a pistol which he had carried with him. Salvestro Gagini fell forward on the chest, which closed with his weight, and hugged it with the rigid embrace of death. Horror-struck at what he had done, probably for the second time, the guilty wretch had not the courage to lift the body of his victim from the position in which death had fixed it. He left the chapel as poor as when he entered it.

Conscience-smitten, and at the same time afraid of M. Biot, he resolved to secure for the children a milder fate than had been designed for them. Placing the daughter of Salvestro Gagini under the charge of his wife, who had accompanied him to Leghorn, and who was only too glad of a substitute for a daughter whom they had recently lost, he embarked with the boy for Alexandria, under the idea that he might there fraternize with the agent to whom M. Biot directed him and thereby learn something of the previous life of the latter, which might give him equal power over his fate, and enable him to throw off his iron yoke. On his way thither, however, he was attacked by Greek pirates, who took possession of the yacht, and sailed off, leaving him far out at sea, and alone, in an open boat. He had no idea what became of the boy and crew. As for himself, he was picked up by a French vessel, and taken to Marseilles, from which place he communicated with M. Biot, who immediately furnished him with the means of making his way to Paris, where he was shortly afterwards joined by his wife and their supposed daughter. Here he was kept in employment by M. Biot, who had won himself the very highest influence among the Ultra-Republican party, whose most secret plans were all conducted by him. Guissac had been his agent, though not by any means his only one. In spite, however, of his occupation, he had contrived on several occasions to make his way to Pisa, and at dark midnights to face the scene of his guilt. But his courage had always failed him, and he had never been able to turn his crime to any profit.

The last of M. Biot's plots, most of which had hitherto been unsuccessful, through the over-caution of many of his party, was one for taking away the life of the Emperor of France

In this he had persuaded Count Gagini to join him, filling the old man's mind with the notion that this was the necessary step towards the freedom of Sicily, of which the Count was made to believe himself the probable future ruler. Guissac being disappointed of his reward (which he had demanded beforehand) for the share he took in it, and weary of the profitless yoke, refused to take back the girl, informed M. Biot of her real birth, and threatened to put Count Gagini in possession of the whole story unless M. Biot would at once grant him the stipulated sum. M. Biot instantly adopted a different line of policy, produced the money, and only bargained that Guissac should instantly start with the girl for Marseilles, and wait there till the plot was carried out, when he would join them, and supplement the reward with a permanent provision. This conference, so far as I could learn, must have passed between them on the morning after my last interview with Stephanie. Guissac, as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made, complied with the desires of M. Biot in the matter, and remained at Marseilles until his arrival there. A day or two after, having sent Guissac on a message, which had ostensible reference to the promised good, M. Biot disappeared, and Stephanie at the same time, though whether she had accompanied the dark schemer, or had been separately disposed of, Guissac could not say. With such means as he had, he made his way again to Pisa, intending, as he had several times before tried to do, to lift the remains of his victim, and appropriate the contents of the chest. However, as on each preceding trial, his courage had failed him, and, at the moment of his discovery he was about to retire with the same empty result.

"And can you give us no clue," I demanded in frantic anxiety, which had been ever increasing as the narrative progressed, and in which I was even exceeded by Iveron—"no clue to what has become of the lady?"

"I can; though a slight one."

"Then, for heaven's sake, let us have it."

"Not so fast, sir. Now that I have told you all, what are your intentions towards me?"

Iveron and I looked at each other, and knew not what to say. Was it duty to God and man to let such a miscreant loose upon society?

"Because," continued Guissac, "in spite of all I have told you, you cannot find the girl but for me. I am sure I could find her, but I am tired of this sort of thing, and all I want now is to sail for America, in a ship which leaves Leghorn in a few days, and to have a little means to begin with in a new way of life. That is what I came here for to-night."

"Tell us at once," I cried, infuriated, "or you will be a helpless burden in a moment!"

"Ha! ha! I know too well the value you attach to the secret! I make this the price of my liberty."

What could we do? But perhaps he was only deceiving us; and, indeed, I thought I perceived a flaw in his story.

"Stay," I said; "how is it that M. Biot never

remarked the likeness of Stephanie to the Gagini family, since it must be so striking?"

"He did remark it: but my wife's daughter was born when she was in Count Gagini's service; and it was on condition of my marrying her that the Count put me in command of his yacht. M. Biot had not heard of the death of my wife's child, and consequently was in no way surprised at the likeness."

My only doubt was answered, and I believed the story. What, then, as I had asked myself before, was to be done? I read Iveron's sentiments in his face, and found that they agreed with my own. I was no minister of vengeance. Was it not more binding on me to save than to destroy?

"You shall have your liberty," I said at length, "on condition that you put us on the lady's track. But you shall not touch the smallest coin of this treasure, if treasure it is: and if what you have to say does not recommend itself to me by its consistency with something that I already know, I shall disbelieve it; and your fate remains in our hands."

"Will you lay your hands on that skull, and swear that you will let me go free if I put you in possession of information likely to be useful?"

We did so, and Guissac proceeded.

"I remained some time at Marseilles after their departure, spying into every hole and corner, in the hope of finding some trace of them. One day I chanced upon an old man who had once had charge of Count Gagini's private museum, but who had left the family on account of the enmity of M. Biot. In my rage at my old employer's treachery, I confided to him the whole story of his crimes. I thought he would have gone mad when I had narrated the circumstances; and he kept on continually exclaiming, 'I know where to find him! I know where to find him!' Repeating this again and again, he rushed out, frail as he seemed, from the café in which I had met him, and disappeared before I had time to pursue him, leaving on the table a half-finished letter that he had been engaged in writing when I entered. Here it is!"

I seized it at once. It was in French, and to the following effect—

"My dear Mr.—Mr.— (I forget your name, but I daresay I will get at it before I need to address this), I fear I treated you rather uncourtously last time I saw you; but I know you will excuse an old man's peculiarities.

"As to the matter in hand, no luck as yet, my boy; but if you wish to communicate with me, address to me within the next month, to the care of Signor Andrea Broussino, Casa Prati, Pisa, whom, gout permitting, I intend ———"

And here the letter stopped. As I read it, the clock of a neighbouring church sounded the hour of four. There was no time to be lost, if the wretch was to escape.

"Is this, as you live, the only clue you can give us?"

"As I live it is!"

"Can an oath bind you? If so, swear as we

have sworn, with your hand on this skull; and if you break your oath, may this bloody business haunt you for ever with all the horrors of irreparable hell! Nay, trembling coward! You *must* touch it!"

How he shook as his hand touched the murdered head! How his whole face twitched convulsively, as I made him repeat, after me, the words of an oath, that he would carry himself and his iniquity to the other side of the globe, and there commence a new career of honesty!

We have done with Guissac, and the world has done with him too—the ship in which he sailed never reached the desired haven. With many braver men he shares the sepulchre of the sea. Where many a stainless heart is still; where many a manly arm only moves with the moving of the waters; where many a beauteous eye, that once was the star of joy to some one's world, is quenched in the darkness of billows; where the once precious hair—brown, or black, or golden—that mother's hands have smoothed; and loving fingers twined, floats briny and dank from the "dreamless head;" where purity, and tenderness, and truth, and all that is lovely and of good report, have so often found a grave—sleeps the murderer, unaware of tide, or storm, or sunny calm!

CHAP. XV.

The winter is past, and the summer is here—here, on a fair Sicilian hill by the sea. Half the heaven is alive with the breathing splendour of a sunset, so vivid and so varied, that one might fancy it an embattled armament of meteors retreating toward the mountains. The other half, intensely peaceful, softens toward the curtained east into a depth of repose, whose only dream is the pale serenity of stars. A silver sea sleeps on a golden shore. That mighty mountain to the south, zoned with all the seasons, and crowned with eternal snows, whose breath, for ever ascending, tells of the measureless might that still slumbers in its bosom—that crimsoning peak that seems to rejoice with the lofty joy of a God in the tremulous waves of unapproachable light, is the awful, the beautiful *Ætna*. All around us and over us is the grandeur of Sicilian hills. Nor are we in desert places, alone in solitary halls of Nature. Wherever our eyes turn, the view of human habitations meets them. Down on the beach below us are cottages of fishermen, at the doors of which sit the fishermen themselves, each with his face to his boat. On the brow of the hill are rows of more pretentious dwellings, from which an old wall runs sheer up the face of a cliff till it ends in a pile of ancient buildings, that look down from their inaccessible rocks with a serenity worthy of *Ætna* itself.

The winter is past, and summer is here, whispering over us zephyr-secrets of wondrous peace,

as we lie surveying the scene through the broken colonnades of an old Greek temple.

On the fragment of a fallen pillar sits Count Gagini, with one hand locked in that of *Stephanie*, and the other hid in the raven tresses of *Stephanie*, who both recline at his feet, gazing upon each other with looks whose intensity concentrates the "long result of many weary waitings and much hope deferred." At some distance sits Herr Dulcken, his whole existence manifesting itself in a grotesque alternation of pinches of snuff and low chuckles, the latter accompanied with merciless rubbings of his knees, and furious appeals to all the three watches in regular succession. I have seated myself beside him, and heaven knows, I am doing the best I can to enjoy both the sunset and the family picture.

"It's all your doing, Mither—Mither Morley!" exclaims Herr Dulcken, at the end of one of his chronological appeals.

"All my doing, Herr Dulcken! I was just about to observe that it was all yours!"

"Bleth my thoul, thir, all I did wath to live till it happened!"

"If we had not seen you in Pisa, and if you had not directed us here as the most likely place to find M. Biot, we would never have got on his track. It is true he wasn't here after all; but it was here we got the clue to his movements, which has led to this happy result."

"Poththibly yeth, poththibly no. But no matter, my boy; tell me how you did after leaving thith plaithe—you and Thilvethtro."

"When the fishermen told us that M. Biot had hired a boat, and had sailed with *Stephanie*—I mean the *Lady Teresa*—for Syracuse, we proceeded thither at once, and had no difficulty in ascertaining that a party answering their description in every particular had but recently left that place for Malta. At Malta, after much inquiry, we learned that they had sailed for Alexandria in an English steamer. You remember what I told you in Pisa of the mysterious friend of M. Biot, to whom Guissac had been directed to deliver the children. The idea of him flashed upon us at once when we heard Alexandria mentioned, and added to the horror of our anxiety. We embraced the first opportunity of a passage thither, but it was long ere we obtained the slightest indication of any tendency towards success. At length it occurred to us to find out and visit the various owners of the Nile boats which are let out to tourists, and to ask a description of the parties who had hired them for the season. We did so, and learned from one of them that M. Biot (there could be no doubt it was he) had proceeded up the Nile in one of these boats—but *alone*. Moreover, he had paid the whole expenses of the voyage beforehand, arranging that, as he did not intend to return by the same route, his dragoman was to bring home the boat. We were now at our wits' end. We did not doubt that she had been placed in the hands of the wretch of whom Guissac had spoken. These horrible possibilities almost reduced us to despair. Either

her existence had been put an end to, or she had been forced to become an appendage of some harem, or she was in some slave-market, and her sacred beauty bargained for by sordid wretches who—

"Now, my dear Mithter Morley, if you *pleathe*, ath little of that ath poththible. Come to the point ath thoon ath you can. We'll get all the thenthimenth, and all the little adventurath by-and-bye, for the Count thaith you are not going to leave uth in a hurry!"

"Our next resolution, then, was to make a tour of the principal towns in the east, with a view to inspect their slave-markets. To come at once to the point, if you will have it—we found her in a slave-house in Damascus. The very magnitude of the sum which her owner—perceiving her rare beauty—demanded for her had been her safety. We appealed at once to the French and British Consuls, told them all our story, and through their means obtained her liberation—not, however, without making some compensation to the wretch who claimed her, which we were able to do, as you remember we had drawn largely on the treasures of the chest. After the first mutual bewilderment was over, and when they began to realize—"

"Now, my dear thir, if you *pleathe*, again—Do you really thuppothe I haven't gone through it all mythelf fifty timeth, both before it happened and thinth!"

"Well, well; if you are satisfied with my story, tell me did you find the Count easily after you left us at Pisa?"

"Indeed I did not. He had got it into hith head that he had a share in the conthpirathy, and remained incog. in Vienna till latht month, when I learned from that good thoul, Andrew Brondthino, who, like me, ith to be re-inthtalled in the old way, that he had written to him to have the houthie in Pitha ready for hith rethepthion. I waited for him there, and when the firht mutual bewilderment wath over and we began to realithe et thetera, didn't I athtonith hith nervouth thytthet!"

"You have never told me yet how you thought of directing us here."

"I knew, and only I, that Biot had wheedled the good old man over there out of thith ethtate. It wath never formally given over, but thtill Biot looked on it ath hith own, and drew the revenueth of it; and, ath ith rather out of the common route, I felt thure that the villian would betake himthelf to thith retreat. Depend upon it, he had heard of your inquirieth after him, or theen thome thign of your approach, or he would not have left jutht on the very morning on which you had determined to invade the old manthion."

"And what about the jewelled cross, Herr Dulcken? That is another thing I have always intended to ask you."

"I found the crothth I thhowed you in an old curiothity-thhop in Parith. I knew that it wath one of two that had been prethented to Thalvethtro and the litle lady Teretha, on the day of their infant-betrothal. I purchashed it, though

it cotht me nearly all I had. I wrote to Count Gagini, informing him of the thircumthtanthe. My letter wath anthered by Biot, who informed me that the Count wath obliged to me for the trouble I had taken, and that if I would thend the crothth, I would be indemnified for all ecthpentheth. I thaw plainly that if onthe the article got into Biot'th handth, it would thoon be got out of thight, in thome way or other; tho I kept it. I thuppothe that wicked Guiththac had thold it off the lady Teretha'th neck. But come, my boy, thith ground may be all very claththic and thacred in your ethteem, but it'th hardly the thing for gout. Let uth join the 'pothe plathtique' over there."

* * * * *

"And I—what am I, now? At what goal have I arrived?".....

When we met in Damascus, I stood for many minutes unnoticed, while they were in each other's arms. Was I wrong in imagining that she at first shrunk from me as if I were the disturbing element of her new-found happiness; and that when she did approach me, it was with something like constraint? I am too proud—and I am proud that I am too proud—to study her, and to recall the past to her, and to press my suit, and to reason with her, and to try to show her that her cousin Salvestro may still love her, and enjoy her love to the utmost, although she become what she *promised* to become! And now that my poor Stephanie, whom I hoped to elevate with myself; for whose behoof, and not my own, I had girded and armed myself for such a battle with life as could only end in death or victory; now that she has become the Lady Teresa—the Lady Teresa!—between whom and such as I the only medium can be condescension....condescension, forsooth! What is this institution called rank?—this distinction superinduced upon beings fashioned in the same image of God?—what is this, that it, and it alone, should absorb and eclipse all else, as if it were the great principle and foundation of society; as if love—ay, love, and honest effort, and manly independence, and all the noble attributes that bestar the firmament of life should pale before the gaudy constellations of heraldic artifice!—I do well to be proud. Why, all the brimstone in Sicily could not light up a more glorious emblazonment than my own uncreated name, that a line of honest men have borne! It is I who would condescend; but still, the world would say it was she. What is the world to me? Alas, I cannot ignore it: I am a part of it. Its thorn would be ever in my side. How could I endure to be spoken of as "the Englishman whom the Lady Teresa had married!" And she would come to feel all this, too. Innocent and unsophisticated as she is now, when her ear shall have become accustomed to titles—when the pride born of flattery shall have passed into her gait—when the companionship of her peers shall have made her become conscious of noble blood, what may be the recoil of loathing that

shall dash me from her idolatry, and show me as I am—a poor, ignoble stranger! . . . It will not be. I shall anticipate indifference by indifference; and, if need be, scorn by scorn. I will have none of her: no, not if Salvastro himself should come to me, and say, "She is yours by promise!"

Was it not I who told them they were cousins, although the words scorched my throat? Did I not mark the first strange sadness, the gradual dawning of possibilities, the culminating joy of mutual understanding? Did I not comprehend the language of her eyes—I, on whom they had looked with the same love, and trust, and promise? Shall I blame her for the coldness with which she turned to me, the embarrassment of her manner, the slowness of her speech? Why did she not spring to me, instead of to him—to me, who was dying for a touch of her hand?—Let him have her!

What raving is this? As if I do not know that it is all a lie! As if I am not conscious all the while that it is only the utterance of jealousy, of envy, and foolish pride! As if I do not feel that I love her passing well! As if I do not worship her! As if I am not willing to kiss her very feet!

"Lady, I loved you, and I won your love. But it was by deceit. I professed to know a secret which gave me power over your supposed father. I now divine that the dying woman, while reserving half the story, yet felt constrained to throw from her soul the hidden knowledge of blood. But when I professed to know this, I merely suspected it. You were helpless, and I took advantage of your helplessness. You were surprised into loving me. Your circumstances are now very different; and there is one with you who has in every way a more just claim to your love. He will make you happier than I could. When you come to understand what family honour means, you will find that you would have been poorly mated with me . . . Though you weep so bitterly, I see that you feel the truth of what I say. Your love for him is the love of a life-time. Why should my poor dreams stand in the way of your and his happiness? . . . Nay, I will not remain longer. 'You know not what to say to me'! Is not, then, your silence enough! . . . One last kiss, Stephanie—ever Stephanie to me—one more touch of your hand! What can I do more for you, dearest, than sacrifice my own happiness to yours! Yet once more, my sweet! There, and there! . . . Farewell!"

It is a strange, strange feeling, like the feeling of a great bereavement. As when death has visited a house, the full sense of separation comes not till the loved remains are carried from the door; so it was with me: I felt as if I had some hold upon her till the last Sicilian hill has

died from my sight, and now I know that she is lost to me for ever. What is this that I have done? Might I not have avoided it? Was it not my accursed pride? And shall I no more twine that dark hair round my fingers, no more play with these little hands? Is she indeed dead to me? Dead, dead—as good as dead!

Who was this Stephanie that sometime filled all my heart, and unconsciously taught me more of the true blessedness of life, and the true nature of the central love than all the doctrinal training of my early years? Was she a living, breathing being?—Yes, I had her in these arms. Oh, it is true bereavement; true indeed—desperately true! I know that I am on the deck of a ship, that we are furiously steaming for Malta. I know all that. I know all the geography of it, and the topography, if you will. Yet I know not where I stand. There is something gone, something essential, something vital, gone. Ah, surely there is divinity in the love of a woman; for how could a little figure, with dark hair and drooping eyes, account for all this change! I see all that is going on before me. Far from being dreamy and abstracted, I am most wretchedly observant. I have watched that cigar in that gentleman's mouth, dwindling and dwindling till it astonishes me that he does not burn his moustache with the cherished end. There is a lady opposite me, reading, who has turned over exactly sixty-seven pages since I sat me down here. I cannot tell what has impelled me to count them, except that I am glad to take refuge in anything. I am glad to observe; and every new observation calls up a thousand reminiscences, all circling sadly round the loved and lost.

As good as dead! Yet I doubt not she is happy. At least, a little while and I shall be forgotten, and the real love of all her lifetime will fill her heart, and she *must* be happy. Why should I feel this half reproachfully? Do I not wish to be forgotten? Was not the storm of thanks, in the midst of which I parted from them all, a positive pain to me? Did I not wish that I had glided out of sight unperceived? . . . Ah yet, I hope she will remember me, and name my name, when, by night or by day, her spirit rises on the wings of prayer to a sphere where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.

I ask myself, as before, what is this womanhood that it should thus become to me the all-in-all of the universe? Was my former life a mere negation, my former happiness a mere delusion? Or had I reached a climacteric in my individual life, towards which the course of years and the inevitable laws of that great nature of which I am a part irresistibly carried me, against the advent of which it were as vain to struggle as against increase of stature or the hoariness of age? Was then this beauteous face only what, in the philosophy of my college days, I would have called the *occasion*, and not the *cause*?

If this be so, why such despair? If I have reached a period when womanhood becomes a

necessity—when the soul, opening up to the wondrous tendency of all things towards unity, becomes conscious of its own isolation, and, unable visibly and sensibly to embrace the infinite love, clings in default thereof to the mortal type, and finds satisfaction in what is after all only the shadow and the foretaste—if years and inevitable development have brought me to this, why confine my aspirations to one impossible object, as if there were not other hearts equally full of goodness, and equally responsive to the longing of a worthy love! Is my own loved land not full of beauty, and brave honesty the surest path to attainment? Why should my heart be desolate, as if the world were dead, and my poor name the last syllables of recorded time?

* * * * *

One arrowy ray from the memory of Stephanie pierced this panoply of philosophy. It needed not to seek the joints of the harness. Right through the breastplate it sped, till the winged tip was wet with my heart's best blood.

* * * * *

In what then shall I take refuge? Is *endurance* likewise the mere philosophy of cloud-land?

Nay. There was One who lived it—sanctified it—glorified it.

* * * * *

Malta again; the second time since I heard from Mr. Delby at Pisa that Mrs. Delby was dead, and that he purposed returning to England with his boy. Malta, Marseilles, Lyons, Paris! And Winslow, the dear fellow, so full of my story that he seems to think it an insignificant thing to tell me that Iveron's portrait, exhibited in the "Beaux Arts," has gained him a name and something more substantial. Boulogne again! How the time has fled, with all the burden of events that it has borne along with it! Has it brought no lesson with these joys, and all these griefs? Yes; one great lesson, now written on my heart as with a pen of diamond: the straight path, the path on which the old home-light falls, is the path that leads furthest from temptation.

* * * * *

How strange to awake in the same little bed in the same hotel at Boulogne? Have not my old dreams proved prophecies, my dreams of just a year ago? Have not I been a slave in that villain's hands, who now roams I know not where? Has not this poor machine been wound round and round, and round? And now comes the sunlight streaming into the same little chamber, gleaming on the polished floor, and rousing me up to look on the same sparkling sea, beyond which are still all that my soul loves—all alive, and well, and waiting! Thank God! Thank God!

Did I say *all*? Time, which giveth many victories, will yet enable me to say *all*.

MY CHILDHOOD'S PAST.

A life gone by and hid,
Eve's sombre curtains spread
To shroud the dying day:
A meekly drooping head
Beneath a coffin-did,
At rest for aye!

Such is my Childhood's Past.
But stay awhile, old Time,
And let me lift the pall,
And while the midnight's chime
Rings out o'er wind and blast,
My youth recal.

The drapery of the shroud,
Each little plait and fold
I draw aside with care.
How fixed and still and cold
Those features once so proud!
How damp the hair!

I take the rigid hand,
I hold it in my own,
I press it to my heart:
But clenched and cold as stone,
It mocks me as I stand,
And bids—depart!

I have no influence now
Upon the dead old Past.
Once to my quivering voice
Glad hearts beat echo fast;
But that was long ago—
In bygone joys.

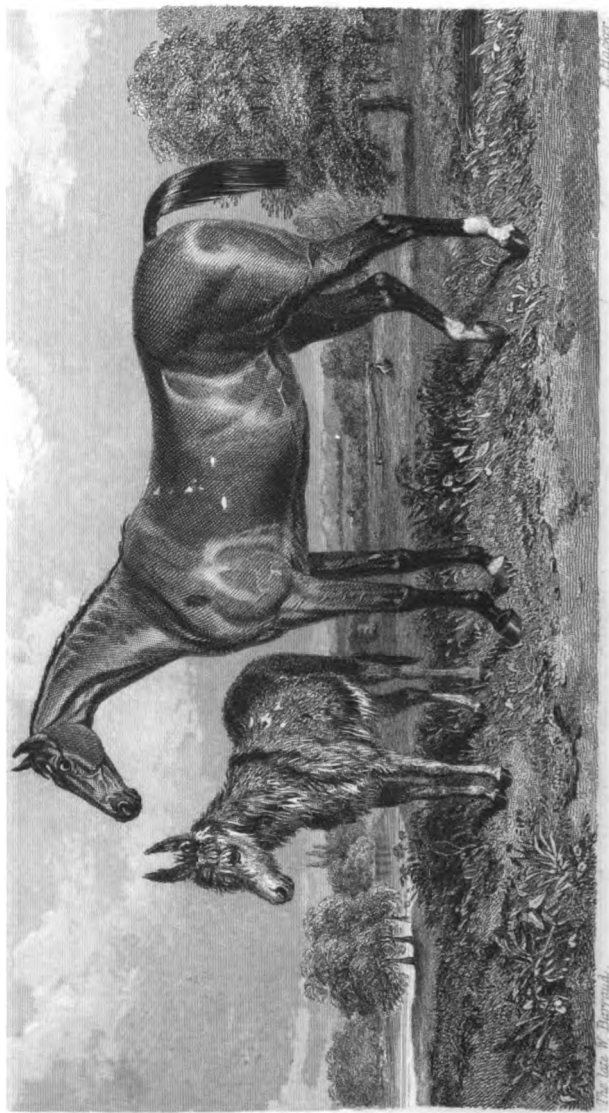
Once eyes looked into mine,
Laughed in my hours of glee,
Smiled in my calmer bliss:
Or, when grief came to me,
Met me with answering brine,
With tears—like *this*!

But now the eyes are glazed,
The plaintive voice is hushed,
The warm lips chill with dew,
My hopes low and crush'd.
Yet God above be praised—
I bud anew!

And in my deep-down heart
There is a hidden pool
Fringed by the moss of years,
Where, as on waters cool,
Mirrors a higher part
On present tears!

Heaven is up above;
Heaven looks down on me;
And my belov'd ones come
Softly and tenderly,
Flinging their shadowed love
Over my home!

F. C. E.



"Bundy and the Donkey"

THE LANE OF BARNUM

THE MANUSCRIPTS OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

BY C. RUSSELL.

That drawing must have preceded writing seems an established fact, since it is more natural to reproduce by a figure, however uncouth, the object we wish to remember, than to express its name by conventional signs, which could only be used when the circle of ideas and wants was sufficiently enlarged to necessitate the creation of a graphic language which could represent something beyond material images. However this may be, there is in the human faculty, and in the arts sprung from our requirements and intelligence, nothing more marvellous than the possibility of fixing the fugitive word by characters, and immortalising by the stroke of a pen what would otherwise be transitory; engraving elsewhere than in the memory of man the history of the past, and corresponding with our equals without oral communication. The wise of former ages believed that the art of writing was given to men by their Creator at the same time as the gift of speech, so far did its invention seem to transcend the genius of the sons of Adam. St. Augustine supported this opinion, whilst St. Cyril attributes its invention to Moses; the Greeks gave the honour to Cadmus, the Egyptians to one of their kings, Menes; so we may safely decide that the origin is totally unknown.

As we have already stated, the most ancient writings are figurative, and draw the material object. If this was metaphysical they represented it by a symbol—the cock being the sign of vigilance; the lion, of strength; the rose, of beauty; migratory birds marked the seasons of the year; a serpent biting his tail, or a circle only, eternity, which has neither beginning nor ending. Syllabic or phonetic writing was probably the next step, representing by a sign the different syllables of a word; pretty nearly like the rebus of the present day. For example: figurative writing, to express the word bell-hanger, would draw the man at work; but the phonetic would give a bell and a man; this made writing a more secret thing in the days when the priests of Egypt kept learning to themselves.

The alphabetical writing—which gives a letter to every sound, and allows of our tracing not only names, dates, and positive facts, but also ideas which spring from the world of thought, and for which it acts as a conductor—was adopted by every nation, as the most ancient monuments prove. The invention is attributed to the Phœnicians. The Egyptians knew three kinds, which they used simultaneously. The Romans seem to have employed figurative writing in the most ancient inscriptions on their temples; the Mexicans and Aztecs also knew this primitive writing, and even the savage

tribes of North America traced with colours the remembrance of their wars and hunts on the skins of bisons: may we not also add the tattooing which is practised by the South Sea Islanders as another proof that a certain number of arts and sciences are the common patrimony of the sons of Adam.

All imaginable substances have been employed for the transmission of writing. The most ancient pages of history are written on bricks, stone, or marble, as proved by the temples and pyramids of Egypt, the ruins of Persepolis, Babylon, and Nineveh; many of which have been discovered in our own day: and where incalculable masses of bricks lie covered with characters, the history of these departed nations is there; but who can decipher it? The tables on which the ten commandments were engraved were of stone; the marble walls of the Grecian and Roman temples were loaded with inscriptions; and in the north of Europe, in Denmark, Sweden, and even Iceland, rocks have been found inscribed with runic characters. Of the same description are those wonderful rocks in the desert of Sinai, supposed to have been the work of the children of Israel during their long sojourn in the wilderness, and which are just now engaging the attention of the foremost philologists in England and Germany, in the hopes of finding powerful confirmation of the Mosaic records. As they are high up, above the reach of touch or sight, it is proposed to take photographs of them. The faithful stone has preserved the characters that the chisel traced on it; but the memory of man has lost these ancient languages, so that the bricks of Nineveh, as well as the wave-beaten rocks of the Baltic, are a mystery to our race.

Metals were also used to preserve written records. The laws of the Twelve Tables, which formed the foundation of Roman jurisprudence, were engraved on tables of brass; the works of Hesiod were preserved on leaden plates in the Treasury of the Temple of the Muses in Bœotia; the high priest Aaron and his successors wore on the tiara a plate of gold, engraved with the words, "Holiness to the Lord;" and the names of the twelve tribes of Israel were on twelve precious stones attached to the ephod or sacerdotal vestment; the Jews also used rolls of leather. The Sibylline leaves were written on linen; and the Athenians inscribed the names of the soldiers who died for their country on a silk standard, which they hung in the Temple of Minerva. The laws of Solon were traced on oak boards. Every nation has written on the leaves of trees. Of vegetable substances the Egyptian papyrus was the most generally employed. When King Ptolemy Evergetes forbade its ex-

portation the learned were in dismay; but necessity is the mother of invention, and the Kings of Pergamos, Attalus, and Eumenes, who, above all others, cultivated and protected literature, imagined a new method of preparing the skins of animals, and fabricated parchment, which entirely superseded the papyrus. This article, rolled around a rod of wood or ivory, was used for the transcription of long manuscripts or correspondence; whilst for daily notes the ancients used tablets of ivory or wood, smeared over with wax, that the writing might be effaced at will, and for a pen they used the style or bodkin. This style often became a dangerous instrument; Cæsar, in defending himself against his murderers, wounded one with a blow from his; and Cassian, one of the early martyrs (a schoolmaster), was given up to the malice of his scholars, who killed him with stabs from their pens.

It is a curious distinction of race, that while the Greeks and Romans, with the European nations of the present day, write from left to right, the Jews, and all people of a Semitic origin, do it the contrary way. The ink which the Romans used was a composition very similar to our own; but they also employed gold and silver ink. The emperors of Constantinople signed with a purple-coloured ink. The distance between the lines used to be half-an-inch; then it was tripled, and it has gradually lessened. The most favourite binding was of cedar-wood; its incorruptibility preserved the manuscripts.

The most celebrated public libraries of antiquity were those of Alexandria, founded by Ptolemy Soter, 290 years before Christ, which was burnt by the Caliph Omer in A. D. 640; it contained 700,000 volumes: that of Pergamos; the Palatine library founded at Rome, by Augustus; and the Ulpian library. The invasion of the barbarians would have destroyed all these, had not the monks preserved a part. Great numbers of Syrian MSS., some of romantic age, have within the last thirty years been brought to Europe from that ancient seat of Pagan idolatry and Christian asceticism, the valley of the Natron lakes, in Lower Egypt. The contents are very various. Some are translations of the Greek philosophers and fathers, others biblical and liturgical—a mass of unarranged matter, which Dr. Cureton, our greatest Syriac scholar, has been deciphering for some years past. One large quarto, which was bought by Archdeacon Tattam, belongs to the fifth century, and has been put together by an ignorant monk, from four different copies; the only guide being that he took leaves as nearly the same size as possible, without caring for their being intermingled. In the re-organisation of this, Dr. Cureton has found a very ancient copy of the four Gospels, written in the vernacular tongue in which our Saviour and his disciples spoke.

We are indebted to the Arabs for a second revival of Greek literature. They became acquainted with it in the beginning of the eighth century, and immediately translated the philosophical and medical works into their own

language; so that "the royal library of the Fatimites," says Gibbon, "consisted of 100,000 MSS., elegantly transcribed and splendidly bound, which were lent freely to the students in Cairo." Yet this is moderate compared to the library of the Omniades, in Spain, amounting to 600,000 vols. Cordova, Malaga, Almeria, and Murcia gave birth to 300 writers; and above 70 public libraries were opened in Andalusia. For 500 years Arabic Spain was the fountain-head of learning for Europe, where students from France and Italy repaired to complete their education.

The illuminated MSS., which are to us the most interesting, because of the place they occupy in the history of painting, and the historic hints they supply as to the manners and occupations of medieval times, were entirely the work of the monks and nuns. As the art of illuminating is again revived, and so fashionable among our fair sisters, it will not be uninteresting to them to know something of MSS. which have a world-wide fame, and which are within the reach of many of them. A convent without a library, it was proverbially said, was like a castle without an armoury; and in every large abbey there was an apartment called the scriptorium, where many writers were constantly busied in transcribing not only the service-books of the choir, but books for the library. Estates were often granted for the support of the scriptorium. A monk of Hyde Abbey is mentioned as having in one year transcribed Terence, Boethius, Suetonius, and Claudian, illuminating the initials and forming the brassen bosses of the covers with his own hands; and the scarcity of parchment alone prevented a much larger increase of MSS.

The style of these earlier works, which belong to the sixth and seventh centuries, was evidently of the Byzantine school; to which at this time artists of all countries looked for instruction; the chief features of which are extreme intricacy of pattern, interwoven with animals, and terminating in the heads of serpents and birds. They are adorned with plates of gold, and sometimes with emeralds, sapphires, and pearls. "Not being able to make them beautiful, they made them rich."

We have a splendid example in the "Durham Book" of the end of the seventh century. But when we reach a later period, we find the art of illumination more cultivated than ever. Artists of first-rate talent were employed in adorning books with exquisite miniatures, many of which are preserved as gems of art; the best coming from Flanders, whilst the most elegant initial-letters are found in Italian MSS. The Latin Gospels were a frequent subject for illumination. Two very fine examples are in the British Museum; one richly gilt, on purple vellum, with figures of the Evangelists, the blank pages being covered with elegant mosaics, reminding us of Roman tessellated pavements. On the outside of the other is a relic of its ancient binding—an early carving in ivory, in high relief, representing the Crucifixion, surrounded

by four compartments containing an angel, eagle, and two animals, emblematical of the four Evangelists.

One of the most valuable treasures in the British Museum was bought from Joseph Buonaparte, in 1840, and is a large folio, on vellum, containing a comment upon the Apocalypse, executed in the monastery of Silos, in Old Castile, and completed in 1109. The style of the drawings is half Saracenic; the elegance of the ornaments contrasts strongly with the unskilful rudeness in the designs of men and animals—a circumstance which reminds us of the repugnance among the Arabs to drawing men and living beings. The architecture of the buildings is altogether Moorish; the walls covered with arabesque ornaments and horse-shoe arches, and proves clearly the intercourse which existed between the Moors and Christians in Spain. It occupied not less than twenty years in writing and illuminating.

Many of these MSS. contain drawings representing an author presenting his book to his patron, and so furnish us with portraits of the literary men, as well as of the kings and princes of former days; for few gifts were more acceptable, or more frequently offered among princes and nobles (they only being able to give such expensive articles), than a richly illuminated book. A volume of the Romances of Chivalrie, made by order of the Earl of Shrewsbury, the "warlike and martial Talbot" of Shakespeare, was presented by him to Margaret of Anjou. At the beginning of the book is a superb miniature, representing Talbot dressed in the robes of the Order of the Garter, offering it to the Queen, who is seated beside her husband, Henry the Sixth. It is accompanied by a dedication in French verse, in which Talbot, among other things, says that the volume was made for her instruction and entertainment, and that it was written in French; that, "after she had learnt English, she might not forget her native tongue." The first story recounts the conquests of Alexander and his wonderful adventures; this is followed by the metrical romances of Charlemagne, of Ogier of Denmark, of King Pontus, of Guy of Warwick, &c.

Another very interesting series of illuminations which our national library possesses belong to the writings of Christine de Pisan. The opening picture contains the portraits of two celebrated women, Isabelle of Bavaria, Queen of France, and the poetess herself offering this identical volume which she had received the queen's order to make for her, and therefore had caused it to be written, chaptered (i.e., adorned with initials), and illuminated in the best manner. We have the representation of a royal room in the fifteenth century, the ceiling supported by elegant rafters of wood, the couch (then a rare article of furniture), the carpet thrown over the floor, and, above all, the singular dresses of the queen and her ladies; the head-dresses being of the large two-horned fashion, then so common. A bed is in one corner of the apartment, at the foot of which lies a

greyhound, and on the queen's robe sits a pet lapdog.

Christine was one of the most remarkable women of her time. She was the daughter of Thomas de Pisan, a famous scholar of Bologna, who in 1368, when his daughter was five years of age, went to Paris at the invitation of Charles the Fifth, who made him his astrologer. He grew rich by the munificence of his royal patron, and educated Christine, greedy of learning, with the greatest care: so that she became celebrated as one of the most learned ladies of the age. She married a gentleman of Picardy named Stephen de Castel, whom the king appointed one of his secretaries. But the prosperity of this accomplished family was destined to be short. Charles the Fifth died, and with him the pension of the father ceased, and, reduced to poverty, he died broken-hearted. A contagious disease carried off De Castel a few years after, leaving his widow and three children in poverty. From this time she dedicated herself to literary compositions, and by the fertility of her talents gained patrons. She was thrown on dangerous and troublous times, and, though a woman, did not hesitate to enter into the controversies which tore her adopted country. On one side she took an active part with the celebrated Chancellor Yvion in writing against the "Roman de La Rose;" and on the other by her political treatises. She attempted to arrest the storm which was breaking over France, and welcomed the appearance of the Maid of Orleans. Her writings, which are very numerous, are collected in the Imperial Library at Paris, all adorned with illustrations.

Of the "Roman de La Rose" we may say that, for nearly three centuries, scarcely any literary production, if we except the English poem of "Piers Ploughman," enjoyed so great a popularity. It was begun by a French poet named Guillaume de Lorris, who died in 1260, and was continued by Jean de Meun—a man of rank and fortune as well as a poet of high reputation—in 1305. The work frequently transgresses all our notions of delicacy. But this was not its greatest fault in the age when it was most read. It is also filled with bitter satire against the monks, and contains some notions on politics which were more liberal than were then likely to be agreeable. The consequence was that the book was at times persecuted, and one of the great pillars of the church said that "he would no more condescend to pray for the soul of its author than he would for that of Judas!" It was partly translated by Chancer. The manuscript copies are numerous; and it would be impossible to point out any miniatures more beautiful than those of the splendid copy in the Harleian MS. The plot of the romance is uninteresting. The dreamer finds a gate which is opened to him by Idleness, and he enters a beautiful garden. While he is contemplating the beauty of the ladies in the court of Pleasure he is pursued by Love, who is armed with five arrows. The fugitive arrives at a fountain, sees a beautiful rose-tree, and is seized with the de-

sire of gathering a rose: at the same moment he becomes an easy prey to his pursuer. The rest of the poem is employed in relating the troubles and disappointments which the lover experiences in his attempts to obtain the rose; but, being befriended by Love, and his mother Venus, he finally gains his object. Our old poet Gower, in his allegorical poem, the "*Confessio Amantis*," imitated this romance. A fine vellum MS. of this work is also in the British Museum. It is a singular monument of the poetry of the age, and was written by command of Richard the Second, and first printed by Caxton, the father of English printers: but the verses are heavy and spiritless compared to his great contemporary Chaucer, who shines like a sun amid the small stars surrounding him.

The history of Thebes, with that of Troy, the wanderings of *Æneas*, and the conquests of Alexander, were the four stories of antiquity which figure most among the middle-age romances. The first three were considered members of the same cycle. The prologue to an old MS., in French, of the story of Thebes, describes it as "*Li Roumans de Tiebes, qui fu racine de Troie la grant*." It appeared early in French verse: at a later period, in the thirteenth century, it was given in French prose in a book which was long popular, and of which the MSS. are often richly illuminated. John Lydgate appears to have been the first who translated it into English. He was the immediate successor of Chaucer, and the MS. was written towards the latter end of the fifteenth century. The interest felt in "*Troy the Great*" was not only because of the feats of chivalry connected with it, but because most of the people of Western Europe had begun to lay claim to a fabulous origin from some of the Trojan chiefs, who were supposed to have wandered over the world after the ruin of their country. We frequently meet with anonymous accounts of the Siege of Troy in old manuscripts, and it finds a place in chronicles which pretend to trace back the history of the country, to which they relate, to its origin. About the middle of the twelfth century there was composed in England a very long and curious Anglo-Norman poem on the Siege of Troy, extending to upwards of thirty thousand lines, by a *trouvère* named Benoit de Sainte Maure.

It will easily be imagined that all these writers on the Trojan war had no great acquaintance with the works of Homer, which they considered of little value or authority. This Sainte Maure, after telling us that Homer was a "marvellous clerk," assures us that, living more than a hundred years after the event, he could not possibly know much about it.

There is a splendid illumination of the rebuilding of Troy by Priam, after it had been sacked by Hercules, on an unusually large leaf of vellum, now in the possession of M. Debruge, at Paris. Although the whole is full of exaggeration and fancy, yet its parts are curious examples of the domestic architecture of the age. The houses and shops are particularly interest-

ing. In front is a richly embellished gateway, the right side of which seems to be occupied as a chemist's shop. Under one arch the chemist or apothecary is weighing out his drugs, in another his man is employed in pounding them in a mortar. The wares exposed for sale in the row of shops in the street are not so easily determined. One of them is occupied by a merchant, who appears to have on sale shoes, stockings, hats, and caps.

Among the most beautiful specimens in our British Museum, and which is considered so valuable, that the leaves have been separately mounted, and covered with glass to save them from accidents, is a MS. purchased of Mr. Newton Scott—one of the *attachés* to the embassy at Madrid, who bought it there. It is a genealogy relating to the regal house of Portugal, and appears to have been executed about 1507, in the time of the Emperor Maximilian. It is certainly the work of Flemish artists. Among the many interesting portraits it contains, not the least so is that of Constantia, the second wife of John of Gaunt, elder daughter of Peter, King of Castile, in whose right he assumed the title, and in the reign of Richard the Second invaded Spain in order to obtain his kingdom, but by treaty abandoned his rights for a sum of money. She is represented in a crimson velvet robe, cut square on the bosom, a horned head-dress, richly ornamented with jewels, and a lap-dog in her hand. Another remarkably beautiful portrait is that of her eldest daughter, Philippa, who married John the First, King of Portugal, in 1387. The period of this international alliance was one of the most splendid in the annals of that kingdom, and Queen Philippa seems to have infused some of the enterprising spirit of her countrymen into her children; for her third son was distinguished by his love of science and travelling, visiting Africa, Asia, and Europe: so that when, after a long absence, he returned, his countrymen looked on his appearance as miraculous, supposing he had dropped down from heaven. The fourth son (Henry) was a great navigator, and made many discoveries and conquests on the distant coasts of Africa. Isabella, her daughter, was married to Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy.

In the famous library of the Duke of Roxburghe, was a MS. which appears to have been written in the time of King Edward the Third, and has since been purchased by the British Museum for the sum of two hundred pounds. It contains a copy of the French romance of "*King Meliadus*," who, according to the romance of the "*Round Table*," was the father of the famous Tristan, one of Arthur's knights, and a "*preux chevalier*." His story, being a series of combats and hardy adventures, differs from that of Tristan, in the fact that the latter is a tale of love and chivalry; while the brave acts of Meliadus originated from no other stimulus than his own attachment to noble actions: "*Quar ce que il fist, il ne fist mie par forces d'amour, mès par force de son cors seule-*

ment: de sa propre bonté li vint de faire bien, non de force d'amours." It is not surprising that the illuminations consist of battle-scenes and tournaments. The latter are always accompanied by numerous figures of ladies seated in the balconies, and furnishing us with every variety of head-dress both in form and colour, which afforded a never-failing subject of satire. The pictures are interesting to an artist as being in various stages of progress; some only sketches, others half-finished. Here and there some subjects of interest are introduced, as views of town, and the earliest known drawing of a group of card-players.

Froissart's *Chronicles* were another favourite subject for illumination; a fine copy is in our museum. One highly-finished illustration in it refers to a tragical event which occurred at a masquerade in the reign of Charles the Sixth of France, in 1393. One of the Queen's ladies, a widow, was to be married, and in that age the marriage of widows was celebrated with the most riotous mirth, every one being permitted to say or do what he liked. One of the King's favourites, Hugh de Guisay, suggested that the King and five of his knights should be equipped as satyrs, sewed up in vests of linen, and externally covered with a coating of rosin and pitch, on which tow was attached to make them look like goats, their faces being covered with hideous masks. Thus disguised they rushed into the banquetting hall, howling like wolves, dancing and leaping about in the most uncouth and extravagant style. In the midst of the confusion the Duke of Orleans and the Comte de Bar arrived, and thinking to add to the merriment and frighten the ladies, they set fire to the hairy covering of some of the masquers. The pitch and rosin caught the flame, and the satyrs became in a few seconds so many blazing fires; as the dresses had been sewed on it was impossible to free them, and they ran from one side to the other uttering excruciating cries. The young Duchesse de Berry threw her dress over the King, who was at the moment apart from his companions, so that no spark could fall on him, and he was thus saved. One of the knights, with great presence of mind, rushed into the kitchen and threw himself into a large tub of water, and thus saved himself; the others burnt about half-an-hour, two died on the spot, and two afterwards. The King was thrown into a long fit of madness, to which he was subject. The plate shows the ladies of the Court and the masquers; and the tub of water has also been brought into the hall by a kind of permitted licence, and it seems inexplicable why they could not all have been saved by plunging into it.

It is well known that prayer-books, bibles, and psalters were among the most precious of these illuminated MSS. A very tasteful one goes by the name of Queen Mary's psalter, and is embellished with an extraordinary number of pictures; as the old embroidered cover is preserved, with the brass corners and clasps, it is kept in a case. The contents are—first, a series of pictorial illustrations of the Bible, described

in the French language, as it was spoken in England in the fourteenth century; second, a calendar, with illuminations at the heads of the pages; third, the psalter and litany, in Latin, each page of which has a drawing in the margin, some consisting of burlesque designs of natural history, fables, sports; and others, illustrations of lives of the saints, which seem much more appropriate. The history of this MS. is somewhat curious: in the unsettled times of the Reformation it was on the point of being carried over to the Continent, but was seized at the Custom-house, and presented to Queen Mary, who had just ascended the throne; a Latin inscription at the end states the fact. One of the illustrations represents a feast, and a harper is seated beside the table; the minstrels or *jogeleurs* forming a very important part of a banquet in the amusement of the guests; they chanted the ancient romances of chivalry, or the exploits of the master of the feast, or his family; and when the party were merry with drinking, they sang laughable stories called *fabliaux*, which were of a very gross description, great numbers of which are preserved. The minstrels were also called to perform in the monasteries and halls of ecclesiastics; but we may be allowed to suppose that there they sang pious subjects, the religious *fabliaux* or *contes devots*, which are also common in old MSS.

In the Imperial Library in Paris may be seen a rich collection of these mediæval relics of literature and art. The library of the Louvre contains the celebrated "Book of Hours," given by Charlemagne to the city of Toulouse; it is written in letters of gold upon purple parchment, and covered with red velvet. Petrarch's beautiful manuscript of Cicero's "*Epistola ad Atticum*" is still to be seen in the library at Florence; it is bound in so cumbersome a fashion, with heavy bosses of steel or brass, that by frequently falling on his left leg it so wounded him that he narrowly escaped amputation. The poet was the model of a collector: his superb MS. volumes, while they gave him delight, contributed to the revival of literature and civilization in Europe. His favourite, Virgil, is interesting for the marks of constant familiarity with its leaves; the margins and vacant spaces being full of annotations, and contain his passionate lines to Laura. The curious miniatures by which the work is illustrated were executed by his friend Simon Memmi, the celebrated painter of Sienna.

The value of such books was immense: grants of land, castles, flocks of sheep, were not too high a payment for them. We read of a Countess of Anjou in the tenth century purchasing a single MS., "*The Homilies of Aymon of Halberstadt*," for two hundred sheep, fifteen quarters of corn, and a number of marten skins. The Dante of 1481, presented by Landino to the Republican Government of Florence, procured him, in return, the grant of a castle; and, at the very time the printing-press was in embryo, Panormita sold an estate in Sicily in order to buy a *Livy*, beautifully copied by Poggio. Perhaps the highest price ever given was in our own

day, at the sale of the Duke of Roxburghe's collection in 1812, when the contest was between Earl Spencer and the Marquis of Blandford for the Valdarfer Boccaccio of 1471; the sum of £2,260 was paid by the latter nobleman for a volume which his opponent bought seven years later for £918 15s. A century before, it had been purchased by the Duke of Roxburghe's grandfather for £100: it is probably the only complete copy in existence, that in the Ambrosian Library being deficient in one leaf, and that in the Imperial Library at Paris wanting three.

France has always been the favoured home of decorative art, and Francis the First was a monarch who much advanced the civilization of his subjects by giving his patronage to science and literature, and by showing his personal avidity for knowledge and instruction. He spent an immense sum in collecting MSS. from Italy and Greece, and was in frequent correspondence with the most learned men of the age. His own library bore traces of the same love of elegance which made the Field of the Cloth of Gold so memorable; his books were stamped with gold, with his device, and figures of the salamander and fleur-de-lys—a coveted mark with collectors.

But it was the gallant King's treasurer, Grolier, who was the acknowledged prince of "fine copies," for he profited by his intercourse with Budæus, Erasmus, and the Aldus family, to make one of the largest and choicest collection of MS. books, and medals ever possessed. In his long life of eighty-six years he amassed treasures of a literary and historical interest that would have been inappreciably valuable could they have been kept together until now; but they were all dispersed by the hammer, after his death, in 1675. A contemporary collector was the fair, but frail, Diana of Poitiers, who ruled the King and the Kingdom of France in the days of Henry the Second, Francis's son. Her talents and beauty were so great that Beza and Pasquier said she owed her influence to magic. All her volumes were elegantly bound, and are known by a cipher—the double D interlaced with H—accompanied by her devices, the interlaced crescent, moons, and crowned H.

The illustrious De Thou was born with the spirit of a collector; the amusement of his boyhood was the illumination of scraps of old vellum, and he formed one of the choicest libraries in Europe. During a period of forty years, amid the pressure of onerous public duties, and the wars and disasters of the Leagues, he laboured to make his collection the first of its kind, sparing neither pains nor expense, purchasing several copies of the same work, that he might select the best leaves from each. He expended no less than 20,000 crowns on binding alone, and left strict injunctions that his library should be preserved; but in vain: they were dispersed by auction just before the Revolution, three of the vols. being bought by Col. Stanley for £136.

One of our earliest and most munificent collectors was Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester, the groundwork of whose library began in 1425, when the English took Paris,

and seized upon nine hundred volumes of MSS.: they were preserved in three chambers in the Louvre, which were wainscoted with Irish oak, and ceiled with cypress, curiously carved, the windows of painted glass, and fenced with iron bars. About 1440 he gave to the University of Oxford 600 vols., only 120 of which were valued at £1,000; they were the most splendid and costly copies that could be procured, finely written on vellum, and elegantly embellished with miniatures and illuminations. Only a single specimen of these valuable volumes has been suffered to remain: it is a beautiful MS. in folio, of Valerius Maximus, enriched with exquisite decorations; all the rest looked like missals, and, conveying ideas of popish superstition, were destroyed by the pious visitors in the reign of Edward the Sixth, whose zeal was equalled only by their ignorance.

The Earl of Worcester, who lived in the reign of Henry the Sixth, and was put to death by Warwick in 1470, was an ardent lover of books, and contributed nobly to the rising library of Oxford. On his return from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, after residing some years at Padua and Venice, making great purchases of MSS. in both places, he repaired to Rome to satisfy his longing curiosity with a sight of the library of the Vatican, and drew tears of delight from Pope Pius the Second by a Latin oration he pronounced before him. To the gallant Anthony Woodville, Earl Rivers, the restoration of learning was greatly indebted; he was brother to the Queen of Edward the Fourth, and was beheaded, most unjustly, by Richard the Third, in 1483; he was one of Caxton's greatest patrons, and in a manuscript copy of one of his translations preserved in the Archbishop's library at Lambeth, there is an illumination, in which the Earl is introducing Caxton to Edward, his Queen, and the Prince. But the subject is endless, and we must close with an anecdote or two.

There are some curious volumes in Lord Coke's library at Holkham, in the covers of which are to be seen hollow recesses, which were used in the time of the civil wars as receptacles for money and jewels. Stories of books being employed as banks are not rare, and some of our readers may recollect hearing of the difficulty of certain executors in administering to the will of a deceased friend for want of £700, which was noted as being "in till." The defunct not having kept a till the money was given up for lost, until it was remembered that a folio volume of Tillotson was among the books that had been sold. The bookseller's shop was visited in haste, the volume re-purchased, and, though a clergyman had had it away for inspection, the sum in bank-notes was found intact.

That many of these valuable MSS. are abstracted and sold away from libraries is a well-known fact. M. Siret, the librarian at Rheims, used to say that no man was to be trusted alone with rare and curious books that did not belong to him. "My dear sir," said he one day to a collector, of whom he had the greatest mistrust, "when you come to the library you shall sit at

this table close by me; my pen, ink, and paper shall be at your service; I have such a regard for you that I cannot bear you out of my sight." The gentleman took the hint and troubled him no more. When Courtois, of the National Convention, so notorious for the abstraction of Marie Antoinette's will, visited the Rheims library, this same M. Siret, who kept a keen eye on the visitor and his companion, missed a "Florus" of the fifteenth century—one of the gems of the collection. He said nothing until the two were about to depart, when he locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and said: "Gentlemen, have you heard what a suspicious sort of man I am? I have the horrible idea that

one of us is a thief. Pardon me the thought: perhaps it is myself: let us see: there are my pockets emptied! Now it is your turn, M. Bequet." This was the companion of Courtois, who submitted with a good grace: while Courtois himself was turning round and round, coughing, grimacing, and stooping down. "Do not stir, M. Courtois; your turn will come." "Allons," cried the thief, "quel diable d'homme, voila!" (I see I must give it back), and threw the volume on the table. "Why were you not as careful of your 'Council of Trent?' François de Neufchâtel would not then have made a trophy of it before the First Consul."

THE YOUNG LADY ON A VISIT.

(A Reminiscence of Lothario Lovemall.)

BY JAMES M'GRIGOR ALLAN.

"I know a maiden fair to see—
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be—
Beware! beware!
Trust her not—
She is fooling thee!"—LONGFELLOW.

I am still a susceptible man: "but time was," when as a youth I first looked out upon the world from a beautiful American village on the banks of a broad river, that a "young lady" comprised in my mind the sum of all earthly blessings. To see and dream about this exquisite compound of angel and mortal, to know that such beings existed near me, was sufficient to fill my cup of happiness almost to running over—not quite, however. I had "The Pleasures of Hope," a heaven of anticipation to increase my present felicity. My "*kakor*," my "*sum-mum bonum*" would arrive, when I should attain to the privilege of knowing young ladies—of becoming acquainted, through a regular introduction, with those *dear creatures* (what an expressive word creature is, applied to young ladies!) who now flitted about me, "like phantoms of delight," and were discerned dimly through a mist (of hashfulness) in my daily walks abroad, at church, at parties, and at picnics. Thus I should be supremely blest—a man "*totus teresque rotundus*"—equally removed above the storms of adversity, and the vain discontent which disturbs the bosoms of ordinary mortals.

But this bliss was not impatiently desired,

but waited for, even as the sensible orthodox clergyman, while painting Paradise in the most alluring colours to his flock, personally enjoys this sublunary world, reconciles himself to the will of Providence, and is in no hurry to quit it for a better. I pass my time, therefore, in delightful reveries, in which I attempt to analyze the probable state of my feelings when I am admitted to the acquaintance of grown-up young ladies. What! shall I dance, promenade, talk, ride, perhaps flirt, with young ladies, and be like other men who can do these things, and still live?

I am older. I am approaching the termination of my fourth lustre. People have begun to call me Mr. Lovemall. I am not vain, I am not conceited; but I am self-reliant, and I wonder that young ladies do not look into my heart and discover the hidden treasure laid up there for somebody. I am getting acquainted with young ladies. I find all my most sanguine anticipations realized: but I have done nothing rash. I have shown no symptoms of the unsettlement of my reason from sudden joy. I question my heart as to the cause of this strange tranquillity, and a voice whispers it is because I am

not in love. So I make frantic efforts to fall into this enviable state of bondage. I go out wherever I am asked: I accompany young ladies in walks, in geological and botanizing expeditions. When I hear of a new beauty arrived in F—, I make Herculean efforts to obtain an introduction. I write verses in albums; I accept politely worded invitations, which, in my ignorance of the world, I do not know are never intended to be accepted; and I go out to the country, and stay for a day or two—much, doubtless, to the gratification of the young lady or ladies who have bewitched me; though the old folks wish me devoutly anywhere else: and I also accept invitations of another kind, which are meant to be accepted, and go for a week and stay a month; and then come partings, which, to quote my favourite poet, Byron,

“Press the life from out young hearts.”

Well, these things are not to be done with impunity. I certainly have heartaches occasionally, and I rather think inflict heartaches on others; but, unaccountable as it may seem, Cupid's bolt still passes on, leaving me

“In *manly* meditation, fancy free.”

But who can control his fate? Where I least expected it—where I had become proud of the impunity I enjoyed—where with the most single-hearted intentions and the most humble opinion of my own powers of pleasing I was endeavouring to make myself generally agreeable (imitating the little busy-bee in roving from flower to flower, and consequently, I must confess, earning from ill-natured people the character of “an arrant flirt,” “a male coquette,” “a would-be lady-killer,” “a vain coxcomb,” “a conceited puppy,” “a heartless trifler with female affection,” “a gallant gay Lothario,” and other titles of a similar complimentary nature)—I fell a victim to “a young lady on a visit!”

“The young lady on a visit” belongs, if I may so express myself, to a *class* especially dangerous to the peace of mind of susceptible bachelors. Our hearts are proof (at least I know mine was) against beauty which we see periodically, daily or weekly; but beware of “the young lady on a visit!” She is the captivator, the conqueror, the destroyer! But let me tell my sad tale methodically. Most susceptible men possess refined minds and artistic tastes. Need I say that such was my case? I was in the habit of making pencil-sketches of my friends, which were generally considered happy likenesses. I had long promised to do one for a married friend, a Mr. Jones, and had omitted to fulfil my promise. One day he politely reminded me of the circumstance. I blushed at my forgetfulness. Let me confess, however, that I then discovered that a very beautiful stranger, a young lady, whom I had frequently seen walking with a younger brother of my friend, was staying on a visit at his house. He had mentioned her name more than once,

and I, in my dulness and stupidity, had always pictured a maiden-lady of fifty. Who could have imagined that “Miss Primmer” was identical with the young and beautiful stranger? I fly home; I seize my sketching materials, and rush to my friend's house. If I thought Miss Primmer beautiful in her walking-dress, what do I think of her now that I behold her in all the ravishing effect of morning costume!

I sit down to my task doggedly, perseveringly: I make the sketch of my friend. It is handed about; it is admired. Miss Primmer hesitatingly remarks she would value such a sketch of herself—“oh! ever so much!” “Aha!” I say to myself, like the war-horse in Job.

“Upon that hint I spake.”

I offer, then and there, to take her likeness. Miss Primmer will be delighted, if it is not too much trouble. Then occurs a slight deliberation between Mr. and Mrs. Jones, about the propriety of changing her dress, and doing something to her hair, which I over-rule. I would not have the present arrangement of the hair disturbed on any account.

I am rapt in my delightful occupation. I take no thought of the lapse of time. I make an elaborate drawing. How else could I attempt to render the fair oval face, the large almond-shaped eyes, the ruby lips, the waving raven-hued tresses? I could be a week sketching Miss Primmer, and sigh that I had finished then. At last it is done—that is, I am obliged to say it is finished. Though it is the best I have yet made, on a nice sheet of Bristol-board, with a delicate tinge of carmine for the lips and cheeks, of blue for the eyes, and sepia for the hair, I am quite dissatisfied with it as I look at the incomparable original. I feel how far nature transcends art. But everybody thinks it “beautiful” and “so like,” and Miss Primmer actually has the audacity to say she thinks I have flattered her. I intended to pay her a compliment, but my heart was too full to say more than “Impossible!”

Miss Primmer puts her sketch on the piano, and looks at it admiringly, and says, “I'm sure I don't know how to thank you, Mr. Lovemall, for your kindness.”

“Perhaps,” says Mr. Jones, “Mr. Lovemall will give us the pleasure of his company to dinner, and spend the evening with us, if not better engaged; and then you will be able to show your gratitude by giving him some music.”

On that eventful evening I became Priscilla Primmer's *slave*. Every song she sang forged a fresh link in my chain. When she sang “Arise, arise, Zarifa,” I felt there was little fear of my proving a “false Abdallah” to a Zarifa like Priscilla. She put such expression into “Fly to the desert, fly with me,” that I really thought she meant it. I am convinced she was fully persuaded of the truth of these lines—

“For oh! the choice what heart can doubt,
Of tents with love, or thrones without?”

All her songs were about love, which is a re-

markable peculiarity of young ladies' singing in general; and each seemed to portray more perfectly than the preceding one the state of my own feelings towards herself.

I am generally a pretty acute observer, but I confess, with the exception of Priscilla, what she sung and what she said, I remember nothing distinctly which took place that evening. I have a vague reminiscence of a weak and abortive attempt to play a rubber of whist; and even this would have entirely escaped my memory, but for the vivid anguish that was impressed on the countenance of my partner. Priscilla gave me her hand at parting, and she said: "Good-night, Mr. Lovemall, and thank you again for my picture." These may appear common-place words to the reader. I only know they comforted me exceedingly, for the manner in which they were spoken led me to imagine there was a deeper meaning underneath. So true is it, that women have a way of saying the most trivial things, which gives them a great value for us. I go home repeating those farewell words of Priscilla, occasionally singing scraps from "Zarifa," and other songs to which I had been listening, utterly indifferent to any opinions which passers-by might form as to my sanity.

I lie down "to sleep, but not to rest;" I dream that Priscilla and I, mounted on a swift dromedary, are flying from the pursuit of enraged parents and guardians across the Arabian desert. We are overtaken, not by our parents, but by the simoon, which has also been pursuing us (indeed the whole world appears to have turned against us), and just as we were about expiring, wrapped in a last embrace, I was awakened by the voice of my sister, calling from the bottom of the stairs, "Are you never coming down, Lothario? we have nearly finished breakfast." I go down, at length, humming—

"Fly to the desert, fly with me;
Our Arab tents are rude for thee."

"What put that into your head?" says my sister, and a laugh goes round the table. But when did love meet with sympathy from the world?

Several weeks elapse, during which I have seen Miss Primmer daily. It has not escaped my penetrating glance that the younger Jones, a boy, a stripling of seventeen! actually presumes to ingratiate himself with Miss Primmer; and that she, as young ladies will do, is very well pleased to watch the unfortunate and ill-starred youth falling desperately in love with her, and even sometimes to flirt with him, when she cannot get a better substitute. Poor fellow! I pitied young Jones, for I soon saw how the case stood, and that she cared nothing for him. It would indeed have been strange to prefer a beardless boy of seventeen, to a young man who in another month would complete his twentieth year. But, then, boys are so conceited! In spite of the compassion I feel for the poor youth, I reflected that it would serve him right, and prove a good lesson to him.

I and young Jones have been indefatigable

in showing Miss Primmer the environs of our beautiful town or village of F—. On the eventful day fixed as the last of her sojourn, we went to look at the College, which is situated on an eminence, and commands a beautiful view of F— and its noble river. I had Mrs. Jones on my arm, Harry Jones conducted Miss Primmer. Once, as I happened to look behind, I noticed him—impudent young monkey—under pretence of assisting her over a stile, squeezing her hand, which she was endeavouring to get away from him. On our way home we stopped at the public gardens, and here Mrs. Jones left us, either desirous of giving me an opportunity of conversing more unreservedly with Miss Primmer, or "on household cares intent." Then, I rather think master Harry was "*nowhere*." I must, however, do him the justice to say he was very goodnatured and not at all jealous. He seemed only too glad that I should join my entreaties to his to persuade Miss Primmer to prolong her visit.

Here, then, we made common cause together, and our united eloquence evidently shook Miss Primmer's resolution. Amongst other white lies, my coadjutor completely demolished the character of the captain of the steam-boat the which Miss Primmer was to take her departure that evening: according to his description, the Captain was terribly given to drinking; he had been seen to-day more than "half-slued," and he doubted not that before seven o'clock he would be regularly "spifflicated," such was the terrible word by which the narrator expressed the *ne plus ultra* of intoxication.

Poor Miss Primmer turned appealingly to me. "But is it true, Mr. Lovemall? Harry never hesitates at a little embellishment to serve his turn." This was a delicate way of hinting at a fact, which she had long since discovered, that my young friend was a most accomplished fibber. Harry was, meanwhile, winking most furiously at me to support his statement. The Captain was a very handsome dog. I replied: "I am not personally acquainted with Captain Mizzlequick; but common report certainly describes him as dissipated and *fast*. I will not vouch for the truth of the story that he once sacrificed a valuable cargo of hams to make the fire burn brisker when fuel ran short; nor, that he ever invited his passengers to sit on the boiler to keep it from bursting. These *may* be fabrications to his discredit, but I believe that, in common with most Yankee Captains, he shares in the prejudice that the safety of human life is not to be weighed against the reputation of making quick trips. I should certainly recommend you to wait till the day after to-morrow, and go with Captain Slowman.

This last shot of mine told pretty well. It was settled that we should leave the matter undecided—that Miss Primmer should return and consult Mrs. Jones. So we spent the intervening time in sauntering about the garden *tête-à-tête*, à la Marguerite and Faust. Harry was our Mephistophiles. It was not his policy to interrupt or intrude upon us. He evidently

trusted to my influence to persuade Miss Primmer into staying, and, as she lived in his brother's house, he would reap the greatest benefit. No malignant shadow of impending disaster dashed the happiness of this parting interview. What I said, what revelations passed between us must be left to the reader's penetration. I cannot describe our conversation. Her last words, before we arrived at the house, were, "See, poor Harry does look melancholy. You must keep up his spirits, Mr. Lovemall, when I am gone; for I do really think he loves me very much."

The die is cast. Miss Primmer is going. I cannot tell which looks most miserable, Harry or myself, as I bid her farewell on the deck of the steam-boat; I can only get out this sentence—

"If—I—should be—at C—— soon, may I—call?"

"Oh, certainly, I shall be most happy to introduce you to my mamma, and I am sure Mr. Jenkins will be delighted to make your acquaintance."

I did not reflect at the time, but afterwards I found myself frequently asking the question—
"Who the deuce is Jenkins?"

Women have much greater power over their feelings than men. Miss Primmer was smiling archly, as I then fondly imagined, striving to hide her grief by an appearance of good spirits, when the boat swung off from the wharf. She stood at the stern, and waved her handkerchief. I darted off at full speed; I am young and strong, sound in wind and limb. I cleared the town, I gained the open banks of the river, and, as I got some head-start while the boat was getting under way, I managed to keep up with it for some distance. At last I flung myself, exhausted, on the shore, and watched the last flutter of the handkerchief, and strained my gaze on that receding form, till the steam-boat was lost to view by a winding in the river. The state of my mind might then be described by the words from the opera of *La Sonnambula*—

"ALL IS LOST TO ME FOR EVER!"

I never saw Miss Primmer again. Oh, that I had never heard of her! About three weeks afterwards Harry Jones rushed into my room in a very disordered state. He laughed wildly and hysterically as he pointed to a paragraph in a newspaper. I read as follows:

"Yesterday, by the Rev. Mr. Marplot, Mr. John W. Jenkins, teacher in the High School of C——, to Miss Priscilla Primmer, only daughter of the late Peter Primmer, Esq."—

I read no more. The perfidious woman had been engaged to the miserable Jenkins all the time she had been flirting with Harry and myself. Harry had now recovered his speech: "And to a poor devil of a schoolmaster, as ugly as he could be, and blind of an eye. I have seen—the villain!"

That day I made two memorable resolutions—to give up all female society, and to die a bachelor. I adhered strictly to both these reso-

lutions for the space of a fortnight, at the end of which period I renewed my acquaintance with a young lady, between whom and myself a coldness had arisen ever since my intimacy with—
THE YOUNG LADY ON A VISIT!

LOST.

Gone evermore, and gone from me!
Break, break, poor heart, and be at rest!
Wild-birds come from over the sea—
Home, home, home, each one to its nest,
And the sun sinks into the waves,
And the clouds they grow dim and grey!
Ripple and rush, the water laves
The sands at the foot of the bay,
And the night comes down like a dream,
And the world is hushed into sleep;
And a thousand star-lamps gleam
O'er the weary, who watch and weep;
And Death is the hope of despair;
And Life only a long, long pain:
Oh! sad heart, and laden with care,
He comes not—oh, never again!

Bitter it is to question, still,
My own worn heart of his fate;
Bitter the pang that does not kill;
Bitter a life so desolate!
Oh for the power of the winged bird!
Is he true or false to his vow?
Oh God! for a voice that I heard,
Days long gone, to make answer now!
Is he hushed for ever in death?
Or has it the old rich tone?
Whispers it ever, in broken breath,
Of a love that was once my own?

Gone, gone, gone! Wake up, wild wind—
Up, till the deep seas dash along!
Oh! for a voice beyond my kind
To pour my whole soul out in song!
In song, that from earth to heaven
Should reach—reach to his place of rest—
And make, if the power be given,
Him answer why love is unblest!

Him—oh! I loved him! And his love
Was mine. In many a rosy dream
I saw the sunlight break above,
And the days ripple in its gleam.
Oh, but I loved him! All I had
Of love, and faith, and hope I gave.
My rich soul trembled, and was glad,
And my life's pulse beat strong and brave;
Fearlessly I had clung to him,
And blest, though all the world had curst!
Fearlessly hoped and toiled with him,
Though Fortune's darkest storm had burst!

Oh, but I loved him! and he's lost—
Lost evermore, and lost to me!
Waves are breaking around the coast,
And the wind wails over the sea;
And I listen, listen, listen,
Here at the close of the day;
And ever they seem to question
Of the loved and the past away!

R. B. C.

REVERSES; OR, THE STRIKE.

(A Tale.)

BY JOHN D. CARTWRIGHT ("MERLIN").

Gilbert Glennan had risen from the workman's ranks, by the aid of energy, skill, industry, self-denial, and long-enduring perseverance. Early in life he made the attainment of wealth an object—in wealth he saw the "open sesame" to all that is desirable upon earth, the ladder by which he might rise to greatness, fame, and a fuller comprehension of the universe. He went bravely to work, and he succeeded. Success is in itself ennobling, if it be achieved by legitimate means—and the good qualities of Mr. Glennan's nature were developed by it.

All men, I think, agree in respecting their successful fellows; just as a schoolboy likes a fellow who has thrashed him. The essentials necessary for success are themselves sufficient guarantee of a man's nature. Be this as it may, there was not a man in Woberly who did not greatly respect Mr. Glennan, both as an honest man and a successful, upright tradesman. His rise was a work of many years, and only achieved by very slow, almost imperceptible degrees.

At his father's death, which occurred when he was sixteen years of age, he might have been seen passing to and from the factory, morning and noon and night, with the other operatives; or sitting with his mother, after work-hours, in a low-roofed, dingy house, whose rooms scarcely held the necessaries of life. A few years later and we find him working—in the loom of a home operative, in the busy time when ribbons are in large demand—for an hour, or sometimes two, at night, after the factory is closed. And then, with these little hard-won savings, he changes from the factory to a home of his own furnishing, except the loom, which is but hired. He has first, with keen foresight, secured to himself employment, while there is any trade, by cultivating his capacities till his work might be favourably compared with the best loom-work in Woberly—and this was, perhaps, the greatest adjunct to his ultimate success; for it was the interest of his employer to keep Gilbert Glennan's loom going, lest another, by supplying it in a bad time of trade, should secure it in the good one also. Thus there was seldom a time when he had not work to do—as was but the meet reward of his ability and promptness; for it was a rule of his, never to break a promise it was in his power to fulfil. Already was the mother proud of her son, as she went to and fro with his work to the warehouse: and it was a still prouder day for both when the last sum was paid for loom-hire.

It is not with the rise of Mr. Glennan we have

to do in these pages; and we shall not stay to chronicle the events that marked it. With the qualities we have shown him to possess, the reader cannot doubt his ultimate success in life, unless some unexpected event should occur to mar it. Neither will he doubt that it was the result of much self-denial, and the work of many years.

At the time our narrative opens, he has succeeded, and is the proprietor of a factory in Woberly—a master, and still a workman in his new sphere, who has the interests of the operatives as much at heart as any man among themselves. Late in life he set himself to study, and cultivated his intellectual, as he had before his business faculties—not, perhaps, with a like success, but yet sufficiently to ensure himself against the vulgar prejudices and manners which are so peculiarly the characteristics of men who have risen from workmen to masters. With pure and simple tastes, and but little education, he still knew sufficiently the value of letters, and felt keenly enough his own early wants to ensure an excellent education for his children, of whom there were three; and these, at the time our story opens, together with his wife, form Gilbert Glennan's household. His mother, who had lived long enough to see her son rewarded for his industry, was dead—and well it was, for the subsequent events in his history would have caused her many a bitter pang; and, as it was, she died happily and contentedly, with him she was so justly proud of by her side.

It will readily be admitted, that a man of the temperament we have endeavoured to show Mr. Glennan possessed, was likely to be no rash speculator: nor was he. Shrewd, liberal, and, where merit deserved it, generous in the extreme, he was yet a man who calculated chances accurately, and unless there were a few to his favour, nothing would induce him to invest; and this was the cause, the only cause, he gave to men, of whom there were not a few in Woberly, capable of saying evil things of him: but they had no influence on his actions; and, let there be ever so many names down to a charity, or a new company, unless he approved the one and saw the other a safe investment, nothing would induce him to give or to buy. Nevertheless, at the time our tale opens, his entire capital is being consumed in the erection of a new factory and improved machinery, which alone he knows can enable the men of Woberly to compete with those capitalists of other places in England, or foreign merchants. He, moreover, sees in this a ready way to double his ca-

pital; because he will be first in the market—because, without these improvements, Woberly will go to ruin.

"We must keep up in the march of trade, as in that of life," Mr. Glennan said to a large proprietor, who would not embrace the opportunity, and kept his out-of-date modes in operation, while already vigorous capitalists in the North were bringing the improved goods into market and destroying the Woberly trade.

"Why, yes, that's true," said the tardy capitalist; "but we'll wait and see."

"To-morrow we start the steam," said Mr. Glennan, as he sat down to dine with his wife and eldest daughter. "It has been a long work, and an anxious one, too. I was at one time afraid it would stand for want of capital, or that I should have to borrow—and it's overlate in life for me to begin that, when I have done without for so many years, and all uphill work, too; but I should like to purchase the Close, and build my operatives houses."

"Indeed, papa, I do wish that were possible. Aunt Milner and I have been distributing to-day along the lower town, and I am sure we shuddered before the doors, the houses were so dirty!" said Mary, and her father looked with delight on her fair face as she spoke.

It was a face to fill all beholders with delight, sweet, innocent, and beautiful as the face of a flower. Once seen—though it were but for a moment—in the street, such a face would never be forgotten! It seemed to beam with bashfulness, love, and womanliness.

"Ah, I knew it would please you, Mary," her father said; "and it is needless to say how I regret it can't be done—that is, not at present. By-and-bye, when this new place has returned me tenfold, as it must, why, then it shall; and you shall help us what you can."

"Oh, if I could really help in it, do it now, I would give up Paris, music—anything to help it on!" Mary exclaimed: "for I am sure there are hundreds of children die every year through those nasty, crowded, unhealthy houses! Why don't they build each one a house in itself?"

"They do now, because the law compels them; but it will be a long time before those built are taken down, Mary."

"Yes; but why don't they go and live in the new ones, then? I never shall understand it all; but you must not think me tiresome, papa"—and Mary went round to where he sat, and kissed him—"you won't think me troublesome, will you? And I do want to know all about it."

"No: I like you to inquire, Mary, and to feel an interest in these people, with whom my sympathies will always be; for I am, as it were, one of themselves," said her father, passing his fingers down her curls. "But, you see, their earnings are small; and they, not so frugal as they might be, cannot afford to pay the larger rents asked for the new homes—at least, they cannot easily understand that it would be cheaper, as it certainly must in the end, for it would give them health to work on, and save the cost of medicine often."

"Oh, yes, I can understand that; for there is nearly always somebody ill down there; and Milly Shenstone—you know Milly?" said Mary, pausing for her father to assent, and then continuing—"well, Milly's brother Tom is dying of consumption; and I am sure it's all through the nasty place he lives in. Oh, I am so interested in Milly, poor girl! She's been waiting to get married for months; and first her mother dying, then the strike, and now Tom, have put it off: so she will have to wait yet."

"I fear she will, Mary; for trade gets worse instead of better; and Milly is not the girl to get married blindly."

"Of that I am quite sure," said Mary: "and they are so poor now, it takes all the little she might save to get things for her brother."

"Well, when her father goes to work at the new place, we must see about getting them into a new house, where Tom will have a chance."

"And you start to-morrow, pa'?"

"Yes, the steam is getting up now for the first time. It has been a long and anxious time to me, and I have had fears about its success. But I am reassured; and, if trade will keep good, it must succeed."

"And shall you have work for all the old hands?" asked Mary Glennan.

"Not at first; but before long I hope. You see, with this new machinery one loom will do the work of three old ones; and therefore the rate of wages may be, if not increased, at least kept up to the old standard."

"I am so glad of that, pa'; for I am sure the men and women earn little enough now."

"Ah, but they are reducing them now; and there is talk of another strike!"

"I hope there will never be another," said Mary; "for the way they groaned and hooted through the streets quite terrified me. And then all the suffering besides. Oh, I do hope they won't strike!"

"Ah, so do I: but I fear they will. As a body the weavers of Woberly here are behind those of other towns in understanding the interests and workings of their own trade. The manufacturer is, in such a time as this, compelled to pay less for the labour he employs; because it is uncertain when he will sell—because, of all manufactures, this has the greatest risks; and a little caprice of fashion may render his goods valueless in the market. But come, this is not talk for you, Mary: play me some music."

"Oh, papa, don't say it is not talk for me! I want to know all about it, and like it better than music," said Mary, sitting down to the piano, for they had gone from the dining to the drawing-room; but, after playing only a short while, she was again at her father's side, leading the conversation back to the weavers; for somehow this subject was uppermost in her mind. "Millie said Johnson had broken the list; but I did not understand what the list was; though, from her manner, I thought it was a great calamity."

"The list, Mary, is a fixed set of prices, below which all the men have pledged themselves not

to work; and a more invidious thing, both for masters and men, could not well be devised; for the price of labour, like the price of silk or any other marketable article, must rise and fall according to supply and demand: if there be no demand, then it will be a drug, and only speculators will purchase it at a reduced price, to ensure an extra profit that will counterbalance a probable loss. If the weavers understood that old proverb, which tells us 'half a loaf is better than no bread,' they would at once see it was their wisest course to lower the price; for only by this can manufacturers be induced to employ them in all times of depression, and the same hour that brought a new demand would be sure to raise their wages again to the old standard."

"Oh, thank you, I can understand now; and that is why Millie spoke so bitterly about Johnson's breaking the list."

"Yes; and it is sure to be followed by a partial strike—nothing more, I hope; and, as I shall pay more than the ordinary list prices, they will not dare to compel my hands to strike: if they did, it might ruin me. This is the curse of trades' unions—that they will not, sometimes, let those who will pay have work done; and it is the grossest injustice practised in England. As a means of obtaining legitimate ends, and carefully guarding their own interests, a trade union is a blessing; but it is too often made a bore. They get a fund which will barely support life, and are not unfrequently persuaded by crafty indolent men to strike when there is no real cause for it, and every strike is the loss of thousands of pounds in the wealth of the empire, to say nothing of the many who die—if not of direct and positive starvation, at least prematurely, from diseases induced by the want of a sufficient amount of food; when, all the while, but for these existing unions, they might be peacefully at work, promoting their own interests and the wealth of their country—and they are not unfrequently all the while persuaded into the belief that they are suffering martyrdom in a noble cause. The late strike here sufficiently showed this, and the evil that may be worked out of a seeming good; it impoverished the town and drove away the trade; another such strike, and Woberly would have become bankrupt; for there was not a house in the town but suffered by the withdrawal of such a sum as is paid into workmen's hands, and from them weekly into the tradesman's till."

Three weeks later than the conversation we have related above, the streets of Woberly were again filled with men and women, who paraded daily in a body through the streets to their place of meeting, where they heard reports, passed resolutions as to their determination of "holding out till the last," and denounced their employers as "petty tyrants, who would trample them into the dust," and such like phrases.

The masters were losing their orders, credit, and cash; for trade was not bad, though this was made the pretext of the contemplated reduction in the list.

The weavers themselves suffered more than it would be well possible to describe: winter had

set in with frost and snow, and they had little enough money for bread, none for firing; yet the strike continued, and their cause was right; but few men would admit the rightness of it, on account of the means they took to redress it. To band together and denounce individuals, to stop every loom around the town, was not the way to gain their ends, only to drive away the trade. Yet, under I know not what penalties, they compelled every man to stay work, and down at New-place, where larger wages were paid than had been for years before, they would not let any man work.

"If this continues it will ruin me," said Mr. Glennan, as he entered the drawing-room with a pale, agitated face, and sat down by his wife; "every hour of delay jeopardizes the sale of my ribbons, and there is not a loom going."

Just as he had finished speaking there was a terrific hiss and groan in the street, below the window. His wife ran to the window and looked out.

"Wife, for God's sake keep from their sight! they are infuriated. As I came through the streets they howled upon me like a legion of fiends rather than men."

Mr. Glennan spoke bitterly, as indeed he had cause.

"On you, papa!" exclaimed Mary; "but you do not ask them to work for less wages than before."

"There is the injustice, the infamy of it; I pay, and am willing to pay each man more than ever: the improvement in my new machinery will enable me to do it; but this is looked upon by the weavers as a curse, and they treat me, who have ever had their interests at heart, as though I were still one of themselves—as a common enemy to their cause; I, they say, am the cause of this strike. God knows I have been hitherto their friend; but henceforth—"

"Don't say what you will be in the future, papa," said Mary; "if they do you wrong now, they will see it one day; and, at most, it is but a want of education to teach them better. Even in this blindness and stupidity, I think we should pity rather than blame them."

"Perhaps you are right, Mary," said Mr. Glennan—"right, at least, so far as my hands are concerned, for they desire to work; but the laws of their odious committee-men will not allow them, and, in the meantime, for me there is nothing but ruin."

"Absolute ruin, papa."

"Yes, positive and absolute bankruptcy. All my money was absorbed in the building and the machinery; indeed, there are some debts; and the materials, for which I owe, and must presently pay, are losing in value every hour: if they had been quickly in the market, they would have returned me profits tenfold; now they will be too late for the season, unsaleable, and I shall be ruined; the looms may, nay probably will, have to be sold to pay for the silk."

Gilbert, Glennan was not a man of strong passions, but the present altered and terrible position of his affairs excited him beyond him-

self. He got up and paced the room, the procession of the weavers was still moving past his house, and, as they saw his figure by the window, again they groaned and hooted. He sat down and buried his face in his hands, his lips were pale and firmly closed, but his whole frame was shaking with passion, anger, and sorrow. For a long time he remained thus. Mary crossed the room, and sat down by her father, her face—the face he loved so much, and which was to him as sunshine is to May flowers—resting close to his. But for once it was unheeded, and the silence was for a long time unshaken. When he did raise his head again it was evident he had been weeping. He was not a man one would think likely to weep; but let any, aye, even the strongest and most stoical of us, in the hour when a great passion has the mastery over our whole being, sit down to contemplate the altered prospects of the future, and the chances are that, after a struggle, our passion will find tears for its relief, and we shall weep like a child.

So it was with Gilbert Glennan: no puny fear for himself that night had a place in his breast; but, as he sat, the contemplation of a future he had looked forward to with large hope and trust, changed, and he saw the labour of a life lost, and those he loved in a strangely altered sphere.

It is probable, nay certain, that in the anguish of the moment his danger and the chances of his ruin were exaggerated; but, with the impending slackness of trade, and the strike, hope was impossible.

"How do they associate your name with the cause of the strike?" asked his wife, when he was calm again.

"It is but the pretext for breaking the list, to meet the indifference of buyers," said Mr. Glennan, "and to enable a few grasping manufacturers, with whom it originated, to realize a larger profit. They say it is impossible for them to pay the present price and compete with my improved machinery. This was the prelude; then came the general withdrawal of names from the list they had themselves helped to frame and sign a week before. But this was only the pretext for forcing the operatives back to the pernicious weekly wages system, which makes the good and bad workman nearly equal, and does nothing to promote the interest and improvement of our trade. But let us forget it for to-night, at least: to-morrow it must return to our thoughts. I had forgotten, it is Polly's birthday. How old?"

"Eighteen, papa, and almost a woman."

* * * * *

Our scene changes, from Mr. Glennan's house in the new town, to Mr. Hepworth's in the old, of whose daughter Millie previous mention has been made.

It is our object and most earnest endeavour in this narrative to present the reader with a faithful portrait—nothing more—of two homes and two families, whose all depends upon the welfare of each other; to show not so much our

own view of an awkward and distressing condition—which is, unhappily, of too frequent occurrence, and has of late years grown from a local distress into a national calamity—as the views of the master and the man.

There is something wrong in the system that does not allow our operatives to profit by improvements, as well as masters and capitalists, and which is always tending to the diminution, instead of increase, of the workman's wage; and, in the scene I am about to sketch, I am sure the kindly-hearted reader will admit that the wage, which is barely sufficient to support life, under such conditions need not be reduced.

Woberly has grown, in a comparatively short time, from an unnoticed, obscure place, into a densely-populated town, with a multiplicity of interests, but mainly depending on that manufacture which the caprices of fashion do so much towards increasing or destroying. It is distinguished, one part from the other, by the adjectives Old and New; and, to a stranger, it would be difficult to realize that they were part of one shire, so different are they in their buildings, streets, and character of the inhabitants.

Reader, who has been with us at Glennan's in the New Town, accompany us now to Hepworth's in the Old. In the former, you had a slight though fair representation of the home-habits and sentiments of a *master*, an unpretending worthy, self-made man; and now it is our purpose to show you the home and the opinions of a *man* who belongs to the operative class of Woberly, and is "on strike."

The traveller feels, not less than he sees, the change in passing from the New Town to the Old. The very air seems changed, and crowded, like the families, into a space too little for its well-being; the narrow streets, with the upper storeys of the houses bulging out, and darkening the pavement in the lightest day, are full of children, who shout and scream—some at play, some crying, some kissing, quarrelling, or fighting; while a little baby is set down to squall upon an adjacent doorstep; others eating, or flattening their noses against the dirty glass of a huxter's window. In such a street, so surrounded, abode Millie Hepworth and her father. The bare naked walls were scarce relieved by the few pieces of furniture, which were strewn about the floor, none of which but had suffered loss of limb, or calamity of some kind; the windows were patched with paper, and the little fragment of looking-glass which rested against the sash was half bare of quicksilver. In one corner of the room was a rude kind of couch, on which lay Millie's brother Tom, and his pale emaciated face told sufficiently of the malady which was gnawing at his heart. Millie was near the fire, busied over some household work, from which she ever and anon turned to look if Tom were still asleep: she had all a girl's love of neatness and order, but it was impossible to keep order there; for there were none of the adjuncts,—nothing to keep in order. There was an unnatural, careworn expression in her features, which gave her the appearance of a middle-aged

woman rather than a girl of twenty years ; her hair was neatly braided in two plaits ; indeed all connected with her appearance was neat, and her face, but for its troubled expression, might have been called pretty, as justly and certainly it was interesting. She was still hovering about the fireplace, when a little bareheaded, ragged child, whose face had evidently not known the wholesome influence of soap and water for a very considerable time, came rushing in.

"Hush," said Millie, looking toward the couch : "hush, Willie!"

The child stopped, looked at the sleeper, and then, going softly up to Millie, said, "Davis says he'll cum to yer." After which he crept stealthily to the door, and ran into the street, with a shout and a laugh. Presently there came a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Millie, gently ; and a dusty, miller-like man, with his sleeves rolled up, entered.

"Oh, Mr. Davis!"

"Father at home?"

"No ; he's gone to the meeting," said Millie, looking away towards the sick man, who moved round and opened his eyes. "Will you come to the door, and I dare say I shall do as well as father." Then, when they had reached the door, so as to be out of hearing, she continued : "I didn't want him to hear. It grieves him and makes him worse."

"You see, I'm sorry," began Mr. Davis (who was a baker), "but the miller's been this morning, and he says I must pay."

"Yes," said Millie, who had guessed rightly the cause of his visit, and partly from want of anything better to say.

"You know I ain't begun long, an' if he won't let me ha' flour, I can't—though it goes agen the grain—let you ha' more bread. I says to him, says I, They're on strike; but he says that ain't no matter to him, and if I can't pay, he shan't send me not another sack o' flour. It's very hard on him, very."

"Yea," said Millie again, while her face assumed a more careworn expression than ever.

"Well," says the baker, I thought it best jist to come myself, because it wouldn't seem so hard like in me. You'll tell your father? Good morning."

He turned away with a sharp step, as if he couldn't trust himself to look longer at Millie's troubled face. When he had gone a little way he turned to look back : she was still there, and he returned.

"If you could pay me for a little un now."

Millie assured him her last shilling had gone for Tom's medicine.

"Well, send the chap back ; only you must pay when you get it from the fund. What does it run to now?"

"Seven shillings a week. Good morning, and God bless you, Mr. Davis!" said Millie ; and the little urchin was recalled with difficulty from a noisy group of his playfellows to go back to the shop again ; from whence he returned

with a loaf, of which he was trying the quality as he came along.

"What 'll come of us all, to be sure?" sighed Millie, as she re-entered the house. But her brother was coughing so badly she had no time for the solution of that terrible question.

Poor Millie's sorrows and troubles were many. The day for her wedding with George Manton had been twice appointed : first the strike took all the little they had saved ; then, when trade got good and there was plenty to do, they had to pay what "was run bad," before they could save again ; and when they had done that, Tom got worse, and of course Millie stayed to nurse him. And now the looms were all still again, and likely to remain so for a long time. Her brother grew worse and worse day by day.

"Oh, what 'll become of us all, to be sure?" this was the thought that by day and by night haunted the brain of Millie Hepworth.

Her father and George came in from the meeting together, and Millie blushed as she placed chairs for them, and set the loaf, about which Davis had been himself, and which was their only chance of dinner, before them.

"Are you going in, George?" Millie asked.

"No ; further off it than ever we were since we first struck," said George. "How's your cough to-day, Tom?"

Thus appealed to, Tom strove to speak ; but did not utter half-a-dozen words ere his cough interposed and gave its own answer.

There was a silence after this, and then Millie asked again, "What do the committee say about it?"

"Just the same as yesterday ; only they have sent deputations to Derby and Coventry for subscriptions, though I heard it's worse at there nor here," said Mr. Hepworth. "Glennan's put out a paper asking why his hands are forced to strike with the rest, when he pays the list."

"Well, it does seem a shame," said George ; "an yet it's 'bliged to be ; they'd never come to, if we let some of 'em go on while others were out."

"They say it'll ruin him," said Hepworth, "through all he's bin appendin' lately, and he never brake the list yet."

"Ah ! but he's signed agen it. Here's his name next to Johnson's," said George, pulling out a paper, with a list of names and a few paragraphs on it ; "and the committee say he's as big a tyrant as any on 'em."

"What does it say, George?" asked Millie.

"Well, mostly, as they want free-trade in labour—which means no list ; so they can lower the wages."

"I don't believe that's it with Glennan ; leastways he allers payed me well, and seemed to take an interest in all on us as went on well."

"They're alays worst as have been workmen theirselves," said George, "though they make such a fuss about our interests and all that."

"It is said as the French Treaty's doing it all ; but, Lor', ain't we bin without work, and had to show them we wouldn't be trampled on afore ever the treaty was thought about at all,"

said Hepworth; "and if we let 'em beat us now, wages'll never be what they have bin—and we don't now get as much as our fathers did, when they couldn't make half so much or half so well not as we can."

"How much are they going to allow out of the fund this week?" inquired Millie.

"None till next. Subscriptions havn't come in, and the committee says they can't pay."

"What'll become of us all, to be sure?" said Millie, and then told them what Davis said.

Truly the prospect was terrible, with that sick, dying brother there, and neither money for food nor medicine. The doctor came without pay, else, thought Millie, he might have died before this—and then (God forgive her for the thought!) she wished he had, and she too with him. The world seemed to her not to have food enough for them all; and waiting, weeping, and watching had wearied her out. It was winter: the cold was intense, and there was no hope of George or her father getting work of any kind to do.

Every day there were meetings and speeches on the common, where thousands assembled. The masters would not meet the men while they adhered to the list. The hunger and the cold gave evidence of its work by swelling the bills of mortality, yet they refused all offers of lower prices, and suffered on even to the extreme of earthly suffering: indeed, so firm were the men and women of Woberly, that they looked upon themselves as martyrs in a noble cause. If here and there an operative commenced work without consent, and below the list, he was hooted through the streets. The "petty tyrants" (as manufacturers were too frequently called) never appeared without receiving marks of displeasure; but these never amounted to violence. The entire city suffered; and the pale, wan faces and shrunken forms of the weavers told their own sad tale.

"Millie, I'll go for a soldier," said George, as they were parting one night.

"A soldier, George?"

"Yes; and if they kill me, so be it. 'Twon't be half so bad as this. I can't stay to see you like this any longer, and I'll go for Queen and Country."

"Oh! not for a soldier. Anything but that. Spring is coming, and you might get work in the country, in a farm—or——"

"No; it's a soldier I'll be, Millie. We may wait and wait here till it kills us before we shall get married. Why the Lord alone knows how we have lived since Christmas, and I can't stand it any longer. Hark, there's Tom coughing again. I'll be in to-morrow."

Millie was weeping. Her tears fell upon his cheek as he kissed her "good-night."

"Good-night, George. You'll come before you go to—to——"

"Be a soldier? Yes," said he, moving away, while Millie went into town.

George came in the next day. Tom was dead—and that day he forgot his idea of becoming a soldier.

That day Hepworth, coming home from the meeting, met George.

"Glennan is a bankrupt," said he, sadly.

"Poor Tom is——" said George, in a still sadder voice.

"What?"

"Dead."

* * * * *

The strike is over. The looms are again as noisy as ever. Men have had the whole toil of their lives undone; others have perished in the struggle. The masters have not triumphed; the men have not maintained their list; but both have suffered—suffered beyond the power of words to describe.

Mr. Glennan, reduced in circumstances, has returned to his old place; and the new one (on which he spent so much anxious thought, and for which he had toiled many days and nights) has gone to benefit less worthy men, sold for scarce half its value.

"Thank God it is only loss of money—not honour," said Mr. Glennan to his wife and daughter; still he felt severely that, which we all find so difficult, the first step down the ladder of fortune. But he was far from the bottom. When every debt was paid, he had a good residue wherewith to start again.

"Oh! never heed it, father," said Mary; "it is but six years' work."

"Six years, Mary, of walking over the ground we have once successfully trodden in weary work."

"Not to the man of good faith."

Two days later than the conversation recorded above, Millie Hepworth came to Mary Glennan.

"You were always so kind," said Millie, "that we come to you, Miss, instead of to your father."

"You know I will do anything I can for you."

"Yes, I do know it, and thank you I'm sure, George and me; you see Tom's dead now, and it's no use waiting till we are better off, because it would never be at all if we did."

"What would never be, Millie?"

"The marriage. George says if your father 'ud let him have the house agen the factory, he'd be a sort of protection like to the place, and father 'ud help pay the rent."

"I can promise you so much, Millie."

Three weeks later, Millie and George stood by the altar on a sweet spring morning, from whence they came forth man and wife.

Thus, dear reader, we will leave them. May it be long ere there is another strike at Woberly! The strike-system is the most baneful and pernicious one countenanced or practised in England. It impoverishes the locality, ruins the capitalist, and not unfrequently kills the workman. Six years hence and the consequences of that one in Woberly, which lasted six months, will still be felt by both workmen and master; for more than represented six years' toil was utterly destroyed by it!

THE WIDOW OF THE LAST OF THE STUARTS.

On the 17th of April, 1772, a marriage was celebrated in the chapel of the castle of Macerata, near Ancona. The day was Good Friday—a day of ill-omen, especially in Catholic Italy, for such a solemnity. The black draperies of Lent had been replaced by hangings of cloth of gold; the canopy, beneath which the bridal pair were to receive the nuptial blessing, was surrounded by the royal arms of England, and the blaze of innumerable tapers flashed back from the jewelled vestments of the officiating cardinal and his assistant priests. Notwithstanding all this pomp, however, the little chapel looked strangely sombre, as if in keeping with the wedding-party, who awaited before the altar the bride's arrival. Among that group the eye looked in vain for those bright young faces which seem especially to befit such an occasion. It was almost entirely composed of persons past the prime of life, and, excepting the few Italians who came prepared to look on with curiosity or indifference, of those Jacobite gentlemen and their wives who shared the exile and blasted fortunes of the last of the Stuarts. The bridegroom was Charles Edward himself, but his person had preserved hardly a trace of the "tall youth of a most agreeable aspect," at whose first appearance in the camp of Preston-Pans, some twenty-seven years before, Æneas Macdonald had found his heart "swell to the very throat." The grandson of James the Second was now fifty-two, his features were bloated by long habits of intemperance, and he was so infirm and gouty that he could hardly rise without assistance at the approach of his bride, who, accompanied by her mother and a few attendants, entered the chapel by a side door. We can hardly believe but that at that moment the mother at least must have been painfully struck with the contrast between her beautiful daughter and the man on whom she was about to bestow her. The biographer of the Princess Louisa of Stolberg draws a very prepossessing picture of her at the period of her marriage. "She was," says Von Reumont,* "charming, graceful, and vivacious, fond of literature, without pedantry, and of art, without a shade of affectation; she was of middle height, her hair fair, she had very lovely blue eyes, with the dazzling complexion, and carnation bloom of a nymph in one of the paintings of her favourite master, Rubens." By her father's side the Princess was sprung from one of the noblest families in Thuringia; through her mother she claimed descent from Robert Bruce and the ancient Kings of Scotland. So distinguished by her birth, beauty, and talents was the young creature, whom the policy of Louis the Fifteenth had called, in her nineteenth year, from the love

and admiration of all who surrounded her, to a foreign country, to be the companion of a man more than thirty years her senior, a Prince broken in reputation and fortune, and sunk both in mind and body through degrading indulgence.

A few days after the ceremony, the newly-married couple made a *quasi*-royal entrance into Rome, to take up their residence in the Palazzo Muti, the palace which had been the home of the Stuarts for upwards of half a century. Here the son of James the Second had kept up an imposing Court; the Papal troops mounted guard and escorted him when he left the palace, by order of the Pope, who formally acknowledged him as King of Great Britain. But times were changed since his death. The Hanoverian succession was now firmly established, and the present Pontiff felt no inclination to embroil his Government by recognizing the claims of the exiled family. In vain Charles Edward caused the arrival of the King and Queen of England to be formally notified to Clement the Fourteenth. The Pope ignored his title. In Rome he must be plain Charles Stuart, or, at most, the Count of Albany, the name under which he always travelled.

With this blow to her ambition, at the outset of her marriage Louisa's unhappiness began. At the very least she had expected the name of Queen, and found it a bitter disappointment to sink at once into a simple countess. It was, too, all the more bitter, because her pretensions to a higher title shut her out from the saloons where she must have reigned through her charms and her talents. At that period the high society of Rome was unusually brilliant, while the young wife languished in solitary state, shut up in the dreary Palazzo Muti; her sole companions an uncongenial husband, and the few Jacobites, who made up the shadow of his court; her sole amusement to listen, for the hundredth time, to the story of his Scotch adventures. Still Louisa need not have found life at the Muti palace so intolerable as it speedily became to her. The duties of her situation might have called out all that is at once most lofty and most tender in the nature of her sex. There have been women, in whom the spectacle of a man so buffeted and so wounded by fortune as Charles Edward, would have awakened the deepest sympathy, women whose unselfish affection might have allayed the bitterness of perpetual disappointment, and sweetened adversity itself; whose companionship would suffice to arouse a man's better nature, and to strengthen him to meet the ills of fortune in a manner befitting his dignity. Had Louisa de Stolberg been one of their sisterhood, her presence would doubtless have exercised a most beneficial influence over the remaining years of the last of the Stuarts. But

* Die Gräfin von Albany, von Alfred von Reumont, 2 vols., Berlin, 1860.

her character was cast in a very different mould: ambitious, selfish, and shallow, eager for admiration and applause, she refused every duty, the fulfilment of which was irksome, and which offered no bribe to her vanity or her self-love. She took no pains to hide her weariness of the restraint and tedium of her life, and her husband soon became the object of her real aversion. So cruelly disappointed in his last hopes, the unhappy prince fell again into the intemperate habits which he had shaken off on his marriage. Violent when he was drunk, and miserable in his sober intervals, he became, within a few years, almost as unbearable to himself as to his wife, whom he often illtreated in his paroxysms of rage.

In 1774 the Pretender removed to Florence. The letters of English residents in that city are filled with details of his miserable state. His disorders had considerably deranged his health; he had become an object of pity and contempt to all who saw him, was rarely sober, and was frequently carried out of the theatre by his servants in a state of intoxication. "Every one sees that he is odious to his wife, whom he locks up and maltreats in every possible way," writes Sir Horace Mann, from Florence, in the November of 1779. Even then the countess was meditating her escape; but this was no easy matter to effect, for her husband compelled her to be constantly with him, and whenever he left the house without her, literally locked her up till his return. At length, however, in the December of the following year, Louisa and her confederates laid a plan for an evasion, which was carried out cleverly enough. One morning her chief confidante, a certain Madame Orlandino, proposed, at the breakfast-table, that the countess should go to see some extremely beautiful needlework at a convent near Florence. Louisa made a show of asking her husband's permission. He gave it unsuspectingly, and himself accompanied the two ladies. Arrived at the convent, an Irish gentleman, who was in the secret, rang the bell; the countess and her friend entered, and the door instantly closed upon them. The gentleman returned to the carriage, from which the Pretender was slowly descending.

"Upon my word, sire," he cried, with affected indignation, "these nuns don't understand manners, they have absolutely shut the door in my face."

Charles Edward still suspected nothing. "They will open it to me," he said, as he lounged heavily up; but after knocking repeatedly, he became alarmed and angry, and shook the door so violently that the abbess herself appeared at the wicket.

"Signor," she said, with the utmost calmness, "the Countess of Albany has taken refuge in our house: she is here, under the protection of her Imperial and Royal Highness the Grand-duchess of Tuscany."

With this short explanation the wicket was closed, and the Abbess disappeared, leaving Charles Edward to digest the announcement as best he might.

During the following day, while the Pretender was addressing complaints and entreaties to the Arch-duke Leopold, Louisa, on her part, was not less busy, and with much better success than her husband. The reply which her brother-in-law, Cardinal York, made to her appeal for his protection and an asylum at Rome, is still extant. He writes in a tone of grave and religious sympathy, promises her his countenance and aid in the most affectionate terms, and offers, under the approval of his Holiness, the fugitive a home in the Ursuline convent at Rome, where his mother had passed many years. A papal brief confirmed Cardinal York's offer, and as soon as she had received this the countess prepared to depart for Rome. Under so august a sanction, and protected by an escort of the Tuscan troops, she might fairly have pursued her journey in broad daylight without fear of interruption. But the vanity and romance of Louisa's disposition were flattered by a mysterious departure at night-fall, by a guard of mounted cavaliers, who surrounded the coach, and the protection of two gentlemen, who took their places on the box, disguised as coachmen, and armed to the teeth. One of these had played his part in the scene before the convent at Florence; the other was no less a personage than Alfieri, the poet-noble of Piedmont, whose life was afterwards to become so fully identified with that of Louisa d'Albany. In 1777, three years before the flight of the countess, Alfieri, after wandering through Europe, settled some time in Florence, with the purpose of learning the sweet Tuscan tongue, then almost a foreign language to his countrymen. He first saw the royal countess, then at the age of three-and-twenty, in the zenith of her charms, at the theatre, obtained an introduction, and forthwith became a frequent visitor at the Palazzo Muti. He it was who had constantly urged Louisa to abandon her husband; who had secretly arranged the plan of her escape, and had procured the Grand-duke's protection. Of this side to the affair Cardinal York was kept in total ignorance, or he would never have sanctioned the step his sister-in-law had taken.

Louisa had now gained all the ostensible ends of her flight; she was secure from her husband's brutal intemperance, had been received in Rome by the cardinal with every mark of affectionate respect, and installed in the Ursuline convent. But to her the convent was merely a temporary refuge, and she speedily became quite as anxious to escape from the tutelage of her brother-in-law as she had been from the violence of her husband. Early in the following spring she took advantage of the cardinal's absence to regain her liberty, and, under the pretence of ill-health, exchanged the cloister for his splendid palace in the suburbs of Rome. Up to this period the woman, beautiful, young, and unhappy, who had been driven by the brutalities of her husband to take refuge in a religious house, had excited universal sympathy; but now, even Roman society, tolerant as it was disposed to be in such matters, was scandalized to see the pa-

lace Camollaria thronged with guests, and she wife not only holding a court as if triumphing in her abandonment of her husband, but receiving the daily visits of Alfieri, who had taken a villa in the neighbourhood. Degraded as Charles Edward had become, he was not insensible to the reports which reached his ears. He wrote to his brother at Frascati, entreating his interference; Cardinal York returned to Rome, and obtained a papal brief for Alfieri's banishment from that city. In the winter of 1783 the Pretender procured a formal separation from his wife, who profited at once by her liberty to join Alfieri on the French side of the Alps.

Few human histories better deserve the name of a moral tragedy than this, now, for the first time, completely untravelled by Von Roument's historical researches. Its characters: a prince, degraded to a miserable drunkard; the poet, who strove to glorify a guilty passion, and a woman, who refused that restraint of the moral law, without which there can neither be true dignity nor real happiness.

From such gloomy considerations we turn gladly to the light thrown upon the scene by the re-appearance of the daughter, who came forward to fulfil those duties which the wife had abandoned. More than thirty years before, Miss Walkinshaw, a Scotch lady of rank, with whom Charles Edward had made a left-hand marriage, had given birth to an infant, who received the name of Charlotte Stuart. This daughter he had not seen since she was a child of six years' old. To her the desolate old man now turned, as the single hope left to his cheerless age. For the last time Charles Stuart exercised his royal prerogative in legitimising his daughter, under the title of the Duchess d'Albany, and then summoned her from her convent at Meaux to superintend his household. With her arrival in 1784, brighter days came for the unhappy prince. The duchess was one of those gracious and noble-minded women, whose very presence is salutary. She controlled the Pretender's disorderly household, and wrought a still more beneficial change in her father's habits. Her filial piety surrounded him with every care, and shed a serene influence over his last years. Accompanied by his daughter, Charles Edward paid a last visit to Rome in the winter of 1785. Her intervention brought about a reconciliation between him and Cardinal York, who had quarrelled with his brother, and procured him a reception both respectful and friendly from Pius the Sixth. In spite of the tender care bestowed on him, the old man's health was fast breaking. His intellect became clouded at times. He seemed to live only in the recollections of his youth. It is touching to observe how incessantly his thoughts turned to Scotland, as the scene of the brilliant promise of his youth. He was possessed by a desire to visit the Highlands once again, and after his death a casket, containing twelve thousand crowns, which he had set aside for this purpose, was found under his bed. Soon after Charles Edward had re-installed himself in the Muti palace, an English-

man, a friend of Fox, paid him a visit. The stranger led the conversation to the events of '45. At first, says Von Roument, the royal host appeared cold and reserved; but, as his interlocutor went on, his demeanour suddenly changed. A light came into his eyes, his whole face grew alive with feeling as he began the history of his campaign with the enthusiasm of youth. His marches, his battles, his wanderings, and adventures, the broken-down old man was once more the hero of them all! But when he dwelt upon the devotion of the Highlanders; of the melancholy fate which befell so many who had borne into the field his badge—"A throne or a grave," the words died upon his lips, Charles Edward fell back in his chair and fainted away under his emotion. In 1788, on the 30th of January, a day fatal to his house, Charles Stuart expired in the arms of the Duchess Charlotte. She herself fell soon afterwards into a lingering illness, and in the course of the next year, followed her father to the grave. We dwell with a loving regret on the memory of this true Cordelia, who left the silence of the cloister for the fulfilment of so high a duty, and having fulfilled it, sank into the silence of the tomb.

It is time we should return to the brilliant countess, who had now fixed her residence in Paris. Here the news of her husband's death reached her. Alfieri himself says that she was deeply affected by it, and we can well suppose that the contrast between her own conduct and that of the duchess, the thought that her place by that death-bed had been filled by another, might sting the faithless wife into some sense of remorse. However bitter her feelings at the moment Louisa was not the woman to cherish them long; indeed, she seemed bent upon forgetting them amidst increased stir and gaiety. Hitherto she had led a retired life, much more in accordance with Alfieri's misanthropic disposition than her own; but from this date she threw open her hotel to the literary and aristocratic world of Paris. Charles Edward's widow was now free to marry Alfieri; but, paradoxical as it may seem, her pride forbade this step. Faithless to her marriage vows, she was fidelity itself to the shadow of royalty they had bestowed upon her; she glorified herself as the "adorata sovrana" of the poet, who, on his part, flattered her vanity with the love of a royal Beatrice, and by no means wished her to merge her superior title in his own. Charles Edward's widow styled herself Queen of Great Britain. Her servants wore the royal liveries, and addressed their mistress as "Your Majesty." In her principal saloon stood a throne, with a canopy, surmounted by the Royal Arms of England.

In 1791 our soi-disant queen paid a visit to England, and her conduct on that occasion strongly marks, as it seems to us, the inconsequence of false sentiment as opposed to true dignity. We need not trouble Herr Von Roument for some details of her visit, we have them before us written with a far lighter pen than any German ever handled. Let us see how Horace Walpole gossips over her in his letters to the

Misses Berry. "The Countess of Albany," he says, "is not only in England, in London; but at this very moment, I believe, in the palace of St. James's—not restored by as rapid a revolution as the French, but, as was observed last night at supper at Lady Mount Edgcombe's, by that topsy-turvy-hood that characterises the present age. Within these two months the Pope has been burnt at Paris; M^{me}. de Barry mistress of Louis Quinze, has dined with the Lord Mayor; and the Pretender's widow is presented to the Queen of Great Britain. That curiosity should have led her here, I do not quite wonder, still less that she abhorred her husband; but methinks it is not very well-bred to his family, nor very sensible. Well! I have an exact account of the interview between the two queens from one who stood close to them. The Dowager was announced as Princess of Stolberg. She was well-dressed, and not at all embarrassed. The king talked to her a good deal, but about her passage, the sea, and general topics; the queen in the same way, but less. Then she stood between the Dukes of Gloucester and Clarence, and had a good deal of conversation with the former, who perhaps may have met her in Italy. Not a word between her and the Princesses, nor did I hear of the Prince; but he was there, and probably spoke to her. The queen looked at her very earnestly. It is not a piece of her going to court that she seals with the royal arms."

On the 2nd of June, a few days afterwards Walpole is writing again. "Well! I have seen M^{me}. Albany, who has not a ray of royalty about her. She has good eyes and teeth, but I think can have had no more beauty than remains, except youth. She is civil and easy, but German and ordinary. Lady Aylesbury made a small assembly for her on Monday, and my curiosity is satisfied." So far the matchless letter-writer of Strawberry-hill.

On the 11th of the same month we find Hannah More telling a friend how "the Bishop of London carried me to hear the king make his speech in the House of Lords. As it was quite new to me, I was very well entertained; but the thing that was most amusing of all was to see among the ladies, the Princess of Stolberg, wife to the Pretender, sitting just at the foot of that throne which she might once have expected to mount; and what diverted the party, when I put them in mind of it, was that it happened to be the 10th of June, the Pretender's birthday. *"I have the honour to be very much like her."* Dear old single-minded prim Hannah More! To our mind, "the thing which was most amusing of all," to repeat her words, must have been the strong likeness between the Muse of the Italian tragedian and the discreet friend of Bishop Porteus.

Madame Albany, as Horace Walpole calls her, did not realise the expectations with which she had crossed the Channel. She had hoped to meet the same deference from the highest English society as she had received among the aristocracy of Paris. But she found herself completely disappoint

The Royal family looked coldly on her. The Whig nobility had little sympathy for the Pretender's widow; those of the other party who still entertained a leaning to the Stuarts, felt still less for his faithless wife. This explains the severe judgment which Louisa passed upon England after her six months residence here. Neither taste, love of art, nor charm of society, she decides are to be found among us. "If it were not for political liberty, the sole advantage the island enjoys, England would be the last country, the English people the lowest nation in Europe." So writes the countess upon her return to Paris in October, 1791. She entered with double zest into the life and brilliancy, then at its zenith, of its society—a life and brilliancy still undarkened by shadows from the terrible events close at hand. Even after the full outbreak of the Revolution, she lived in her circle of literary and political friends; while Alfieri shut himself up in his study, resolving, as he said in his memoirs, to hear nothing and know nothing of this tragical farce (*"questa tragica farsa"*) of the French Revolution. With a self-occupation, intensely characteristic of the poet, he occupied himself with his auto-biography, while the whole framework of society was breaking up about him, while his personal acquaintances were daily being dragged off to prison and the guillotine. Not till after the horrors of the 10th August, 1793, was the tragedian brought to consider that the Revolution might not be equally disposed to ignore him in return, and that Madame d'Albany and himself might be numbered among its victims. They now resolved upon flight. Alfieri procured passports with some difficulty, and on the 13th of that month they started for Belgium.

At the barrier they were stopped by the National Guard, the passports were examined, found *en règle*, and the sergeant gave the order for the two coaches which held them and their attendants to pass. At this moment a troop of sans-culottes issued, half-drunk, from a neighbouring *cabaret*, threw themselves on the carriages, vociferating, "Here are the rich carrying the bread of the poor away from Paris!" At this cry the populace came pouring down from street to street; a sea of furious faces surged and roared round the fugitives. The sight of grim visages, the voices of the crowd, hoarse with rage, their threats of setting fire to the carriages, and the ominous yell—"A mort les aristocrates!" A l'Hotel de Ville les aristocrates!"—overpowered the countess. She fainted away, and would have been dragged from her coach, had not Alfieri leaped out among the mob—"Look at me well," he cried, in a voice of thunder: "here is my passport. I am not French, but Italian—tall, thin, my hair red. I came hither to-day to pass, and I swear, by heaven, that I will pass!"

The poet's calm bearing, the prestige of his lofty air, awed the sans-culottes. For a minute the throng gave way under that influence, so subtle and so wonderful, of the man of genius over the many—a power to which the populace

of Paris are eminently susceptible, and to which they yielded in some of the wildest scenes of the Revolution. By that momentary lull Alfieri profited: he threw himself into the carriage, gave a signal to the guards, the barriers flew open, and the horses left Paris at full speed. Nor had the escape been made by any means too soon: only two days afterwards a troop of National Guards appeared at the hotel, with an order to arrest Louisa Stolberg, Queen of England. The fugitives were enrolled on the list of emigrants, and the property they had left behind declared confiscate. All Madame D'Albany's plate and furniture, Alfieri's magnificent library, and the splendid stud of English horses—which the poet loved almost equally with his books—were sold by auction, and the proceeds swept into the public coffers.

After a short stay in Belgium, the Countess fixed her residence in Italy. Her house, in Florence, is still known as the Casa d'Alfieri, and bears the inscription—

"Here ALFIERI,
Prince of Tragedians,
Lived and wrote for years:
Here he died."

He added a theatre to the house, and all the first society of Florence flocked to the representation of his tragedies; in which the author himself took the principal characters. Here he finished those memoirs in which he idealises his passion in almost mystic language. If we are to believe the poet, not a shade of jealousy or mistrust ever darkened the serene happiness he shared with his royal Beatrice. But the reality differed somewhat from the poetic fiction. Louisa de Stolberg was not to be spared the bitterness in store for every woman who forsakes her duty. Alfieri was by no means faithful to her, and she found him, after his own fashion, almost as much of a tyrant as Charles Edward had been. His morbid sensitiveness and irritability of disposition kept her in continual disquiet. There were constant storms to be appeased; she was compelled to subscribe to all his opinions—even to appear to sympathise with his frenzied aversion against the French, whom she loved in her heart as much as Alfieri hated them. In vain Louisa strove to make herself the centre and the queen of Florentine society; her companion was often so brusque and sullen in his manners that she had the mortification of seeing many who came with the deepest admiration for the poet, leave the Casa d'Alfieri in disgust at the haughty carelessness of its master. The dramatist troubled himself little enough about society; his chief pleasures were his studies and his horses. The Florentines stared to see him, day by day, wrapped in a large scarlet mantle, his long red hair flying in the wind, driving furiously four-in-hand through the most unfrequented roads near Florence. After many hours of this violent exercise, he shut himself up in his study till far into the night, allowing scant repose either to body or mind. At the same time, he regulated his diet,

as he did everything else, according to his obstinate caprice, refusing all aliment except of the lightest description; and this even he would only take in small quantities, under the notion that food clogged his imagination. As might be expected, Nature was not slow to assert her laws when violated so recklessly. In 1802, Alfieri was prostrated by an illness. It returned in the following year with still greater severity, but his state was not thought dangerous. On the 7th of October, in the early morning, he felt better; he raised himself in bed, and just as the first rays of the sun fell upon his noble wasted features, sank gently back. The poet had died, in Madame d'Albany's own words, "without a struggle, without agony, without knowing that it was death."

After Alfieri's decease, Madame d'Albany's inconsolable sorrow for her poet was the topic of Florence. Many people were charitable enough to believe her privately married to him, and those who did not could still in an age and country of lax morality respect the love which had been faithful to its object for more than a quarter of a century, and had now received the consecration of the grave. To the letters of condolence addressed to her, Louisa wrote in reply that death would henceforth be a real happiness. "I detest life," she says, "the world, and all that passes in it. I lived for one object alone, and that has been taken from me." She survived Alfieri only for the purpose of erecting the stately monument over his remains; which she charged Canova to execute, for the sake of preparing his manuscripts for publication—and then, her work fulfilled, she was ready to follow her lover to the grave. So much the world looked for as the climax of the romance; but within a few months, the world laughed to see a French artist, François-Xavier Fabré by name (a man the junior by many years of Mme. d'Albany), established in the Casa d'Alfieri as the poet's successor. She appears speedily to have reconciled herself to the loss of Alfieri: and no doubt rejoiced in secret to be free from the restraints imposed upon her by his rugged misanthropy. From this date she became, as Lady Morgan says, "the Queen of Florence." Distinguished foreigners from all parts of Europe, literary men and women, painters, poets, and sculptors—all were welcome at the Casa d'Alfieri, and all confessed that charm of manner which the Countess retained to an advanced age. Few women have been gifted with more social graces than Charles Edwards' widow; she had a vivacity of expression, joined to a certain gracious dignity which suited well with her pretensions; she enjoyed conversation, and had not only the art of talking well herself, but the far rarer faculty of making other people talk their very best. But the person of the once-beautiful princess had lost, as Walpole says, "every ray of Royalty." Chateaubriand, who saw her in 1822, thus described the countess in her old age: "I knew Mme. d'Albany in Florence," he says in his Memoirs. "On her age had produced an effect entirely contrary to

that which I have observed in others. Time often gives an indescribable nobility to the face, and, especially, where a person is of high birth, it calls out all the tokens of race on the brow which it furrows. The Countess, on the contrary—short and stout in figure, her face devoid of expression—looked thoroughly ordinary. One might fancy that if one of Rubens' nymphs could grow old, she would make just the same sort of old woman as *Mdme. d'Albany*. This change was the more singular because the countess kept up her superior tastes to the last; she maintained an active literary correspondence with Sismondi, Bonstetten, &c. *Mdme. de Staël* wrote her long letters, beginning, "My dear Majesty." The Duchess of Devonshire despatched to her *cara sovrana*, from Rome, a weekly chronicle of literary and fashionable gossip. In the winter of 1823, *Madame d'Albany's* health gave way; but she rallied sufficiently to preside, at the beginning of January, at an unusually large and brilliant reception, where she conversed with her accustomed genial gaiety. Only a few days afterwards, the widow of the last of the Stuarts was dying. She sank, like Alfieri, in the early dawn of morning, without a struggle. Her death took place on the 24th of January, 1824.

The countess left a few trifling legacies, merely as souvenirs of herself, to members of her own family. The inheritor of all her property, real and personal, of her plate, her jewels, the library Alfieri had collected, the valuable gallery of paintings, made by her husband, the poet, and herself, was *François Fabré*. Some years after her death *Fabré* returned to Montpellier, and generously bestowed these treasures upon his native town. Strange irony of fortune! the books which Alfieri had made his daily companions, the objects of art he had gathered, his correspondence with his friends, the letters of the royal countess—all that he held most precious and most sacred, were thus to become, within a few years of his death, the property of that very nation to which he had borne so intense a hatred. One of the most conspicuous objects in the library of the *Fabré Museum* is a white marble diptych, on which the tragedian had caused two epitaphs to be engraved, which he had composed for *Mdme. d'Albany* and himself. It seems to us that surrounded by the books, the pictures, the medals, and statues which had belonged in turn to the prince, the poet, and the painter, this tablet, with its double epitaph, serves to deepen the story with a strange significance. Alfieri had imagined that this memorial of a passion unsanctioned by duty and unhalloved by social ties, would touch the fancy of generations yet to come, as the token of a love stronger than death, as a pledge of its renewal beyond the grave. In the *Fabré Museum* at Montpellier, its marble gleams a perpetual monument, that the woman who had forsaken her husband was not less unfaithful to the memory of her lover.

L. F. P.

THE WAITING WIFE.

BY JAMES EDGESTON.

Dearest, homeward wandering,
Art thou far or near?
One, on dangers pondering,
Waits thy footsteps here!—
Where the taper, glistening,
Shines across the moor:
Lonely watching, listening,
By thy cottage-door!

Moon, serenely brightening,
Lift thy silver ray!
Clouds, and storms, and lightning,
Be ye far away!
Wisp-fires, wildly twinkling,
Camest him not to roam!
Sheep-bells, gently tinkling,
Guide him to his home!

Nought to harm or frighten him—
Thieves, or snares, or ill—
All to cheer and lighten him,
Tend his footsteps still!
Traveller, if (O tarry not!)
Thou my roamer see—
Tell him to haste; miscarry not;
Quicken his steps to me!

Hamerton.

AFTER THE RAIN.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Heavy and faint was the sultry air;
Scarcely a cloud in the sky was seen;
The flowers were parched in the sun's hot glare,
And the grass had lost its vivid green:
Swiftly descended the cooling showers,
Wakening verdure and bloom again—
Life was restored to the drooping flowers;
Fresh was the meadow-land after the rain.

Thus, when the sun of our fortune shines,
The mind attains not its genial growth;
Dwarfed are our talents; our strength declines
In the lulling, soft embrace of Sloth:
But troubles come from a Hand above,
And the trial is not sent in vain—
Patience, Humility, Faith, and Love
Blossom abundantly after the rain.

Indolence, stirred from her languid rest,
May not in clouds and in showers abide;
Selfishness stays not as Sorrow's guest,
But seeks the luxurious halls of Pride.
Mourn not, my friends, o'er your darkened day;
Deem it a blessing instead of a bane;
You are fitted best for the world's rough way
When you tread it cheerily after the rain.

LE PUY, HAUTE LOIRE.

(Continued from page 81.)

We have searched on all sides for a house to ourselves, but have been, at last, obliged to submit to the custom of the country, which, as in Paris, consists in occupying apartments. Each floor forms a complete dwelling; sometimes, even, when the house is very spacious, as ours is, two or three families inhabit the same storey: thus, we have on one side of us an inoffensive old gentleman, and on the other a bland, smiling, busybody, prying old maid. Our house is situated on what was once the principal square, the heart of the old town. Our landlord, Monsieur le baron V—, occupies a part of the house in winter; so you see we are in good company. But to give you a correct idea of our locality I must first describe this curious old town, so famous in the annals of the Velay for its Black Virgin, and for the persecution of the Protestants during the religious wars in the Cevennes.

Imagine, then, what was once an immense lake, closed in by numerous extinguished volcanic peaks; in the middle of that lake, fancy a mountain—Mount Anis—at the basis of which and all up its declivity on one side is built Le Puy, crowned with its cathedral, and the rugged rock, called “Rocher Corneille,” that towers over all. This rock, the loftiest summit for many leagues around, is perceived at a very great distance, and the bishop, they say, contemplates erecting a colossal bronze statue of the Virgin Mary on it, so that she may be seen far and wide by her adoring people, which title the clergy strive, and that effectually, to make the boast and glory of the inhabitants of the Velay. Place Martouret is at the immediate foot of this mountain, and leads to the new town that stretches itself out all along the valley on this side Mount Anis. My windows, looking out on Place Martouret, give me a side-glance of “Rocher Corneille,” and straight in front I command a full view of not only the square and its women fruit-sellers, but also of “Roche Arnaud,” that raises its superb head at some distance behind the houses opposite, and of the country around it, which forms a very pretty landscape. Other windows of my abode look into a street, in which the egg and butter market is held twice a week; and, from an opening between the houses, I can just see the frowning peak of Mount Rougon, whence, alas! many a triumphing soul of a poor martyred Protestant has soared into eternal bliss. And now, reader, holding firmly to those iron bars, placed in the walls on purpose to aid those who ascend or descend the steep, dirty, narrow, crooked, badly-paved streets, come with me to the cathedral, and, as you pass along, just cast a glance on those high scowling walls, with here and there a grated window, or old, crumbling, arched

entrance, as sombre and ghostly as the most enthusiastic reader of old novels can desire. Alas! alas! many a poor heart has here sighed for liberty, and, perchance, broken in despair; for we are now amidst convents: methinks that now, even, a low plaintive sound strikes mine ear—the wailing of some troubled spirit of ages past! From the aspect around, one might almost imagine so; or, is it rather the moaning of the wind, struggling to escape through the vaulted street we are now entering? It was getting dark when, after many ups and downs, ins and outs, we arrived at a small side-door of the cathedral, meeting no one, only the shadows of two or three priests or devotees stealing through the twilight from their evening prayers. A sudden blast closing the door behind us made the ancient pile echo again, and the sound of our footsteps startled us, and made us tread more softly, so dead and mysterious was the silence around. A glimmering light shed here and there a ghastly hue over the old knights or bishops on their tombs, and dimly showed us the edifice above. Suddenly we both simultaneously stopped, I drawing closer to Victor: a low whispering sound issued as if from amid the tombs. I expected nothing more or less than that we were on the point of assisting at a spectre entertainment, and summoned up all my courage to witness it; for methought that already the old knights and bishops stirred. The whispering ceased, and two phantoms fitted past us towards the door, a penitent and father confessor. We continued our ramble without uttering a word, and soon, attracted by a brighter light, we stood before Our Lady of Le Puy—a black wooden image, arrayed in false jewels and gold, and surrounded by numberless burning tapers. The charm was broken: the feeling of veneration and awe, that almost withheld our breathing, now vanished. We were no longer in the temple of the *Invisible One*, whose Spirit, filling and sanctifying the space around us, required no material proof to denote His hallowed presence, or to raise our souls into sweet communion with Him. A nauseous odour seemed to fill the atmosphere, and we turned away.

“This is what they style the triumph of Christianity,” said Victor: “Diana would certainly recognize herself in her old haunt; for on this very spot antiquarians suppose she was once worshipped; many antique stones in the walls of the cathedral, found here when the edifice was constructed, denote the former presence of a temple to that goddess.”

The Druids also are supposed to have adored here before the Roman sway. However that may be, the present building is dedicated to the Virgin Mary; it is in the Byzantine style, and attributed in part to the 7th, and other parts

successively down to the 12th century. When approached by the principal entrance, up to which nearly a hundred steps lead (the whole width of the cathedral), it has a very noble appearance.

"But the legend!" I hear you exclaim. "Can there be a Roman church without a legend, in that religion of legends?"

Certainly not, in these parts, where what they call a pious fraud (as if a lie could ever be anything but a lie) must ever have been an easy matter to impose upon the people, shut out as they are from the rest of the world, ignorant of Nature's laws, and inhaling from their mountains an air saturated with mystery and wonder.

Some crafty priest, in ages past, forged this pious fraud, like many others, doubtlessly to fill the church's coffers—aim, direct or indirect, of all their miracles. Once upon a time, says the legend, there dwelt at Ceysac, a village near Le Puy, a rich widow, who, afflicted with some dreadful disease, had spent half her fortune in useless remedies, and only grew worse and worse. One day, however, lulled to sleep, in the midst of excruciating pains, by some invisible power, lo! a vision glittering with unearthly brightness appeared before her: "Cease thy groanings, daughter," said the heavenly messenger, "and away with thee to Mount Anis. Good tidings await thee." The slumberer awoke, and immediately ordered her servants to transport her to the spot indicated. There, seated on a stone (stone that is still preserved and shown!), gentle sleep again gradually came over the afflicted woman, and, as she dozed, behold soft music, as if descending from above, struck her ear; nearer and nearer the sounds approached, filling the air with the sweetest harmony: then, lo! a celestial woman, issuing from the clouds, slowly descended, and at last stood suspended in the air before her, surrounded and followed by such an angelic host that the azure space above was covered with their silvery wings. Her snow-white robes, as they fluttered in the balmy breeze, dazzled the sick one as she gazed. The heavenly strains ceased, and brighter and brighter grew the halo of glory round the Virgin's brow. "Daughter," said she, graciously smiling, and her voice, like a renovating balm, thrilled through the whole frame of the diseased one, "thou art healed; and, in sign of thy gratitude, build me a chapel on this spot: a stag shall trace the outlines in the snow."

The Virgin never works a miracle gratis. The Saviour says: "Go, sin no more;" but Mary has ever an eye on the substantial. Then, again, the angelic choir broke forth, as slowly the Virgin soared on high, accompanied by her heavenly train. The widow awoke perfectly cured, of course; and, although it was summer, the place all around her was covered with snow, and a stag had already traced the outlines of an edifice. Masons were soon set to work, and in a short time a chapel was constructed, dedicated to the Virgin. Then miracle after miracle was wrought; for, as Madame de Staël said, when she heard of St. Denis carrying his head in his

hands, after it had been severed from his body, for more than a league: "It was only the first step that cost"! Pilgrim after pilgrim hastened to the far-famed abode of the "Queen of Heaven," and soon a cathedral displaced the chapel, become too small to contain so much glory. Then another miracle, a kind of finishing stroke, sanctified the new temple. When the choir was completed, says the legend, the funds were exhausted, and the cathedral not achieved, the bishop set out for Rome to crave the Holy Father's charity; but on the road two young men, of more than human beauty, suddenly accosted him: "Return," said they, "the blessed Virgin herself has sent thee aid." The bishop returned, and, as he entered the town, behold the bells of the new edifice broke forth in triumphant sounds, its doors sprung open, the choir blazed with thousands of burning tapers, while hosts of celestial voices swelled forth into one universal strain of triumphant glory! And yet not a human being was within its walls. The angels themselves had consecrated, as well as finished the cathedral, and the choir is still called The Angel's Choir; two of the miraculous tapers are still preserved in the cathedral, with divers other relics.

Before we quit this haunt of superstition I will give you the history, more wonderful even than of her earthly abode, of the Black Virgin, who, during the middle ages was famed through Christendom; whom Popes, Kings, and Queens visited and invoked, and who never required to be implored twice, when supplications were accompanied with vows of substantial gratitude; thus riches flowed in, while fame flowed out. This lady boasts of an origin rather more ancient than you perhaps may expect. The prophet Jeremiah carved her sable brow, God having revealed to him the features of her who was destined to bear the promised Saviour. I certainly cannot compliment the prophet on his abilities in the art of sculpture. She was given by Saladin to St. Louis, when in the Holy Land, and that monarch presented her to Le Puy, where she immediately commenced her miracles, by according to the prayers of her royal donor a son, he having promised her a rich reward. She was often invoked by that mixture of crime and superstition, Louis the Eleventh, who made no scruple of threatening the different goddesses of his creed if they did not accede to his wishes; he had their images, in lead, on his hat—Our Lady of Embrun, Our Lady of the Deliverance, Our Lady of Le Puy, and Our Lady of Chartres—two black and two white; and when he was on the point of committing a crime he would place his hat before him, kneel down, and say: "Pardon me again this one little crime, I promise not to commit another;" and, if Our Lady of Le Puy refused the accomplishment of what he asked, he would implore Our Lady of Embrun, or the others, to revenge him on her, and *vice versa*. Our Lady of Mount Anis, the old historian says, rarely deigned to quit her sacred abode; but when she did, and allowed herself to be paraded about the streets, so dense

was the throng to catch a glimpse of her benign countenance, that once, after a pest, several hundreds of poor creatures were thrown down, trampled on, and killed in the procession. I think she might have wrought a miracle in their favour, particularly when for a child in jeopardy she achieved such marvels. It is true that a Jew was to be punished in this case, and how could she allow her priests to miss an occasion of torturing a Jew, without counting the gold that the Israelite withheld from Mother Church's coffers? Amongst the chorister boys was one who attracted the attention of all, by his beauty and angelic voice. At the *fête* of the Virgin, one year, while the procession passed a Jew's house, the child disappeared mysteriously, and nothing could be heard of him, in spite of the most diligent inquiries. The year rolled past, and again the Virgin was carried forth; her black majesty, this time, amid chanting, banners, priests' garments, and incense. At the moment the choristers reached the Jew's house, lo! a heavenly voice issued from it, and startled the multitude, and their astonishment increased as the lost child, clad in snow-white apparel, came forth, took his accustomed place among the boys, and went on singing, as if nothing had happened. He was questioned: the Jew, of course had enticed him into his house, had starved him, and had then put him into an oven. "But," said the boy, "a beautiful lady came, and taking me into her arms, she carried me into a lovely garden, filled with fruit and flowers, that smelt so sweetly; while angels, that never ceased singing, surrounded this lady; I sung with them, and was fed with the most delicious fruit, until your voices reached us in the garden, and the lady brought me back, and bade me sing her praises with you."

"A miracle! a miracle!" shouted the priests. "A miracle!" resounded through the crowd. "The child has been to heaven; he has seen the holy Virgin!" and in a moment the whole throng was prostrate before the black doll, while hymns of adoration rent the air, and the boy was carried in triumph before the idol by the enthusiastic people. On a stone in a fountain a young boy is carved, which is said to represent the Jew's victim; the inhabitants pretend that this fountain was raised on the very spot where the crime was perpetrated. This legend of a Jew stealing a child and torturing it is a very common one; I have heard a similar tale in so many places. It appears to have been a favourite excuse, during the middle ages, to get rid of a poor, or rather a rich, Israelite. Was it because such an accusation was easy to impose on the people, still imbued with the ancient Roman belief that the Jews eat a child at their feasts? But the Romans also accused the Christians of the same thing, on account of the body and blood of Christ at the Communion. However that may be, this Jew, says the legend, expiated his crime—of which I have not the slightest doubt, no more than that gold was the cause of the accusation and miracle. "Oh good old times!" will people exclaim.

The more I hear of the good old times,

the more I detest them, and love the age in which I live—age in which miracles are rare, and I run no risk here of being roasted; for these walls can no longer ring with *Te Deums* for the torturing of a Jew or Protestant, as in days of yore. And as we turned, to leave this monument of a now crumbling power, "Oh! blissful civilization," thought I, "that burst, at last, the iron fetters in which Romanism held the Christian world, with such a greedy grasp, and who poured into nations thy vivifying rays of liberty—liberty, whose germ, although so long dormant across those sombre middle-ages, yet was there hidden in her native soil, amongst the German race, whence, at last, she shot forth full of sap and life, under the name of Protestantism, spreading her refreshing branches far and wide. On, on she goes, purging the old world, and distinguishing every nation that receives her by industry, riches, well-being, morality, and life. On, on she goes, and who can say where she will stop? Only when this edifice, and all that resemble it, shall ring with the Redeemer's praises alone, and that bright aurora already gleams at the horizon."

But to finish the exploits of the prophet Jeremiah's masterpiece, behold how all earthly greatness falls! for alas! the end of our Lady of Le Puy was tragical. The revolutionists hurled her from her throne, polluted her raven blackness by dragging her in the dirt, and then threw her into the flames to consume amidst their scoffings and jeerings. However, like the phoenix, she again rose from her cinders, and her people still believe that, by miracle, the present one is the very same, although somewhat modernized in form and features.

As we sauntered home—for the evening was remarkably fine for the season—we could not help observing the numbers of unfortunate creatures lurking about those silent streets near the cathedral. "It is an odd place," said I, "for Vice to choose her haunts—so near a sacred edifice, amid convents and priest's dwellings."

"Odd to you," answered Victor; "but very ordinary to me, for thus it is everywhere. When Nature's legitimate sentiments are tyrannically repressed, illegitimate ones ever replace them, in spite of popes and laws."

When we arrived home, we found a very pretty bouquet of exotics, sent me by my smiling maiden neighbour Mlle. G., who, it seems, has a particular affection for new comers—"the sweet young English lady and her amiable husband," whom she longs to be acquainted with—so says my servant, who, it appears, lived with this lady's cousin, and knows her well. This rather annoys me, as there is no end to the gossip among servants, and those of this lady's character. I have already been warned to be aware of her. Her reputation is anything but agreeable. They say she is half a nun—that is, that she has taken the vows of celibacy. Slanders affirm that such a thing was quite unnecessary—that her tongue alone would frighten away all loving suitors. She is never to be seen without a little black dog—her whole

and sole delight—whose age, although advanced, she remembers better than her own. She is indispensable in all religious ceremonies; decorates the altars, scolds the sextons, declares the organist spoils the organ (he once behaved rudely to her pet, barking at his heels). She dines with the *cure*, threatens the *vicaires*—is acquainted with all servants, knows all that is going on in every house, sometimes more—takes snuff, makes and breaks off marriages, arranges and deranges everything and everybody, and is the terror of all who have children to marry, and with whom all try not to quarrel. She is what they call a “bigot” in perfection. In a word, this virgin appears to be as famous in the town as the black one herself, and that in the highest and lowest ranks.

During the past four months I have had various opportunities of studying the world around me, and appreciating the society into which I am fallen; and if you do not absolutely put your “veto” on a little gossip, we will this afternoon have a regular feminine chat—although, as I write, I almost shiver with cold, in spite of my close proximity to a good fire—and that on account of the absurd custom in this country of having as many doors and windows in a room as the walls around it can contain. Thus, in my little drawing-room I have three doors and three windows, through which the wind almost whistles! Roche Arnaud, opposite, is entirely covered with snow: it freezes hard out-doors, and scarce a person is to be seen on Place Martouret, except its indispensable market-women, crouching over small iron or earthen pots containing their charcoal fires; some warming their feet or hands, others boiling black-bread soup, or—what they are reputed to relish infinitely more—taking “coffee” much in the style that “Mrs. Gamp” takes “tea”—and, in good truth, they certainly require something to keep out the cold. Now and then an explosion of indignation bursts out amongst them, for they are of very combustible matter, and all, perhaps, do not drink “fairly.” However, the police-office is opposite them, and the commissary appears to be a very benevolent soul, and is arbiter in all their quarrels. He discusses the *pro* and the *con*, gets rather angry at times himself, but generally contrives to appease the storm, and goes away laughing. Here and there amongst them a wooden cradle is to be seen, in which is strapped down a coarse woollen bundle containing a little human form, whose puny face may be just perceived peeping from it. This bundle seems immovable. There, on the mother’s head (they carry everything on their head), it is transported to market every morning—there the babe is suckled, fed with soup—there it sleeps and cries, cries and sleeps, until it appears quite accustomed to it. This unwholesome system of penning up the young limbs, and depriving them of air, must be the cause of the remarkable number of lame and deformed we have observed in the street: We one morning counted that forty passed our house in ten minutes! It is true it was on a

Sunday. I should think that at least one-fourth of the population have some visible bodily defect. Some attribute this misfortune to bad nourishment and dirt, which most probably have also their share in the unhealthy appearance of the *poquets*: but, as the opulent are not more exempt from this infirmity than the poor, I infer that the privation of exercise and air in infancy is the real cause; added to which, they put the children’s feet into clumsy *sabots* (wooden shoes) as soon as they can toddle, which must weaken and turn their ankles very much.

No mother, I am told, that respects herself, ever nurses her child. A few of the richest take a wet nurse in the house, but the generality send their infants as soon as they are born to poor women in the town, who, on their side, confide theirs to still poorer women in the country. These take them for almost nothing, often nursing two at a time. The town nurses are thus, by the sacrifice of their maternal earnings, enabled to earn a few francs per month, and make quite a trade of it. I cannot comprehend how parents in easy circumstances can permit their offspring to pass the first year of their infancy in a hovel, frequently inhaling the nauseous breath of three or four in the same small room, without, at times, counting the pig and the fowls!

I have already told you that the only commerce here is lace. This branch of industry, both in the town and in the country, descends from the middle ages—perhaps from a more ancient date: and it is very curious to read an old historian I have just turned over, and to observe that, amid all the changes and revolutions around them, how little the female portion of the population has changed. The men have fought and bled, first in this cause, then in that; their trades, once so flourishing within the antique city, have quite disappeared. The only vestige left is the names of their streets, all denoting rich and important trades; and the race seems to have expired with their wealth and glory; for, if I may believe what I am told and what I remark, a set of drones now vegetate on the soil, their only occupation being to saunter from *café* to *café*, from wine-shop to wine-shop, from billiard-table to billiard-table, to smoke and drink, and to receive, now and then, gentle *strappados* from their *bourgeoises* at home, who reign supreme. If, perchance, an electric spark of enthusiasm influences them at the remembrance of their former greatness in their country’s annals, it is but the effervescence of a moment. They repel every notion of progress as a dangerous innovation that might derange their little affairs and trouble their vegetation. To the weaker vessel alone seems to have fallen the nerve for life’s battle; and almost all the commerce and labour is achieved by the women. Those who have no shop to attend to, assemble just as they did two centuries ago, ten or twenty together, to work at their pillow: each woman has one. In olden times, their numbers were increased during winter by

the inhabitants of the mountains, who, driven from their abodes, not only by the snow, but also by the birds of prey that continually hovered round them, and that inhabited the numerous castles around, abandoned their huts as soon as the first wintry blast announced the urgency of protection. Then on all sides, from the heights, every road and every path leading to Le Puy literally teemed with peasantry, driving their flocks and herds before them, going to seek protection from Our Lady of Le Puy, within the strong walls of that then formidable fortress, of which the bishop was feudal lord. Their cattle safely lodged, the men found work in the different fabrications in the town: some strayed as far as Lyons.

The women formed societies of ten or twenty: each society chose a patron saint, whose protection they daily implored. One woman in each society was entrusted with the direction of the whole, from every member of which she exacted obedience to rules they had agreed upon. They hired a spacious room, and all-day long might then be seen (just as I have seen them now, in the solitary parts of the town), their feet on a *chaufferette*, their pillow on their knees, working, laughing, chatting, crossing themselves, and repeating Pater-nosters and Ave-Marias all in the same breath. They often work until midnight; and then, for economy, one candle or oil-lamp serves them all. It is placed in the middle of a round table, with six or seven glass globes, filled with water, surrounding it. These globes reflect the luminous rays, and cast sufficient light on each pillow for the workwoman to conduct her bobbins. Alas! in spite of the agility of her fingers, she is an envied one, indeed, who succeeds in gaining ten sous (fivepence) a-day. My maid Madeleine, who is my "oracle" in all that concerns this class, pretends that the women only meet in these "evening parties" to gossip and scandalize their neighbours. She went once or twice to see, but had soon sufficient of *that*. So you see I have a treasure in my house—a servant enemy to gossiping! and that in a country where that talent seems to be so highly cultivated! for, from what I hear, the chief occupation of servants and mistresses is to be initiated into the most trivial points of their neighbour's affairs. That arises, I imagine, from the very limited education bestowed on women; and, if Madeleine is so exemplary as a servant, my neighbour, Mlle. G. is the cause; for she assured me that she always makes a point of giving her good advice every time she meets her—this tells you that I have been obliged to visit this lady in spite of my repugnance; and, if I introduce her to you again, it is because she is a type here, and one of the springs of the society, insinuating herself everywhere, and frequently causing great strife in families; for all listen to her. I could not help smiling, the other day, on being told that her only complaint against us is that we always speak English before our servant! She is, however, in ecstasies, at my never preventing my maid going to

church, and has reported all to "Monsieur le Curé," who is perfectly edified, and has conceived a latent hope of recalling a miscreant Englishwoman within the church's bosom. A lady acquaintance has already commenced operations, and, to prepare the way, has lent me several books of miracles. But before I introduce this lady to you, let me give you a little insight into the society of the higher classes, where I met her. For that come with me to the Prefecture, a handsome building in a noble square (Place du Breuil), the rival of Place "Martouret," from which it is only separated by the row of houses on the right of us. This Place is the beginning of the new town, and occupies the flat part of the valley. Besides the Prefecture, it contains handsome public walks, located behind the mansion and its garden. This walk is in the shape of a horse-shoe, hence its appellation, "Le fer à cheval"; and is planted with lime-trees, with the Museum behind it. All this is very modern; but, as you delight in antiquities, let me tell you that numerous Celtic and Roman relics were found while digging in this once immense meadow. *Breuil* is the Celtic word for meadow; and every Celtic town had its *breuil*. Roman bricks, found on the spot where the residence of the chief magistrate now stands, proves that a Roman edifice once occupied the same locality. But here I am, far from my ball at the Prefecture, to which I promised to lead you, and to which I know you are dying to go, in spite of your taste for the antique.

Well, soon after our arrival we paid our visit—as is the fashion in France—to the Prefet, and to other public functionaries: for, in spite of our wish to live very retired, we were obliged to do so, or to run the risk of being considered enemies to the existing power—a thing that no one holding a government appointment would desire. A few days after our visit we received a card of invitation for six balls, to be held between Christmas and Lent; to which we replied with alacrity, for we had found the Prefet's wife a very charming, ladylike person, doing the honours of her house exquisitely: and she gave us a cordial reception.

The Prefet, they say, is not much liked. He makes them feel too heavily the iron arm that rules them. We found him rather stiff and odd, affable by fits and starts. He speaks English well, and seems to be a clever man. He is at open war with the natives both in town and country, and has a strong party against him, for which his quality of a stranger is sufficient. The *Ponots*, like the generality of people little habituated to intercourse with those beyond the precincts of their mountains, entertain a great antipathy for all who were not born under the protection of their black Madonna. So marked, indeed, is this division between them, that it seems quite natural to speak of the "French" and the "*Ponots*."

I find that I have the honour of representing the Anglo-Saxon race, and am a mine of curiosity. But to the ball. At first I found it a very dull affair; however, after sundry yawnings

between me and Victor at a distance, both longing for our own fireside, I managed to enjoy myself very passably; although that want of introduction to those with whom you dance renders chatting with your partner very difficult, particularly to a new comer like myself. However, England furnished a favourite topic with those with whom I danced; and I was much amused at hearing the current ideas in France concerning us. A Frenchman always begins by telling you that Englishwomen are charming; and then he imagines that he has *carte-blanche* to say what he chooses of our fathers and brothers; and this is what I could deduce from the numerous remarks made to me:—Englishmen sell their wives, torture the Irish, *fall* from table, make calico, dig coals—they never produce such a thing as an artist either in music, painting, or on the stage: and, if they have never been on the Continent, they finish their mortal career with the spleen, or in a consumption, without ever once beholding the sun except through a dense fog! Their laws are as abominable as they themselves. A nobleman may plunder, murder, and commit any other crime with impunity. One gentleman told me that he had had his pocket picked when walking in London, and the policeman refused to seize the thief! "The thief was a nobleman, most likely," answered I.

Do not imagine that I exaggerate in what I say: for nineteen Frenchmen out of twenty believe this, and would not for the world have a different opinion. But the twentieth does exist, and I have had the felicity of finding him; and while I sat, sipping a cup of tea, and wondering why the men in France always stand together in the middle of the ball-room, hat in hand, between the dances, like a black cloud hovering over a garden of flowers, an old gentleman (Mr. F.) approached me. We had already been to a dinner-party at his house—so that I was well acquainted with him, and hailed his arrival near me with real pleasure: for he is one of those witty, amiable, gentlemanly men of the "*ancien régime*" one is ever delighted to chat with. He speaks English, and has had frequent intercourse with English families.

"Well, Madame," said he, "what do you think of our balls? Are yours in England as gay as this?"

"I think so," answered I.

"And so should I," recommenced he, smiling. "You dance for your pleasure, while we dance officially. Here we are nobles and non-nobles, looking daggers at each other, and would be much better at separate balls. You see that row of armchairs yonder—they are occupied by the members of the nobility, who have condescended to dance in the same room with the magistrates and *parvenus*; but they form quadrilles apart, and I have just heard a young man (Comte de V.) ask Mademoiselle de B. (his partner) whether she would condescend to have for '*vis-à-vis*' a little '*nobody*,' for he could find no one else, and that loud enough for the '*nobody*' to hear, who, greatly irritated, refused the honour

of being *vis-à-vis* to Mademoiselle B.! The Prefet, also, has just ordered a young man out of the ball-room; a lady—the wife of a *parvenu* this time—having recognized in him a young tradesman in the town, and, highly scandalized that the Prefet should invite '*such people*,' complained. The Prefet had not invited him. He had obtained a card through some one, and was begged by the Prefet to retire—which, in truth, was but just, as he had no business to intrude. But this will prove to you what our boasted equality is! But the great bane of society here is the frenzy all have for gambling, both men and women; and in that drawing-room you see at the end of this, thousands of francs have already been lost this evening, in spite of the Prefet's dislike to *gros jeu*. Then observe how the women eye each other's magnificence! Look at their velvets and more antiques! I wonder we do not have a minute instead of a polka!"

"Tell me," said I, "who are all these beauties?"

"I will not only tell you who they are, but what they are, if you wish," answered he, with a malicious smile.

"No scandal, monsieur!"

"Scandal! would or could I be guilty of such a thing?"

And then my amusing companion passed in review all that fell within his "*mon*;" and facts, I presume, lost nothing in passing through his lips. The relation certainly did not raise the society of Le Pay in my opinion; and, strange to say, that all scandalous histories here are always seasoned with the presence of a priest!

"I shall allow largely for embellishments," said I.

Mr. F. declared that all was perfect truth.

"Then truth is very ugly."

While we were thus chattering, a pair of elegant moustaches lounged past us.

"Who is that?" asked I.

"That is Monsieur le Comte de V.; the very personage I spoke of to you, who was so insolent to the '*nobody*.' He is a would-be scion of the old nobility, though if you peered deep into the past, you might perchance find that the founder of the family gained more money than glory, and handled lace more than the sword. The present head is, however, a Comte, and is a staunch '*légitimiste*' both in religion and politics. The son (the moustaches that have just passed) is half a renegade, and is suspected of having a tinge of Bonapartism just now, as he had of Republicanism under the Republic, and of Orleanism under Louis Philippe. He is one of those happy mortals, of the camelion tribe, whose colour varies. He is the humble admirer of that smiling dame opposite us, who is keeping to feel the quality of your lace, I can see by her frequent glances at it. That lady, Madame D., is said to be on very friendly terms with an ecclesiastic in a high position here. He has a rich niece to marry, and the right ear of the Emperor when a place is to be given away; and

the moustaches are in quest of a rich dowry and a Government place."

This lady Madame D., although no longer in the prime of youth, possesses the sweetest face imaginable; her dark hair, coquettishly arranged, appears in the evening to be powdered. I felt quite attracted towards her, and was vexed in hearing, from Mr. F., that she and her husband (a tall spectre-looking man of fifty) are the amusement of society, and that to silliness and vanity she adds extraordinary avidity. At the Revolution in 1830 she passed to be the wife of a representative in Parliament, although her husband did not possess the requisite fortune in estate. The lady, however, intrigued and manoeuvred so well that at last they purchased an estate, which ruined them, and her husband was not elected. She, however, will keep up appearances, and toils indefatigably to conceal what all know.

Mr. F. introduced me to her, and I soon found out that, according to Madame de Gharadin's opinion, this lady was born to be a milliner. My "toilette" was examined; my lace felt and inspected, its price asked, and every possible and impossible question put and answered in the shortest space imaginable. Satisfied with the inspection, Madame D. was at home every Monday, and would be happy to receive us. We have since been to see her, and she has commenced my conversion; and, to pave the way, has lent me the books of miracles I have spoken to you of. She has issued cards for a *soirée* next week, to which of course we shall go.

There are several other parties pending over us; for it is the fashion here for all to give one grand entertainment—a dinner and *soirée*—every year, in which great luxury and magnificence are displayed by those who possess the means. For their dinners they send to Paris or Clermont, as provisions here are of the worst quality, on account of the sterility of the country.

Many of the rich inhabitants give men-parties. Victor went to one the other evening, where there were more than forty men: the lady of the house was the only one present. These were real *Ponots*, and everything was in the greatest profusion. A sumptuous supper was served at midnight—a thing which I have never seen in France (at the Prefecture there was nothing but occasional refreshments). After supper the guests again sat to cards, and gambled for large sums until breakfast was served: those who were weary reposing on different sofas.

Victor of course did not prolong his visit until daylight; but we were told by another who did, and who left them again playing after breakfast; so that I do not know how long the *soirée* lasted.

A lady, exasperated at this exclusion of our sex, resolved to revenge us; and for that she gave a grand entertainment of ladies, which they say went off marvellously well. I cannot expatiate on its delights, as I was not known to the lady, therefore not invited; but I see very well that the Lords of the Creation cannot digest

their exclusion, although they try to laugh at it; so that you see we are revenged.

So much for the gaieties of the town at this time. The Carnival is fast approaching, when, I am told, there are wonderful things performed.

A gleam of sunshine brought us out the other day, and we visited several curiosities. Amongst others, the museum, which contains the human fossil, of which there has been so much said. I do not know how learned you are in geology, so I will just tell you that all *savants* deny the existence of a human fossil, or that man existed at that antediluvian period when the earth was inhabited by those extraordinary animals whose bones have been extricated from the bowels of the earth, and whose species have quite disappeared; and this because a human fossil had never been found! This was a decidedly scientific point, when all at once a great rumour was heard in the learned world that a human fossil had been dug out of the volcanic matter near the crater of Mont Denise, near Le Puy; and the *Ponots* cried "Victory!" The learned geologists and naturalists of the locality (and there are many) soon found pages of arguments to prove the authenticity of their fossil; and so great was the commotion the vaunted discovery occasioned that the most celebrated professors from Paris and England came to examine it, and went away as incredulous as when they arrived. But that has not shaken the faith of the *Ponots*, who cling to their human fossil unflinchingly.

It is reported that a mischievous workman, to amuse himself at the expense of the *savants* of Europe, imagined the joke of placing the bones in the block where they were found. Of course I am not competent to decide the question, and can only tell you that there are six fragments of human bones incrustated in the block of volcanic matter we saw in the museum, and that the facetious workman must have been a skilful deceiver to have so well succeeded.

After examining the fossil, we paused over several stones, ornamented with inscriptions that denote the sojourn of the Romans in the mountains of the Velay: some even seemed to record the presence of a god unknown to the Romans. We lingered a long while over these last crumbling traces of the conquering and the conquered; for to me there is something very attractive in the wreck of the past, and an inscription is like a voice echoing down the long vale of years that separate us from those remote ages—a voice that warns us of the fragility of all earthly things.

The museum is very rich in relics of the middle ages, and that prove the past importance of Le Puy, such as coins with the arms of the Bishop of Le Puy, who then possessed the privilege of coining. There are also various precious stones of great value found in the Rieu-Pezouhou, a rivulet near Mont Ronçon, which still furnishes zircons, garnets, and other crystallizations at times.

From this museum we wandered to that belonging to the cathedral, rich in religious relics.

There we saw the famous tapers brought by the angels at the consecration of the choir. They are very black, and in a decaying state, but have nothing in them remarkable. A piece of the real cross also blesses this sanctuary; and the Holy Lance is here, entire; although I remember, when visiting the Sainte Chapelle, in Paris, the guide informed us that that edifice was once honoured by the possession of a piece of the Holy Lance, but that it had been transferred to Notre-Dame.

Some one objected, as having seen the whole lance at Le Puy. The guide was puzzled.

"Oh," said a facetious Frenchman of our company, "what does that prove? The piece in the Sainte Chapelle was probably like the hair of the Holy Virgin, which a priest had shown for many years to the faithful; until one day, a country bumpkin pretended that he could not see it, and exclaimed, 'Where, Father Abbot? Where is it? I cannot see it.'

"See it?" indignantly answered the monk; 'you see it? when I, that have shown it for this last thirty years, have never yet had that joy!'

The Holy Lance here is, however, authentic, as far back as the first crusade—and I cannot refrain from giving you its prodigious history, as I read it in an old chronicler the other day:

"At that momentous period when Peter the Hermit preached the first crusade, and, by his overpowering eloquence, put all Christendom in arms, the spirit of enthusiasm, wafting through the mountains of Le Velay, enflamed its chivalrous sons, with the Bishop Adhémar at their head. The Pope, Urban II., was at Le Puy, and, at the foot of Our Lady of Mount Anis, conferred the title of Legate of the Holy See on the valiant Adhémar; who, with four hundred knights, set out for the Holy Land, and so distinguished themselves there, that Tasso himself has immortalized them. Adhémar was then the spiritual guide of the first crusade, and to great courage he added a lofty soul and an enlightened understanding: thus he had had little taste for superstition. After the Christians had taken Antioch, aspiring for repose (so great had already been their sufferings), the Turks returned with renewed force, laid siege to the town, and threw them into a state of consternation unimaginable. In vain was every means employed to compel the infidels to retire—all failed; and famine, pestilence, and despair raged amidst the crusaders, while the people threatened open revolt. In this extremity a priest, named Bathelomi, one morning declared that in the night he had had a vision—an angelic messenger had revealed to him the spot where the lance that had pierced Our Saviour's side when on the Cross had been buried, and that the angel had ordered him to dig it up, and to place it in front of the besieged army, to whom it would ensure victory.

"A spark of hope soon animated the soldiers, and accordingly they immediately hastened to the locality (near one of the gates of Antioch) indicated by Bathelomi. Alas! there was no lance, in spite of all their efforts to find it. The priest, however, insisted, and they repaired to

the spot again the next day. Scarcely had they recommenced operations when a cry of surprise was heard, and Bathelomi triumphantly drew out the lance. In an instant the news, like an electric flash, flew from rank to rank, filling the souls of the discouraged army with enthusiasm. 'A miracle!—a miracle!' they shouted, and following Bathelomi (who carried the lance), they rushed like an impetuous torrent sweeping through the enemy's ranks, routed them, and returned in triumph to the city.

"But in spite of victory the Christians were divided in their sentiments as to the veracity of the vision, and many suspected Bathelomi of being the fabricator of it, and that he himself had placed the lance where it was found. Amongst the incredulous was Adhémar himself. He rightly attributed their success to the enthusiasm of the soldiers, rather than to the cause of that enthusiasm: others firmly believed the priest's history—and so great was the contention created by the Holy Lance, that it was at last decided that Bathelomi should go through an ordeal in order to prove his truth, and thus God himself would settle the question! Accordingly, a fire was kindled, and before the palpitating army the poor fanatic was immolated. He passed through unshrinkingly, and expired a few hours after in exquisite agonies. The sacrifice availed nothing; for his having issued alive from the burning pile was sufficient to maintain his followers in their faith. An historian of his party who records the fact, states that he proved his sincerity; and that, if he did expire a short time after, it was wholly from another cause.

"In spite, however, of the division of sentiments, the lance continued to be the standard of the crusaders until they conquered Jerusalem, when it was placed in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and honoured with the greatest veneration. And whenever success appeared doubtful, it was still marched in front of the army that never once was vanquished with it at its head; until the Turks, believing it to be a fatal talisman against them, fled at its approach. It was at last transferred from Jerusalem to the treasury of the cathedral here, in homage to the valour of Adhémar, killed at Antioch."

"Strange, incomprehensible middle-ages!" methought, as I stood and gazed on this once mighty lance, and the history of the crusaders unfurled itself before me: "To think that this obscure piece of metal then possessed such magic powers; and that that age of heroism was the exact period when harmless inanimate objects reigned supreme!"

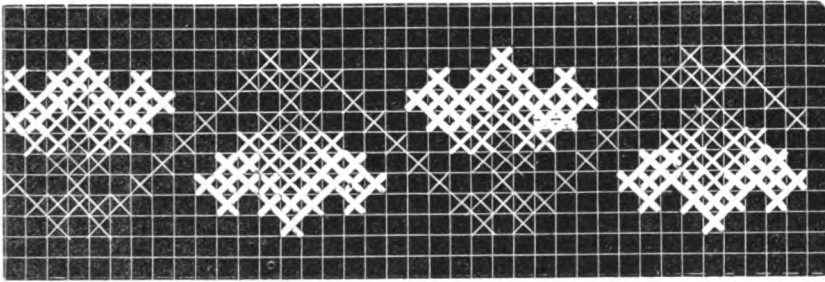
We left the lance in its obscure corner, and turned towards where lay a Bible, of the ninth century, which as well as three handsome enamels ornamented with precious stones, attracted our notice. The enamels were saved from the great fire in Moscow, by a French soldier, who, in gratitude to Our Lady of Le Puy, for having permitted him to behold again his beloved mountains, deposited them at her feet.

We did not push our walk any further; so you must wait until my next for further amusement.

THE WORK-TABLE.

SOFA CUSHION, IN PRINCESS ROYAL CROCHET, EMBROIDERED.

MATERIALS: 8-thread black and white Pearl Wool; blue, crimson, green, and amber 8-thread Wool, and any short pieces of colours; also a coarse hook of the kind already described for this stitch; Cord and Tassels.



The cushion consists of stripes of various colours, arranged so as to harmonize with a line of pearl wool between every two, and also all round the cushion. For this you begin and end with this wool, and afterwards work two lines, to form the other two sides of the square.

With the pearl wool work a chain of 70 stitches, and do one row forward and one backward, to make one pattern of this stitch. Join on a coloured wool, and work thirty rows, making fifteen patterns; then the two pearl-wool rows again, then another colour, until you have five coloured stripes and six narrow pearl lines. Do a pearl line at the top and bottom.

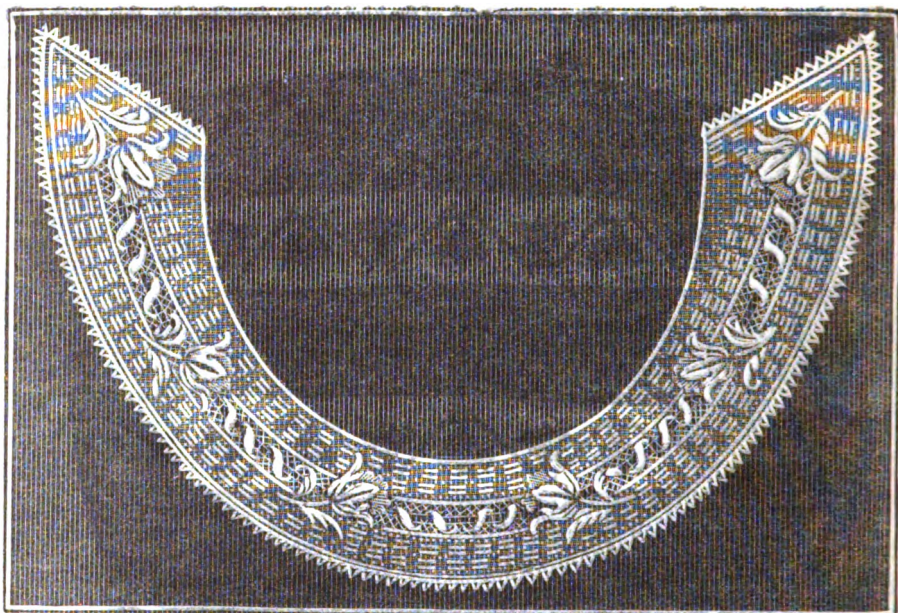
The pattern is worked in cross-stitch, which is done on this crochet as easily as on canvas.

Use a large rug-needle, and single wool. The zig-zag line is in one colour, brown or black, the flower in three shades of bright colour. It may be worked entirely in one set of tints on each stripe, or each flower in a different one, according to taste. In the latter case you can use up any spare bits of wool you may have on hand: but the effect is, perhaps, better the other way. Suppose there are five stripes of the following colours—amber, blue, crimson or scarlet, green, and the design be worked on each in three shades of the colour following it, only with green on one amber stripe and blue on the other, it would look very handsome. The tassels to be made of wool of the leading colour, like those to the round cushion recently given.

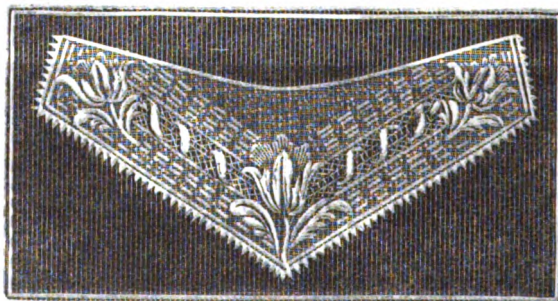
AIGUILLETTE.

COLLAR AND CUFF, IN RAISED EMBROIDERY.

MATERIALS: Fine Book Muslin, Valenciennes insertion, and Messrs. W. Evans and Co.'s Embroidery Cotton, No. 60.



THE CUFF.



The peculiarity of this embroidery consists in the fact of the flowers being all wrought with the natural number of petals, and hollow or cup-like in form, as when growing. For this purpose the design is marked perfectly on the muslin; and, besides this, the upper part of each flower is traced separately, as will be seen in the section given of the cuff. This upper part, being worked heavily in satin stitch, is connected with the corresponding part of the flowers, by a row of button-hole stitch, through both, done along the outer edge, after they have been traced together. It will be seen that this upper part is not quite so large as the under-part of the calyx; and it is not intended entirely to cover the latter. With the exception of the flowers and leaves, the design is of a very simple

character. The Valenciennes insertion (which must be laid *under* the muslin, and joined to it by a line of fine button-hole stitch, and a row of spots at each side) forms no inconsiderable portion of the collar; and on each side of it the pattern consists merely of spots and short bars simply sewed over. The insertion is laid under instead of over, as usual; because the tulips, being heavy, require the additional strength of foundation acquired by the double thickness. The stems, and parts of the leaves and petals, are much raised; but of the two latter some parts are filled with *point de sable*—very minute spots, worked close together.

The border is a simple scallop, veined down the centre.

AIGUILLETTE.

C A V O U R.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

Low lies earth's noblest head :

Cavour is dead !

White, and cold, and still he lies,
Who bade Italy ariseFrom where, beneath the Austrian's heel, she lay
With woes that only dared in groans be said !

Woe for the day

When those dread words sank grief into all eyes ;
While, in their fear and grief, and wild surprise,
Each, the one thought that shuddered through each,
read !He's gone. Who now shall be his land's great stay
Through the dread dangers of her onward way ?—
Through the dark future that before her lies ?
Low lie the will so strong, the brain so wise ;
Low lie the trusted arm, the trusted head :
Cavour is dead !

Who weakly said—

“Cavour is DEAD ?”

His spirit seeks God's face ; but never dies
The heart men gathered from his eyes,
Nor the great thoughts he made the souls of acts—
The mighty hopes he wed in war to facts !

When all that to men seemed

But fancies to be dreamed,

He, with armed hand and wisdom subtly wise,
Moulded to powers before earth's hushed surprise,
Till dazzling light from the grim darkness streamed ;
The glory of his land from night redeemed,Which, while arms fiercely clashed
As in the old days, on the world's sight flashed,
Unto our eyes that glory did he give
For aye to live.

Yes, to live on, and know

Eclipse no more, but grow

And brighter broaden in the eyes of men ;

To light to glory pencil, sword, and pen,

Until the wombs of coming ages give

To us new Cæsars—Angelos—to live

Lives mighty as of old,

Whose deeds by new-born Livys shall be told ;

And far Columbuses, whose acts shall ring

While round the sun the whirling earth is rolled ;

And Galileos, visions to unfold

That mightier Virgils shall, to times of gold,

And happier Dantes, sing.

Glory to him who such great days shall bring,

Who, with wise might the fettered Present freed,

That the great Future might such spirits breed !

Yes ; the earthly garb he wore

Lies there, to be worn no more !

To Death, Life gave it ; and the mighty soul

That could a nation's fears and hopes control

Has passed away

To that eternal day

That, soon or late, shall gather in the whole

Who wander darkly through this mortal way ;

From the gagged slave who fears the despot's frown

To him who treads the souls of nations down,

And dares with peoples, as with toys, to play.

Close the dumb lips ; the blank wide eyes, O close ;

Give the cold form in glory to repose

Where coming centuries shall stand and say—

“No nobler life than this e'er reached life's goal :

Blest be his soul !”

Crown him with glory ! raise

Statue and swelling song to his high praise,

Whose life was noble as his deed was grand !

Who gave his great race with all rules to stand

Co-equal, and rejoice

That yet again its voice

May speak in thunder, and again its hand,
Armed as of old, may be a power to smiteThe crown'd ones who would wrench from it a right,
Or bar it from the radiant road that lies—

The path of greatness, wide before its eyes—

The chase he slipped it on with stern delight !

Chisel and pencil, greatly, as of old,

By your new greatness be his greatness told ;

In stone and colours, to the Future's sight,

That in his glory ever shall delight !

And yet what earthly crown

Needs he whose mortal dust goes down

Unto the earthly rest of the still grave ?

What of these mortal hopes shall his soul save,

For love and fear, in the high life he breathes,

Wherein he lives perchance to win new wreaths

For grander triumphs even than here he won,

In fairer hours, beneath a happier sun.

Yet, where'er his firm feet tread,

Whom we falsely say is dead,

We know but hope he has no need to shun [done.

The presence of the All-Good whose will by him was

Lo ! in our love and reverence he is crowned :

Through all Earth's ages shall he be renowned !

And with a hope assured, all fear above,

We yield him up to the Eternal Love !

IRREVOCABLE !

Ah ! mother, let me lay my weary head,

So dull with pain, upon thy pitying breast !

And when my words of self-reproach are said,

Soon may there come the painless, noiseless rest

That is for all the fittest and the best.

And, even now, my soul begins to see

That joy which is the portion of the blest ;

And of the spirits that are pure and free,

When once Life's emptiness stands forth confessed

Before the solemn waves of the great silent sea !

What happiness seemed promised me in youth !

When every day brought forth some freshened joy,

And earthly pleasures bloomed ; nor care, nor ruth,

Cast o'er their loveliness a dark alloy !

The man seemed happier than e'en the boy ;

Existence was a long and golden dream ;

No gloomy cloud of trouble or annoy

Flung its dim shadow on the purple gleam

Till e'en Life's sweetness would begin to cloy :

Alas ! I was but then the bubble on the stream !

And I have wasted youth and wealth and life,

And drained the poisoned cup down to the lees ;

Strove to forget, in shameful vice and strife,

The bitter past my mind so plainly sees :

And in such pleasures and such aims as these

Have spent the precious years, too soon gone by,

While striving vainly the wrath to appease

Of that remorse which never seems to die ;

And, bowed in sorrow, seek upon my knees

For the sweet memories for which I sigh !

But passion-stained and scathed, as I am now,

I have some feelings that are soft and pure :

Mother ! thy tender kiss upon my brow

Is for my trouble still almost a cure ;

And I can yet my sorrow sharp endure,

For time and talents wasted on the past,

While I am able thy love to procure,

Although the moments are now ebbing fast ;

For nothing more my heart can e'er allure

From that unselfish love which is the first and

last !

W. R.

AN OFFICIAL RAP.

On the 8th of April last the British nation was engaged in the unusual operation of "putting itself down," not perhaps exactly in the manner which neighbours over the water would wish, but nevertheless in a thoroughly effective fashion. John Bull, having put himself down, and conjugated, in full chorus, the verb "to enumerate," his door received an "official rap," and a man, "dress'd in a little brief authority," took away his confession, which Mr. John Bull had made not always in conformity with his own desire, but under the direction of the Act of Parliament 23 and 24 Vict., c. 61. I was the man who gave that "Official Rap;" for, although the number of enumerators was legion, in every particular street it was *the* enumerator; therefore I may as well assume to myself the title of the original and only collector of the returns. I am not disposed to follow the example of some persons who have given any but the right reason for their making an appearance in public, but boldly avow that filthy lucre was my primary inducement for accepting temporary service under Her Majesty's Government. It must, however, be also understood that another object, in undertaking the office, was a vague expectation of amusement to be derived from the casting up and totaling of the British nation.

I have called myself the universal collector of census papers, but what I am about to relate occurred in a suburb of London, which, when the population was previously numbered, was, with its dust-covered fields and broken hedges on the one hand, and heaps of bricks, scaffolding, and rapidly rising walls on the other, in that peculiar transitional state between town and country, which, like the east wind, is "neither good for man nor beast"; its houses affording neither shelter for bipeds, nor its unoccupied space food for quadrupeds. Ten years have, however, worked a change, and the district is no longer a desert, but a thickly-populated hive—a little world, in fact, having its artists and authors, butchers and barristers, cabmen and clergymen, drapers and dramatists, fundholders and fishmongers, jewellers and journalists, lawyers and labourers, musicians and manglers, surgeons and sweeps, tailors and top-sawyers, warriors and washerwomen, *cum multis aliis*; indeed a complete colony, representing every branch of trade, nearly every profession, and possessing its social sliding scale, descending from an aristocratic few to a plebeian multitude; furnished also with its administrative machinery, its county and police courts, its vestry-room, its fire engine, its union, and its gallant band of volunteers; so that if the district were cut off from the great city, of which it is an integral portion, it would be found ready to undertake the task of self-government. A portion of this flourishing locality I traversed on the 8th of April last, collecting schedules from house to house, and announcing my advent by "an offi-

cial rap;" a public-house being my *alpha* and another public-house my *omega*.

With the dignity befitting an enumerator, but with the guilty feeling of a respectable man who is seen going into a public-house at nine in the morning, I entered the "Sir Isaac Newton," and commenced my duties by informing the very fascinating young lady behind the bar that I had called for the census return. My communication was apparently of so facetious a nature that she immediately began to giggle, then to smirk, and finally honoured me with a coquettish toss of the head, and a long stare, as if I were altogether a very novel and amusing object to look at. I don't know, but possibly there may have been some connection between the absurd behaviour of that young woman, and the age assigned to her in the schedule; for as I glanced down the paper her giggling grew worse than ever, and then, without the smallest provocation on my part, she folded her arms, and, resting them on the beer-engine, looked me steadily in the face, and with the most terrible smirk exclaimed: "Now you wouldn't have thought I was as young as that, would you?" I can only say that my No! in reply to the query was most emphatic, and I turned upon my heel with alacrity, and just got outside the door in time to hear a voice from the bar-parlour shouting, "Ask the gent, Sarah, if he won't take anything." The offer, however, came too late; the gent had flown, and was busy in the street of which the "Sir Isaac Newton" formed the corner house. It was a long street of shops, from which the gloss of newness had not worn off: the gilded legends over the doors were bright and glittering, and the varnish and paint were so smart that it seemed doubtful if they were quite dry. Down this road of commerce I marched, stepping in and out of the shops, and receiving the returns, in most instances, with a slap on the counter, as if the amount of business daily and hourly transacted was of a most extensive nature. Each schedule was properly filled up, and the collecting began, I must confess, to be rather monotonous. I suspected, after visiting twenty-four houses, that I was merely playing the part of an amateur postman, with the slight difference of receiving instead of delivering missives. I felt small, and to add to my discomfort I was attended down the street by a small *cortège* of young children, who followed at my heels, congregated round the door when I entered a house, and renewed their march after me when I came out. There was no silent admiration of the enumerator: they passed their remarks freely upon my personal appearance. Tom requested Bill "to twig my boots;" Bill desired Tom to look at my "umbreller;" Dick pointed me out to Harry "as the cove with the hat;" and Harry, having to enter a shop, took his leave by executing, a short distance in front of me, an eccentric dance,

abouting at the same time, "Oh isn't I a Cure?—oh isn't I a Cure?" I must own, too, that when I recognised a lady of my acquaintance on the opposite side of the way, and took off my hat in a style of which I am rather proud, my dignity was not increased by Tom and Bill mimicking the performance, amidst shrieks of laughter from their youthful audience. I felt losing my temper, when, fortunately, a policeman hove in sight, and Dick having called out "Here's the Bobby," the whole lot decamped; but, before ridding me of their presence, Master Tom made a pounce at the schedules in my hand, uttering the request "Give us one, master." In reply I raised my umbrella in a threatening manner; but he had vanished, and my sole consolation was a grumbling remark from an old gentleman, whose nose I had nearly hit, respecting "persons being more careful in the streets, and should not swing things about in that manner." I had a great desire to ask him what he meant, but abstained from doing so, and marched on, savagely determined to pounce down upon the first man who had made a mistake in filling up his return. To this end, at the next shop I sternly demanded if it were properly filled up. The proprietor, a very small man, with hair stiffly standing up from the top of his head, eyed me contemptuously; then, straddling out his two absurd little legs, and sticking his two thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, fiercely told me that he was surprised at my asking such a question, as "none but a born idiot could fail to understand the Government instructions." He glared at me after uttering this opinion, and then drawing himself up to his full height (five-feet one), walked down the shop, leaving me fairly astonished. I regret to say that an examination of this fiery gentleman's return proved that all the information demanded had been carefully supplied, but subsequent investigations gave birth to the belief that a large per-centage of my fellow-countrymen are "born idiots," and I would suggest that at the next census a column should be especially devoted to this particular chronic mental affliction. Though disgusted with that shopkeeper, he certainly broke the monotony of my rounds, and the very first "official rap" I gave, on arriving in a street of semi-genteel houses, where the householders principally described themselves as "letters of lodgings," was answered by an invitation into a parlour, where a majestic lady received me with a dignified bow, and impressively placed in my hand a sealed packet.

"There, sir, is my paper."

I bowed, and was proceeding to break the seal.

"Surely it is not your intention to open it?" was the surprised inquiry.

I intimated that my instructions obliged me to do so.

"I then must observe, sir, that it seems strange, not to say unwarrantable, that my word is to be doubted: and I can hardly think that the authorities would sanction such a step."

Although my dignity was hurt, I politely in-

formed the lady it was absolutely necessary that I should see that the returns were properly filled up.

"There cannot be the slightest fear on that point," rejoined my companion, casting withering glances at me, and then adding, in a very sarcastic tone, "Perhaps you will admit this, when I tell you that for eighteen years I kept a first-class boarding school: fifty guineas a-year, Italian and music extra."

Certainly I could not see the connection between the boarding-school and the census return, and I was proceeding to break the seal, when she laid her hand upon my arm, and in a stern voice said: "Promise me one thing."

I stammered out, that it was impossible to make promises, but she interrupted me by adding: "Promise me, sir, that none but the Registrar General and yourself shall know the contents of that paper."

I started, and entertained some doubts of the lady's sanity; but she gave me little time for reflection.

"Remember, sir, there are matters—delicate matters—which should not be made public; and I, therefore, if you have authority to open that packet, beg it may be placed by your hands in those of the Registrar General."

It was with the utmost difficulty that I could refrain from laughing, but I did manage to keep my countenance, and gravely assured the lady that her wishes should be complied with to the letter.

"Then I am satisfied, sir," was her reply; "I believe you only do a painful duty in opening that packet, and I thank you. Good morning."

She bowed me from her room, and I was so tickled with that unmarried lady's feverish anxiety, when I looked at the age she had inserted in the return, and remembered her almost antediluvian appearance, that my next "official rap" was characterized by awell-executed *tremulo*, and, as if to make the burlesque more complete when the door was opened, the man who acted as porter went to the foot of the stairs, and shouted, loud enough to be heard half-way down the street, "Hullo, Betsy! here's the gent come to know your age!"

From the street of lodging-houses I proceeded to one of the most nondescript description: every door-post was ornamented with a regiment of bell handles; commerce had settled in the areas and the attics; at one house a general shop-keeper kept his emporium in the front kitchen, and at another a tailor had established himself on the second-floor; washerwomen and sweeps abounded, and about the houses, roadway, pavement, and children there was a general look of dirt and industrious poverty. Diving down the area of the first house my descent was announced by an urchin shouting, as he passed, "Milk, below!" and then, playfully tapping my hat, he hazarded the remark that he supposed there "was nothing hinside," which it must be owned rather ruffled me, and ill-fitted me for the calm performance of my duties, nor

was I much re-composed when a troubled face confronted me in the shop, and a voice exclaimed :

"Oh sir! I'm so glad you've come; such a dreadful accident."

Evidently I was mistaken for the doctor, and I informed the woman that I was not a medical practitioner, but the enumerator, who had called for the census paper.

"That's it, sir."

"Yes, sir, that's it," observed a red-faced woman, bustling up, and joining in the conversation. "Poor dear, she 'aven't had a wink of sleep all night; and her blessed baby, too, only two months old; and he took the pledge three year ago, and never broke it afore."

"That's true, Mrs. Johnson," cried the other; "and it all comes of them strikes."

"Ah! it all do come of that, Mrs. Giles! Heavens knows the trouble I've had with my old man. What with beer, baccy, and such like, I have almost been wurretted out of my senses. Only let *them* give me the making of the law, and I would show them what for."

As the latter part of this philippic was addressed to me as if I were connected with *them*, and as I was somewhat mystified as to a baby, two months old, having taken the pledge three years ago and broken it, and met with an accident in consequence, I again ventured to suggest that I had called for the census schedule, and had no sooner done so than the woman who had opened the door again began :

"That's it, sir; and only to think that of all nights in the year, he should have done it when that were in the house—and what, sir, we're to do is more than I can say."

"Ah! my dear, that's true enough! and if he was sent to prison it would only serve him right; for, as I read with my own eyes on this my own dokkymen, which, sir, it is properly wrote in, as my own daughter is a scholar, because I had little enough of that when I were young—and I am not ashamed to confess my age, which it is forty-nine last Michaelmas. It is five pounds, and what you air to do, Mrs. Giles, if he's taken, and the blessed infant only two months old, is more than I can tell."

"Really I cannot see what this has to do with me."

"Of course, sir," continued the voluble Mrs. Johnson; "for a gent like you it is not to be supposed that you should, sir; but if so be it is a case for the police-courts, for her sake, sir, and not for hisn, I will not say but what I would speak to his worship as to karractur and without saying more than as a truth I have occupied this house ever since it were built, and paid my rent reglarly; for which there are in that old tea-pot my receipts."

"I do not in the least doubt that; but I must really request you to hand me the schedules."

Upon making this demand in rather a peremptory manner, something resembling a coherent explanation was obtained. From this I

gathered that Mr. Giles, a mason, and so quiet a man that he had taken and kept the pledge for three years, had been so worked upon by some fierce advocates of the "strike" that he returned home the previous evening in a hopeless state of intoxication, and, much to his wife's horror, lighted his pipe with the schedule, at the same time exclaiming he was not a-going to be dictated to by any of them ere State secretaries, eating up the working man's money, and he should like to meet with anyone who would tell him he must do so, he would serve them the same way. Hence the wife's fear of fines, and the landlady's good-natured, but incomprehensible interference on her lodger's behalf. A fresh form and a few strokes of the pen soon put matters to rights, and elicited the remark from Mrs. Johnson, as I went up the steps, that I was "a very purlite Government-gentleman; and others, that ought to know better, might learn something from such like as him is."

The sound of my "official rap" was next heard in a mews; and, if I were disposed to make a bad pun, I might remark that if this particular mews was not poetic, it was at least prolific. I never met with a more densely packed population than was discovered in the flowerpot-silled windows of the rooms over the stables. Mothers and fathers, grandfathers and grandmothers, sons and sons-in-law, daughters and daughters-in-law, "boarders" and "visitors," nephews and nieces, aunts, uncles, and cousins were all so closely stowed away, that it gave birth to the belief that the horse's manger by day was the baby's crib by night. And of the corn-bin it might be said it was like the chest of drawers in "The Deserted Village:"

"The chest contrived a double debt to pay—
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day."

There, too, I had an opportunity of noting the spread of education amongst the lower orders. Every boy and girl under twelve was a "scholar;" so a hope exists that some day a full-blown "scholar" must issue from the mews, to be crowned with bays. Neatness in these habitations of many people was the rule, and not the exception; and the neatest of all was the one in which resided a buxom housewife, who told me that, during the last ten years, she had increased the population of the mews by nine; and that, when the previous census was taken, her family numbered four children: thus making a very pretty sum-total.

As I left the mews, a cabman, leaning over the hatch-door, calmly smoking a long clay pipe, winked at me in the most knowing manner, and, indicating with his thumb a policeman who was standing at the corner, exclaimed—

"I say, master, you'll get at 'em, between you, this time!" and then, with another wink, took a long draw at his pipe, looking very much as if he had hit the right nail on the head. I suppose he imagined I was obtaining a return of the thieves. Perhaps the policeman thought

I was one myself, as he favoured me with a long stare until I got close up to him; and then, apparently satisfied of my respectability, resumed his slow heavy walk down the street.

Proceeding to an adjoining street, about which hung an air of struggling gentility, my "official rap" had only been repeated at the first house—not number one, as number one had yet to be built—often enough for me to receive a greater amount of blacklead from the knocker than was altogether agreeable, when a thin, middle-aged lady, dressed in rusty black silk, and her skirts guiltless of crinoline, opened the door, and invited me into the front parlour.

"This way, if you please. This is my apartment."

She glanced round the "chair-lumbered closet just twelve feet by nine;" and I did likewise, but failed to discover anything remarkable in it.

"I repeat, this is my apartment—at least for the present—and here is my return. You will find everything properly filled up. My age I have stated to be above forty; and that I assure you is correct—I am above forty."

I felt tempted to remark I didn't doubt the fact; but refrained, and simply said it was necessary to have more precise information.

"I can't give it. I won't give it, neither for the Registrar-General nor for the Home-Secretary. I can make that answer or none at all. I have also filled-in my occupation as 'Claimant of property.' That is my occupation, and has been my sole one for the last ten years; and will continue to be until I die or gain my rights. I have been wrongfully defrauded, by the machinations of wicked persons, of my just and lawful rights; therefore, I maintain I can only describe my occupation as that appertaining to a claimant of property. And I have only to remark that I have made this explanation to you away from the people of this—this place—where, for the present, I am compelled to reside. I have nothing further to add. Should you desire to know more, I can refer you to gentlemen of position who are perfectly acquainted with the circumstances of my case, and can vouch for my respectability."

I assured this gentlewoman that I never for a moment doubted her respectability, but that I should have wished for rather more precise information as to age and occupation; but finding that my request only produced a reiteration of the statement touching her property and "the machinations of wicked persons," I left her to resume her wearying employment as claimant of property.

Another turn brought me into a street of third-rate lodging-houses, packed full of families, the heads of whom followed all kinds of precarious callings. Every front door was fitted with a latch-lock, and round most of the keyholes the paint was worn completely off, the walls of the passages were dirty, and every vestige of pattern had been trodden out and shuffled off the oilcloth. There was a perpetual bustle of persons up and down the stairs, and

when I got occasional glimpses of the dirty little back yards I came to the conclusion that "little washes" were continually being carried on by some of the occupants of these "teeming" and not over-cleanly "hives." At one house in this street my "official rap" was answered by a little drab of a girl, who, on putting a bundle of returns into my hands, asked me "to step up to the second-floor front for their'n." I complied with the request, and, having achieved the feat of ascending the steep and narrow staircase, entered a room in which the most admired disorder reigned: wearing apparel was scattered in all directions; one chair bore the unwashed cups and saucers that had been used at breakfast; a teapot stood on a cheffonier, flanked by a brass candlestick on one side and a half-quartern loaf on the other; some torn and dirty books were heaped upon another chair, and on one side of the fireplace was a clothes-horse, on which were being aired some minute articles of baby attire; while on the other side was the small owner of the property, lying asleep on the lap of a pocket edition of a nursemaid. And this small handmaiden announced my arrival by a shrill cry for "Missus"! In answer to the demand, a door communicating with the back-room opened, and a person dressed in a singularly simple, but most ungraceful wrapper, made her appearance. She was not strictly handsome, but a large pair of brilliant, restless, black eyes, which rolled and flashed unceasingly, gave striking effect to her face: and, whether from her eyes, or her slow, measured speech, I could not help associating her with a sketch of a young lady in a melodramatic gipsy-dress which hung over the fireplace.

"Will you take a seat?" she asked, in as solemn a voice as if she was pressing me to partake of a poisoned cup; and seeing that all the chairs were occupied, she glided across the room, swept the books from the seat they covered, and motioned me to the table, which was partially covered with the fragmentary remains of a banquet. I sat down, and was then asked "if I would be so obliging as to fill up the form?" I signified my willingness to comply with the request, and suggested that pen and ink were necessary. Unfortunately I had asked for articles most difficult to find, and a search for which entailed a complete rummage of the room, resulting in the required implements being at length dragged from a cupboard, where they were keeping company with the remains of "half a hundred" of coals, and a gridiron! How many knives that pen had, or of what peculiar pasty composition that ink was made, I do not pretend to say. A little humouring of the former, and a judicious admixture of cold tea to the latter, enabled me to perform my task. With a slow enunciation, and with the black eyes rolling and flashing, the heroine in the morning wrapper gave me her own, her husband's, and baby's names, their respective ages, conditions, and sexes, and where they were born; but when I asked the rank, profession or occupation of the "head of family," the

absolutely blazed, and their owner exclaimed—

"That, sir, I decline to state."

"But really I must—"

"I cannot inform you."

"Is he in trade?"

"Again I say I decline to give any information in the matter."

"Are you aware that your husband is liable to a penalty?"

"We must take the consequences," was the reply, with an awful flash of the eyes.

I was fairly nonplussed; but, thinking she might be less reticent in regard to herself, I inquired if she followed any occupation?

"I cannot reply to that question," was the only answer elicited! and although I tried my hardest, my only reward was an obstinate persistence in the *Non mi ricordo* style of giving evidence, and increased rolling of eyes. Finding all my efforts fruitless, I left this heroine, and on gaining the street-door was accosted by the landlady, who, touching me on the arm, asked me in a low tone of voice, "Can you tell me, sir, what *he* is?"

A jerk of the hand indicated the direction of the second floor.

"If I did know I certainly should not tell you; but I don't."

"Well, surely, I thought I should find it out now," sighed the landlady, as she closed the door after me; and I descended the step, thinking that perhaps, under the circumstances, her curiosity was a little excusable.

As it was now growing dusk, I hastened to finish my rounds, and my "official raps" succeeded each other with considerable rapidity, and at length I came to the last street, formed of two lines of semi-detached houses arranged in pairs, and all so alike, that it is to be hoped none of the "heads of family" are given to dining out, as a slight difficulty might be experienced in finding their respective homes. At the last house but three, in this most neat and unexceptionable street, I was received by a boy in buttons, who conducted me to the dining-room. It was cozily furnished, but bore unmistakable traces of the hand of the upholsterer, who had evidently been called in and requested to furnish the house. I had scarcely surveyed the contents of the room when the page requested me to "walk into the drawing-room;" when I was shown into an apartment lighter and brighter than the other. Standing by the fire was a stately lady, who claimed to be the "head of family," although, from the simple fact of her "condition" being "unmarried," there was no "family" to be "head of." I am not vain, but I do attribute the sweetness of the smile which greeted me to the fact that I am not altogether bad-looking, and not to my official capacity of the enumerator.

"Pray be seated, and do let me ring for some wine," was the greeting I received; and I complied with the former but declined the latter request. "I am so sorry to trouble you, but I am so dreadfully stupid in all business matters:

poor dear papa used to say he couldn't think what I should do without him."

I bowed, and wondered what the poor dear papa of that ample form was like when alive!

"I am sure, then, you won't mind filling up that dreadful paper you left here the other day! I am almost ashamed to ask you: I am sure, when I saw you delivering them on Wednesday, I quite pitied you for all the annoyance you would have to undergo."

She had seen me, then! Which was it—my whiskers, or my general military bearing?

"I wonder where I put that paper!"

"It is of no consequence," I said; "I have plenty more."

"How very kind! I'm sure we all ought to be so much obliged to you! Oh, the ink: pray don't move—my stupid head! I think you will find everything there," she added, putting a handsome silver inkstand on the table, and seating herself opposite to me.

I could not help feeling something like a photographer, or perhaps a clerk in a foreign consul's office, about to sketch a pen-and-ink portrait for a passport. The name was given correctly, but the relation to head of family elicited the remark—"Dear me, I suppose as the house is mine I am 'head of family.'"

"And your condition, may I ask?"

"Really, you men are shameful creatures; it is quite like the thing they used to have in Spain—you know—dear me—the people in black—the—really I'm not fit for anything, my memory is so bad: I mean the Inquisition. Oh dear me! I had almost forgotten your question. I am unmarried. I suppose I ought to call myself a spinster, but that is such a dreadfully ugly name."

I don't think I felt quite comfortable, when I looked at that stout female nodding and smiling at me from the other side of the fire-place, and I began to wish that somebody else were in the room. However, the only thing to be done was to get on with the work, and, in as dry official a tone as I could assume, I asked her age last birth-day.

What was my embarrassment when, instead of directly replying, she drew her chair round full face to me, and exclaimed, "How old should you take me to be?"

"Well, really," I stammered, horrified with the inquiry, "I do not think I could possibly guess."

"Then try."

I looked at the red face and the voluminous form, and mildly ejaculated, "Not more than five-and-thirty."

"That is extraordinary," she exclaimed, in a delighted tone; "that is exactly what all my friends tell me; but I am older than that. I can't tell you though: no; really I can't: I must write it down."

I handed her the schedule, in which she inserted the information, and returned it to me, saying, "Of course, I know you will read it; you men are such quizzers. Oh! now don't pretend

you won't. There! I declare, if you have not read it now!"

"You may rely upon my——"

"I don't suppose that you are any better than the rest of your sex."

I almost trembled as I gazed on my companion, smiling and nodding to a greater degree than ever. I endeavoured to recollect the precise place I had put my hat, while I bluntly asked her rank, profession, or occupation?"

"There now, I knew how I should be puzzled; poor, dear papa was quite right; I am sure I don't know what I am; I have some houses you know, and some funds in the Bank; and then you know there is some money my lawyers lent to somebody; and that's all. Oh! no—then I have some railway shares."

"A fundholder and proprietor of houses," I remarked, writing it in rapidly.

"There! now you see how clever men are! You did that in a quarter of the time I took to tell you about it. How I only wish——"

As I really was getting alarmed for my own safety, I hastily interrupted her with a request for information about the servants.

"There, again! you see," she rejoined, looking at me with decided admiration, "you are so prompt and quick, I should never have thought of them; but you are so business-like, and do just what I should never do myself. Will you ring that bell please?"

I complied with the request, and almost expected she would compliment me on my powers as a bell-ringer.

"You must be so tired," she said, as I resumed my seat: "pray do let me offer you some wine."

Fortunately, I had only time to refuse when Buttons appeared with the missing schedule, which that intelligent young gentleman had taken upon himself to fill up as far as regarded the servants. Hastily glancing through it, I was about bowing myself from the room, when the lady rose, and, advancing to me, said,

"Excuse me, but I am so lonely here that I should feel obliged, if you should hear of any one wishing to board, if you would only think of me."

I started; I even think I blushed. I know I stammered out something. I am certain that I snatched up my hat eagerly. I am perfectly aware that I rushed down the steps into the street. I am convinced that I walked rapidly to the nearest cab-stand, and I am sure that I did not feel quite comfortable until I was sitting before my own fire in my own chamber, situate three good miles from *that* street. I assuredly did get the three remaining schedules the next day, but I took good care not to be seen by the "head of family" in *that* house. I solemnly aver that I neither left there my papers, my umbrella, nor my gloves, for the purpose of giving me opportunity of calling again; and, I equally, solemnly avow that I daily look with dread at the second column of the *Times*, lest it should contain a notice that "If the enumerator who called at the houses in —— street will call

at number —— he will hear of something to his advantage."

Such were some of my experiences as *the* Enumerator. I might, in addition, disclose many curious particulars concerning the orthography to be found in some of the schedules. I might give some strange examples of the modes of filling-up the returns. I might show how British humour ran riot in a number of the documents; but I have no wish that John Bull should lose faith in his enumerator; I have therefore, written the history of my OFFICIAL RAP so as not to belie the promise of the Registrar General, when he declares "Care will be taken that the returns are not used for the gratification of curiosity."

FANCIES.

BY ADA TREVANION.

A dark and a heavy shadow;
A whisper of sighing wind;
The breath of hay from the meadow;
The beat of leaves on the blind.

A bird to my bosom flutters,
And a child comes to my knee,
While the thunder hoarsely mutters;
But neither of them I see.

I gaze where the trees bend over
A haunt which the wild deer range;
And before me stands a rover,
In whom years have wrought no change.

A moment since, and some feeling
O'er my soul shed tender bliss;
Now, a cloud my sky's concealing—
I droop 'neath a parting kiss.

I see a horse and its rider
Wind up a steep mountain way;
The chasm below looks wider
As the lightnings round it play.

I see alone, on the ocean,
A fragile and storm-tossed bark;
Through the tempest's wild commotion
Did there come a death-cry? Hark!

But you take my hands, which quiver,
And say they are fancies, these;
And moonlight, with white-hued shiver,
Is lying upon the trees.

How the waves haste to deposit
The brown seaweeds on the shore!
The storm is over: what was it
We were talking of before?

'Tis an hour for quiet gladness,
Tell me something gay and light;
For my heart is full of sadness,
And my eyes are dim to-night.

Ramsgate, 1861.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

How often is it said, in the present day, that men and women are falsely placed with regard to each other! According to one party, men are too strong and women too weak, and they demand that women's prerogative be forthwith greatly increased—they would make men of them at once. Others consider that by a different course of education, which should direct their minds to great objects, women would quietly assume a position equal to that of men, without any more active interference. A third and large party assert that, so far from men being the stronger, they have always been the victims of the other sex.

There is perhaps some truth in each of these propositions; but when we consider that men have always been the law-makers, there may be a suspicion of their having secured to themselves an undue portion of the powers and privileges of social life. It is so easy to make a law in favour of oneself, that we think there is a chance of the suspicion being well-founded. On the other hand, the small amount of truth which we have supposed to exist in the propositions above stated is completely swamped by the presence of a load of injustice.

The destiny of man and woman, husband and wife, is the same: each has certain duties to perform, which of themselves combine for the mutual advantage. If men and women, when brought together by marriage, and who have to live together for the whole of their lives, would make up their minds to be as charitable to each other's failings, as much disposed to mutual forbearance and consideration towards each other's feelings in private, as they appear to be when in the presence of their friends, we should hear much less about injustice and false position.

To use a common expression, what is fair for one is fair for the other: in the married state

there should be the strictest equality. The husband must come down from the position of master, not that his place may be taken by the woman, but that she may be the sharer of his pleasures, hopes, and joys, as she has ever been the partaker of his pains, fears, and sorrows. There is nothing more beautiful than friendship; and the friendship of husband and wife ensures the highest earthly happiness.

Many married men consider themselves fully justified in passing most of their evenings away from home, among their companions. If this be fair for the man, it is equally fair for the woman to go out and visit her friends also. If it be essential that the woman have always a smile ready to greet her husband when he enters, it is equally essential that he should bring good-humour and a pleasant countenance with him. True, he may be troubled and annoyed with business cares; but is she not troubled and annoyed, often to a greater degree, with family and household cares? with the difference that, whilst she is always amongst hers, the man by his more active out-door life does in some measure modify his. If it be fair for the husband to keep the purse, it is fair that the wife should know how much or how little there may be in it. There must be no secrets on either side; what the man knows the woman ought to know. In cases of difficulty woman's *feelings* will often suggest a better remedy than man's *reason*.

The case might be met by the mutual recognition of one common purpose and object, combined with respect for differing views regarding its attainment. Generally speaking, it may be said that there wants for man more of sympathy, for woman more of discretion:—

"The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something every day they live
To pity, and perhaps forgive."

LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

UNCLE HERBERT'S WEDDING.

BY Y. S. N.

"Cousin Caroline, were you ever a bridesmaid?"

"Yes dear, several times; more often indeed than I ought to mention, if I had any expectation of being a bride."

"But were you at a wedding when you were as little as I am?" continued the young questioner, wistfully eyeing the pretty white muslin frock and lilac sash which "Cousin Caroline" was putting away, in readiness for the day which Miss Emmy began to think "*never* would come."

"Yes Emmy, I was rather younger, and certainly smaller than you, when first invited to take part in such an important affair. I think, too, that I was almost as pleased as you are, my little girl, although it was not at a *sister's* wedding that my appearance was requested."

"Can you make a story of it, cousin, and tell me all about it, from the very beginning?"

"Well, I will do my best," said Caroline, laughing; "but there really is scarcely anything to make a story of, if it is to be a *true* one; neither plot, nor incident, nor wonderful adventure."

"But I do not care for wonderful adventures," said Emmy Ramsay; "I like anything that has

happened to you, Cousin Caroline, a great deal better than fairy stories."

"Indeed, little coxer? Then let us put all this finery away first, and when we are comfortably settled in the summer-house I will begin at the 'very beginning,' according to your wish and my established custom."

"Oh! how nice that will be!" exclaimed the little girl, joyfully. I shall like it so much; for when the visitors come, I am afraid there will be no time for stories."

"No, my child; Cousin Caroline will have something else to do to-morrow, and for many days afterwards; so we will make the most of present opportunities—a wise plan in graver matters than story-telling."

Caroline Seymour was, as my little readers have probably discovered, considerably older than her young companion; indeed, she had for more than ten years been almost a mother to Emmy and her elder sister Alicia Ramsay, who had lost their own dear mamma when quite young. Mr. Ramsay still lived; but, as he was often away from home, his niece had the chief management of the little household, and had been the principal companion and instructress of his two daughters. Alicia was to be married in a few days, much to the delight of little Emily, who was very partial to her future brother-in-law, James Kenyon, and looked forward to spending many happy days at the newly-built rectory, close by, which was now quite ready to be occupied by the young clergyman and his bride.

Having thus more particularly introduced the Ramsay family to my readers, it is time to follow little Emmy to the cool, shady summer-house by the lake, and listen with her to Cousin Caroline's account of her "first wedding."

"It was a great many years ago—ah! more than I sometimes believe possible, Emmy, so fresh is my remembrance of those old days—when what I am going to tell you took place. We—that is, papa, mamma, Miss Gibbs, a friend of theirs, and myself—were still at the breakfast-table in the pretty morning-room at Ashley Court, when papa all at once produced a letter from his pocket, which had been there forgotten and unopened for two or three days.

"What is the matter, Edwin?" inquired my mother.

"Why, wife, a great deal is the matter this time! What a stupid trick of mine! I am getting more forgetful than ever, I declare. Such an important letter, too," he continued, glancing rapidly over its contents, "to have kept all this time unopened, and consequently unanswered."

"Who is it from? What is it about?" were the eager questions.

"From my brother Herbert: read it, my dear," said my father, handing it to her, and looking himself immensely amused at the contents.

"Going to be married!" exclaimed my mother, with an expression of the most comical perplexity.

"Herbert married! You do not say so!" she continued, incredulously.

"I do not, my love; but the letter does, which I suppose is to be believed, as it is not the 1st of April."

"Married?" echoed Miss Gibbs, mournfully, "what a sad, sad pity!"

"And why so? I think him a lucky fellow to secure such a treasure as he describes. Whom do you pity, Miss Gibbs?" asked my father—"the lady, or the happy man? I thought you liked my brother Herbert?"

"So I do, Mr. Seymour; and always thought him very sensible for remaining single on the dear children's account."

"What children! Whose should he remain single for, pray?"

"Yours," said Miss Gibbs promptly; "everybody expected them to come in to his property."

"Then everybody is quite in the wrong, and much to be blamed for such expectations. Pshaw! nonsense," said my father, more good-humouredly. "Who could wish a fine, handsome, kind-hearted fellow like Herbert to keep single and desolate in that large house of his, in order to make my children heiresses at his death? Carry, my dear, you don't want Uncle Herbert's money, I hope?"

"No, papa," I answered at once, not quite understanding the subject under discussion, but particularly objecting to Miss Gibbs saying anything in disparagement of my dear, kind Uncle Herbert, who had always been like a second father to Charlotte and myself.

"That's right, my child; then you will be very pleased to hear that Uncle Herbert is going to be married early in July, and wants you and Charlotte to be his little bridesmaids. Won't that be an honour!"

"I ran off immediately to communicate all this important news to my elder sister, who was just then an invalid, and generally a prisoner to the couch in our school-room. To my surprise and distress, the intelligence was received by Charlotte with a paroxysm of tears. I knew she was very weak, and thought that the announcement had been too hasty; but not that it was altogether unwelcome as well as unexpected.

"Are you not pleased with the prospect of being bridesmaid, Lottie?" I asked, when the sobs had a little subsided.

"I have not thought about *that*," she answered, sorrowfully. I have been thinking of nothing but Uncle Herbert; dear Uncle Herbert, who has always been so kind to us. It is very wrong of him to get married when I am so fond of him, and—"

"Wrong? Why, Lottie, is it not very kind of him now, to ask his little nieces to be bridesmaids?" I remonstrated, rather indignantly.

"Sister Lottie gave me no answer; but, when I told her what Miss Gibbs had said about Uncle Herbert's money, she was quite as angry as papa had been.

"No, Carry; such a thought would not have come into my head, although, being older than you are, my dear," she observed—with the

full consciousness of having three years the advantage of me in that respect—'being older than you are, I have heard people say how rich we should be, if Uncle Herbert left all his money to us, as he most likely would do if he died unmarried. We do not want his money; but oh! Carry, it will be horrid when he gets a wife.'

"Perhaps she will be somebody very nice: she ought to be," I suggested, "and then we should love her too."

"But Lottie shook her head obstinately. 'Nobody could be nice enough for Uncle Herbert; and then, even if she were, why, don't you see, Carry, Uncle will care all the more for her and so much the less for us?'

"This was quite a new idea for me, and not at all a pleasant one, Emmy; for I was very very fond of Uncle Herbert, as I have already told you.

"And shall we never go to stay with him again? never have any hay-making parties and black-berry gatherings?"

"Oh! no, there will be an end to all that sort of fun, of course," said Lottie, decidedly.

"This was a very melancholy prospect for the future: I did not like it at all, and, influenced by my sister's arguments and persuasions, had arrived at the settled conviction that we should neither of us approve Uncle Herbert's choice, and should both resolutely refuse the invitation to be present at the ceremony, in the capacity of bridesmaids.

"Did you hear her name?" inquired Lottie, when we had come to this praiseworthy determination, and were more cheerful in consequence.

"No; I know nothing more than I have told you, for I ran off before anything was said about the lady."

"She's a horrid fright, I dare say," said my sister pettishly.

"Poor lady, who is it you are abusing so unmercifully?"

"We both started at the voice. It was Uncle Herbert who spoke. Not able to understand why his letter had met with no reply, he had found his way over to inquire the reason and receive the congratulations which he expected from his brother's family.

"Well, who is the 'horrid fright,' Lottie?"

"But neither Lottie nor I could give a satisfactory answer to the query: we both hung our heads and looked foolish.

"Well, well, I will not tease my little favourites, or tell Miss Gibbs what you think of her," said Uncle Herbert, good-humouredly. "I am too happy, to make mischief. Your mamma told me you had heard the news; have you not a kiss or a word of congratulation for me, you monkeys?"

"He took me on his knees, and seated himself on the couch by my sister.

"Hey-day! red eyes; why what is it all about? Have you model sisters been fighting, for a change?"

"We never quarrel, as you ought to remember, Uncle Herbert," said Lottie indignantly. Then, after a pause, she added, in somewhat

unsteady accents: 'We wish you every happiness, Uncle Herbert; but we would rather not be bridesmaids, thank you.'

"Her lip was still quivering, and I quite expected another burst of tears.

"Some inkling of the real cause of our discomposure seemed to dawn upon Uncle Herbert; for he immediately began to dilate upon the charms and accomplishments of the lady who was soon to be our aunt, and how anxious she was to make the acquaintance of his two dear nieces, and a great deal more, to which we were obliged to listen, with an amount of interest which we tried hard to conceal. In fact, when the long talk was over, and Uncle Herbert had assured us again that our visits at the park would be just as frequent, and he just as kind to us as ever, we were both most anxious to be introduced to the original of the portrait which was shown to us, and looked anything but a horrid fright.

"It was agreed that when Lottie was strong enough we should drive over with Uncle Herbert to the pretty cottage in which she was then living with quite an old lady, her grandmother, who, as we were told, was a very kind old lady, and particularly fond of little girls.

"Uncle Herbert stayed with us a week, and was, if possible, more merry and full of fun than ever, so that we quite forgave him for going to be married, and reconsidered our determination of absenting ourselves from his wedding."

"And did you like the lady who was to be his wife?" said Emmy anxiously.

"I have loved few people as much, Emmy dear. We were good friends from the first happy day of our meeting to the last sad hour when I closed her eyes for ever."

"Oh! Cousin Caroline, did she die before marrying your Uncle Herbert?"

"No, dear; nor for many years afterwards. We had a merry, happy, wedding party, with nothing to mar the joy and contentment of any one of the few guests assembled to take a share in the ceremony. There were handsome presents in abundance, for the bride had long been an occupant of that pretty little cottage, and had won the friendship and esteem of all around her, from the children of the village school to the noble of the Manor Hall and Park, who had insisted upon performing a father's part, in giving her away at the altar. Though an orphan for some years, my new aunt was neither penniless nor friendless, and the most fastidious could find no reasonable objection to Uncle Herbert's choice. So he carried her from her home amidst the blessings and good wishes of all, and the bells rang a merry peal after them; whilst we young ones, loath to lay our pretty dresses on one side, resolved upon finishing the day with becoming festivities. We made the cottage walls re-echo our joyous laughter, chasing each other up the old oaken staircase, or hiding in some of its many odd nooks and corners; we danced on the lawn, we rambled through the woods and shrubberies of Manor Hall, doing, in fact, whatever the whim of the moment prompted us to do; the dear old lady, whose guests we

were, letting us follow our own bent, and entering heartily into our innocent enjoyment, although I know she must have grieved sorely for the young girl whom Uncle Herbert had stolen from her."

"And who was the old lady?—her grand-mamma, Cousin Caroline?"

"Yes, dear: they had lived together since my aunt was quite young—a little girl I mean; and, of course, it was hard to part from her, even for a few weeks, and though she had promised to leave her cottage and live in Uncle Herbert's beautiful house, for the sake of being near her darling, it was not quite the same as having her all to herself, in a home of her own. There now, we have idled long enough, Emmy, and I must not tell you about any more weddings to-day."

"Thank you, Cousin Caroline: it was a very nice story; but I want to know a great deal more than you have told me."

"Do you, you curious little puss? I declare you are never satisfied. I see the carriage in the distance though, so we must be moving towards the house, and see about tea. Papa and his companions will be quite ready for it, I am sure, after so much shopping. What questions can I answer on our road? What is there you particularly wish to know?"

"Well, tell me whether you and Cousin Charlotte often stayed with your Uncle Herbert and his wife?"

"Yes, dear; we lived at no great distance from them, and one or other of us was a constant guest at their house; for my aunt was unfortunately very delicate, and was often glad for one of us to relieve her, in a great measure, of her household cares and duties. Papa and mamma never said 'No,' if Uncle Herbert drove over with a petition for 'one of the girls' to return with him. At first, of course we were too young to be more than companions to Aunt Herbert; but time slipped on quickly, transforming us into young women and housekeepers."

"And when did Cousin Charlotte marry?"

"Years ago; just when I had almost resolved never to be a bridesmaid any more. My father and mother died soon afterwards, Ashley Court passed into other hands, and then—"

"Then what happened to you?"

"Why, then a little girl, a tiny delicate baby, came to Uncle Herbert's home, and I was asked to live there, and help to take care of her."

"And did you go?" asked Emmy, looking perplexed and bewildered at this statement.

"Yes, Emmy, and never left her again. Eight years afterwards, just eleven years ago this last spring, another little baby girl was put into my arms by Uncle Herbert, and I wept bitterly as I kissed it, for that baby had no mother; she had gone home to the holy angels, leaving me the charge of her two children. You, my Emmy, and dear Alicia, can best tell if I have striven to do my duty by them."

Emmy looked up dubiously; then, suddenly throwing both arms round cousin Caroline, exclaimed,

"I see it all now; you dear, dear cousin Caroline; you have been telling me about my own papa and mamma, only you have called papa Herbert Seymour, instead of Horace Ramsay, and made him your papa's brother, instead of Aunt Seymour's. I meant to ask you a great deal more about him, but I know all that I want to know now. I wondered you never told me the name of the lady he married. I wish we had a portrait of poor mamma. I should so like to fancy her. Was she fair, like Alicia?"

"See, and judge for yourself, my child!" answered Caroline, leading the little girl to the dining-room, in which a substantial tea was already prepared.

"Here is an exact resemblance of your poor mother, as she looked on her wedding-day!"

"Oh! how lovely she must have been! But why was the picture never here before? Is this the portrait papa has always wanted to find, since the miniature which I never saw was lost?"

"Yes, the artist who painted it died before it was sent home. Many of his pictures were stolen, this amongst them; but it was recently discovered exposed for sale, in a shop-window, and here it is, fortunately, just in time to smile down upon Alicia and her wedding guests. May her blessing rest on both my children then and ever," said cousin Caroline, fondly.

"Ah! I hear papa's voice: run and meet him, and send Mr. Kenyon to me. When the wedding is over, and the house quiet again, I will tell you some more 'true stories of your dear mamma.'"

BOSWELL'S INTRODUCTION TO JOHNSON.—They met in the back parlour of Davies, the bookseller's shop in Great Russell-street, where Boswell, "*toujours un gentilhomme*," according to his own account, had condescended to drink tea. Boswell saw Johnson through a glass door communicating with the shop, and had time to whisper to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from," recollecting the doctor's hatred of the Scotch. "Mr. Boswell, from Scotland," cried the bookseller and actor, archly. Let Boswell tell the rest himself, for no one but himself can do his own meanness justice. "Mr. Johnson," said I, "I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as any humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But, however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky, for, with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression "come from Scotland," which I used in the sense of being of that country, and as if I had said that I had come away from it or left it, retorted, "That, sir, I find is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal, and when we sat down I felt myself not a little embarrassed and apprehensive of what might come next. Having thus forewarned his country, the young Scot soon found his way to No. 1, Inner Temple Lane, where Johnson then lived in chambers; and thus began that acquaintance to which the world owes the most telling piece of biography ever given to an English public.—*The Queens of Society*.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY; OR, A GARLAND FOR THE YEAR. By John Timbs, F.S.A. (London: Lockwood and Co., Stationers' Hall Court.)—The title of this volume fairly expresses its contents. Full of curious and varied crumbs of information such as fall only in the way of men of letters, it is impossible to turn a page without falling on a fact or anecdote new to the generality of readers. The harvest of a long season of literary labour, of extensive reading, and personal observation and remembrance, is here partly garnered; for, as our readers are aware, many valuable volumes of the same character have already appeared by the same erudite and indefatigable compiler. Such books, though they do not take rank with original works, are frequently, as is the case with the present volume, infinitely more useful than a large majority of those which are; bringing, as they do, the curiosities of literature from the upper shelves of museums and other difficult places, to the fire-side, and the sunny window-seats of family sitting-rooms; letting young readers into the quaint customs of the past, throwing light on almost-forgotten usages, giving meaning to phrases the sense of which had well nigh been forgotten. Thus we learn that the absurd practice of making April Fools is supposed to have originated in the festival which was held at the time of the vernal equinox, or "first day of the month" of the Jews; on which day, according to their traditions, Noah sent the dove out of the ark on its bootless mission. Hence the catching and sending persons on fictitious errands on the first of April—a jest still maintained in many places, and exceedingly enjoyed by young people. So we find Mimicry, perpetuating by simulation, the memory of remarkable events which could not otherwise have been preserved. In this way, as we all know, arose the miracle-plays of the Roman Church, in which the people were taught the principal events of the Old and New Testaments by seeing them acted by the priests. And even subsequently to the art of printing, the vulgar have been prone to continue this mode of commemoration: of which the wearing of oak leaves on the 29th of May, in remembrance of the restoration of Charles II., and the still popular procession of Guy Fawkes, are amongst the latest illustrations. We had supposed ourselves in possession of a goodly quantity of the old-world lore hived in these pages; but Mr. Timbs's volumes can throw light occasionally on Strut and Stukely, and even on Brand and Fosbroke themselves; and will prove of real value even to literary readers, who will here find themselves spared the trouble of much labour and research on a great variety of matters. Speaking of the *yule-log*, our author tells us, that, as the servants were entitled to ale at their meals while the log lasted, they usually endeavoured to get as large

as one as the hearth would admit of; and he adds, that Hagmond Abbey, near Shrewsbury, was burnt down, during the times of the civil wars, through kindling too great a yule-log. In Herefordshire, where some of the Romish and feudal ceremonies are, or were lately, practised, Mr. Timbs tells us:

On the eve of Old Christmas Day are lighted thirteen fires—twelve (Apostles) in a circle, and a larger one round a pole in the centre (the Virgin Mary). While these fires are burning, the farm-labourers witness the brightness of the Apostolic and Virgin flames from some shed, into which they lead a cow, on whose horns a large plum-cake has been stuck. The oldest labourer, taking a pail of cider, addresses the cow thus:

"Here 's to thy pretty face and thy white horn!
God send thy master a crop of corn!—
Both wheat, rye, and barley, and all sorts of grain!
And next year, if we live, we'll drink to thee again!"

The cider is then dashed in the face of the cow, who, by a toss of the head, generally throws the plum-cake on the ground. If it falls forward, it is an omen of a good harvest next year; if backward, that it will be unfavourable. This commences a feast which is usually kept up till the next morning.

The first part of this ceremony reminds us of one which we heard of in Shropshire. On Christmas eve, the colliers in the neighbourhood of Oswestry have a custom of making a cake of clay, in the centre of which they place a large candle, with fifty or more smaller ones around it. This, when lighted, they carry to the threshold of every door, and, kneeling down, sing around it. This they call a star: and the custom doubtless referred to the appearance of the bright one in the East, that went before the shepherd-kings to Jerusalem. There seems more relevance in this custom to the season than in the Herefordshire ceremony, and yet a faint likeness between them. With the colliers it serves as an occasion for obtaining wassail or drink-money. Mr. Timbs proves the use of the Christmas-tree to be of much older date in England than we have been accustomed to suppose it, and reminds us that Stowe, in giving an account of a great storm on Candlemas Day, more than four centuries ago, speaks of its rooting-up a *standard-tree* on Cornhill, which was full of holme (holly) and ivy for Christmas.

And it is thought [observes our author] that the Christmas-tree may be traced to a period long antecedent to the Christian era, namely to that cradle of civilization, Egypt. The palm-tree is known to put forth a shoot every month; and a spray of this tree, with twelve shoots on it, was used in Egypt at the time of the winter solstice, as a symbol of the year completed.

The palm-tree spray of Egypt, on reaching Italy, was imitated by the tip of the pyramidal

fir, and was decorated with lighted tapers, in honour of Saturn. On the other hand, in Germany (from which country we have undoubtedly brought the revival of the custom of dressing Christmas-trees) they use as many pyramids as trees. They are formed of slips of wood, arranged pyramidically, on which the toys are arranged, with green paper laid amongst them in imitation of leaves. Amongst other little-known local customs connected with Christmas, we are reminded that

Dr. Stukeley said, only a century ago, "On the eve of Christmas Day, at York, they carry mistletoe to the high altar of the Cathedral, and proclaim a public and universal liberty, pardon, and freedom to all sorts of inferior and even wicked people, at the gates of the city, towards the four quarters of heaven."

What a mingling have we, in this ceremony, of pagan rites with a corruption of Christian principles! Amongst other singular customs,

"More honoured in the breach than the observance,"

mention is made of "Crack-nut Sunday," or the Sunday next before the eve of St. Michael's Day, when

Within the memory of aged parishioners of Kingston-upon-Thames, the congregation in the parish-church were accustomed to *crack nuts* during Divine service. Young and old folks alike joined in the cracking. But [observes Mr. Timbs] the oddity was not peculiar to Kingston, for Goldsmith makes his Vicar of Wakefield say of his parishioners, "They kept up the Christmas-carol, sent true-love knots on Valentine morning, ate pancakes at Shrovetide, showed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas eve."

Yet, with due deference to the learned writer, there is a great distinction in cracking nuts on the eve of the saint's day, and cracking them during the service at church on the Sunday before; and so we are fain to think that the oddity was peculiar to the pretty river-side town. Of such amusing and interesting details our readers will find a rich feast in the volume before us. "The May-day," "The Well-dressings," "Mothering Sunday," and a host of other poetical and pretty fashions, are either dead or dying out before the utilitarian spirit of the Present, which marches on, overturning and throwing on one side all that is not strictly sensible and strictly necessary; as if God himself had not sprinkled poppies and blue-bells amongst the growing corn: so every day is rendering more precious these records of the past, with which soon very few of us will have any personal acquaintance.

MAGNET STORIES, No. 16. "LOST IN THE WOOD." By Mrs. Alex. Gilchrist. (*Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster-row.*)—Mrs. Gilchrist's addition to the Magnet Stories fully sustains the character of the series. The remembrances of the childhood of their elders is always delightful to children; such recitals separate the distance between them, and awaken sympathies which no other themes can do. To

hear of what mamma or papa did when they were little children, to know that they, too, had their tasks and troubles and adventures like themselves, creates a new bond of sympathy between them, bridges the years, and makes the childhood of their parents identical with their own. How warmly the little palms press ours; how closely they lean against us, listening to such remembrances—which Nature herself, as they are ever the purest and gentlest, designs to be our latest! We babble of green fields at the last.

THE LIFE-BOAT: A Journal of the National Life-Boat Institution. (*Wm. Clowes and Son, Stamford-street; Charing-cross.*)—We do not take up this journal with a view to its literary merits. It possesses even stronger grounds for public support in the simple fact that it registers the valuable and heroic services of brave men by whose aid this, perhaps the most noble of all our public institutions for the succour of distressed humanity, is rendered actively efficient. If the urgency of the need and the perilousness of the service be considered, not even the calamity of fire on shore can equal in its pitiless exigence the almost hopeless horror of shipwreck on our coasts, where the violence of the sea and the rugged nature of the coast itself denies all but the merest chance of escape, to the stranded vessel or her ordinary boats. Should the disaster happen in the vicinity of one of the Society's stations (of which there are 112 on the coasts of the United Kingdom), no matter how high the sea runs, how hoarsely the wind raves, or the breakers roar among the rocks, a crew is never wanting to man the life-boat. Even landmen volunteer, and hazard life and limb in the endeavour to save the perishing sailors, to whom, but for their providential succour, "no help cometh." What were the number of those who annually perished by shipwreck in the narrow seas, and on the coasts of the United Kingdom, before the registration of such tragical statistics, we have no means of learning. At present, notwithstanding the improvement in our mercantile navy, the system of certificated officers, excellent charts, light-houses, light-ships, buoys, and all other appliances which philanthropy and science have introduced—life-boats, Manby's apparatus, life-belts, &c., &c.—no less than 700 human beings are annually drowned on the shores and in the waters of the United Kingdom alone. During the past winter I find the number of persons saved by the boats of the National Life-Boat Institution to amount to no less than 203, and the note of the wreck of the "Hortensia," on shore on the *North Steel Rocks*, Boulmer, Northumberland, does not give the number of the crew saved. It is, therefore, with much regret, notwithstanding individual donations and bequests, that we find the committee ordering the sale of £1,000 stock from the funded capital of the institution. The outlays of the institution are ever in advance of the receipts, and yet, from all the seaward parts of Great Britain constant requisitions are being made for larger

boats, or new ones, or the establishment of boats at new stations; while a constant drain, in the shape of current expenses, contracts the utility of an institution whose claims are, or deserve to be, in the widest and grandest sense of the phrase, National.

JOURNAL OF THE WORKHOUSE VISITING SOCIETY. (London: Longman, Green, & Co.)—This number opens with some very interesting extracts from the report of Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools for Pauper and Vagrant Children, from which we gather that the condition of the children and the conduct of the schools are daily improving. The account is, for the most part, of a very hopeful character. A letter on military training of boys in the workhouse schools, from the Master of the Wolverhampton Union, is worthy of attention; as is also Miss Louisa Twining's answer to the questions of the Commissioners to inquire into the State of Popular Education in England. This lady suggests, in order to avert the evils of large numbers of children herding together

without family affections or any attempt at their cultivation, first the appointment of a superior class of persons over district and workhouse schools, and secondly the maintaining a certain amount of protection to the girls after they have left school. The following passage is well worth quotation:

With training schools wanted urgently for boys for the army and navy, for labour of all kinds in the colonies, where they would be gladly received at sixteen, and for girls as servants equally at home and abroad, why should there be all this sad waste of material, and a race educated to fill our workhouses? For as long as our workhouses are what they are, and seem intended to be by those who theorise about them—places of degradation—it must be fatal to bring up children in the daily seeing, if not associating with all those classes who make it their home

C. A. W.

* * We have not received either the last part of "The Englishwoman's Journal," or "The Odd Fellow's Magazine" for notice this month.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

The past month of August has, as is usually the case, brought but little novelty with it in matters theatrical; and as four of the leading theatres are closed, we have little to descant on. At the

ADELPHI,

"The Dead Heart" has been drawing well during the last few weeks; but by the time this sees the light will probably have seceded from the bills. At the

HAYMARKET,

Which flourishes irrespective of "seasons," and never appears to close its doors, "My Lord and my Lady" have been very attractive personages.

THE OLYMPIC

Closed on the 24th (an extra night for a benefit).

THE STRAND,

Deserted by its company, has been taken possession of for a few nights by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul.

THE PRINCESS'S

Is closed, to reopen shortly with a new play, entitled "Playing with Fire," and "Othello," Mr. Fechter being the mighty Moor. At

THE LYCEUM,

Which has opened for "an autumn season" under Mr. Falconer, has been produced from his pen a new and original comedy, called "Woman; or, Love against the World," and it has been very favourably received. The following is a sketch of the plot: *Geraldine D'Arcy* (Mrs. C. Young) has rescued from drowning a young Englishman, *The Hon. Mr. Arden* (Mr. H. Vezin), and the twain become, in consequence, much attached. The gentleman stays so long at Tralee (the scene of the adventure) that his London friends become alarmed and despatch *Mr. Lumley Jones*, a fashionable man of the world (played by Mr. W. Lacy), to bring him back. Meanwhile, *Arden* and *Geraldine* have been secretly married. But one *Lady Harriet Wilmington* (Miss Murray), who admires *Arden*, informs *Geraldine*, in her husband's absence, that the marriage is illegal; whereupon *Geraldine* leaves him—he returns, finds her fled, and travels about himself for three years. In the interim, he becomes *Lord Lindengrove*—and she *Lady Letitia Mountjoy*. To sum it up briefly, mutual meetings and explanations ensue, and "all ends," as the story-books say, "happily." The comedy, well written and of smart and elegant dialogue, was well received. It is to be hoped Mr. Falconer's autumn-season may prove remunerative, though it is a bad time for London amusements.

W. R.

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THE TOILET.

(Especially from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—White muslin dress. At the bottom of the skirt a goffered flounce, surmounted by a puffing run on, having a double head, with *guipure* insertion in the middle, and *mauve* ribbon run in it. Low body, covered with a short square cape, trimmed like the skirt and plaited. Sleeves, with three puffs and a flounce, surmounted by insertion. A *mauve* silk slip under the dress. A Tuscan hat, with white feather; chevalier gloves; *mauve* silk *burnous*, bordered with black velvet.

SECOND FIGURE.—Robe of sky-blue silk, trimmed at the bottom with a plain *bias*-cut band of white French *moire*, surmounted by a white chicory. Body in the waistcoat style, trimmed like the skirt. Sleeve half-wide with elbow, finished with a white *moire* cuff, ornamented with a chicory to match the skirt.

Under-sleeves and collar of embroidered muslin. Muslin skirt, with *pompadour* flounces. White crape bonnet, trimmed with white roses and *myosotis*. White *marquise* parasol. Glazed gloves.

The reign of flounces continues, but we see a crowd of other garnitures. Here a deep flounce, with a plaited heading; there several flounces, surmounted by, or over, a *bouillonné*. A very popular style of ornament is a coloured band of plain silk, of a brilliant contrast with the sateen

of the material; another, not nearly so general, is made by setting on a deep *bias* fullered as high as the knee, and divided at intervals by *ruches*, buttons, or bands of silk or velvet.

Barège dresses are frequently made with five or seven narrow flounces. White muslin robes are in great vogue for elegant dress at the watering places, where they give many *soirées dansantes*; in which case nothing so well replaces a veritable *robe de bal*. They are garnished with embroidered flounces, or with goffered *volants de Pompadour*, or *bouillonnés*; in short, caprice is the order of the day, and everything pretty and graceful is the fashion. Dresses of *barège*, silk *grenadin*, and *tarlatane* are also much employed on the same occasions. Corsages are made both high and low, according to the material, and the purpose of the dress. Wide sleeves and those with elbows and *revers* are preferred. I spoke in my last letter of the revival of muslin shawls and mantellets—these are always fresh and convenient, especially for the *toilet de campagne*. Black shawls of embroidered cachemere and garnished with lace are very much worn, but so are a great many other shawls of silk *grenadin*, with satin borders and embroidered in the corners. Grey palotots and *burnous* have a constant vogue, and the same may be said of the black silk *pardessus*.

The autumn models of confections do not exhibit any essential change of fashion.

PASSING EVENTS RE-EDITED.

The great event of the past month has been the Social Science Congress at Dublin, where amongst the many other interesting subjects discussed, that of employments for educated women was introduced. Hitherto we confess that as a looker-on we really have not perceived any radical solvement of this question. Miss Blackwell's example appears to have awakened but little enthusiasm amongst her countrywomen for the study of medicine as a profession, simply, we believe, because the women whose intelligence and mental power would fit them for this calling require no promptings. As in the case of Dr. Elizabeth herself, such women carve

their own way in the world, and require no pushing. The inclination for such an exceptional study, as women are at present educated, must be intuitive. Mrs. Overend tells us that the wood-cutting school at Islington failed, because the pupils all married; but should this have been a reason for preventing fresh pupils benefiting by a knowledge of the art? If we remember aright, a less pleasing reason was given by the Committee of the School of Design; and the want of due attention and perseverance was alleged at South Kensington as a reason for giving up a class for teaching women-pupils the art of wood-engraving. In the course of

Mrs. Overend's paper we observed a remark, that the difficulty with regard to educated women does not lie in the obtaining of employment, but in the manner of obtaining the remuneration, which, to be acceptable, must be offered in such a way as will not do violence to the refined mind and feelings of gentlewomen; and proposes a society to be conducted by ladies and gentlemen, who could appoint a manager—one to come between the employer and employed—so that the emplyée would not at all appear. Really, if these lady-candidates for employment are at the very outset ashamed of the means which is to render them independent, the sooner we cease to hear of them the better. They remind us of Lady Morgan's old gentlewoman, who, compelled to sell mutton pies, was wont to carry her basket into blind alleys and unfrequented places, and after the faintest possibly uttered "Mutton pies!" ejaculate, "I hope to God that nobody hears me!" Was Lady Morgan ashamed to take the money she had earned of her publisher? Is Rosa Bonheur degraded by being paid for her pictures? Do the host of lady magazinists and editors lose caste because they are paid for their services? Our lady friends, with such clients to work for, had better seek to raise in them a right feeling of the dignity of labour, even where gentlewomen are concerned. If these claimants to a corner of the labour mart are themselves ashamed of the very end they have in view, what earnestness can they throw into their pursuit. Active minds may suggest and even act for them; but without individual interest and emulation what amount of excellence or perseverance will be maintained? There is nothing derogatory in painting in oil or water, in ornamental designing, colouring photographs, wood-engraving, and lithography; the degradation is in being paid for the work; while the artists are hungering and thirsting for the remuneration, for the very sake of which they have undertaken it. This affectation is really as mean as it is pitiable. Miss Bessie Parkes' scheme of emigration for this class of women meets with our best wishes.

It is sensible and practicable, and offers the only means of maintaining a balance between the sexes in a country where the drain upon the male population is always increasing. While upon the subject of the employment of women, we may observe that one of the last bills introduced during the recent session of Parliament was one on the part of Lord Shaftesbury for improving the condition of women and children in factories. His lordship spoke of the long hours (from 6 to 6); of the tender years at which these little ones are set to work, either at home or in the manufactories. He also averred that hundreds of men are maintained by their wives, to the utter neglect of home and children. As a comment on this system, which deprives the children of the mother's care, and confides the youngest to a nurse, and the rest to the contamination of the streets, we have the case of the child-murderers at the Chester assizes, the revolting details of which might suggest, even at Exeter Hall, work nearer home than at Tangataboo, or the Feejee islands.

During the past month we have to record the loss of the good Sidney Herbert, whose deeds as a statesman, a philanthropist, and a Christian gentleman, have added new brightness to his two beautiful and, to Englishmen, sacred names. Another name familiar to us appears upon a tomb, that of Madame Catherine Hayes: she died at Sydenham from the bursting of a blood-vessel; but all who saw her during the past winter must have noticed the fading looks of the sweet *cantatrice*.

We go out of our way to chronicle the pleasure we received in listening to a first lecture by W. Prowse, Esq., at the Greenwich Lecture-hall, on the evening of the 20th ult.: the subject "The Ups and Downs of Bohemia." With time, and the necessary attention to the art of declamation, Mr. Prowse has every element of success. The materials of the lecture were excellently chosen and cleverly arranged.

C. A. W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POETRY accepted, with thanks: "The Path by the River;" "The Traveller's Tree;" "The Summer Pool" is rather enigmatical. "Kate," an obscurity in the sense of the last verse must, for the present, prevent our using this poem. Will our valued contributor kindly oblige us with an amended copy?

POETRY, declined, with thanks: "Berenice;" "On Her Majesty's Visit to Ireland;" "Roses;" "Shooting Stars."

PROSE received: "A Queer Adventure;" "Cannon;" "The Old Water Gap;" "A Defence of Flirting."

"All in the Wrong" shall be replied to in a few days.

"P.N., M.D., Cork."—We answered this gentleman's note by return of post, but have received no farther directions touching the MS., which we shall gladly return on receipt of stamps for the purpose.

PROSE received and accepted: "Leaf and Cloud Beauty;" "A Word for Old Age."

"BALLOWMERE."—We regret, at the last moment, to be obliged to defer the commencement of this tale till our next number, when it shall appear without fail.

OLD SWEET.

(A Staffordshire Story.)

"Thee'lt come whome soon to-night, father?" said Mrs. Lloyd, coaxingly. "To-morrow's Sunday, and thee minds what thee promised the pa-ason."

"Grand-dad's a-gwoin to take me to church," put in little Polly Lloyd, with her mouth full of porridge.

Whereupon Mrs. Lloyd turned round snappishly upon that young person, with "Hold thee noise, and ate thee fittle, do, then!" administering a slap, by way of emphasis.

"Nay, wench, don'tee be so sharp with the little'un," said the old man. "Her is gwoin to church with Grand-dad, if her's a good girl, isn't her. Drink thee porridge, my child, and don'tee cry. Has't put a bit o' candle in the lantern, Poll?"

"Thee won't want the lantern to-night, father," the woman answered, still coaxingly. Thee'lt come back straight from th'All, and not go to Wood-green, to-night? Thee'lt be whome again before it's dark."

"I tell thee, give me the lantern!" said the old man doggedly. "It'll be dark afore I get away from th'All. The master always keeps me a long spell talking; besides I want to see our Milly on the way, and she'll, as like as not, have one o' them praying fellows there, and then one can't get a word in till he's hollered himself out o'wind. I want to see Milly about them pigs."

The woman, with a sigh, reached down the lantern from its hook, and brought a thick walking-stick from a corner. "Yo might see Milly to-morrow," she said.

"Her won't talk about pigs of a Sunday, nor Jem neither," said the old man, with a half-laugh; "her won't even cook a bit o' pork of a Sunday, let alone bargaining for live pigs."

As he spoke, he was putting the string of the lantern round his neck.

"Be sure thee tak'st care o' the money," said the daughter.

"Don't thee fret theeself."

"And thee won't go to Wood-green?"

"My word!" cried the old man, striking his tick, angrily, on the paved floor, "wilt thee never have done with Wood-green? If a man

does, once in a way, take a mug o' yael too much, is it always to be thrown in his face? Didn't I tell thee, wench, I was coming home straight from th' All? What more dost want?"

He had not told her anything of the kind; nor would his promise, on that subject, have been worth much if it had been made. However, he had been a man of his word on all other matters through a long life; and so on this Wood-green subject he always managed to save his conscience by some such equivocation as the present. The Wood-green temptations, though irresistible, would have lost half their sweetness had he been conscious of having told a downright lie in yielding to them. The asking whether one has not made a promise—the "Didn't I tell thee?" is very different from absolutely making a promise.

As the old man stepped out into the street he met his daughter's husband, Abram Lloyd, black and coal-begrimed, coming into his tea.

"Where be'st gwoin?" asked Abram.

"Gwoin for the money, mun," answered the old man. "And I, may be, shall look in at Milly's on the way about them pigs. Good-night, my lad."

Abram, coming in to his wife, said: "He's off to the old place again." And so there was some talk between husband and wife upon the subject of "yael;" and little Polly, listening with ears too obtrusively open, received another slap, ostensibly for having spilt porridge on her pinafore, really because Mrs. Lloyd felt instinctively that the child ought not to have heard these weaknesses of grand-dad discussed. The uncultured have a quick sense enough of any breach of right, but they cannot discriminate nicely as to the means of mending the breach. Slapping little Polly for spilling the porridge certainly did not wipe from her memory the conversation about Grand-dad and his "yael."

"He'll fall into the Park Pool, and be drowned some o' these nights," said Abram, in conclusion. "That's what'll be the end o' him."

Abram had finished such conversations many times before with precisely the same form of words. Being slow of thought and speech, he

always had a stereotyped series of sentences for any subject that came up often. The saving of the painful conception of ideas, and of the slow labour of translating them into words, is an object with a sluggish nature. The trouble of remembering what one has thought and said before is as nothing to that of inventing. Nevertheless Abram afterwards took to himself credit for the gift of prophecy in having uttered these words on this particular night. "I said so," was Abram's exclamation, whenever the story of "Old Sweet" came up in after-years. "Them was my words."

Meantime old Sweet trudged away up the street, the horn lantern, as yet unlighted, hanging from his neck, and his thick stick beating time to his footsteps as he went. A hale, hearty old man, white-haired and ruddy of complexion, with a light grey eye scarcely crow-footed at the corner, a kindly smile, a thin-lipped mouth firm of shape, but a little twisted from the habit of tobacco-chewing. His tall, broad-shouldered figure was hardly bent; his legs were nimble enough; he swung his arm as he went; and when a neighbour called to him as he passed, he turned his head quickly, not bringing his whole body round, as a feeble old man does. Clearly a man wonderfully strong for his age. Still, one who knew him might see signs of his besetting weakness in his face and figure. His nose was red and swollen, his legs though nimble were unsteady, his hand was tremulous when he stretched his arm out.

The neighbours, standing smoking at their doors, all had a word for the old man as he passed up the street, and a word about him when he had passed.

"He won't walk so steady when he comes back," said one.

"I wish I were in his shoes," said another, "Nought to do but to take the money and to drink it."

"Broad is the gate and narrow is the way," cried a lately-converted methodist, with a zealous energy that more than made up for the misquotation; "and sure he's in that road, and the devil has a safe grip o'him."

"Nay, brother," said an elder of that church, "none o' us be perfect. Old Sweet has led an honest life for thrice your years, and no man has had ought to say against him from his youth upwards, save concerning this weakness for the drink. We should pray for him, brother. Little's the good he gets for his soul yonder at the church. I fear the pa-son preaches a many more souls to hell than he does to heaven. Still it don't become us to judge a fellow-creature."

While they talked, a little toddling girl from a cottage higher up had seized the old man's hand, and was trotting by his side, prattling to him as she would have prattled to her own father.

Old Sweet, at his sturdy pace, soon left the houses behind him, dismissing his small companion with the gift of an apple as ruddy-

cheeked as himself. The house where he lived with the Lloyds was a little way out of the small town of Hedgebury, on the Barleston-road. The Hall, whither he was going, was in Hedgebury, belonging to the greatest man of the place, Squire Thorne, a man possessing much land in those parts and many coal mines. Abram Lloyd was butty-collier in one of these mines. But old Sweet had worked for Squire Thorne—for him and his father before him—for many years and in a more domestic capacity. He had been chief gardener at the Hall. Not very long back, however, the young Squire had pensioned him off, Sweet being on the verge of seventy, and, further, being obstinately wedded to the old-fashioned ways of gardening, which his master wished to leaven with the new. Thus Sweet was pensioned off, and a more scientific son of Adam was installed in his place. This pension he always received on the Saturday night, and that was his business at the Hall on the night in question.

On his way he had to pass by one end of the Park Pool. The Park Pool, which belonged to Squire Thorne, as almost everything in Hedgebury did, was of considerable extent, of irregular shape, broadening here and narrowing there, and, though for the most part shallow, having holes of great depth in places. The Barleston Road bounded one end of the pool, and this end was reckoned to be the deepest part of it, inasmuch that it was always a bug-bear to the mothers of small children, and was thought to be a dangerous place, as we have heard, for people returning from public-houses at night.

When old Sweet reached the end of the Park Pool he stopped for a minute, and, standing on the grassy edge, looked out on the expanse of water. From this point the pool seemed of great extent. It stretched away for perhaps a quarter of a mile, and then a slight bend hid the boundary of the further bank. There was a small rushy island not far from the road, with low trees growing thereon and dipping their branches into the water, and beneath these overhanging branches, half buried in the rushes, a boat was moored. Water-fowl were sailing rapidly to and fro, leaving sharp, dark lines on the white water in their wake, or rising suddenly for a short flight, making clearly-defined widening circles in the spots whence they rose and where they alighted. The sun had set, and the sky was already beginning to lose its rosy tint. The trees and the meadows on the borders of the pool were becoming every moment more indistinct in detail, more sharp in outline, coming out as flat dark masses against the light sky. In the distance mists were rising, concealing yet more the line of the further bank. The water was perfectly white, save where the shadows from the island and the boat sank sheer down—shadows and their substances mingling without sign of division, just as we see them mingle in so many of Turner's pictures. The water was so white that it seemed a gap in the landscape, and the island pinnacled

on its shadow looked like a column rising up from an immense depth.

I cannot tell whether the old man felt any influence from the twilight come. He stood, as I said before, for a minute or so on the grassy margin by the road-side, looking across the apparent void, and then stooping drew his stick idly to and fro in the deep water lapping at his feet. Another degree of darkness came upon the landscape suddenly, as if a veil had fallen between the dim light and the earth, and old Sweet shook the water-drops from his stick and preceded on his way.

Cottages began to appear along the road, and soon the road became a street. This was a quarter of Hodgebury known by the name of Hall End. Here lived Milly Whitehouse, the other married daughter of Sweet. Jem White'us, her husband, was by trade a gun-lock flier, and he was just turning out of the shed which served as his shop, when the old man came up.

Jem was holding by the ear a small boy, who snivelled in a defiant manner. Another boy, sleek-haired and prim, evidently Jem's son, from the strong likeness between them, followed at the heels of his father.

"What's the lad been a doin', now?" quoth the old man, somewhat indignantly; and Jem proceeded to explain that the culprit had been playing the truant from his work all that afternoon. Jem sprinkled his discourse profusely with Biblicalisms, and more than hinted his opinion that the boy he held by the ear was possessed by the devil.

This unlucky youngster, it appeared, was Abram, the son of Abram Lloyd, and so nephew to Jem White'us and grandson to old Sweet. He was apprenticed to his uncle to learn the gun-lock filing trade, much to his own disgust, for he certainly was an idle boy, who delighted in mischief rather than work.

The grandfather, however, was disposed to treat that young rascal leniently.

"Thee bist a bad lad," he said, shaking his stick, but speaking in no very harsh tone; "but thee'lt never do so no more, wilt thee? Let'un go, Jem, this time. Boys is but boys, and he's only young. I doubt, I didn't love work much better nor him at his age."

The prim sleek-haired boy looked shocked at his cousin's escape.

"Thee never play'dst truant in thee life, Hiram, didst thee?" the old man said, contemptuously; ending, under his breath, "Thee never hadst the spirit for it."

The fact was, the old man had no strong liking for Jem White'us or his son. Jem was a great man among the methodists—a class-leader, even a preacher on occasion—and for the methodists old Sweet had a supreme contempt. He had a notion that they were, for the most part, a poor-spirited lot, certainly not so manly and upright as those who attended the church, or those who attended nowhere. Even his daughter Milly lost something in his esteem from this cause; and she, good woman, felt this, and bore it as a cross that it was meet for her to bear.

Milly, hearing her father's voice, came to the door, and with her a little girl, the exact counterpart of the prim boy with the sleek hair. The boy was objectionable; the girl pretty and lovable. Often what we dislike in one sex we like in the other, though it is not easy to explain why. Milly loved her father with her whole soul. It grieved her tender heart that he was not a methodist. If he could but be brought into the right way! That weakness of his with regard to Wood-green was the great thorn in the flesh to her. How she prayed, how she wrestled with the Divine Power, about this besetting sin of her father's, is not to be prated about lightly here. She loved him all the more tenderly for this fault. So it is—that human weaknesses, not strengths, call forth in us the deepest, sweetest love. Often she burst into tears when she thought of the reverend old man shorn of his honour. There is no love like that of a mother for the helplessness of her child, and Milly's love for her father had something of this in it.

The old man felt the depth of this love and encroached upon it, as men always do. Milly could say more to him than Mary Lloyd could—her entreaties and reproaches came straight from the heart, and she could no more help uttering them than feeling them; but the father bantered her in his answers as he never thought of bantering his other daughter. Mary's periphrases he answered with equivocations; Milly's plain heart-utterances he met with imperious confessions and with jests.

The pig question was settled in a very few words. Then Milly came down the steps and took the old man by the hand. Little Esther retired into the house. Little Polly Lloyd would have listened and looked with all her ears and eyes. Mrs. Lloyd would have slapped Polly for the same. Nelly, on the contrary, knowing why Esther fled, bitterly accused herself.

"Oh, father dear!" she said, "you will not go to Wood-green to-night? Promise me you will not? Oh, to see you as I saw you last time, reeling up the street! Oh, think of the sin!"

She put her pale face close to his red cheek, and rocked it to and fro there, as if in pain.

"Thee be'at but a poor fool, wench," the old man said. "Them Methodies have turned thee brain. A mug of good yael would put a little colour into thee own white cheek, and a little courage into thee heart. Don'tee think I am gwoin to put myself under the thumb o'them praying fellows! I tell thee what, the more thee sayest against it, the more I'll take my own way. There's no sin in drinking a drop of a Saturday night, and no man has ever seen me drunk. If I get a little bit mawey, why that's good for the health, and don't hurt me nor nobody else."

There was more talk of this kind from her and from him, and then she desisted.

"Thee'lt rap' at the door as thee passes,

father?" she asked, as he left. "Don't forget?"

"No, lass: I'll rap," he said; and so went on his way.

Night was setting in. There were lights in the windows here and there, and shadows of latticed panes chequered the street as he walked up it. He stopped in the light of one of these windows, and pulling out his big watch looked at the hour.

"My word!" he muttered to himself, "I shall be late at the master's;" and the sound of his stick beat quicker time after the moment's pause.

The gate which opened into the Hall stables was but a short distance beyond Hall End. When he turned in there, the court-yard, under the shadow of its ancient trees, was utterly dark.

I have related a series of very trivial incidents, no doubt, in the foregoing paragraphs; but it sometimes happens that trivial incidents are remembered and treasured up as of great moment. The last few hours of a dying friend stamp themselves in our memory for ever—each word, each gasp, each change in the pale face comes back to us through all our life in its due order and with an awful significance. People remembered afterwards every word they had spoken to old Sweet on this night, and every word that he had spoken in return. They remembered how he had looked, how he had quickened his pace here or slackened it there, how he had stood for a minute gazing up the Park Pool dabbling the end of his stick in the water. Some said afterwards that they had noticed a strange expression in his face—a sign as of one marked for death; and some recalled sayings of his on this night—sayings which had struck them at the time as having a mysterious meaning; words of doom uttered all unconsciously by him, but awfully fulfilled in the end. The little girl who had trotted by his side on the Barleston road treasured up that incident till her dying day, and in virtue of it always claimed pre-eminently the office of telling the story of old Sweet. His daughter Milly never forgave herself for not having besought him on that occasion more earnestly to keep away from the public-house at Wood-green. She had felt the inward call to speak words of power, to wrestle with resistless strength, and she had stifled that call and had spoken weak words of her own devising, instead of those which it had been put into her heart to pour forth.

Squire Thorne kept the old man in talk for some time, and then dismissed him to the kitchen to drink a mug of the Hall ale. The warming influences of that quite put to the rout any vague notions he might previously have had of returning straight home. His lantern was lighted, and, when he turned out of the stable-yard gate, he took the direction opposite to that of the Barleston-road—the direction which led to Wood-green.

Milly White'us, in default of other success,

had succeeded in persuading her father to rap at her door as he returned from that terrible Wood-green-inn. This had become a regular custom, and the old man, however advanced his stage of drunkenness might be, never failed to give this sign that he was safe so far on his road home. Most times when Milly heard the rap she would get out of bed, and throwing open the window look into the street, seeing, on moonless nights, the retreating light of the lantern flickering and flaring and staggering on its course down the Barleston-road. Though the sin of her father always smote her, though she felt that each new drunken fit added to the burden which must one day bring down a just retribution, still it was a relief to know that the old man was safe so far. There was the great danger of the Park Pool yet to be passed it was true, and Milly always wished most earnestly that the Park Pool had been situated on the other side of Hall End, so that the rap at the door might have told her that that danger too was once more escaped; but every foot of ground got over in safety was something to be thankful for, something to encourage the hope that the long-suffering mercy of God was not yet wearied out.

"On this night, Milly heard her father's uncertain footsteps a little past twelve. There was a pause of sound, and then a shuffling of unsteady feet upon the steps, and then the sharp rap of the stick. Milly got out of bed, and was soon enough at the window to say "Good night, father," before the old man was beyond ear-shot.

"Good-night, my wench," he shouted huskily, as he lurched away down the street. Those were the last words Milly ever heard him speak; and she was very thankful all her life-long that she had heard them. It was almost like a death-bed leave-taking.

Milly shut the window, and got into bed again. Jem was snoring loudly—a snore nasally melodious, not unlike the voice with which he led the chapel-choir. Milly still listened to her father's retreating footsteps, till they were altogether lost in her husband's snores. She lay with closed eyes, picturing to herself the old man's progress. The light of the lantern danced like a will-o'-the-wisp through her fancy. She saw it playing on the hedges and on the rutted road, and now flashing up into the thick darkness of the sky. This will-o'-the-wisp light with the lingering echoes of the heavy staggering feet, led her step by step along the road old Sweet was travelling. Now he neared the Park Pool. She saw the flash of the lantern on the glistening waters; she held her breath. The danger would be over in a moment. But suppose he should stagger too near the brink? suppose his feet should catch in the long grass? Just that she might feel the relief more keenly when she dismissed such fancies, and assured herself that now the danger was past, she gave way for the moment to imagining the worst. Yes; he tripped in the long matted grass, he caught at the branch of the hazel-bush overhanging the pool, and missed it, and with a struggle half-

covered his balance, and then with uplifted hands grasping the air fell over. She heard the plunge, she heard the hiss of the extinguished light, she saw the dim white struggle in the blackness.....No; she dismissed the scene from her fancy. He had passed the Pool, and was now rapidly nearing home. Thank God for all his great mercies! this one more added to so many!

The beatings of her heart were becoming more quiet; she was repeating to herself the comforting words of some favourite hymn; she had turned her head sideways on the pillow and was addressing herself to sleep, feeling that once more the danger was past. Suddenly there was the rap upon the door again—loud and sharp and very distinct.

"Jem! Jem!" she cried, waking her husband, and was out of bed and at the window in a moment. All the street was dark and quiet—nothing to be seen or heard—only a something that she felt—a shiver and a curdling of the blood, and a pain grasping her heart.

"What ails thee?" Jem cried, a little querulously, starting up with a snort.

She could not persuade him that she had heard the rap again. It was a dream, it was fancy. No, he was not going to strike a light and go opening the door at that time o' night. "Get thee to bed, old woman; that's the best thing thee can do. It's mighty hard that a man can't have his sleep quiet when he works hard o' days."

"Then, I'll go myself and see, Jem," she said trembling; and striking a light with much difficulty from the old flint and steel contrivance, she went down in her night-dress and opened the door, and, putting the light forth, gazed round. There was nothing to be seen or heard.

* * * * *

When the morning came, Milly half-believed that she had deceived herself as to that second rap. Things appear so different at midnight and at dawn! Still she had a lurking dread that something might have happened to her father. Of course, she believed in signs and warnings: it was of the very essence of her religion to do so. The only literature that she read—the Methodist Magazines of that day, were brimful of supernatural stories. If it had not been her fancy, what did the sound portend?

So Milly hastened to dress herself, and before she saw to any of her household matters she set off for Abram Lloyd's house on the Barleston-road. Her fears seemed to her so fanciful in the daylight, that she encouraged them as she had encouraged her imagination to picture that terrible scene of the Park Pool the night before. She felt so sure they were unreal, that she experienced a kind of enjoyment in keeping them up, until the moment when the certainty of their groundlessness should dispel them entirely.

If any tragedy had taken place at the Park Pool during the darkness, there were no signs of it now. The sheet of water lay breathless in that exquisite serenity of early morning. The

dead pallor of the evening twilight had given place to the tender colouring which follows the dawn; there was a tremulous flush coming and going upon the surface, which one might liken to the flush which trembles through the pure skin of an infant.

As Milly paused a moment, she saw a man advancing towards her along the Barleston road. It was Abram Lloyd. That painful leap of the heart, which comes when after suspense we find our fears on the verge of realization, when, clinging to the last straw of hope, we cry inwardly "This *cannot* be true!"—that leap of the heart made Milly start forward with clasped hands.

"Hast seen aught o' the old man, Milly?" Abram asked.

"No! is he not at home?"

He had not returned home. Abram was on his way first to the Hall End, and then to Wood-green. Probably the old man had slept at the inn there. Hope of that, however, was dispelled by Milly's telling how she had said good-night to him through her window at a little past midnight.

Soon the whole town of Hedgebury was up in arms. The news that old Sweet was missing spread like wild fire. Every child knew it before breakfast-time. At the houses of Lloyd and White's, at the stables of the Hall, at the Park Pool, men and women congregated. But the inn at Wood-green was, above all others, the favourite place of resort. "Mine host" did a great stroke of business on that Sunday morning. Old Sweet had been a good customer at "The Dog and Shadow" all his life, and even in his disappearance he befriended that house. Men, who would on no account have entered beneath the swinging sign on a Sunday morning under ordinary circumstances, found old Sweet's disappearance an excuse not only for entering, but for renewing their potations when the first glass was drunk out. Again and again the landlord told the story of the old man's departure on the previous night. "Ten minutes before twelve Mr. Sweet had left 'The Dog and Shadow.'" He (the landlord) had lighted his lantern for him. Mr. Sweet was not what he should call "on," certainly not. Mr. Sweet could stand good wholesome liquor as well as most. He was just comfortable—what he called comfortable—ready to tumble into bed when he got home, and sleep straight on end till daylight; but still firm enough upon his pins. Would have backed him to go to Barleston, and done the eight miles in two hours, and been as fresh as a daisy at the end of it. Never knew Mr. Sweet to be drunk in his life. Had seen him a bit "on" on occasions, but last night Mr. Sweet didn't take his usual quantity by a pint."

A deputation of the church-going population went to the "pa-ason" on the subject. Another deputation, from those who were of the Methodist persuasion, sought their own special pastor. The pa-ason, though he was in the midst of reading through his sermon, started up at once, greatly interested in the matter. He became at once the leader. The men who had hitherto

been talking in a gaping sluggish way, set to work with a will under his directions. There were open coal-pits; there was the Park Pool. Sweet might have fallen into either. There was the Old Pit not even fenced round; there was Mike's Pit with a broken fence; there was Trowbridge's Pit, which had been arched over, and of which the arching had fallen in. Sweet might have wandered from his way, and fallen in to any one of them. All lay round about his road. The deep end of the Park Pool by Barleston-road must be dragged. The pits must be tried. They must be careful in trying the pits. If there was water in the Old Pit, they must drag that. Let them lower a candle down the other two before anyone ventured. While the men saw to this, the lads might search every hedge and ditch round about. Old Sweet might be lying somewhere with a broken leg.

"Come on, my men!" cried the pa-ason, and he himself headed the party who were to drag the end of the Park Pool.

The Methodist minister, who was found praying that words might be put into his mouth for that morning's discourse, was not so ready in practical expedients as his brother of the church proper. He was inclined to point a judgment of God in old Sweet's disappearance. The divine mercy, outraged so often, had failed at last. The old man had gone down to the pit with all his sins upon him: a warning—a merciful warning to such as yet were spared. Then, that view of the question being exhausted, the next thing that presented itself to the good man's mind was *prayer*. Let us pray for our erring brother; let us pray that our end may not be like his; let us pray for anything or everything, so long as we pray. Whether he prayed for Sweet living or for Sweet dead was not clear to the minister; though, had it struck him that he might be praying for the dead (that unpardonable sin!), his prayer would have been shorter and less eloquent.

The Methodist minister spoke bitterly of the Pa-ason afterwards for having profaned the Sabbath in that unholy practical work of his. A blind leader of the blind, indeed! Both hated each other as only those who differ in religious matters can hate. The pa-ason honestly believed the minister to be a hypocrite and an idiot. The minister was the most truthful guileless of men; if he had a plenitude of conceit, he had, nevertheless, intuitions deeper and higher than any the pa-ason had ever dreamed of. On the other hand, the minister thought the pa-ason worldly and wicked, a sort of half-devil, who misled the souls which entrusted themselves to his teaching. The pa-ason was a man of sound morality and excellent sense; he taught his flock lessons of sterling worth, which were as good solid gold in comparison with the gilt flourishes of the mystical minister.

Up to church-time and a little later the pa-ason laboured with the men.

"I'll forgive you for not coming to church to-day, my lads," he said, just before he rushed

off home for his suppers and his half-read old sermon.

Neither he nor the Methodist minister had many hearers on that morning, and these they had were ill-inclined to be attentive. The pa-ason shortened his sermon and chose the briefest psalms, being as anxious as his congregation to hear what tidings there might be of the missing old man. The minister felt moved to improve the occasion. There was a great outpouring of grace on that day, it was said afterwards; which, being interpreted, signified much hysterical weeping and ejaculation, with perhaps some softening of hitherto hard hearts. Old Sweet's probable death was broadly pronounced to be an express warning sent from above to unrepentant sinners.

The end of the Pool by Barleston-road was dragged, the coal-pits were searched, but no signs of the old man were discovered by the men engaged in these operations. The lads whom the clergyman had set on to search the hedges and ditches were more successful. Stuffed into the end of a drain they found the old man's lantern; and scattered about a field close to the Pool they picked up some shreds of grey felt which might be fragments of his hat.

About three days after, his stick was found under a hedge, a long distance from the Park Pool, between Wood-green and Hall End; so that if, according to custom, he had used that stick to knock at Milly's door, it must have been carried back by someone to the place where it was found. On the stick were some dark stains.

* * * * *

My Hedgebury legend would not be complete unless I related how old Sweet was found. Indeed the sexton of Hedgebury church, who told me the story, and who showed me old Sweet's grave, began his relation with the finding of the body.

"I've heard tell, sur," he said, "how, many a year gone, the pa-ason and the clerk were once left to finish the churchin between 'em in full service time. All the congregation walked out, man, woman, and child."

The emptying of the church was caused by the discovery of old Sweet's body. On a Sunday some five or six weeks after the disappearance of the old man, little Abram Lloyd, apprenticed as it will be remembered to Jem White's as his uncle, rushed into the church, midway in the Litany, crying out "Father, grand-dad's found!" and then, addressing himself more generally to the congregation, "Old Sweet's found!"

There was a stir, and the people rose. Those at the door slipped out. Then there was a rush, and not a soul stayed behind save the parson and the clerk.

Little Abram, it appeared, having shirked going to chapel under pretence of accompanying his father and mother to church, had escaped to join some friends of his, the place of rendezvous being a field bordering the upper end of the Park Pool.

Here, the boys making ducks and drakes in

the water, had perceived far out a floating something which the wind drove slowly towards them.

The floating something turned out to be the corpse of old Sweet. He was resting face uppermost in the water, and by that and by his dress the boys recognized him. Instantly they took to their heels and ran away.

From examination of the body, it was evident that the old man had been murdered. His skull was fractured; his money and watch gone. The corpse must have been thrown into the Park Pool high up towards the farther end; and thus it was that the men who had dragged the end by the Barleston-road had failed in finding it.

Old Sweet's murderers were never discovered.

THE GREEK SLAVE.

BY EMILY JANE WALLER.

Unloose these heavy chains, that hold
A form that once was free as thine;
Unbind these fetters—set me free—
And bid the slave no longer pine!

In days long past, and ne'er again
To cast their sunshine o'er my soul,
I roam'd as free as mountain wind
Where proud Ionian waters roll.

In fairest Greece, my native land,
When breezes sigh'd the branches thro',
When silver moon and shining stars
Look'd down from skies of deepest blue—

Then, thro' the groves of perfum'd trees,
Where bloom'd the many-colour'd flow'rs,
Or 'mid the ruin'd temples round,
In musing joys I whil'd the hours.

The scatter'd stones that round me lay
Spoke tales to me of moments flown,
Of golden splendour, vanish'd then,
The kingly days fair Greece had known.

Then, when these fetter'd hands were free,
I wand'ring nurs'd the idle dream,
Or rev'd the calm and silent shores,
Where Aspro winds his silver stream.

And now, e'en now, when soothing sleep
Has press'd these weeping eyes to rest,
Fair visions stealing o'er my brain
With soft emotions fill my breast—

Fair visions of my native land,
Her sloping vales, her streamlets bright,
And free in sleep, I gaze again
On lofty Pindus' tow'ring height.

To Grecian shores my busy thoughts
Return again, in sleeping hours—
No more a slave, in sleep I roam
O'er Grecian hills bestrew'd with flow'rs.

Ah! let them hold in stronger chains
And ruder bonds these trembling hands,
And cast their iron fetters round
This shrinking frame, in closer bands.

Their chains I scorn—their fetters strong
With calm indifference I see:
The heart can ne'er a slave be bound;
The heart, still throbbing, still is free!

THE PATH BY THE RIVER.

BY ADA TREVANION.

Do you remember, 'mid the moss,
A white path like a thread;
Through branching ferns, which wound across,
And to a river led?

With flowers on its banks so dun,
And creepers fair, which made
A glory in the summer sun,
And perfume in the shade.

A giant tree, long prostrate lain,
Bridged the blue waters o'er;
Hard by, laburnum's golden chain
Was blent with sycamore.

And, resting 'neath them, you might see
Each happy living thing—
Gay butterfly, and tawny bee,
And wild-bird on the wing.

I have a gentle memory
Connected with the scene,
Of one with lips of rosy dye,
And eyes of sapphire sheen.

The willow basket on her arm
Was over-brimmed with flowers;
And from her flushed face beamed the charm
Of radiant summer hours.

Wreathed bindweeds, graceful leaves and bells,
Were mingled 'mid her hair,
With blue-eyed speedwell from the dells,
Foxgloves and lilies fair.

She did not for grave looks repress
Her song, blithe as a bird's;
Too used to meet with kindness
To dread ungentle words.

She vanished, with ambrosial smile
Like those of long ago,
Which left me after a brief while
Wintered amid Life's snow.

But sweet and pleasant thoughts of her,
And that calm sylvan place,
Oft to my lonely hours recur:
A dream of summer grace!

BRITISH SONG-BIRDS AND THEIR NESTS.

There are many things which emigrants from our own fair islands to our distant southern colonies, Australia, New Zealand, India, &c., miss, and for which, in their exile, they long with heart-sick desire; but, amongst these, two are pre-eminent. They miss the varying verdure of the trees and hedge-rows at the different seasons of the year, and they miss the sweet notes of our singing-birds.

Here, in our own land, the changes from the winter aspect of the trees, with their bare branches and lichen and ivy-clad trunks, to the delicate many-tinted greens of spring—then to the full deep summer verdure, and from thence by slow degrees through all the rich autumnal hues of purple, and red, and brown, and yellow, to the falling leaf, and the dark leafless winter bareness—produce a never-failing delight in the mind of him who is accustomed to notice the aspects of Nature; especially if he be also accustomed to trace the hand of the Great Work-Master, and to glorify Him in His works. But in Australia, in New Zealand, and even in India, there are no such changes to be seen. It is true that the gorgeous tinting of flowers, and insects, and birds, in those lands, far exceeds anything that we see in England and Scotland; but the dark and monotonous green that pervades the country all the year through, however suitable to those hot climates, is very trying to the Englishman's feelings. And so it is with regard to the songbirds. The labourer, who has been used at early dawn, as he went to his work, to hear the rich warbling notes of the thrush and blackbird; the trilling song of the skylark, as it rises high into the blue vault above him; and the sweet low notes of the wood-pigeon; and to listen, in the evenings, to the

“Linked sweetness, long drawn out,”

of the nightingale—is sadly cast down when he misses all these sweet familiar sounds in the land of his adoption. There is a story told of one man who had taken out a skylark, which he kept in a cage, and it is said that men would walk miles to hear it sing, and rough countrymen, wild and rude as they seemed, shed tears as they listened to its sweet notes. Seeing, then, that God has bestowed on us Britons so rich a gift in our woodland minstrelsy, let us look a little at the habits of our different species of songbirds, and learn about their times and seasons, their modes of building their nests, and hatching, and feeding, and educating their young ones.

The blackbird, or ouzel, and the thrush are to be reckoned as amongst our earliest singing-birds. Nests, with eggs in them, have been found as early as the first week in January. The usual time, however, for blackbirds (*Merula*

vulgaris) to pair is in February or March, and the thrush (*Merula musica*) is a little later: commonly towards the end of March. The blackbird usually selects a low bush, or stump of a tree, some few feet above the ground, for the site of its future nursery; though occasionally an outhouse, or a heap of sticks, or a wall or tree covered with ivy, is chosen; and there Madame Merula and her husband make preparations for their coming progeny. The office of Monsieur appears to be that of cheering his wife by his song; for it does not seem that he does much, either in collecting materials for the nest or in arranging them when collected. That is Madame's affair, and carefully and skilfully she performs it, gathering together stalks of grass, roots, small twigs, and frequently ferns and lichens, and most delicately weaving them into a deep round nest, like a bowl with edges curving inwards, and large enough to contain herself and her family, even though it should consist of four or five children, and to make them a commodious home until they are able to fly. In this nest she then deposits four or five eggs, usually of a dull light blue, or greenish brown colour, mottled with reddish brown, the markings darker and closer at the largest end. The eggs, however, vary much in colour and in size. Having laid them, Madame takes her seat on them; and there, for thirteen days, she keeps close quarters, never leaving the nest save to feed.

And whilst she sits, let us first notice the wonderful instinct with which God has endowed all birds. Never does the nest of one species of bird differ from others of the same species, or so closely assimilate to those of other species, as that it may not be known by a skilful observer to what bird it belongs. Also, it is a known fact that the nest is always built in time to receive the eggs destined to be placed in it, no bird being ignorant of its own requirements, nor too lazy nor dilatory to carry out the necessary operations for meeting them. And so it has ever been. If the nest of a blackbird built in Adam's time could be obtained, we should no doubt find it exactly of the same architecture, both in respect of material and form, as those of the present time, and neither worse nor better constructed; for the knowledge of the art of building is not an acquired, but an intuitive, principle in the bird-mind.

At the end of thirteen days, out comes the brood. Probably one or two of the eggs may have failed; but usually three or four young birds begin to open great wide yellow mouths, and give ample employment to both parents in finding food for the carnivorous appetites with which all young birds are furnished. In a few weeks the young are fledged, and then the parent-birds lead them out into the world, never

again to return to the nest. Yet they still keep them under ward for a considerable time after they have taken them abroad.

I was visiting at Faringdon, in Berkshire, toward the end of April this spring, and tidings reached me of a family of young blackbirds having been discovered in a low box-hedge exactly under the staircase-window of the house in which I was. I was not long in paying a visit to the settlers, whom I found all at home. Madame was in bed with her family, and did not disturb herself, as I gently put aside the twigs of box, and stood face to face with her. The young birds—three in number—were so closely covered with her wings that I could not see a morsel of one of them; but the mother-bird was a picture that I would not willingly have missed seeing. She lay all spread out over the nest, with her pretty head laid on one side on the edge of it, very much in the position that a cat assumes when pleased, turning the underside of the throat up, and glancing with the one bright eye that was visible confidently at me. I visited her more than once, and found her in the same position; but later in the day I got a sight of the large, almost fledged birds, over which she had sat—and the next day the whole party had left the nest.

It was curious to observe how entirely the young were left to the charge of the male bird after they left the nest. I never once saw the mother in company with her young after they came abroad; but the father and all three young ones might be seen every day, and all day long at intervals, hopping about in the shrubbery, the beautiful jet-black bird, with his yellow bill and feet, and keen yellow-ringed eye, followed wherever he went by three little dim brown birds (for during the first year of their lives the birds, whether male or female, are of the colour of the female, which is a dull brown) hopping after him. He would drag up huge long worms out of the turf, so long and large that he often nearly fell backwards when they eventually yielded themselves to him. These great worms were a delight to the little creatures, who all gathered round him, shrieking and crying, and fluttering their little stumpy wings, but never attempting to lay hold on the prey until papa had cut it up with his sharp bill into several portions, which he presented in turn to his children, and then went in quest of more. But I observed that he never put the food into their mouths, as it is the custom of sparrows, and chaffinches, and other small birds to do with their young.

I have been much in the habit of watching and feeding the birds, which congregate in great numbers on my lawn, and have been often much amazed by seeing the small birds feed their young, and not only feed, but discipline them. A whole family of sparrows, consisting of father, mother, and four young ones, had their home in my garden last year, inhabiting a nest close by my sitting-room window; and as they were well fed many times in the day, and wholly undisturbed, they

of course became very sociable. As soon as the young could flutter down to the ground and back to the nest, they were brought out at feeding-times, and it was wonderful to see what quantities the little things continued to eat. They soon began to pick for themselves, but this did not content them; for with open yellow mouths and ravenous cries did they follow about their poor parents, who on their side seemed as willing to cram as the little ones to be crammed. But if any danger were near—a cat or any suspicious-looking object, such as a chair where there was usually none—the parents would place the young in a row on the railing, or on the branches of a little birch-tree that stood at a safe distance, and evidently tell them not to move; for at such time not one of the young creatures ever left the very spot on which it had been placed. The parents would then venture to snatch up the food, in spite of the alarming object; and loud were the cries of the young when they saw them returning, with tempting lumps of soaked bread, or boiled rice, in their bills; yet each remained in its place, and was fed in turn.

But once I witnessed a curious scene. The four little ones were placed in a row, on a small iron bar that fenced the lawn from a gravel-walk, much like a class of children in a school, and the parents came and fed them in order, one after the other. As I watched them, however, whilst the feeding-bird was gone for fresh supplies, I saw the young gentleman who had been fed at the top of the class, slip round behind his brothers, and take up his place at the bottom; no doubt with the view of surreptitiously obtaining a double feed. But he was mistaken: mamma found out the trick in a moment, and instantly struck him off the perch down to the ground, and then hovered over him and scolded in a most amusing manner; and after a time, young master went back, somewhat crestfallen, to his old place. I have seen a mother go backwards and forwards eight times with food to the same little bird. The seventh time she was intercepted on her way by another bird, and the food taken from her; but she returned at once and fetched more.

The blackbird feeds on berries, fruits, insects, and worms, and is a solitary bird, frequenting thickets and woods, chiefly where there are evergreens, such as fir, holly, &c., and where there are perennial springs. They are restless and timorous birds, and easily alarmed; yet our Faringdon family did not seem to mind our visits to the nest—probably because we were very cautious in our approaches, and careful not to talk near them.

The thrush, or throistle (called by the Scotch, "mavis"), is distinguished amongst our singing-birds by the clearness and fulness of its note. Its song is exceedingly sweet and exceedingly varied: moreover, it lasts very long; beginning very early in the year, and lasting until quite the end of summer. Late in the evening and early in the morning may the thrush be heard singing from the trees. It is a social bird, and comes

freely about our habitations all the year through. I have seen them, three or four at a time, come to pick up the bread-crumbs, &c., that had been thrown out both in the spring and summer, but even more frequently in the winter, when their tracks in the snow may be known by the impression of the whole feet and legs, which is left to the knee-joint; and a deep trail, made by the bird's long and strong tail-feathers, marks its whole progress. The female builds her nest generally in bushes, and mixes a little earth or clay with the dry grass of which it is chiefly composed. She lays five or six eggs, of a pale blue colour mixed with dusky spots.

The skylark, or lavrock (*Alauda arvensis*), is, and deserves to be, conspicuous amongst our singing-birds, and must be characterized as the only bird that chants whilst on the wing. And glorious is its song as it springs from its nest, and rises higher and higher, almost perpendicularly, and by successive springs, to a height beyond our sight, singing as it rises, and pouring forth such a gush of cheerful song as is unequalled by any of our warblers, and then drops down as if exhausted, but in fact only to sing again.

"Upsprings the lark,
Shrill-voic'd and loud, the messenger of morn;
Ere yet the shadows fly, he, mounted, sings,
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations."

Larks build their nests on the ground, consequently their eggs are often destroyed by stoats, weasels, &c.; and moreover, that wicked burglar the cuckoo often breaks into the house, and, turning out the true tenant's eggs, substitutes her own for them. Yet, in spite of these dangers, larks abound in the land. The eggs, of which the hen bird lays from three to five, vary a good deal, but are usually of a greyish hue, with a tinge of purple or green; and they are commonly placed with their smaller ends towards the centre.

The skylark is about seven inches long; the feathers reddish brown, dark in the middle, with pale edges; the neck of a reddish white, spotted with brown; the breast, belly, and thighs white; the tail brown, and forked. The lark is known throughout Europe, and in Germany there is a tax on them (they being delicious eating), that has been known to produce as much as 6,000 dollars in one year to the city of Leipsic alone—so says Mr. Bewick, in the last century. Its nest is placed in a hollow scraped in the ground, usually under the shelter of a clod of earth or bunch of herbage. It is made of grasses, and perhaps a few leaves, the coarser outside, the more delicate within. The male bird brings the materials, and the female arranges them.

"The daisied lea he loves, where tufts of grass
Luxuriant crown the ridge; then with his mate
He founds their lowly house, of withered leaves
And coarsest spear-grass: next the inner work,
With finer, and still finer fibres lays,
Bounding it curious with its speckled breast."

GRAHAM.

The nightingale (*Philomela lucolia*), the very king of songsters, though common in England, is unknown in its northern counties, as also in its extreme western—namely, Devonshire and Cornwall. In Somersetshire nightingales are very numerous. They are not particularly pretty birds as to colouring, their hue being on the upper parts of a rusty brown, inclining to olive, and below of a pale ash colour. But we see them so seldom, that it is not very important whether they are pretty or not: the delicious, gushing, thrilling songs of the nightingale are enough attraction for any one bird to possess. It seldom sings between the months of August and May. During these winter months it is supposed to visit the more distant regions of Asia. But this is uncertain, the famous bird of the East (the bulbul) being now considered not to be identical with the European nightingale, whose district embraces from about 23 to 58 degrees north latitude, and from 58 degrees east longitude to about 10 degrees west longitude, including the extreme North of Africa and Arabia on the south, and the South of Norway and Sweden on the north; its most western limit being the coast of Spain; whilst on the east it includes Turkistan and Persia.

It is a solitary bird, never uniting with others, but hiding itself in the thickest parts of the bushes, and singing chiefly in the night. It eats berries, ant's-eggs, and small worms. The nightingale is said to feed on the glow-worm, but probably it is only as it would on any other small grub or worm that comes in its way. They begin to build in May, and almost always on the ground, in some natural hollow, amongst the roots of trees or of a hedgerow. Their nest is loosely put together, of dried stalks of grass, bits of bark, and roots, &c., and is lined with fine grass and hair. The eggs are of an oval form, and dull olive colour, and from four to six in number. The male and female sit on them in turn, and the young, when hatched, hop about on the ground before they can fly, returning to the nest when tired.

The following description of the song of the nightingale is so just, that I cannot myself describe it so well, and will therefore give it as I find it:—"The leader of the vernal chorus begins with a low, timid voice, and he prepares for the hymn to Nature by essaying his powers, and attuning his organs. By degrees the sound opens and swells; it bursts with loud and vivid flashes; it flows with smooth volubility; it faints and murmurs; it shakes with rapid and violent articulations: the soft breathings of love and joy are poured from his inmost soul, and every heart beats in unison, and melts with delicious languor. But this continual richness might satiate the ear: the strains are at times relieved by pauses, which bestows dignity and elevation. The mild silence of the evening heightens the general effect."

But though not uniting in flocks, nightingales in great numbers frequent the same woods, and may be heard answering each other from tree to tree, until all the air is filled with melody.

I have heard dozens singing around the house in which I was, and heard them singing all the night through, until the very sweetness became fatiguing to me, and I longed for silence!

The poets fail not in praises of sweet "Philomel." Indeed, the nightingale and the lark have more note from them than any other birds. Milton speaks of the former as "smoothing the rugged brow of night," adding—

"Sweet bird, that shunn'st the haunts of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among
I woo to hear thy even-song!
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry, smooth-shaven green."

And the sweet "lady" in "Comus," that lovely embodiment of feminine purity and confiding faith, sings—

"Sweet echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy dewy shell,
By slow Meander's margin green,
And in the violet-embroidered vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song moaneth well."

But though not equal to the nightingale, yet the song of the wren is not to be despised; and though I must necessarily give precedence to the singing birds of greater note, I must not neglect to notice our smaller warblers—the wrens, the linnets, and, above all, the sweet autumn and winter minstrel, the redbreast. None of the small birds deserve our praise more than the dear little Kitty-wren (*Sylvia troglodytes*). It is a tiny creature, not more than three and a-half inches long; a pretty little redbrown thing, with dark olive-brown legs, and brown bill. It braves our severest winters, as do many of its congeners, and its sprightly note is most cheering, for it sings quite late in the evening; and even in the midst of a fall of snow its little voice may be heard. It builds a clever little nest, large, however, in proportion to itself, as the wren needs accommodation for a large family, for it lays seven or eight eggs, and in some nests even a dozen or more have been found. Very early in the spring Kitty takes her mate, and soon thereafter, in some fork of a tree close to the trunk, or in a clump of ivy, or in some other snug, dry quarter, she builds a beautiful spherical nest, with a domed top, and a neat little round entrance at one side. The outside of her nest she forms of fern, and moss, and grass, and small matters of that description as near like the surrounding things as possible. She makes the walls of her house very thick, and lines the inside with hair or feathers. Kitty is fanciful in her choice of a site for her house, and varies the materials according to circumstances; but what I have described is her usual style of architecture. Nests have been found, however, at the tops of honeysuckles and raspberry-bushes—in the latter case the nest being made of the leaves of

the tree—in fir-trees, trelliswork, granaries, the branches of wall-fruit trees, and lastly, use being made occasionally of the holes previously tenanted by sparrows and swallows: one has been known inside that of a swallow, and another in the old nest of a thrush; one, again, in the newly-finished nest of a martin, &c., &c. One has been found in an old bonnet, set up amongst some peas to frighten birds; and another in one of the hatches of the river at Winchester. In some corner or other, then, wherever she has built her nest, the wren lays a quantity of the prettiest little whitish eggs, speckled and spotted with rich crimson; and, whilst she sits on them, her good husband feeds her until her little ones are ready to share the food he brings. Twice in the season does the wren build, lay, and hatch. If the nest is disturbed, however, it is ten to one that it will be forsaken and a fresh one built; and this two or three times, if successive nests are disturbed, or the young hatched.

The linnet (*Fringilla Linaria*) is common all through Europe. Its song is lively and varied. No bird is so easily tamed, and its favourite food being "linseed" (whence the name linnet), which is easily procured, it suffers less from captivity than other wild birds whose natural food cannot be supplied them. When confined with other birds the linnet learns their song.

The chaffinch (*Fringilla cœlebs*) sings very sweetly, though its song is short, and not much varied. But then it is such a beautiful bird, and is possessed of such pretty manners, that a very little song obtains much praise and favour. And the same may be said of both the goldfinch and the bullfinch. A little young hen-chaffinch on one occasion got into my house, and was seen fluttering in the staircase, unable to get up the steep steps with its feeble little wings; and my favourite cat sitting three stairs below watching the little creature, apparently not believing in its feebleness sufficiently to venture the spring by which she meant to capture it, until it had become more quiet. It was of course rescued, and restored to its parents, who soon met it on the lawn and took it home. From that day until the end of the season the little delicate young bird came daily to feed as before; but never once did I see her without her father—the great, strong, beautiful bird never allowing his little daughter to depart from his side, but, following her closely, and watching over her with the tenderest care, so as never to lose sight of her. Could the little thing have told her father of the peril she had been in, and from which she had so narrowly escaped? It looked very like it.

I am sure no description of the redbreast is necessary. In town and country, in summer and winter, it is too familiar a friend to need description. Every country has it, though distinguished by a different, yet always by a familiar name. In Finland and Russia it is called *Toni Liden*; in Norway, Peter Rousmed; in Germany, Thomas Gierdet; and with us, Robin. The robin feeds on worms, caterpillars, &c.,

and shows by his winter habits that, though at those seasons forced to live chiefly on berries, and to eat crumbs, yet that he greatly prefers a little animal food; for, if you throw out a bone or a bit of meat, robin never touches a crumb until he has secured and eaten the meat. The same may be said of the tom-tit. It is very amusing to see the little sapphire and apple-green gems, with their varying plumage and bright eyes, pick a crooked bone, and observe how they

climb about it, and seem as if they stuck to its surface, whilst they clean out every particle of meat from its crevices. I have seen two or three of these lovely little birds on the same bone, whilst the grass around them was studded with thrushes, and blackbirds, and chaffinches, and robins, and sparrows, until it seemed alive; and the rush of wings, when the whole bevy was dispersed by fright of any kind, was quite startling.

HARRINGTON GRANGE.

BY LOUIS SAND.

CHAP. I.

THE MASTER OF HARRINGTON.

"And now, Meg, I shall be at home always, to tease and worry you. Sour old Meg! And won't I leave the chairs all about! And won't Floss rummage and make a litter!"

"I wouldn't care about that, if you'd liven up the master a bit, Miss Amy."

"Papa! But he won't let me. He doesn't like being disturbed. Only to think of no more school, Meg. Nothing to do but please myself all day long, and tease you, and worry papa!"

"You'll soon get tired, Miss Amy. You'll find it lonesome enough, I doubt."

Lonesome! That was a new idea. Miss Amy went back to her book, thoughtfully; and Meg, looking at her for a moment, turned away, muttering something about a "miser."

It did not look like a miser's house, by any means. Old it was and quaint, and had been in the Harrington family for hundreds of years; but though the furniture was old-fashioned, it suited the rooms; and the lawn before those queer windows was smooth and green.

"Why should I be lonesome, I wonder?" murmured little Amy.

A whine was the only answer, and two minute paws intruded themselves upon the open book.

"Aye, it's all nonsense; isn't it, Floss? You and I are going to do as we please, and be as happy as the day is long: won't we? Lonesome, indeed!"

All the neatness and order apparent just now about the old house was the result of Meg's suggestions, and in preparation for Amy's reception as no longer the school-girl at home for her holidays, but mistress of the house; and all that Meg suggested she had full leave to carry out, if only her master was left in peace—yet he was called "Harrington the Miser."

Shut up from day to day in a grim room, which Amy had named "The den;" rarely visible except at meals, and not always then; the name of "miser" had been fixed upon him, and clove to him. His household was limited to

this one old servant, Meg, and a boy who suffered under her; and when he was asked for money he gave it, but always with a caution. He had never thought of his daughter as anything but a child; he knew that she must grow up sometime, but the knowledge had never troubled him till one morning his old servant forced her way into his den, and stood before him sturdily, resolute to be heard.

He looked up at her then with his usual dreamy gaze, taking her presence as an annoyance, and wondering how soon she would rid him of it.

"Always thus—always!" said Meg. "It wasn't used to be so: and see now the years it has been growing upon you!"

The Master of Harrington heard, without seeming to hear; his gaze wandering round the dusty shelves which held his treasures.

"Now that Miss Amy is coming home you must change it, master. You must come out and talk to her. Think how lonesome it will be for a young thing, after being always among merry companions."

Mr. Harrington sighed. He wished Meg would let him alone; but she wouldn't. He knew her of old, and she was privileged. Well, well, he would see what could be done. She was asking him no light thing, but he would try.

And perhaps he did try; perhaps it was too hard a thing to ask of him: at any rate, on the first morning of Amy's return, Meg encountered him after breakfast, as usual, with his hand on the door of that grim room.

"I thought, sir——" said Meg.

"Aye, so did I. But I can't do it, Meg. It's too late."

And he shut himself in. He would have fastened the door, but the lock had grown rusty, and wouldn't turn.

Then Meg advised Amy to break into his retreat, telling her it would be good for him to be dragged out, and made to leave off his old habits.

And behold in that silent, musty den, the only atmosphere in which he was at ease, a

merry voice and a light footstep, rousing the echoes and the dust in wonder at such an intrusion. And a soft cheek was laid against the old man's furrowed one.

"Oh, Pappy, what a gloomy den! What a sober old bookworm! Mayn't I come? You never can be angry!"

The Master of Harrington was sorely troubled. He fidgeted nervously, and looked away from the mischievous blue eyes.

"Amy," he said, at last, "you have been amongst a great many friends."

"No, Papa. Not all friends."

"But some of them were."

"I don't know," said Amy, musing: "I think not. I was just sorry to leave them, but far more glad to come home. No, I don't think they were what I should call friends."

"But I wish them to be. I mean," added the poor bookworm, "that I wish you had some one to stay with you, dear, and be merry with you; for—don't think me unkind—I must have this [looking round the walls] to myself and—the past."

"Then I may never come," said Amy, sorrowfully.

"My darling, it is not a place for you. When I come out, all cobwebby and absent, think what it will be for me to have a sunbeam always ready to shine on me. But I cannot change my habits, Amy. You will not let that trouble you."

"I don't think I could, Papa," said the sunbeam, thoughtfully. "I am so happy, I don't know what it would feel like to be troubled; so I must go, and leave the doctor in his den! But, Pappy dear, I don't want any friends, to come and make me amuse them: I would rather not. Good-bye."

What is this man a miser over? "Hoards of gold," say the greedy and dissatisfied men who talk of him sometimes at the Inn down below: "strong-boxes full; crisp notes, that crumple deliciously in his fingers; and bright heaps of yellow gold. Well, and a pleasant thing to feel, too; but a miser can't enjoy it. He's only half a man, hang him!"

CHAP. II.

AN INVASION.

"Plenty of work if I want it—which I don't; plenty of nice books to read; Floss to play with and talk to—what can I want?"

And little Amy stood at the window, and peeped round the curtain.

"There they are again, Floss!"

And Floss leaped upon the window-ledge, wagged a small tail, and cocked a pair of pert ears, as much as to say "So they are!"

"I wonder who they can be?" said Amy.

But Floss could not tell her that.

"This is the third day I have seen them, and I know they are sketching this house. A dear

old place it is, too, for a picture. How I should like one! I'd hang it up in pappy's den, opposite him; that he may have something to look at prettier than those musty shelves. I should like to rummage in that old den, and make a mess of it. Floss!" said Amy, emphatically, "the result of it all is, I want to look at that picture. I daresay it's only a daub, like Miss Jones used to do at school, and then the drawing-master touched it up till nobody knew it again. Yes, I dare say it is a daub. He doesn't look like Miss Jones, either. Perhaps he can draw really."

So Amy, having nothing better to do, sat down with her sewing in her fingers, and began making a pretty little romance about the two strangers. They were not married; but going to be, perhaps. Very likely the drawing was all a sham—only a pretext for getting a walk together alone. But where did they come from?"

"Miss Amy," said Meg, coming in, "there's a lady wants to beg a glass of water."

"Tell her we don't give anything at the door, but if she will walk in I'll see about it."

"She's with a painter chap," said Meg, not at all disturbed; "and he's got a seat, but she hasn't—just like men. She looks tired to death."

"Let her rest in the hall. A painter chap?" said Amy, springing up and peeping through the window. "It's that lady, I declare. Why, Meg, he is taking this house!"

"I guess he'd better let it alone."

"A picture, Meg—a grand picture—of the old Grange, to hang in your parlour, when you have one. Shouldn't you like to see it?"

"But about this lady?" said Meg, gruffly. "Am I to ask her in?"

"In! What, here? to Floss and me! But I don't know what to say to her."

"What was the use of your going to school, then? Didn't they teach manners?"

"Couldn't she go into the other room, by herself?"

"I should say not."

"Well, then, ask her; and say she mustn't talk, for I'm busy."

"Wherever is the History of England gone? and my French Grammar? Oh, and the ink-stand? Everything will walk off just when I want it."

"She's gone to tell the gentleman," said Meg, coming back, "and she will be very glad to rest. Miss Amy," whispered Meg, "they're grand visitors from Wilmore."

Grand visitors! If Meg had wanted to drive all idea of "manners" out of Amy's head at once, she could not have hit upon a more effectual way of doing it. What was she to say to grand people? She began to think about her governess, who had once entertained a baroness, and who spoke with familiar daring of several Peers of the realm. But then her governess was such a very upright majestic figure—how could poor little Amy be like her?

She took up Floss in her arms, in her per-

plexity, and then, with some idea that it wouldn't be proper, she put him down again, and as she did so her hair-net came off, and her hair fell all over her shoulders. And there was the "grand lady" looking at her.

"We are much obliged to you, Miss Harrington. My brother is so anxious to finish his painting that I did not like to complain, but I am very tired. This house is a beautiful subject for a drawing."

"I thought it must be this you were sketching," began Amy, eagerly; then, remembering how she had been told at school that it was vulgar to look out of the window, she stammered and blushed.

"I cannot sketch," said the lady. "It is my brother."

Then Amy ventured something more, and wished most heartily she could get away to arrange her hair; but just at that moment she became aware that Floss, evidently thinking the net had been constructed with an especial view to his private amusement, was using it in a very improper manner indeed.

"Oh, Floss, Floss!" cried Amy, again darting to the rescue.

As she rose, she encountered the lady's eyes looking down upon her with a peculiar expression, and blushed again.

What a beautiful face it was! yet it was perfectly white, not having a vestige of colour, except in the lips. But Amy was thinking how foolish this self-possessed stranger would think her; how childish and awkward. She could find nothing else to say, rummage as she would in the corners of her brain: she could not think how the stranger could sit there so calm and easy, while her own pulse was at 120 with nervousness.

There was a long silence, broken at last, but not by Amy.

"My brother is ready, I see," said the stranger. May he come in? Perhaps you would like to see the sketch."

"Oh, that I should." And Amy started up eagerly. When the portfolio was placed before her, she could think of nothing, not even the strange artist nor his sister, in her delight at the old Grange, which looked at her familiarly from it.

"My dear old window!—and the cedar, that beautiful cedar!—and Floss!—oh! how did you get Floss? If Meg could but see it! No, this is not like Miss Jones's drawing."

The artist and his sister exchanged glances.

"Any one was welcome to see it."

Amy looked round at the voice, thought of the demeanour her governess had recommended before gentlemen, and became demure.

"And now I must thank you for taking me in," said the lady. "I am Eleanor Vere, and this is my brother Philip. We are staying with Lady Harding, at Wilmore."

Miss Vere offered her hand, and Mr. Vere bowed; and little Amy watched them away from behind the curtain.

"My brother! Then they are not married, or going to be, and I was all wrong!"

"And only think, Meg," said Amy, skipping into the kitchen—"only think of my hair being all down, and my net off! That was Floss! wicked Floss! What will papa say to my grand visitors, I wonder!"

"Miss Amy," said Meg, coming close to her, "was it Vere you said the name was?"

"Yes, Eleanor Vere. Why, Meg?"

"Then I wouldn't speak of it before him, dear."

"But why not?"

"Oh, it's something long ago. No use in raking up old rubbish to tell you; but don't you say that name to him now, don't! It'll be sure to bring on a bad fit. Tell him they were visitors from Wilmore, if you like; he never speaks about names."

"Very well, Meg. But oh, such a beautiful picture! I wish he was a real working artist, and would sell it; only I have got no money!"

CHAP. III.

LADY HARDING AND HER GUESTS.

I will not describe the hall of Wilmore, its park, the magnificence of its avenues, or the peculiar charm which the summer beauty throws over it. Scenic descriptions may be all very well, but it seems to me impossible for word painting to convey to another mind the effect produced by the original upon your own. The beauty of a landscape comes to you with a singular power, because you are happy, and look at it through a happy medium; so you run on, painting it in your enthusiasm: while Miss Jones, who is not happy, and who cares nothing just at present for scenery, says, "What a fuss about a few trees and a bit of sunshine!" and turns over indignantly to find the thread of the story. Perhaps those pages, passed over so impatiently, contain your pet piece of composition—the best bit of writing in the book; but it doesn't matter for that. Miss Jones is reading a tale, and has no fancy for being cheated out of it, or beguiled into studying descriptive composition. Like a hungry charity schoolboy, at a feast of tea and plum-cake, if you talk to him in the most eloquent and kindly language, he will wish you would be quiet or go away, that he may eat his cake in peace.

But if I am not describing scenery, I have been guilty of a short digression—pardon.

"Produce it, Philip," said Lady Harding.

The *it* spoken of was a picture; but Philip Vere turned to the speaker, inquiringly. The little cups of coffee, with a rolled-up morsel of bread-and-butter to each, were being handed round, and Lady Harding, having established herself in her own peculiar lounge, looked with languid complacency on the assemblage of guests who were staying in her house. Not with a view of considering how she could best

entertain them; "for," said Lady Harding, "I make it a rule to invite several people at once; all remarkable for something, if I can manage it, and then they amuse each other. I am not equal to the task of amusing visitors."

"Eleanor tells me you have a sketch of the old Grange. Produce it, Philip."

Philip obeyed.

"Ah, it is a good subject, well treated."

"Thank you," said Philip. "By the way, why isn't it called Wilmore Grange? The village is Wilmore."

"It was once, I believe; but the Harrington family is a very old one—older than ours, Philip. It's head has been called 'Master of Harrington' for centuries; and there is this peculiarity about it—the property is not entailed, but, by a sort of tacit compact, descending from branch to branch, it is always left to the next male heir of the name, if there is no son of the house, in order to keep the Harrington succession unbroken."

"And this man is a miser?"

"Is he?" said Lady Harding, absently. "Poor Amy!"

"You know her, then?" said Eleanor.

"Know her, my dear!—she is dead long years ago! Yes, I did know her: she was very dear to me."

"Ah, his wife, you mean. I wonder," continued Eleanor, carelessly, "that you, aunt, with your passion for lions, do not cultivate the daughter."

"Lions! What, little Amy! Is it come to that? But I forget how the time passes. I used to be fond of little Amy when she was quite a child; but the intercourse had been broken off, and—but I thought she was at school."

"We saw her, however," said Eleanor, turning away indifferently.

Lady Harding looked round her guests again, languidly. They seemed well amused. There was a Miss Goddard (*not Arabella*), who could talk of nothing but alto, tenore, mezzo-soprano, registers, and key-notes. She was at present engaged in a duet from "*Traviata*" with a Mr. Mello—also great on the subject of registers. There was a Miss Florence Hartt, an authoress, and a Mr. Sackville, a poet, besides several lesser stars, who twinkled feebly beside these of the first magnitude.

"And in what is little Amy a lion, Eleanor?"

"Who? what? Miss Harrington—I had forgotten her existence!"

"Eleanor is wrong," said Philip Vere: "at least you must not look at those people, and fancy Miss Harrington has any claim to their distinction. She is as beautiful as sunshine, and as bright!"

"I should like to see her again," mused Lady Harding. "Her father used to accept my civilities towards his daughter, if not to himself. Eleanor, my dear, I am so tired! Come here: and Philip, take your drawing away. We must have Amy Harrington to stay here a few days:

a fresh face is worth anything. Have you sent out the invitations for the fifteenth?"

"I believe so, aunt."

"Well, then, write in my name. Now, you know, I am crochety; sit here and do it."

"No, no, Eleanor, nothing about Lady Harding's compliments; begin, 'My dear little Amy.' You know nothing about it, I tell you!"

Eleanor Vere looked up in astonishment: her aunt's languid face was flushed, and her delicate hand trembled.

"Upon my word," she said, "you are strangely excited about this little schoolgirl!"

"Well, well, do as I tell you, my dear. She is to come for the fifteenth, and the carriage shall be sent for her."

Eleanor finished the note, and forgot it. She went up to Philip, who was turning over a book of engravings to the music of "*Fra Diavolo*," with cornet accompaniment by Mr. Mello.

"It will be worth something to see that little bit of nature here," said Philip, not looking up.

"What are you talking about? Oh, the Harrington again!" And a look of annoyance crossed Miss Vere's face.

"I am sure you want something companionable, Nelly."

"I am sure I don't. Did I ever want anyone but you? I wish that man would leave off playing!"

"Now, Eleanor, am I to be visible at this ball on the fifteenth, or am I to stay painting in the Whim?"

The "Whim" was a little room arranged as a studio, purposely for Lady Harding's nephew, under her own surveillance.

"You can't paint at night."

"Beautifully!"

"Now, Philip, don't be disagreeable. What should I do amongst all these people without you?"

"Well, then, be good, and don't put on that excruciating air of pride, because you have heard the same name a few times. Do you know what I heard Miss Hartt say the other evening?"

"No, nor care."

"Then you ought. She said—not meaning it to reach my ears; but I can't help having long ones, you know—'Not even the piercing eye of genius can descry aught but the fossilified remains of a heart in the narrow stratum encrusted by the repelling exterior of the cold and haughty Vere!'"

Eleanor's face softened.

"Meaning you, Philip?"

"Meaning you, Eleanor!"

"I am so sorry!"

They both laughed.

"I knew you would feel it. Nelly, with your superb exterior—"

"Repelling and crustaceous, you mean!"

"With your face and figure, what a pity it is you can't sing like Miss Goddard, or draw like I can!"

"Philip, with your strong voice, and developed muscles, what a pity you don't play like Mr.

Mello; or bluster like Sir Thomas, your uncle!"

Sir Thomas Harding, I am sorry to say, had retired, according to his wont, to the library, where he was sleeping peacefully, with a handkerchief over his head.

"Sing!" continued Eleanor, scornfully—"psha, Philip! as if you would like me to show off as Miss Goddard does! Such trills and quavers and gasps! I can play the 'Dead March in Saul,' and certain other things, to please myself; but I don't care for that sort of quiver and dash!"

"My dear aunt," said Philip, taking his sister up to Lady Harding, "do you know that I have a new lion for you? Nelly can play the 'Dead March in Saul'!"

"Saul! Saul who? Who did you say was dead, Philip? You are so abrupt."

"Why, you have been down amongst the dead men yourself," said Philip. "Come, Nelly, don't be vexed: I won't do it again."

"Did you send that note, Eleanor?" asked Lady Harding, rousing up. "No, really, here it is still. Do have it sent, my dear."

So little Amy was put into an extreme flutter one morning by a delicate pink note, the contents whereof caused her to jump up and work off a little superfluous excitement in a very animated game with Floss, that atom of mortality enjoying it quite as much as his mistress. Then, once again was there an intrusion into the den, and a pair of soft arms round the "doctor's" neck.

"I couldn't help it this once, Pappy. A letter from Lady Harding—do read it!"

Mr. Harrington rubbed his eyes, read it, and looked at his daughter.

"To go and stay at Wilmore—eh? And her ladyship promises to take you under her wing, and see that no one runs away with you! So you want to go, puss?"

"If you think the puss wouldn't be very much out of her element amongst such grand people!"

"Nonsense!" said her father, sharply: "the Harringtons are as good as the Hardings, though they choose to live in a different style. But, as the style is different, have you got any finery?"

"Plenty, papa. White muslin dresses of the most extensive character!"

"Very well: you must go out sometime, I suppose; and I would as soon trust you to Lady Harding as to any one, although—There, be off, and enjoy yourself."

Then Meg had to be told, preparations to be made, and Floss cautioned about his good behaviour during her absence, and all day long the little school-girl was in a state of excitement vacillating between pleasure and dread, laughing outright at the thought of what her old governess would say, if she knew it, and her schoolfellows. And then she wondered whether there would be a footman behind each chair, with a white napkin round his arm, and a white wig, as she had read about in some novel: and

last, but not least, she wondered whether she should be *very* much frightened! Then came the day, and the carriage, and she shrunk up into a corner of it, laughing again to think what a morsel of a creature she was in this great lumbering thing! But she was a little bit frightened, too; and the little bit increased as the distance from Wilmore Hall lessened: and at last she began to wish most heartily that she dared tell that fine coachman to turn back and take her home again!

She did not dare, however: and when Lady Harding herself met her in the Hall, took her two hands, looking into her face eagerly, and kissed her cheek, she felt better, but much astonished to see that there were actually tears in the eyes that looked at her so kindly.

"My child, your mother was my dearest friend, and you are so like her!"

Then, drawing Amy's hand within her arm, she took her to her room, still showing traces of that emotion which had astonished Eleanor Vere.

"Now, my dear, shall I send my maid to you, or will you ring by-and-bye?"

A maid! Amy opened a pair of puzzled eyes, and smiled.

"Oh, no thank you, I never have any one to help me."

Left alone, she began to speculate instead of dressing, "How odd, not to be able to dress oneself! I think I'll have Meg for a lady's-maid. How she would screw up that queer mouth of hers if I were to tell her so!"

And so mamma was Lady Harding's dearest friend! How I should like to know what that is, I mean how dear a dearest friend is! I don't think I ever had one. I used to hear them calling each other dear and dearest, at school, and the minute after they would be quarrelling. That wasn't like Lady Harding. I can't fancy her quarrelling with any one. I wonder what the ball will be like. If I can only keep near her I shan't care. She is so kind.

CHAP. IV.

THE BALL.

This was Lady Harding's way of returning the civilities of her neighbours, instead of the more orthodox and more frequent dinner party. "A ball is fatiguing enough," said her ladyship; "but as for a dinner party, I never can, I never will consent to take my place at such an ingeniously contrived instrument of torture, as a fashionable, formal dinner-table in my own house."

It so happened that little Amy, bewildered by the novel circumstances around her, lost herself from beneath the wing of the hostess, and could no where distinguish that kindly face which she was so anxious to keep near her.

There was Sir Thomas, the very picture of a

jolly, fox-hunting country gentleman; and he, passing the corner which the school-girl had selected to shrink into, under her painful consciousness of being alone among strangers, made a mental memorandum to ask his wife who that pretty little girl was, on the sofa there, playing with her fingers.

For Amy, a stranger amidst upwards of a hundred people, seeing the floating muslins and other light drapery, relieved by the less abundant black cloth, enjoying the scene quietly in her own fashion, had suffered some portion of her dreamings to wander back to the old Grange, and her hand, which the baronet said she was playing with, was in reality engaged in stroking a supposititious Floss.

Then the music! Such soft, beautiful music! It came to her like a dream. The moving figures and the gentle buzz of voices only added to the visionary haze creeping over her; and when a voice spoke to her, she started and blushed painfully at the consciousness that her eyes were full of tears.

"My dear child!" said Lady Harding, sitting down beside her.

"I—it is all so beautiful," stammered Amy; "but indeed I did not know I was being so foolish."

Already there was an air of languor and weariness about Lady Harding, which made the little school-girl ask her, innocently, why she took so much trouble, if it tired her. And her hostess, smiling at such simplicity, told her it was a duty she owed to society.

Then a solemn gentleman, with a moustache, being brought up to Amy, proceeded to solicit the honour of her hand for the Lancers.

"Dancing," thought Amy. "Did they call that dancing? The ladies sailing about the room languidly, as though they were painfully conscious that a certain space must be got over somehow, and did not know how to do it with the least trouble to themselves: and the gentlemen, walking also, twirling moustaches, and bowing themselves into bad triangles, with a manner as solemn as if they had been the ghosts of former dancers, and knew the vanity of it."

"Fond of dancin—ar—?" asked Amy's partner, bending his superb head devotedly, to catch her answer.

Amy replied that she was very fond of it, whereupon the gentleman, satisfied that he had done what England expects every man to do, became erect again, and vouchsafed no more.

After him came a boy of an awkward age, who generally affected partners double his own height, but whom Lady Harding presented to Amy with an idea of mutual fitness. This young gentleman simpered a little, blushed, was extremely interested in the toes of his pretty boots, and talked a good deal of amiable nonsense.

On the whole Amy was rather tired of him, and glad when he put her down upon a lounge near the piano, where the talented Miss Goddard and her coadjutor Mr. Mello were preparing to electrify the audience with a burst of melody.

But where was Eleanor Vere all this while? Gone up with Philip to the Whim, to see a little "effect" which he told her he had thrown off to gratify her.

It was merely a face, half hidden in the brown curls that fell about it, bending down to look at a picture; and on the table whereon the picture rested, a dog with perked-up ears and head on one side, also engaged in contemplating it.

Eleanor turned away impatiently.

"An artist's eye you know, Nelly; I couldn't help recollecting it."

"Why did you bring me here for nonsense, Philip? Come down, we are being rude to my aunt's visitors."

"Much you care for that," said Philip, looking at her. "Why, Nelly, I really thought that sketch would please you. You say there is nothing like nature."

"Except art. Stop, Philip, here is another 'effect' for you."

Eleanor paused in the doorway, with her hand on his shoulder. A little group had gathered round the piano, where Miss Goddard and Mr. Mello had been giving the duet "Parigi o cara" to an admiring audience, and the lady, turning to bow her acknowledgments for the buzz of thanks, had caught the expression of little Amy's face, and seized upon her. She was "quite sure she was musical! A musical face, was it not, Mr. Mello? Did she play—sing—did she prefer Verdi, Beethoven, Mozart, or—"

"I don't know anything of Italian," said Amy, frankly, "but if it would make me sing like you, I wish I did."

"Now if that is not nature," said Eleanor, "it is a bit of perfect acting—perfect art, Philip, which is next best to nature. Look how pleased Miss Goddard is!"

"Acting!" repeated Philip.

Miss Goddard was charmed, delighted. Amy must sing something. Not know Italian! That was very sad—German, perhaps?

No. Amy shook her head.

An English ballad then, or Scotch. Nothing was so delicious, she quite doted on them.

"Amy," said Lady Harding, turning over the music books, "Do you know 'Auld Robin Gray'?"

Yes, Amy knew that.

"Ah, charming!" said Miss Goddard, as Lady Harding placed the song on the piano. "Do you accompany yourself, or shall I?"

"Herself, please," said Lady Harding, gently.

There was silence for a moment when the song ended; Eleanor and Philip went nearer to the piano, and then Lady Harding drew Amy away from Miss Goddard's rather oppressive raptures.

"Amy, did you ever sing that for Walter Harrington—your papa, I mean?"

"Yes," said Amy, wondering at the question.

"But only once, for it brought on a bad fit."

"A bad fit! What is that?"

"I don't know," said Amy, sorrowfully.

"They say he has an affection of the heart. Is that very serious?"

Lady Harding half smiled.

"I will ask you that some years, or indeed months hence, little Amy. Already I perceive that Mr. Mello is wounded."

"Wounded with what, I wonder," thought Amy, looking at him. "Not with a razor, at any rate; it is a pity he does not use one."

Turning her head at this moment, she caught Eleanor Vere's eyes fixed upon her. Amy started forward, eagerly; but there rose a little flush to her cheek as she drew back chilled, from the haughty indifference of Eleanor's greeting.

What had she done? Why was Miss Vere so different? She had been kind and cordial enough that day at the Grange.

Again Miss Goddard took possession of her, but Amy's eyes followed Eleanor, wistfully.

"I am charmed with you, positively. Do you know any of the choruses in 'Barbière?' No—what a pity! Well, we must teach you. I make a tolerable alto, and Mr. Mello—isn't he delicious?—a first-rate tenor. Ah, you are looking at that proud Miss Vere. Is she not perfectly revolting?"

"Revolting?" echoed Amy, in amazement. "Why, it is the most beautiful face in the room!"

"Beautiful? ah!" said Miss Goddard, with a grimace, "some people think so, I believe; but I don't. And she is eaten up with pride and self-conceit, far too good to associate with common-place people such as we are."

"Eleanor," said Philip, "Miss Goddard is giving you a character; prejudicing her new plaything. I am sure of it; I shall go to rescue your friend and your name."

"Stop, Philip!" exclaimed Eleanor, haughtily; but he was gone.

"Miss Harrington, I have to confess that I am no dancer; but if you will walk through a few of those intricate and beautiful figures with me, I shall be very much obliged to you."

Amy rose, and Miss Goddard threw "You wicked cruel creature, you!" after him, assuring him that Amy and herself were fast friends for life, and he could not separate them.

"That is friendship at first sight, I suppose," said Philip, speaking low. "It is strange how scepticism grows upon one; but do you know I once caught myself believing a speech of Miss Goddard's? Shall I tell you what it was?"

"If you please."

"That she saw genius in my face, and fame and fortune in my future."

"Does she flatter everybody?" asked Amy, remembering the speech which began "I am charmed with you."

Philip laughed. "Thank you, then you think that was flattery. Well, I suppose she does."

There was a question which Amy longed to

put, but she was afraid it would be rude, and, after all, what did it matter to her?

"If you will promise not to think me dangerous," said Philip, who had been watching her face, "I will tell you unasked. Yes, I am an artist by profession, inclination, and for daily bread. Was not that what you were wondering?"

"Yes," said Amy, absently.

"You are looking at my sister. She has been my constant companion and champion ever since I was shut up in a dark closet for saying the 'Mother's Spelling-book' was a bother. And so you like dancing?"

"I like everything."

"Miss Goddard and friendship at first-sight included?"

"I do not dislike Miss Goddard," said Amy, laughing. "I don't think I should choose her society, but she is the only one here who has taken any notice of me."

Philip's face clouded. What he might have been going to say remained unsaid, for the beautiful and intricate figure began, and he was obliged to move. Walking about with her after it was over, he came upon Eleanor and Lady Harding in close conference.

"What treason now?" asked Philip.

"A picnic to Wilmore Castle," said Lady Harding, languidly. "I have done my duty in suggesting; it is for you to carry out. You know I always expect my guests to entertain each other."

She made room for Amy, however, with an air of interest which none other in the whole list of her acquaintance was ever favoured with.

"As you like everything, Miss Harrington, there is no need to ask your acquiescence," said Philip; "and I can answer for Eleanor, can't I, Nelly?"

But Miss Vere was gone.

THE OLD WOMAN'S SORROW.

The days again are lengthening, I sit in this quiet room

With only the fitful firelight chasing away its gloom;
And my eyes keep gazing idly upon one object there,

Till the world's wealth would I give to see HIM in that vacant chair;

That as I used in the old time, I might kneel by his side again,

And, with my arms around him, tell of all my grief and pain.

Since he was taken from me, to the grave so dark and cold,

From the falling heart and the weak fond arms that so vainly strove to hold!

Yet, I try to humbly speak the words, and not even
in thought repine :
Thank God he is gone to his quiet rest, and this
lonely grief is mine !
Perhaps my woe had been wilder, if in early youth
he went ;
But more deeply sad is the parting of two lives
together spent
From the blush of their youth's glad morning to
their evening's dim decline !
Ah ! such a long unparted day, dear husband, was
yours and mine !
I saw not thy form drooping—noticed not that thy
hair got grey ;
Ever and ever near thee, I marked not thy slow
decay.

I saw not my own face fading ; thy eyes ne'er the
story told ;
Each knew not that each was changing, until
strangers called us old.
Since you left me, all say how dull, too, and silent I
have grown :
Ah ! yes ; for since then I am living in a world of
my own.
I am thinking, forever thinking, of the time so long
ago,
When the sound of your voice could stir my heart
and make my young cheek glow.

I am musing, forever musing, on our happy married
years :
Of the many joys and griefs we shared—of the
many hopes and fears.
To tell them my memory's story, alas ! were of no
avail ;
Soon would they turn a wearied ear from the old
woman's idle tale.
What would they care that we first loved in our
childhood's happy day ?
What would they feel that our children, one by one,
were taken away ?
What could they know of our sorrow, when the last
of them was flown ?
Or how closely we drew together when we were left
alone ?

Worn away to a thin, bright thread, is the wedding
ring I wear ;
Worn away to a thread as frail is the shadowy life I
bear !
I said at first the world's wealth away I would freely
give,
To see thee again in that vacant chair and know
that thou didst live.
Yet, not so, not so : it were better far from this
weary being free,
That thou shouldst not return again, but that I
should go to thee.

BESSIE.

BE KIND.—Kind words, looks, and acts are the
small currency of social life, each of considerable
value, but in the aggregate forming the wealth of
so iety. They are the "excellent oil" which keeps
th machinery from rusting, wearing, or cracking.
They are the dew that refreshes and nourishes the
otherwise arid fields. They are the sunshine of an
else murky, dreary world.—*Old Jonathan.*

THE TRAVELLER'S TREE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"The Ravenala is a tree which grows at Mada-
gascar, and other parts of the East, in marshy
localities, attaining a great height. Its large leaves,
when pierced at the base, afford a kind of water fit
to drink, and hence it is known as the Traveller's
Tree."

The wayfarer pauses—how gladly he sees
The fresh, pleasant verdure of beautiful trees !
Lo ! some are in exquisite blossoms arrayed ;
Some woo him to rest in their cool, tranquil shade ;
They cheer him awhile on his lone, weary way,
Yet the thirst that consumes him they fail to allay.
Oh ! fair Ravenala, he searches for thee,
And eagerly welcomes the Traveller's Tree.

Thy thick-clustered leaves a rich treasure enfold,
A treasure more precious than silver or gold ;
The wayfarer watches with eager delight,
The pure, gushing waters spring forth to his sight.
Refreshed by the draught so profusely bestowed,
With vigour renewed he proceeds on his road,
Still anxiously, earnestly, hoping to see
That boon to the weary—the Traveller's Tree.

The wayfarer's trials we may not have known,
And yet our experience resembles his own :
From dear and congenial communion debarred,
How oft have we shunned natures sordid and hard,
And sought buoyant spirits, inspiring and gay,
Whose genius and wit have enlivened our way,
And strewed it with flowers as enchanting to see
As those softly dropped from the blossoming tree !

Ere long, the frail flowers lost their charm in our
eyes ;
We turned to the haunts of the grave and the
wise ;
The light spells of fancy we learned to disown,
And sought our enjoyment in Knowledge alone !
How gladly from Pleasure's vain scenes we retired,
The calm goods of study were all we required :
That time of repose seemed as peaceful to be
As rest at the foot of the sheltering tree.

Yet, something was lacking : we thirsted to find
A nature compassionate, tender, and kind,
Still ready Life's rough, tedious journey to smoothe,
Our trials to share, our distresses to soothe :
We found it—such gifts are by many possessed,
And soon may be won by a diligent quest ;
We found gentle Sympathy's Wellspring to be
The wayfarer's blessing—the Traveller's Tree !

Though Genius may proffer its sweet, blooming
flowers,
And Knowledge exult in the wealth of its stores,
Nor wisdom nor wit have the power to impart
Such comfort in sorrow as Kindness of Heart :
There, only, the thirst can be fully allayed
That gains not relief amid blossoms and shade ;
There, only, can Life's weary wanderer see
The true Ravenala—the Traveller's Tree !

P 2

CONCERNING A GENTLEMAN, AGED SIX.

BY JOVEN.

Passing a quiet evening at the house of a friend not long ago, I was much taken with the graceful winning ways of the young gentleman who is to serve as my text. He had those large, full, tender eyes that boys sometimes have; was very good-looking withal, seemed to know it in a dainty conscious way, and came up to you as one who expected to be petted, and almost knew that he deserved it. Falling asleep as the evening wore on, he gave the prettiest little apologetic look on waking up, and retired to his rest with a courtly gravity that was somewhat funny, but thoroughly loveable and charming.

Now our party was a very quiet one, but it kept thoroughly London hours. *Domestic* London hours, I mean; not Ball-room London hours; so that I think the ladies had retired soon after one o'clock, or at some such early period of the evening. An inveterate smoker or two remained to enjoy the tranquil weed, and to "chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy." I, who was to sleep in the house, lit a pipe, whose ludicrously small size and generally low character have rendered it the mockery of a large circle of acquaintances, and then joined in the conversation with the bland volubility that is preeminently my characteristic. It was past three o'clock when my friend showed me up-stairs to my bed-room. "Let us peep in on young Fred," said he. Very stealthily we opened the child's door, and saw—

No! Nothing in particular. This is not a romantic tale. He had not been assassinated, poor little fellow! he was not sitting up in bed, reading Mr. Buckle, bless his little heart! (I mean Fred's little heart: not Mr. Buckle's). It had been a warm night: the little fellow had partially kicked the bed-clothes about, and he lay there, curled up across the bed, in the quaintest manner. He was sound asleep, breathing very tranquilly; and on his face there was a smile like an angel's. One could not look at him without thinking of those grand lines of Wordsworth:—

Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home!
Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

Surely he saw angels in his dreams. Surely he remembered the home from which he had only strayed six years.

I got to bed that morning with feelings that had been somewhat strange to me for some time past—feelings that go back, say twenty years, to the time when, without any of this child's beauty or grace, I had yet slumbers as sweet and as sound, with a mother to watch them—who

has been in a Devonshire grave-yard for a long time now—for a long and weary time: forgotten often, never remembered but with thoughts that "lie too deep for tears."

We all know that hour, when people die, and when people dance; when the night is dead, the day unborn: an hour cold and dreary even in the height of summer. I fancy that an almost audible shudder goes through the great city at that hour. It was very sweet to see this child sleeping! Throwing up my window I saw a redness in the east: ere long the heavens were bright and burning with the vivid dawn; and the dawn seemed to shame me, to reproach me, to accuse me.

Do none of my readers know the sensation—a sensation well nigh as tragic as one can have—of looking at a sunrise with jaded eyes, as it ushers in another day to be wasted? It comes upon you, sometimes, at a ball. You have been dancing, laughing, flirting: into the crowded room comes the terrible morning light, seeming to ask, "And what will you do with me?" I may be a nervous man—in fact, I know myself to be so; but at this sight, at the thought of this question, all the life of the ball is dead to me. The music jars upon me. The dances seem unmeaning, almost ghastly. Go into your study with this impression keenly and cruelly fresh upon you: I think you could write Hoffmannesque stories of a sufficiently wild character! But the pen will not work; the words come sluggishly, and the heart sinks. The brain is dull through the very intensity and passionate speed of its working. You have more in you than you can express. Let us even go to bed; and the brain may write its own poems—poems that will never get to printer's ink.

There are men—aye, and women—who take opium to *get* dreams! Is there no drug that can *stop* them? Cannot we bid this wonderful life of ours *halt* for a moment? Tearing through us like Heaven's lightning, thoughts, fears, and fancies come and go. The "machine" *cannot* rest. Yonder boy is sacred: *only*, the purest and tenderest thoughts as yet are his. And *we*? Like the waves of the sea in a blind cavern (the simile is an old one), crowding thoughts and phantasies stir restlessly within us, even as we sleep. I think of those waves—how they may wash a corpse upon the rocks: and our brains? Thoughts of dear dead friends seem to be flung against us. The trick of the eye, the cadence of the voice—things that, waking, we could never remember—all these come back to us, solemnly and sadly, in the night. Dear old friend, for years forgotten, in the whirl of daily life—dear old friend, lying dead in an Indian grave—I can hear the merry

laugh again as when we played cricket together; hear the cheery voice again—the voice that was so brave and hopeful; see the eyes that looked out on the future with so keen and eager a glance. And in a moment, *he* passes away. There comes another visitor. No, old friend: not less dear art thou *now* than some few years back, when I sat down on a gravestone in the churchyard, on your wedding-day, writing hurriedly some few lines of verse—weak enough I doubt not, but warm from the heart. I can remember very well that long farewell pressure of the hand that had been so often clasped in mine, and was never to be clasped in mine any more. We were about the same age; we were neither of us very strong. He would never own his weakness—never quite believe in it; he kept to his work, and he could work like ten. At last he broke down of a sudden, and the news came to me as I sat in my room, one morning, too ill to go to London, that he was dead.

Fresh forms crowd round me in my dreams. Little sisters whom I never saw in life come to me now. A brother, wonderfully gifted, whose name, had he lived, might perchance have been ere now a household word, and whom I could have so fondly followed at a distance, proud to hear men praise him: *he* comes again—sometimes very fondly and kindly, sometimes angry and passionate with the sufferings, both of brain and body, that killed him ere his time. Ere his time? The time was good; for it was of his Father's choosing. He, for one, has reached his journey's end: he, for one, will never faint upon the hot road in the summer noons—never miss his way upon the dark path in the winter night. And as *this* Shape also departs, I awake, feverish, unrefreshed, with strange sounds dying away, as what we call "reason" and "common sense" come back—strange sounds, that seem to come from an exceeding distance, and yet to be close at hand—strange sounds, that are indeed echoes of the dead years.....

Some few hours having elapsed since I saw little Fred asleep, into my room struts little Fred awake, the bright eyes seeming brighter than ever, and the sweet voice sweeter. I protest that a child's morning laughter is an absolute tonic, and helps to set one up for the day. This little Fred, entering my room when my wild splashing and sponging are over, and when I am tranquilly fixing to my shoulders that badge of conventionality, a black coat; this little Fred, with queries as to my "corps," with artless imitations of the British volunteer; this little Fred, placing his arms with due rigidity, holding up his head with due determination; this little Fred, with twenty little drolleries and waggeries, ever accompanied by his own running commentary of boy-laughter—I vow that he quite chases away all the sad serious shapes that have been round me in the night. A wonderful magician is this young gentleman of six! Strange powers of exorcism has he! I—who feel myself now to be growing rather an aged Wizard, who is not in possession of a magic wand—I do loyal homage to the

Boy. The day long, I cast imaginary horoscopes for him. Poor little Fred! the knickerbocker days—days of childish prettiness, petted by Mamma, petted by everyone with a heart—must pass away. I soberly try to picture to myself the Future of the child.

And behold, I am aware of days of gloom. Coming troubles cast their shadow before. Here is little Fred's first great grief, rapidly drawing nigh. As thus: His Father has driven away, after the parting "tip," and little Fred is inducted into his first school. Is there a drearier feeling? Yesterday, we *wanted* to go to school. There seemed a kind of dignity about the act. No more feminine pettings; we are getting too old to be kissed by ladies before company; it is time that we should mingle with other boys. *To-day*, we see the other boys, and grow somewhat terrified. There is an amount of rudeness about the other boys to which we are unaccustomed. One other boy, apparently the wag of Dr. Supine's establishment (where pupils are fitted for a professional career—where every attention is paid to their moral and religious training, washing extra), makes remarks, of a humorous but disparaging character, about our personal appearance. He does not scruple to express his conviction that we ought to be clad in crinoline; that our face was lent to us by our youngest sister, and that our real name is Susan. His toadies (these buffoons have always toadies!) have the indelicacy to laugh. We don't meet with the slightest sympathy. The other boys ravage our property; inquire, with unblushing rudeness, about the profession of our father and our pecuniary means; and, regarding us as a new source of excitement, play practical jokes. We had grown tired of being petted: *now*, our hair is pulled, ink is upset over our dainty garments—we are as a butt to all.

"These things don't occur in well-regulated schools?" *Don't* they! There comes a day, not long postponed, on which we have to do battle with Charley Tickle, the Wag. That other boy's low-buffoonery (in which there is no real fun, you know) becomes absolutely insufferable. We challenge him to combat. We stand up, in position, against him. He is cheered on to the deadly encounter by the voices of his stupid admirers. He appears well acquainted with the art of boxing. When we rush in at him wildly like "Uncas" (about whom we have been recently reading), he deftly parries our vague blows. We grow confused; we are knocked down; we are picked up; we are in a wild rage, but in a very impotent one. Actually, when he slips in a forward lunge, when we might "hit him a good one," we simply give him an open-handed slap in the face—as if we *were* named Susan—so that he recovers himself, laughingly, and, ere we can be well upon our guard, administers one—two! It seems three years (it is actually six minutes) since the battle began: and now it ends—in our discomfiture, in our defeat!

When we recover from the confusion of the fray, and from the shame of our vanquishment, the first thing we become aware of, is that good-

natured chap, Charley, addressing us, not as Susan, but as "old fellow," and labouring, with such appliances (as of cold pebbles) as are at hand to reduce the black eye which he has just inflicted. Ever after which Charley is our bosom friend. You have no idea, Mamma, of that boy's talent for humour. It is a fact that Doctor Supine, having discovered a certain caricature, could not refrain from laughing at that boy's fun, even though he caned him!

And I think, little Fred, that, after all, your school-days will be happy enough. Boys are terribly cruel, sometimes (my own character, at the age of ten, was an aggravated mixture of the Emperor Nero and the late King of Naples, with a few characteristic traits suggested by the assiduous study of Ojibbeway torture): but there is a gentleness that disarms them. As a rule, it is only the Unpleasant Boys who get severely treated by their brethren. The Unpleasant Boys who tell tales, who are mean with their money, who toady the ushers—pummelled are these: and why not?

Little Fred, it is with the blush of remorse on my cheek, that I ask you to behave well towards the unfortunate gentleman who will teach you French! The shameful cruelties—aye, *cruelties*—which I have seen inflicted on French masters, appal me even now! The British Boy—when he is a bad one—knows how to torture: the French exile has to learn how to endure!

Little Fred, I would speak unto thee very seriously. Amongst those gentlemen (for such they are, despite their scanty wage, despite their threadbare coats) who teach thee to conjugate "*aimer*," there are grand men, my Frederick! There are men who have given up fortune, social position, social enjoyment, for a *principle*; men who have been in prison for acting nobly; men who have led *escapes* from prison; men who have wandered in the woods of South America, cheerily and gallantly; men who have fought upon barricades, and in the wild confusion of street-battle, many years before you or I, my Frederick, first saw the light. My heart bleeds, sometimes, when I think of such men—of their lonely lodgings, cheered only by the old blackened pipe; and of the thoughtless, silly cruelty with which their pupils vex them. An exile's feelings are soon touched, soon hurt. A foolish word, spoken even without any thought of unkindness, may cause a big-bearded man to wince, in a pain very acute and intimate.

Lo, it is the year 1874! The present writer is a dweller in Bohemia, or a British merchant (*quien sabe?* not I): enter to him little Fred, aged nineteen. *Signalement* of little Fred: Eyes full, penetrating; visage long, oval; moustache long, black. And has it come to this? Here is my cherub of 1861, and in the lips of him is an admirable Havanna! In the *soul* of him? Let me hope, *not* cynicism; let me hope, *not* weariness, disappointment, doubt. He calls me "old fellow," does little Fred: treats me as a well-meaning man of middle age, but one who

is behind the times; and he takes me to places of amusement. What will they be like, I wonder, in 1874? Will there be an Armenian playing King Lear? Will negro melody still retain its hold upon the British heart? Will there be music-halls extant? Will comic vocalists still express a wish that they were with Nancy? or state, with a glaring disregard to truth and accuracy, that they are "Old Bob Ridley, oh?" Will there be acrobats? Yes, there will be acrobats, and there will be gorillas—live gorillas; and the excitement of the day—"the Great Sensation" of the day—will be a single combat on the tight rope between a young gorilla (from the river Gaboon) and M. Casse-tête, the eminent French acrobat, who inherited all Blondin's popularity on the sudden and lamented death of that performer in the Crystal Palace, in 1862! . . . Frederick, my son, these things do not delight me. Even in 1861 I was "bored" and wearied by them—albeit Leotard at Cremorne is a sight worth seeing. But in 1874? My son, I will rather accompany thee to Wimbledon, paying the fare for both, and see thee shoot at various ranges.

Two important influences—amongst many others—beset the British Boy in these days. Influence number One, that of "Sensation" Novels; Influence number Two, that of Cadet Rifle Corps. It needs the second to check the first. Years ago, Doctor Arnold warned his boys against novel-reading overmuch. Masters like Arnold (and such still remain) might very profitably repeat the warning, with additional emphasis, in these present days. Walter Scott did good. He gave strong but healthy food to a Boy's imagination. He cannot be read too much. The trashy Red Indian novels of the day can do little else but harm, and cannot be avoided too carefully. I am much grieved oftentimes to see the popularity of such books as those of Gustave Aimard. Without one atom of the descriptive power and the deep feeling for natural beauty possessed by Cooper; without even the dash, *verve*, vivacity of Capt. Mayne Reid, these Books yet seem to be universally read by boys, and liked by them. Come out, my British Boy, from amidst this French phantasmagoria of stupid scalping: come out, and read *Ivanhoe*: come out, and go to thy drill.

I (in 1878) am right glad, Frederick, that thou hast obtained a prize. Thirteen years ago, I remember me that thou didst essay to wield a rifle. It was too big for thee; nay, blush not at the recollection, Frederick; for thou wert then but six years of age. Even then, I did prophesy thy future eminence. . . . And Frederick, Frederick, *mon fils*, who was *the Lady in Blue*?

It is 1878. I grow stout; I am on the lookout for my grey hairs. Tobacco—to which I am still madly addicted—is casting its fumes around me, when I hear a rap. I lay aside the present magazine, which is still extant and flourishing; which has Novels by the Author of "Rutson Morley," worthy the high promise of

that powerful tale; which has Essays by J. A., thoughtful, earnest, and scholarly as of old; nay, to which "Joven" himself—in the "stupid season," when the clever writers are out of town—is still allowed to contribute; I lay down, I say, that periodical on hearing the postman's rap. Three letters.

1. A Comic Song is required by Monday next.... But I am too old to write Comic Songs.

2. Mr. Snip would feel obliged by the settlement of that little account. I dare say he would. It is only natural that he should.... poor man!

3. As I live, *wedding cards*! Mr. Littlefred, Mrs. Littlefred, *née* Pocahontas! I do remember me: 'tis the *Lady in Blue*! Well, Frederick, if you will marry on six hundred a-year, do so. Take the consequences. Be destitute, my Boy. If evil time *should* come, I—who am single, and

have no income—will cheerfully provide thee chops.

Doctor Young observes that

"We take no note of time but by its loss:
To give it, then, a tongue, was wise in man."

This is one of the most harmless remarks ever made by a British Poet. *Eh bien*, the tongue has spoken. It tells me that it is high time to close my desk.

Not dreaming of school battles—still less of 1874 and rifle triumphs, or of 1878 and wedding-cards, little Fred has been long asleep. I should like to look in at his room, before I go to my own!

B A L L O W M E R E .

(A Tale, in Four Chapters).

BY ALFRED GRANDCHAUPP.

CHAP. I.

"Where are we now, guard?" was my ejaculation between sleeping and waking, as the train slackened its speed, and the lights of what appeared to be a town of considerable size flickered dimly in the distance.

"N—on—T—, sir," replied the green-coated functionary, an announcement which I received with no little satisfaction; for I had scarcely quitted my seat since leaving Euston-square, and although fond of travelling, and no grumbler, still I maintain that the iron highway, although the quickest mode of locomotion, is, at the same time, the most tedious, and that a day spent in a railway carriage, except in very pleasant company, is, oftener than otherwise, a wearisome day. Why I had left my snug bachelor apartments in — Square, and undertaken a journey of some three hundred miles, at a time when most sane people do not wander far from their own firesides, unless compelled to do so, it is not so easy for me to explain without considerable circumlocution. However, while the tickets are being collected, and that interminable coal train, which now blocks up the line, moves on and makes way for us, I may as well give you my previous reminiscences of the place, or rather of the last and only night I ever spent there, for of the place itself I saw little or nothing.

Without being very particular with regard to dates, I may say that it was certainly more than ten, but less than twenty years since this visit took place. I was then making my *debut*

as a traveller—in fact, commencing the first trip which the kind solicitude of my friends would permit me to undertake alone.

Escaped from the thralldom of my worthy pedagogue's birch, the "*toga virilis*," (*Anglice*) tailed coat, having been donned for the first time, instead of the inglorious jacket, my head well stored with good advice and Greek lambics, and my pocket comfortably lined with golden portraits of our most gracious Sovereign, a second Alexander in my own estimation, I had begun that march in which the world in general was to be surprised and conquered, although with bloodless weapons. And my second day's march led me up the Tyne (Campbell speaks of a "march over the mountain wave," and so I suppose I may do the same); the voyage having been accomplished in a vessel, which, probably on the "*lucus a non lucendo*" principle, had been named the "Velocity," on account of the extraordinary length of time which it generally took on the passage. But peace to the old boat! It has since gone to the bottom of the German Ocean, and far be it from me to "drag its frailties from their last abode." From the bluff old Captain, and steward, I received every kindness; and acting on the advice of the latter, a native of the wilds of Strathspey, I betook myself, upon landing, to a quiet, comfortable, unpretending hotel, in a quiet, comfortable, unpretending street, in which to pass the night. I remember very well the words in which my Celtic friend directed me to this house, as they contained the first and last attempt at a joke that I ever heard from a steward on board ship.

"They ca't the *Lamb*, sir; but ye need na fear being fleeced at it for a' that." To the "*Lamb*" then I went, and although internally there was everything to render any man of moderate desires as comfortable as need be, still to me the hours passed tediously enough. Incessant rain prevented me from going out, and thoughts of the happy faces which I had left so recently at "the old house at home" prevented me from appreciating very enthusiastically the pleasures of solitude. Indeed my case had reached such a desperate crisis, that I had begun to play a game at bagatelle, right hand against the left, when the door of my apartment was gently opened, admitting (there must be a heroine in every tale, and mine comes in here perhaps as unexpectedly to you as she did to me), a lovely girl, nine or ten years of age, who addressed me with all the frank innocence of childhood: "Oh, if you please, sir, mamma thought you would be so lonely here this wet evening; so she asked me to come and amuse you." Rather a drop this, for Alexander the Second! Had the good lady marked the juvenile conceit of her temporary guest, and taken this method of administering a mild and perhaps necessary rebuke? I do not know; but in my momentary vexation the word *impudent* had almost escaped my lips—almost, but not quite; for a second glance at my little visitor convinced me that, on her part at least, there was no intention to give offence; and my resentments, although sometimes sudden, being seldom long continued, we became, in less than five minutes, the best possible friends. The abnormal game at bagatelle was exchanged for the less assuming pastime of "*jackstraws*," and in this very innocent recreation, relieved by occasional snatches of conversation, which would scarcely interest the reader, the hours passed away, until, between ten and eleven, I found myself getting very sleepy, and my bonnie wee playmate fast asleep. Next morning, before taking my departure southwards, I again met my young friend, Mary Inmers, and we said "good-bye" to each other, I honestly believe, with more regret than older friends generally experience in similar circumstances. My vanity, however, was subjected to a slight wound on our parting, as well as on our meeting. I had offered her one of my cards—yes, to be sure, I had cards with my name, for the first time, not *Master*, but *Mr.* Alfred Grandchaupp, engraved upon them in the most approved fashion. My self-satisfaction with my ancestral name of Grandchaupp was a very marked trait in my character. I was no vulgar Brown, Jones, or Robinson, requiring the help of either *nomen* or *prænomen* to distinguish me from the innumerable *gentes* (vide Adams's "*Roman Antiquities*," and let the non-classical scholar remember that I don't mean *gents*) of the Brown, Jones, and Robinson class. No; the Grandchaupps of that ilk, to the younger branch of which family I belong, had, once upon a time, quartered their arms with the Viponts and the Kews, and although now rather in the shade, having lost

their broad acres, through their fidelity to the doomed house of Stuart, still plumed themselves on their patrician origin. If, as the poet laureate tells us, "the grand old gardener and his wife" do laugh at the claims of long descent, my paternal uncle, Walter Monteith Grandchaupp, certainly did not, and, although unpropitious circumstances had obliged him to rule in a dingy Glasgow warehouse instead of in the senate or the camp, each ten-pound note which he transmitted to his affectionate nephew was accompanied not by the grovelling inquiry, "What will he do with it?" but with sundry plain hints that the few who bore his name ought not only to have a reasonable supply of the circulating medium at command, but to show the world in general that they really had it. "Common people," the dear old man used to say, "may economise at second-hand stationers, and save a shilling or two at ready-made tailoring establishments; but our family, my boy, must never condescend to such things." Judge of my chagrin then, when little Mary said, as she looked at my card, with an arch smile—which, although harmless enough in a child, is apt to get somewhat dangerous to the careless by-stander, when the child begins to be a woman—"Well, Mr. Grandchaupp, you are a very nice *chap*, and I mean to work you a pretty little purse to keep your shillings in, before you come again." That horrible pun on my name, and that sly hint that I was rather too fond of hearing the rattle of the gold pieces in my pocket! Who could bear two such indignities without retaliation? Not I, and so a hearty no-mistake-about-it smack on the face avenged the insults.

"What!" exclaims the horrified Mrs. Darkscowler, "do you dare to commence your adventures by telling us that you raised your hand against that defenceless innocent?"

Softly, my dear lady: it was my lips, and not my hand, that inflicted the chastisement; and I dare say you remember well, in the days of "auld land syne," when Darkscowler was yet a bashful young man, the various little arts by which you contrived to provoke him to behave in the same reckless manner. So you may even go on reading aloud; for your virtuous daughters, the Misses Darkscowler, are evidently beginning to get interested in this particular view of the subject of capital punishments, and you may depend upon it that I shall say nothing to shock either them or you.

I believe there was a tear in little Mary's eye as the vehicle that was to carry me forward on my journey dashed down the narrow street, and for many a day the "*Lamb*" and its inmates were often in my thoughts. But the years rolled on, no matter how, with me; and although I frequently speculated on the probable fate of my kind friends of a night, and kept resolving until the thing became a sort of mania in my mind, that I would go and revive old acquaintance with them, I had never done so. How many years longer I might have resolved and hesitated, I do not know, but a simple circumstance at length brought about the long-

intended research. My worthy friend Dr. Smoothcut, happening to call upon me on a little matter of business, took the opportunity of saying to me at parting: "Why, Grandchaupp, you look really ill, through keeping so closely to your rooms as you have done for some time past. Throw away those horrid papers, and take a week's, or, better still, a month's holiday in the country somewhere."

"In the country at midwinter?" I replied. "Why, Doctor, you are surely mad. Where could I go? What could I do?"

"Go anywhere you please—do anything you please—you will be sure to find something to interest you; and when you return we shall have much pleasure in listening to your adventures. You always assume the character of the recluse by fits and starts, and for the present you have had enough of it. Away then into your desk with the romance, or whatever it is, *nonumque prematur in annum*, the world will wait a little; and mark me, sir, I have given you some valuable medical advice for nothing; and, if you refuse it, such another boon is not likely to be offered you twice in one life-time."

Here, then, was just the opportunity I had been waiting for—I needed relaxation and something to interest me. Grand excuses these for entering upon an expedition, which, in other circumstances, might be regarded as ridiculously Quixotic. With me, to resolve is to act, and in less than two hours myself and my portmanteau were whirling away from the "Babylon of bricks" at the rate of forty miles an hour. Here we are now, however, on the platform; and if the reader is by this time sufficiently interested in the fate of Mary Inmers to wish to know more of her, let him follow me, and perhaps he will not be disappointed.

At the waiting-room I easily ascertained, by consulting a Directory, that the "Lamb" still continued to be numbered amongst the hotels in N—, but that it had changed landlords since my last visit. "The Lamb, Old Clinton Road, James Lindsay"; such was the entry, and, accordingly, towards the Old Clinton Road I directed my steps, beginning by this time to think that I had entered upon a thoroughly wild-geese chase, but determined to make the most of it. I had no difficulty in recognising the old house again, nor in finding my way into the very room where I had sat with Mary nearly fifteen years before; and he who at mature age has revisited, for the first time, some spot hallowed by the remembrances of joyous youth, will understand my emotions, as that room, in which each object, although long forgotten, assumed at a second glance a familiarity almost awful, like the "banquet-hall deserted" of Erin's bard, called back from the dead past many a phantom vision of pleasures gone, and hopes for ever fled. But my moralizing was speedily interrupted; for, obedient to my summons, mine host, Mr. Lindsay—a goodhumoured burly Northumbrian—presented himself at the door, begging, with his best bow, to know what might be the gentleman's commands. The question

was rather perplexing, for I really had not made up my mind in which way it would be best to prosecute my enquiries; however, I answered, off-hand, that I had been attracted to his house because I had spent a very pleasant evening there many years ago, that I thought it advisable to counteract the injurious effects of a long, cold journey by indulging in a glass of hot brandy-and-water, and should be glad if he would join me in that and a little friendly chat for half-an-hour or so.

The invitation was at once accepted, and I had no difficulty in leading the conversation to the former inmates of the "Lamb." Mr. Lindsay had known "old Inmers," as he called him, for many years, having been in the habit of frequenting his house on market days before coming to settle in N—, and sympathized most heartily with him in the misfortunes which had befallen him.

"Had he then been unfortunate?"

Yes, he had. Ten years ago he was in very prosperous circumstances, and had realized a few thousand pounds upon which he intended to retire to the country in his old age, but by a series of unsuccessful speculations he had lost all. It was most remarkable, too, that this had happened to him, seeing that the most eligible investments were recommended to him by such a judicious gentleman as Mr. William Blandon. No one could understand it. This Mr. Blandon had lost his father at a very early age, his mother being left almost entirely unprovided for, and Mr. Inmers had kindly taken charge of the boy's education, and placed him as clerk with a respectable stockbroker, who, after a few years, received him into partnership. Of course he was very grateful to his benefactor, and always ready to advise him as to what speculations were safe or unsafe; but all was of no avail. In a few years poor Inmers was a ruined man; and although Mr. Blandon had done everything he could to avert the calamity, the final crash came at last. But Inmers, although ruined in a pecuniary sense, was not dishonoured; for, with the small sum which he received from the present landlord for good-will and fixtures, he paid all his creditors to the full, although by doing so he left himself almost penniless. Since then, however, he had again begun to prosper. His kind friend had lent him a sum sufficient to stock a small farm, in a remote part of Bleakmontshire, on the proceeds of which, coupled with the profits derived from a country inn, a good deal frequented by tourists in the summer months, he was enabled to secure a comfortable home for himself and his daughter Mary, now his chief solace; for she was his only child, and he had been a widower for many years. The money advanced by Mr. Blandon had all been repaid more than a year ago, but the parties still continued on the most friendly terms, and were just about to be united in closer bonds. In a very few weeks Miss Inmers was to become Mrs. Blandon, and everybody said it was a most disinterested match on the part of the gentleman, inasmuch as although he could scarcely

find a fairer, he was justly entitled to look for a wealthier bride." * * *

Such was the substance of James Lindsay's first conversation with me, but I was only half-satisfied with it in my own mind, and a little adroit cross-examination soon led him to reveal a good deal more of his real sentiments.

* * "Whatever others might think, he had no very high opinion of Mr. Blandon, always suspected something wrong in the background with such plausible gentlemen; and, although it was needless to say so without proof, had no doubt whatever but that he had been well paid by more bubble companies than one, for acting as a respectable sort of decoy duck to assist in catching such stray unsuspecting birds as Mr. Inmers. Neither did he think that Miss Inmers cared anything about her wealthy suitor. She might be induced to marry him; since her father, now far advanced in years, dreading lest she should be left an unprotected orphan, very much wished her to do so; she might, perhaps, believing him to be the kind friend that he had always appeared to be, feel a certain degree of respect for him; but love him as a husband ought to be loved—never. Poor Harry Greenbank, though absent for many a long year, was not yet forgotten.

"Harry Greenbank—what, a former suitor?"

"Yes; that was the most melancholy part of the story. Generous, daring, and open-hearted, he had early won the heart of Mary Inmers, with the full approbation of all parties concerned, and for a year or two it seemed as if with them 'the course of true love' would, for once, 'run smooth.' But exuberance of animal spirits and gay companions sometimes led him into excesses which could scarcely be justified, and at last Mary ventured to remonstrate with him, at the instigation of her friends—more strongly, perhaps, than she would otherwise have done, and told him that if such things occurred again they must part for ever. He, poor fellow, promised amendment, and, better still, kept his promise, until one evening, about six months afterwards, when invited to meet a pretty large party at the 'Lamb,' on a birthday occasion, he reeled into the room in a state about which there could be no mistake, and, after a few minutes, fell senseless on the floor. It was a painful shock to all, but a terrible one to her; and, although he might have been forgiven—for more than one suspected, and said that some cruel snare had been laid for him that day—he never asked forgiveness. His first act, on returning to consciousness next morning, was to write a brief note to Mary, bidding her an eternal farewell, as he knew she would never care to see him again; and another to his uncle, who had supplied the place of a parent to him, full of the most passionate expressions of affectionate gratitude, thanking him for all that he had done for him, and all that he intended to do, but at the same time intimating that all search for him, for a long time, at least, would be in vain. And all search for him was in vain. His uncle, whose constitution had been shat-

tered by a long residence in India, died soon after. Although of unassuming and somewhat eccentric habits, Mr. Greenbank, sen., was supposed to be possessed of considerable property; but what had become of his riches no one knew. Of course there were various absurd conjectures afloat respecting the old man's will; but the only parties who, if it had pleased them to do so, could have given some information on the question—the well-known solicitors Messrs. Gregson and Sharpley—maintained an imperturbable silence. True they had, from time to time, advertised for the missing Harry, in the most widely-circulating newspapers; but beyond this nothing could be learnt from them. One of their clerks, however, who had once been in the employment of Mr. Blandon, and was now lying in a very dangerous state, had once or twice, when under the influence of gin—as was, unfortunately, too often the case with him—been known to mutter certain vague hints to some of his companions about what he knew of old Greenbank's affairs. Once he said that he could tell well enough why Blandon wished to marry Miss Inmers, but that he would never be permitted to do so, and that Harry Greenbank might yet return to enjoy his own. But in his sober moments he always studiously avoided the subject, and would never admit that he had made any such statements. The fact was, that through some imprudence on his part while in Mr. Blandon's employment, that gentleman had the poor clerk completely in his power. That he hated his former master there could be no doubt, but it was equally evident that he feared him too.

The half-hour which I had purposed spending with Mr. Lindsay had been already protracted to two hours before I was put in possession of these facts, which I have endeavoured to detail as succinctly as possible. We had, by this time, become quite friendly and confidential. He was evidently much interested in all that concerned the Inmers family, and I took no pains to conceal from him that I was the same.

"Where then," said I, at last, "is this place where you say they are now? How can I get there?"

"About sixty miles from this, in the wildest corner of Bleakmuntshire. The railway will take you to the county town of Bleakmont; from Bleakmont to Craighallow there is a mail-cart, with seats for a few passengers once a day. After that you must either hire a conveyance or walk (it is only a few miles) to Mr. Inmers's place, the 'Percy Arms,' at the lower extremity of Ballowmere. But, sir, are you really going there? I wish you would, although I scarcely know why."

"Yes, I believe I shall go. You know I have medical authority for wandering for a week or two, and from your description of that part of country I should like to see a little of it, even had I no other motive. If I can do no good, at least I shall do no harm, and I hope that all will come right in the end; mean-

time, do you try to induce that poor clerk of whom you have been speaking to make a full disclosure of whatever secret affecting the interests of any of his fellow-creatures he may be in possession of. If necessary, you can communicate with me by letter; and on my return I shall be sure to see you."

"Thank you; I shall attend to what you say. And do you know—although I scarcely like to say so, as it may be only my fancy—I actually thought that I saw Harry himself not many days ago."

"You did?"

"Yes; I was standing looking out into the street from the window of this very room, at an early hour in the morning, when my attention was drawn to a man evidently disguised, who was gazing at the house with fixed attention. My first impression was, that it was some one calculating the chances of being able to commit a burglary; and I was just about to throw up the sash, to let him know that he was watched, when he moved away as if suddenly alarmed. It was then that his general figure and gait reminded me strongly of Harry Greenbank, and I have never been able to dismiss the fancy; for fancy I suppose it was."

"Perhaps not, my good friend. We may be nearer than we imagine to a full solution of all these mysteries. Meantime, good night."

"Good night, sir. A pleasant and prosperous journey to you. I'm glad to have seen you; and, however things may turn out, I hope that whenever you come to N——, you will not forget me."

"Depend upon it I shall not, Mr. Lindsay." And with a shake of that huge hand as hearty as if we had been bosom friends for twenty years, I took my departure.

* * * * *

"Well now," thought I, as I wended my way back to the Station Hotel, "where will all this end? How is it, that although amongst the thousands with whom we come into contact in the course of our lives, there are few in whom we can ever feel any interest beyond what is created by the mere circumstances of the hour, we still here and there meet with one, in the most apparently accidental manner, between whom and ourselves there is some unintelligible sympathetic chord, that seems at times to draw our destinies together whether we will or will not? What was there about Mary Inners, that should have caused her to dwell in my memory during all these long years, when many who have been once my most intimate associates have passed from my world, forgotten 'as a dream when one awaketh'? What is it that is hurrying me now into that remote nook, as anxious to rescue her from this William Blandon, whom I believe in my heart to be a hypocritical scoundrel, as if my twin-sister were in jeopardy? I do not know; but I must away to Bleakmontshire to-morrow, and be guided by what I may learn there, as to my future proceedings. It will not do to interfere rashly.

'Nec Deus interit, nisi dignus vindicæ nodus;' but if I can find an opportunity of cutting one of the folds of this complicated knot, I shall not regret my journey. And when I return to London, I shall have an adventure of some kind to tell my good friend, Dr. Smoothcut; but whether of joy or of sorrow the day will declare.

CHAP. II.

Several years ago, whilst wandering in that remote, and almost depopulated part of Sutherlandshire, "where," as Sir Walter tells us,

"Beneath the northern sky
Chides wild Loch Eribol his caverns hoar,"

I met with an old Highlander, who propounded to me a theory of cosmogony, that might well have startled Humboldt. Seeing my eye directed to the rocky masses that lay piled in wild confusion all around us, the aged Celt exclaimed:

"Aye, sir, this out-of-the-way bit of creation was made late upon Saturday night; and so there was no time to harrow it."

This quaint observation recurred to my mind several times during my cold ride in the open mail-gig from Bleakmont to Craigballow. Along that line of road the harrowing process had evidently been neglected. Here and there, where least expected, some wooded dell, or cultured valley, which when clad in the verdure of summer might have proved a most gladsome retreat from the strife of senates and the din of camps, opened up before us; but had Pan himself been my fellow-passenger during those three tedious hours, compelled like me to offer a purely passive resistance to the incessant pelt-ing of sleet and hailstones, I do verily believe that he would have longed for the comforts of the bar-room of some greasy Athenian tavern, in preference to this modern Arcadia.

"Only another hill or two, sir, and then we shall be there," was the reply which the driver gave to my oft-repeated questions regarding the distance to be travelled; and just as I had made up my mind that, for some reason or another, the Fates had doomed me, like Sisyphus of old, to alternate for ever between up hill and down, an emphatic "There," from the gruff voice beside me, and a hand pointed triumphantly to some twenty or thirty houses perched amidst precipitous crags, like eagles' nests, conveyed to me the welcome assurance the last stage was now nearly finished. To avoid mistakes, I may as well state candidly, that if any one should take up a map of England or Scotland, with the expectation of finding therein the exact latitude and longitude of what guide-books would denominate "the highly romantic village of Craigballow," he will most certainly be disappointed. I have my own reasons for allowing a certain degree of mystery to veil the real names of the places where the events which I am about to

detail took place. What right have I to rob Loch Katrine and the Trosachs, even for one year, of the tribute offered by thousands of devotees to the shades of Douglas and his Helen? What right have I to put Roderick Dhu's nose out of joint by opening a rival concern a hundred miles or so nearer to the metropolis? I know I shall soon have a deputation from the enterprising directors of the Tryiton Junction Railway waiting upon me, with some statement as to the enormous profits to be derived from running excursion-trains, during the summer months, to the station nearest to Ballowmere; or perhaps with a proposal to open up a branch line to the very borders of the lake. But I must listen to their terms before I try to reconcile my conscience to the scheme. That, I believe, is the orthodox way of commencing a railway speculation: at least it is what a casual acquaintance of mine—the well-known Mr. Greenman Dunbrown—recommends me to do, and his experience in such matters is not of yesterday.

But to our tale. I left myself—where was it? Oh, just drawing up before the "Grouse and Trout Hotel," at Craigballow. I have no doubt whatever but that, in the proper season, both grouse and trout are to be had there in abundance and perfection; but as that season had not yet arrived, I was obliged to content myself with an improvised repast, of which I had no reason to complain: and surely John Gough himself would have winked at that stiffish tumbler of whisky-toddy, by means of which I banished the chills of my mountain ride. The appearance of an unknown stranger at this season of the year excited some little surprise, as I could gather from some sundry snatches of conversation which I overheard amongst the domestics, and this surprise was increased when it was ascertained from the name and address engraved upon my portmanteau that I had come from London. A Londoner in Craigballow in January was indeed regarded as a *rara avis*; and it was rather amusing to me to hear the various conjectures which were thrown out regarding Mr. Grandchaupp and his probable business there. The general impression seemed to be that I had come on her Majesty's service, to endeavour to bring to justice one or two parties who were suspected of being extensively engaged in illicit distillation in that neighbourhood: and this belief was considerably strengthened when, shouldering a light knapsack, I sallied out, with an intimation that it was somewhat uncertain when I might return. Following the directions which one of the natives gave me in his own peculiar dialect, respecting the most direct route to the Percy Arms, I crossed the old bridge with its single arch, that spans the Ballow, and turned briskly into a footpath amongst the heather, which I was assured, although somewhat rough in one or two places, was more than a mile nearer than the ordinary highway.

I suppose that, in order to take my stand as

the narrator of incidents worth listening to, I ought at this juncture to lose my way, and wander for hours in the dark, amidst mountain precipices, or to be attacked by a band of smugglers and imprisoned for the night in some dismal cave, with a pile of human skulls for my pillow; but fortunately for me, if not for you, nothing of the kind occurred. The lengthening shadows warned me that I must not loiter (as I felt tempted to do) to admire the grandeur of the surrounding scenery, but I saw enough to make me determine upon a more minute survey at no distant period. The deep black waters of the Ballow rolled below me in sullen silence, as if gathering strength for their terrific struggle in that dark ravine below. And the dull incessant roar borne upwards from the opening of those huge chasms told how fierce the contest they had to encounter there before being received into the tranquil bosom of Ballowmere.

Just as I was beginning to hesitate a little about the landmarks which had been laid down for my guidance, a "gentle shepherd," with his pipe (a real *cutty* and black as charcoal), met me, and, learning my destination, very civilly offered to conduct me; but as the smoke from the chimneys of the "inn" (as he called it) was now plainly to be discovered against the twilight-sky, I dispensed with his services, and allowed him to pursue that search after his shepherdess, which, from sundry little decorations about his person, I more than suspect, the sly fellow was bent on. I soon after reached the margin of the lake, and, keeping along that for nearly a mile, found myself at last in front of an old but tastefully-constructed building, with neatly-thatched roof, which, if skilfully photographed so as to introduce a little of the background-scenery, might easily be mistaken for a fine specimen of a Swiss cottage—and this was the Percy Arms.

Although it is a pretty generally admitted maxim that wherever you see an outward notice that entertainment may be had within for those who require it, you are at liberty to enter with the same freedom as you would your own house (if you should happen to have one), I must confess that I felt a strange fluttering a little to the left of the fourth button of my waistcoat as I stood before that antiquated porch. However, I walked boldly in, and, pulling the bell-rope in the entrance, was informed by the servant-girl who answered the summons that she thought that I could be accommodated with supper and a bed, although they seldom had visitors at that season of the year; and that she would go immediately and make further inquiry. The result of this inquiry proved satisfactory in the extreme; a bright fire soon blazed upon the hearth, and a nice shoulder of mutton was to be ready by nine o'clock. Having ascertained by consulting my watch that that would not be for nearly four hours, the question then was whether I had better introduce myself at once, or wait, like Mr. Micawber, until something

should "turn up" to bring me into notice. Something did very soon "turn up" to distract my thoughts from the solution of the difficulty; for from the regions below came the unmistakable tones of a hurdy-gurdy, accompanied by peals of merry laughter; and not a little astonished was I to find that one of those nuisances which, when in my studious fits in — Square, I had sometimes anathematized in phrases not perhaps to be met with in any of the theological works of the day, had followed me even here! I determined to go and have a look at the unexpected intruder.

Groping my way through a dark passage at the foot of the stairs into the kitchen, whence the sounds of revelry proceeded, I found the greater part of the household, and a clod-hopper or two from the neighbouring farms, assembled around an ebony-coloured son of Africa, who, having laid aside his instrument, was now gratifying the spectators by executing one of the dances of his race—a feat which he performed with a drollery, grace, and agility which might well have caused Box's "Juba" to blush for his laurels. The good people thinking that I should, no doubt, be as much interested in the exhibition as they themselves, kindly made room for me in one of the front seats, which chanced to be an old settle near the chimney.

My entrance did not make much visible difference in the movements of the dark skin. Having eyed me with a little surprise at first, he bowed to me with a grin, as much as to say, "You'll give something handsome, no doubt," and then went on as before. At the conclusion of the performance he entered pretty freely into conversation with me after his own fashion, but I do not think that even Jeffrey or Brougham, in their days of triumph at the bar, would have made much of him in a cross-examination. I felt some real curiosity to know what had brought him into that remote region at a time when he could not expect to make such an expedition either very pleasant or very profitable; but his only explanation was, "Been to Bleakmont Fair. Why not gentleman of colour make professional visit to the provinces as well as white gentleman?"

With this explanation I was obliged to be content; for the girl whom I had first seen at this moment returned from the parlour, saying that Miss Inmers (the first time her name was mentioned in my hearing—she was at home then) had sent him this—the *this* being a silver coin—and had also directed her to give him some refreshment before he started for Craig-ballow, where it appeared he intended to pass the night.

"Thank missey: but which is missey's room? Me serenade her some night before leaving to fulfil my engagements in de metropolis. Young ladies like dese polite attentions."

"Oh, the bow-window over the garden: but you had better not go there late at night, unless you wish Cæsar here [pointing to a formidable-looking mastiff] to tear you to pieces! He's so

fond of his mistress, that he won't let everybody come near her in the daytime without asking their business; so I don't know what he might do at night!"

"Nebber fear: me know how to make good dog quiet. Intelligent dog soon tell African gentleman from English thief! Here, Cæsar."

The dog sure enough seemed inclined to meet the advances of his sable visitor with sentiments of reciprocity. What was the witchcraft used I do not pretend to say; but the occupants of the kitchen expressed no little surprise at seeing the brute that had never been accustomed to tolerate any familiarity on the part of a white man, unless after a very matured acquaintance, submitting himself without the slightest symptom of dissatisfaction to the caresses of a nigger!

Returning to my room after this little episode, the old question returned again; but this time I had made up my mind what course to pursue, and taking a card from my case, I wrote on the back of it as follows:—

"Miss Inmers has probably forgotten, long ago, even the name of the lad who spent a very pleasant evening in her society at the 'Lamb,' N—, in the summer of 18—. He has never forgotten the kindness shown to him on that occasion, and very much wishes, after so many years, to be allowed an opportunity of expressing his thanks."

"Here," said I, to Isie—for that I had discovered to be the name of my waitress—"be good enough to take that card to Miss Inmers." And as the girl seemed somewhat mystified as to what the purport of my message might be, I added, "I believe I had the pleasure of seeing her once, although it is now a very long time ago."

The obsequious Isie promised to execute my commands at once, and it only remained for me to wait the result with patience.

I daresay some of our city *belles* will set me down as a very presumptuous puppy, for thinking that any young lady would admit me to her society on such slender grounds as these. But I really cannot help such insinuations—and, if the truth must be told, I care very little about them. Integrity of purpose is a better passport than a hundred flattering letters of introduction. I remember very well what excessive care the Honourable Mrs. Primley took lest her daughters should form improper acquaintances; yet, after all, that Irish baronet of princely lineage, who carried off Miss Cecilia Primley from her devoted admirer, the unexceptionable young curate, turned out to be a profligate swindler, who, to his long catalogue of crimes, had now added that of bigamy! Everybody pitied the poor victim—I did so most sincerely. But who shall say that the stroke was altogether unmerited? If there was deception on the one side, there was, to use the mildest terms, considerable want of candour on the other: for neither Colonel nor Mrs. Primley, nor even Cecilia herself, took the slightest trouble to ex-

plain that the lady's fortune could not be one-tenth of what it was represented to be. Had they done so, the *soi-disant* Sir Markham was far too knowing to have persisted in such a piece of hazardous but unprofitable roguery. Each party had thus something to conceal. Innocence was not quite so innocent as it seemed to be, otherwise this blot would never have defaced the escutcheon of the house of Primley. Virtue is undoubtedly sometimes made the dupe of Vice; but this generally happens when, as in the instance just referred to, she has first proved false to herself.

Let no one, however, suppose that I have given this explanation as if I were a prisoner at the bar, trying to make out the best possible plea on my own behalf. I need no such exculpation. I had come between three or four hundred miles with the express design of seeing Miss Inmers, and believing it to be morally as well as mathematically true, that between any two given points a straight line is the shortest line that can be, I determined to follow the straight line instead of the curve. From what I knew of young ladies in general, I scarcely thought that my request would be complied with without some deliberation. I did expect to succeed eventually, but my impression was, that the aged landlord himself would probably come, in the first place, to try to ascertain something of the character of his guest; and to this of course I could have no objection. In this conjecture I was mistaken—very agreeably mistaken. That light quick step can't be Isie's, and yet 'tis scarcely possible that—yes, it was even so. Innocent, and confiding in that innocence, meditating no wrong, and fearing none, the same arch, guileless smile, which I remembered so well in the child, still irradiating her face, Mary Inmers stood again before me. The suddenness of her appearance, I must admit, confused me a little; but my embarrassment was only momentary, for, as she extended her hand, she said gaily, "So you have never forgotten us altogether, Mr. Grandchaupp? Who could have thought that a promise, for fifteen years unfulfilled, would be thus unexpectedly fulfilled at last?"

"Indeed, Miss Inmers," I replied, "you gratify me more than I can tell; but you also astonish me. It was quite natural that I should remember you; for few are so callous as to forget, under any circumstances, those who have cheered them, as you did me—although of course I was too proud to own it then—when separated for the first time from the dear familiar faces that have guarded their childhood; but I had no hope that I should be welcomed as a long-expected stranger, and indeed rather feared that, on receiving my abrupt message from Isie, you would conclude that the governors of the nearest lunatic asylum were very likely to find one of their inmates missing in the morning!"

"Well, from what I remember of the gentleman, I think I can answer for it that he does

not belong to the class which is usually denominated 'dangerous.' If it were natural for you to remember us, it was equally natural for us to remember you, as we had not many such visitors at the Lamb. Poor mamma often talked about you even in her last illness, and seemed to have a presentiment that you would some day or another come to see us again; and in that presentiment I have always shared. Would you believe it, scarcely ten minutes before you came in, when examining the contents of an old drawer, which had not been opened for years, I found the little purse which I worked for you according to promise a few weeks after you left us? Here it is—rather old-fashioned, I fear, by this time; but is it not a very remarkable coincidence that it should have turned up upon this particular evening?"

"It certainly is; and yet our lives are full of such coincidences, which, although apparently trivial in themselves, may nevertheless be not without their meaning. Some such have marked my journey hither, and you must not laugh at me, Miss Inmers, if I say that I have a very firm persuasion that this journey, so long meditated, and so long delayed, will not be eventually destitute of some memorable incidents. You remember what grand achievements I meditated at sixteen, and how I fancied myself commissioned, like some knight-errant of old, to rescue captive princesses and spell-bound maidens; and you see that I still occasionally indulge in day-dreams of chivalry. Should you, then, be haunted by the dread of any possible or even imaginary evil, tell me of it, and try what sort of a necromancer I shall prove myself to be!"

Although I spoke in a sportive tone, I soon regretted the abruptness of my last remark. I have said that the face of Mary Inmers still beamed with the guileless innocence of childhood; but it scarcely needed a second glance to show that sorrow had been there as well—that sorrow, however, which, unaccompanied by guilt, destroys none of the finer emotions of our nature, but rather imparts to all a sweet, though chastened intensity. It was very evident that I had touched a sensitive chord. We read of—

"A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek!"

And surely of such a nature were those pearly drops which, in spite of all her efforts to restrain them, my incautious words had caused to fall thick and fast. This was, indeed, a distressing change from the merry manner in which our conversation had commenced; but after all, it was, perhaps, better that this little outburst of feeling should have occurred at the time it did, as it was the means of very materially strengthening the bond of sympathy between us, "*Haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco!*" I did what I could to calm that sorrow, which time alone, and not always time itself, can altogether assuage, and poor Mary soon regained

her tranquillity, and made many apologies for what she called her foolish weakness—anything, she said, that vividly recalled the remembrance of her dear mother, as seeing me again had done, affected her deeply—and besides, she had other trials.

"Yes, I replied, 'I know you have.'"

"Indeed! I did not think it possible that you could have heard anything about us, unless some fairy geni, like those of whom you once told me such marvellous tales, has been carrying information to you!"

"If my informant was a fairy, he was certainly a very substantial one—much more so than those good creatures are generally represented to be: but have you never thought of inquiring how it was that I came to know where to find you?"

"I had quite forgotten that; but now of course I am most anxious to learn how it was; and as you must know something of what a woman's curiosity is when once aroused, you will not be so cruel as to keep me in suspense."

"Certainly not. I found a new tenant at the Lamb, but in honest James Lindsay I believe I also found a friend. He it was who told me where you had gone, and several other things as well, which interested me very much."

"Oh, Mr. Lindsay! I always liked him very much, and I believe I was something of a favourite with him: but he surely did not tell you all?"

"Yes, Miss Inmers: feeling assured that I was to be trusted—as I flatter myself he did—and seeing that I was not actuated by mere prying inquisitiveness, the good man told me unreservedly all he knew, and all he thought."

"All?"

"Yes, all: and you must not, indeed you must not, be displeased with him for speaking, nor with me for listening!"

The subject, which it would have been so difficult under ordinary circumstances to broach, having in this manner, as it were, broached itself, we very soon found ourselves discussing, with all the freedom of old and intimate friends, certain matters in which it is proverbially difficult, and I fear proverbially dangerous, too, for a lady to receive even an intimate friend as a confidant. I am not going to detail minutely the conversation which ensued. It will be sufficient to state that Mr. Lindsay's information turned out to be quite correct. There was no attempt to disguise or conceal that. Mr. Blandon, who had spent a day there quite recently, had told her that intelligence had reached him, in reply to repeated inquiries, that a young man answering the description of the missing Greenbank had been drowned in attempting to cross one of the rivers in a remote part of the United States, and that from various links—trifling, perhaps, when taken separately, but forming when connected a powerful chain of evidence—

there could be little doubt about the identity. He had not dared to press his own suit personally with Miss Inmers, but he had been tactician enough to secure the services of a far more successful pleader, in the person of her aged father, who, now that there could be no hope of ever again welcoming the lost Harry, took every opportunity of urging her to bestow her hand on one whom he firmly believed would be to her a true and tender protector, when left, as she soon must be, a lonely orphan. The struggle was a severe one with poor Mary—filial affection and gratitude to a supposed benefactor on the one hand; on the other the certainty that the fetters that would bind her to her wealthy suitor must be those of *gratitude*, not of love; and sometimes even now, although "instant come and instant gone," a "still, small voice" of hope whispering in her ears, "the lost may yet be found, the absent may yet return."

"I am sure," she said, after a rather long pause in our conversation, "all we have in this world we owe to Mr. Blandon, and I should be ungrateful not to wish and pray for his happiness; but this is too much."

"Too much indeed, Miss Inmers: never let the simple possibility of such a sacrifice being required at your hands torment you again. I have not seen this model of disinterested benevolence; but, from what I have heard of him, I have certain suspicions of my own regarding his real character, which I may some day be able to verify. I do not know if you have ever doubted whether or not there might be another face behind that fair mask, but I do know that you cannot love him, and surely no consideration on earth will ever induce you to vow and promise to do so."

"No," I added, resuming my original lively manner, "the Grandchaups, you know, are all gifted with the wonderful second-sight, by virtue of which I can see, and that, too, before twelve moons have waned, the wedding guests assembled. I see the proud triumphant smile of the bridegroom, as he turns for one moment from the blushing bride to acknowledge the compliment of the old shoe, which one of his friends has thrown after the carriage which is to convey the happy pair to the nearest station on the Utopia and Fairy-Land Railway, but that is not the smile of Mr. William Blandon."

"Oh, nonsense, Mr. Grandchaup; but (and here the little hand, which had rested passively in mine, trembled violently) do you really think that he is still alive? I had schooled myself to think of him as one who had passed from earth for ever (at least I thought that I had done so), for blank despair is sometimes less painful than racking doubt; but I will not deny that your words sound like the echo of some of my own late waking dreams. I know you have spoken kindly, but have you spoken wisely? Is it not foolish—is it not wrong thus to indulge in

delusive hopes, which are altogether unwarranted?"

"Is it foolish, Miss Inmers, or is it wrong to believe in a superintending Providence, whose hand is sufficient to bring back the wanderer and to heal the broken-hearted, whose prerogative it is to balance the weighty scales in which are meted out the just rewards of right and wrong, which no mortal hand may essay to do? I believe (the various steps which have led to that belief I need not, at present, recapitulate) that the friend and lover of your childhood will yet be restored to you, and, though it is scarcely my province to attempt the part of the moralist, I also venture to predict that if such happiness should be in store for you, you will be gradually led, in after-life, to look upon those dreary years of sorrow and trial as a wisely-appointed ordeal, the necessity of which you will then, somehow, be enabled to understand, although you cannot understand it now. What is future is always uncertain, and, although the gathering cloud may sometimes almost fill you with dismay, try if, in the midst of the murky gloom, you can catch a glimpse of the "silver lining."

"Good advice, which I am sure I shall try to follow as far as I am able. And now I must leave you; but remember you have promised to take breakfast with papa and me in the morning. You should have seen his surprise when I showed him your card and message; for many a quiet laugh has he had at mamma and me when discussing the probabilities of your even revisiting us; but I am sure it will be a real pleasure to him to make your acquaintance."

"And the pleasure will be as great on my part as on his. I mean, you know, to take a week or two with you, if you will allow me; but, before beginning to explore this magnificent region, I expect to be favoured by you with a list of the places best worth seeing, and the legends connected with them, for each spot here looks as if it must have its legend."

"A few months later I could perhaps direct you, or even guide you to some localities that would interest you; but I fear very much that in this wintry weather the most agreeable scenery that I can show you will be found in the immediate vicinity of our parlour fire."

"Thank you. I shall be pretty sure to be found in that neighbourhood about nine o'clock to-morrow; and now good night, for I fear I have been selfish in detaining you so long."

"Oh! no; but now I must really go. Good night, and pleasant dreams of your lady-love; for, in spite of all that you have said to the contrary, I know there must be such a reality somewhere."

"No, Miss Inmers, 'the sainted maiden,' the lost Lenore, has gone, and nothing remains for me but the hideous black raven, croaking its everlasting "never more."

"And how about the silver lining?"

"Faint perhaps, but still there."

The door had closed upon Mary Inmers, and left to myself I cannot say that my meditations for the first few minutes were of the most pleasing character. I had, in fact, carelessly unlocked the "skeleton chamber," which I fear is to be found in most breasts, however well it may be concealed; but, as the phantoms which revealed themselves there have nothing to do with our present tale, they shall not be permitted to leave their prison-house. And, although the fact may appear exceedingly shocking to certain young ladies of the sentimental-class, it is a fact, nevertheless, that the appearance of supper upon the table very quickly restored me to my usual equanimity. Some one has remarked that you can never find at any given place the particular article for which that place is specially celebrated, unless it be coals at Newcastle, rogues in Chancery-lane, and abuse in Billingsgate. Let the author of that assertion order a hot joint of Bleakmontshire mutton at the Percy Arms after an exhilarating walk across the moors, along with a moderate supply of that glorious nectar, *nicknamed* "bitter beer," and I venture to predict, that before he has half finished his repast he will have added another exception to a rule, which I admit to be generally correct.

An interesting old volume and an excellent cigar kept me up until a late, or rather, perhaps, an early hour, and, on looking out of my window, after retiring to my room, I was surprised to see a man, whom, although partly hidden by the garden-wall, I soon recognized by the light of the moon to be no other than our old friend of the hurdy-gurdy, standing with his eyes fixed intensely on the other end of the building. What could it mean? He had certainly promised to serenade the lady, but nobody believed that he would do it; besides, his instrument was nowhere visible, and altogether his attitude was, to say the least of it, somewhat suspicious. Determined if possible to ascertain what his object was, I was proceeding to open my window in order to speak to him; but this was not so easily done as I expected, and startled by the noise, he walked off with a rapid but firm step—a step, I thought, that scarcely corresponded with the colour of his face—and was soon lost to sight, in the adjoining thicket. Strange! I thought. Yes—everything around me is strange to-night; but, as I sat and mused on the events of the last two days, I could not help in some way associating the disguised watcher that had appeared to James Lindsay, opposite to the Lamb, in the early morning, with the figure which I had just seen gazing up so earnestly, in the clear moonlight, at the bow window over the garden.

(To be continued.)



THE QUEENS OF NAPLES.

BY ANTONIO NICOLÒ.

(Author of "Ten Years in the Dungeons of Naples.")

Search the history of the world; fix your eyes upon the pages concerning Italy, dwelling especially upon the stories of the lives of the Queens of Naples; and the result of such a perusal will be, that the name of the Queen of Naples has been fatal to almost all those who have ever borne it; and, commencing with Constance, we will endeavour to prove the truth of what we have just stated.

She was the only legitimate descendant of the royal Norman line, and the wife of the Emperor Henry VI., who, after the death of William II., of Sicily, had a legitimate pretension to that crown, and attempted to obtain it by force of arms. The Nobles of the Two Sicilies, however, disdaining the German yoke, had elected for their king Tancred, the natural son of Roger the Second, joining him with all their hearts, and yielding him all the assistance in their power. In 1190 a war was engaged in between Henry and Tancred; but the latter was beaten, and compelled to a precipitate retreat from the Neapolitan dominions. Constance, however, fell into the hands of his enemies; when she was sent in chains from Salerno to Sicily, to Tancred, who generously restored her, without ransom or condition, to her husband.

The unhappy Queen Sibilla was the wife of Tancred, the conqueror of Charles VI. of Germany. In 1194 Tancred died, leaving as a successor to his crown a helpless boy, who was unable to defend it. Charles, who in 1190, had been defeated, again invaded the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and this time took possession of it. The wretched family of Tancred, surrendering themselves, upon promise of favourable treatment, were sent into Germany by the savage conqueror, who detained them in long captivity, and deprived the youthful King of his eyes.

Ellen was the wife of King Manfred. In 1265 a battle was engaged in on the plain of Gragnano, near Benevento, between her husband and Charles of Anjou. Manfred, betrayed by his army and subjects, was killed, and his corpse mangled and torn in pieces. The Queen was besieged in Lucera, made a prisoner, and shut up in the Castle of Dell Uovo, where she happily died without having heard of Comradin, her son, being carried to the scaffold, and the rest of her family expiring amid the most excruciating sufferings.

Queen Lancia was the widow of Robert, King of Naples, the son of Charles II., and the chief of the Guelph party. Having no offspring, Robert bequeathed his crown to Joanna, his niece; and when he died the new Queen

oppressed the widow in a thousand ways, who was obliged to shut herself up in the Convent of Santa Croce, and died there.

The name of this Queen Joanna is abominable in history, and her end not less infamous and horrible. She ascended the throne of Naples in 1343; married Andrew of Hungary, who was assassinated in the solitary Convent of San Pietro, she herself being an accomplice in the murder. Publicly acknowledged as a Messalina, on account of her debauchery, she was twice besieged by her own subjects and driven away from the kingdom. She was bereft of her sons, who died, one after the other, in their infancy. Four times she was a wife, and four times a despised and disgraced widow. She was unhappy in the selection of those upon whom she bestowed her benefits. For want of an heir she adopted Charles of Durazzo, who, alarmed and offended by her fourth marriage, declared war against her. Naples was conquered, and Joanna taken, imprisoned, murdered, and her body exposed to public ignominy in 1382.

Margaret was the wife of Charles of Durazzo. The widow of Louis of Hungary invited King Durazzo to a private interview in her royal palace in Hungary; the King went, and was there treacherously murdered in the presence of the Queen, by assassins whom she had concealed there on purpose. In consequence of this murder Margaret was confined in Gaeta in 1386.

Constance, of Clermont, the poor and virtuous Queen wife of Ladislaus, the son of Charles III., was the heiress of the most opulent noble of Sicily, and was asked in marriage by Ladislaus on account of her immense dowry, which contributed to maintain him on his throne. When he had dissipated her fortune, and the death of her father left him nothing more to hope or to fear from his influence in Sicily, he repudiated her, and obtained in 1392 a Papal bull from Boniface IX. to annul his union with her. She was thenceforth insulted in the presence of her rival, reduced to a poor and private position, placed in confinement for three years, and finally compelled to marry the Count Andrea, of Capua, one of the favourites of the King.

Joanna the Second was the sister of Ladislaus, and ascended the throne of Naples in 1414. She has left in history a page stained with the most shameful and scandalous vices of which a woman is capable; so that when the Neapolitans wish to name a woman of bad character, they call her "Queen Joanna II.," as if they could have nothing worse to say to her. She was devoid of all mental energy and talent, and the slave of

sensual appetites, which seemed to strengthen in intensity as her advancing age increased the shame of indulging in them. She married James of Bourbon, Count of la Marche, who, in reward for having obtained a kingdom, gave her, in return, contempt, domestic war, and sorrow. His first acts were to deprive her of the royal authority; to arrest, torture, and put to a cruel and an ignominious death, Jacopo Pandelfello—the first minion of Joanna, a young man of five-and-twenty, of low birth, and with the solitary recommendation of a handsome person—and to imprison and subject her for one year to a rigid state of durance. She was then rescued from her guards, in a popular tumult, and compelled to besiege and expel her husband from the kingdom, who died in a Franciscan Convent in France. Being without offspring, or the hope of having any, she adopted as her heir Alfonso of Aragon, King of Aragon and Sicily, who, jealous of her power, came to an open rupture with her, arrested her second minion (she could not remain without one), Sir Giovanni Caraccioli, besieged herself in her palace, and compelled her to summon Sforza to her deliverance. Scarcely was she delivered than she substituted (1423) Louis of Anjou for her heir; but this substitution proved not useful to her also. After ten years of peace, in which she was tyrannized over by Caraccioli, even beyond the endurance of woman's love, and doubting in her safety, she sought refuge in the confidence of the Duchess of Suessa, the consequence of which was painful to her. This new favourite inflamed her weakness to anger against Caraccioli, awakened her apprehensions of his designs, induced her to permit his arrest, and obtained a pardon for all those who assassinated him in the same royal palace. This very Duchess afterwards took the part of Alfonso, and obtained from Joanna a secret revocation of her adoption of Louis of Anjou, which was of no use to him. She at length adopted Regnier, brother of the Duke of Anjou, and died utterly worn out in mind and body in 1435.

Isabella was a princess of great spirit and the wife of Regnier, to whom Joanna had bequeathed the kingdom of Naples. On the death of the latter, Alfonso of Aragon immediately made his claim upon her kingdom, and trusted to the force of his arms. Unhappily for Regnier, he was at that time a prisoner to the Duke of Burgundy, and Isabella hastened to Naples to maintain the rights of her captive lord; but she brought with her neither treasure nor soldiers. She supported with difficulty the unequal conflict against the King of Aragon, but yet prolonged it for three years, when her husband, having effected his ransom (1438), joined her. When the troops began to desert, and his possessions were gradually wrested from him, until the city of Naples alone remained in his interest, the Queen Isabella escaped from the kingdom with her children. Shortly after, the troops of Alfonso entered Naples by surprise, through a deserted aqueduct; Regnier then escaped also, and, perceiving

the hopelessness of a further struggle, he finally abandoned the kingdom to his rival, and joined the queen, bringing her the sad news of the loss of a crown in 1442.

Another Isabella was the wife of Frederick, who ascended the throne of Naples in 1496, on the death of Ferdinand the Second of Aragon. She was exiled and imprisoned in France, in 1501; then escaped and took refuge in a small convent in Ferrara, where she was miserably supported by the charity of some friars.

Two other queens, the last of the proud dynasty of Aragon, were, one after the other, oppressed, abused, and shut up in the small castle of the rocky Ischia.

Caroline of Austria (nicknamed Pappae), a woman whose ambition caused a river of blood to be shed in the kingdom of Naples, was the first wife of Ferdinand I. of Bourbon. She was three times a fugitive, despised, disgraced, and cursed by the people; and she died of a broken heart, in exile.

Caroline Murat, sister to the first Napoleon, after a short reign, descended from the throne of Naples and returned to France, only to hear of her husband being shot at Pizzo, in Calabria, by order of Ferdinand the First.

Clementina was the first wife of Francis the First, who ascended the throne of Naples in 1825. This queen was always unhappy. After her marriage she was a long time delayed in Austria by the hindrance of war. She at length reached Naples, during the French armistice, and shortly after was obliged to fly with her husband to Sicily; finally dying, in her 20th year, of melancholy and a broken heart.

Maria Christina, the good and sainted queen of Ferdinand the Second, of cursed memory, was his first wife, as well as his first victim. Abused by her husband, after her accouchment in 1836,* and frightened by a duel which was about to take place between the King and his brother Charles, she died after a few days, regretted by all who knew her.

Maria Theresa of Austria was the second wife, and is now the widow, of Ferdinand Bomba. She was, as a queen, cruel and sanguinary, like her husband, and hated by the people to death. When Francis the Second granted a constitution to save his dynasty, she, to escape the popular fury, was obliged to fly from the Capital, and shut herself up in Gaeta for several months, and then leave for Rome, exiled, despised, and accursed by all.

The young Queen Maria Sophia was deemed to close the list of the queens of Naples.

* When well enough to get up after her accouchment, the King, playing with her in his room, as she arose took away the chair where she had been seated; so that when she bent to sit down again, she fell on her back. The King beginning to laugh, she felt indignant, and said—"Your Majesty has just played the part of a Lazzarone." Upon which, Ferdinand gave her a severe blow on her cheek—an insult not only unkingly, but unmanly.

Scarcely had she married Francis II. (who was brought up to be a Capuchin) when she was put into mourning by the death of her father-in-law. As soon as she was a queen, Garibaldi upset the throne of her husband, and, being shut up in Gaeta, she suffered the shame and grief of a defeat; and, after a reign of one year, in the very hour in which Cialdini entered

Gaeta, she left the Neapolitan shores, never, it would seem, to see them again.

This historical sketch speaks too plainly of the sad destiny of the Queens of Naples; and it cannot be considered anything else than a piece of good fortune for the Princesses of Europe, that the line of the Queens of Naples has finished, and that of the Queens of Italy begun.

LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

FERGUS AND HENRY.

BY HANNAH CLAY.

"Fergus, my dear, do you know that you are acquiring a very bad habit of striking and beating your little brother for the merest trifle? Some day you may cause a serious accident, and hurt him severely. I shall be compelled to chastise you if this goes on long. I have not yet told your dear Papa, because I do not like to vex him, when he can stay with us at home so seldom; but—"

"Oh no, Mamma! dear Mamma!" exclaimed Fergus, with a burst of tears. "Indeed I do not mean to be a naughty boy; and if you will only not tell Papa, I will not be so any more. Only kiss me and forgive me, Mamma, and smile upon me as you used to do!"

That night the little boy added to his usual evening prayer these words—"Please God help me to be a better boy to my little brother!"

But although Fergus *wished* now and then to be a better and kinder boy, and even tried a little to be so, he did not try *very hard*; and poor Henry, who was a most amiable child, still received many an undeserved thump and blow. Nurse did not like to tell; and it happened that Mrs. Linton was very much engaged for a considerable period; so that nothing of this came to her personal knowledge, and she really thought Fergus had improved in his temper.

One summer-day the little boys were playing on a large grass-plot surrounding the fish-pond in front of the house, and which towards the middle sloped down on all sides to the edge of the water, where swam various pretty ducks of foreign breeds. Usually the two children were not permitted to play on this grass-plot; but to-day they were considered quite safe; because not only was their careful nurse watching over them, but their mamma herself, her fair face shaded by a large garden-bonnet, was fishing with a rod and line, beneath the shade of a drooping willow that stood between them and the water, in the company of her friend Miss Frances Rigby. Papa likewise, at home on one of his brief holidays, sauntered along a path near the fish-pond, now and then turning his frank and noble countenance towards his dear

boys, and smiling upon their gambols with all a father's love

"Mamma! Mamma!" cried Fergus, "do turn your head, if you please, and look at the funny man!" And he clapped his plump, chubby hands.

This "funny man," the object of Fergus's admiration, was a portly Dutchman, with a noble paunch, constructed so cunningly of gutta percha, that he could roll to any extent without permanently reversing his natural position; always returning, like the wise man out of the depths of misfortune, head uppermost. The Dutchman had dangled, like a ripe fruit, from the last Christmas-tree, and Fergus had gathered him, and had possessed him ever since. But with prudent foresight Mrs. Linton had put him away for awhile; and he had only been brought out this sultry afternoon to keep the children quiet on the sunny grass-plot.

"Look, Mamma! look, Papa! look, do, please, Miss Fanny!" called out Fergus again, as the Dutchman commenced another caracole. "I do think he is funnier than ever!"

"Me! me!" cried little Henry, extending his dimpled finger to give the toy a push—"me do it, Furry!"

"No, not you! Let him alone!" said Fergus. "He is mine, and you mustn't play with him."

Henry, however, persisted with baby perseverance; and Fergus, raising his hand in a fit of passion, gave him a blow that sent him rolling down the slope of the grass-plot.

Nurse jumped up, with lips as white as death; mamma, glancing round, caught a glimpse of her darling baby's peril, and uttered a frenzied scream. Little Henry rolled on over the smooth, slippery grass with accelerating motion, and fell with a dull splash into the deep water. All was confusion and dismay; and when Mr. Linton turned from his extended promenade at the further end of the gravelled path, he beheld his wife leaning far over the brink of the fishpond. Her taper, jewelled arms and hands reflected gleamingly from its depths, and the nurse and her friend Miss Frances struggling with her to prevent her from uselessly following her precious baby into the suffocating waters.

The father divined, rather than saw, what had

occurred. To throw off his coat, and rush to the rescue, was but the work of a moment with the strong, loving man. Little Henry was caught as he rose to the surface, close to a group of pure white water-lilies—well was it for him that he had not been detained in the tangle of their roots and branches: as it was, he was only partially insensible. His papa bore him tenderly to the house, and he was soon stripped of his wet garments, and warmly cradled in his mother's arms, while her tears of joy bedewed his curly head.

But my young readers will naturally ask, "Where is poor Fergus? What has become of him all this time?"

That was more than anyone could tell, when at last they could turn their attention from his little brother to look for him. The boy had disappeared, and they almost began to fear that he might, in a fit of childish terror and remorse, have thrown himself into the water. However, before they could resolve to make preparations for dragging the pond, Jemmy—a man who helped in the little farm-yard attached to Mr. Linton's estate—came up to the house to say that he had seen Master Fergus in the Deep Lane about the time the accident must have occurred. This Deep Lane ran on one side of the house, and led to a somewhat extensive wood. It was a lonely place; but, as the man had often seen him there, gathering chickweed and groundsel for his canary-bird, he did not think much of it, and went about his business without speaking to him.

Mr. Linton immediately went in search of the child. The lane was narrow and winding, with a high bank and hedge on each side, hence its name. The anxious father passed turning after turning, looking round each hedge and bush, in the hope of seeing his child: still no Fergus appeared. At length, very far on, near the entrance to the wood, he found the toy which had been the occasion of the sad occurrence. This determined him to go on, and to enter the wood. The trees were thickly planted, and it was dark and gloomy even in the full daylight. Mr. Linton peered anxiously between the vales of the fir and beech-trees; and at length he

thought he perceived, in a little hollow cleared of underwood, the glimmer of a scarlet saah. He hastened to the spot, and there indeed was his poor boy crouched close to the ground, his cherub face hidden in his little hands, over which his flaxen curls fell dank and dishevelled.

"Fergus! dear child!" exclaimed the father, in his tender, vibrating tones—"rise up, and come with me, my dear boy. Your little brother is safe, and all will be forgiven!"

Fergus yielded to the kind force that was exerted to raise him; "Oh! Papa," he cried, throwing his arms round his father's neck, and bursting into a passionate flood of tears—"oh, Papa, I am so glad! I meant to die here, and never, never come home again, if I had killed Brother Henry!"

Mr. Linton, notwithstanding the agitation he had passed through, could scarcely forbear smiling.

"And did our dear boy think that Papa and Mamma would make no search for him to bring him back again, even if his wicked temper *had* killed his poor little brother? No, no, we love him far too well for that; and we hope to see him endeavouring, with all his heart, by God's help, and for the sake of the love we bear him, to get rid of this wicked temper, which causes so much unhappiness. Will my Fergus promise me this? Only to try, really and with all his might, remembering that this day's blessed sunlight had nearly set upon a little murderer!"

Fergus still sobbed and wept, as though he could never be comforted; but he made a solemn promise to his father, though feebly and with broken words—and he meant it too. And so great is the success of *really trying*, with one's heart in the attempt, that, although many weeks did not pass without the occurrence of other childish altercations, and the little boy's hand was again lifted against his brother more than once, the memory of that dreadful day arrested the blows before they descended. By degrees the habit of quick anger itself was cured; and now that Fergus Linton has grown a man, you cannot perceive, on his calm and thoughtful brow, any trace of the turbulent passions that disturbed his early childhood.

THE WORK-TABLE.

COLLAR AND CUFF IN FRENCH EMBROIDERY.

MATERIALS: Fine Nanook Muslin, and Messrs. W. Evans and Co's. Embroidery Cotton, No. 24.

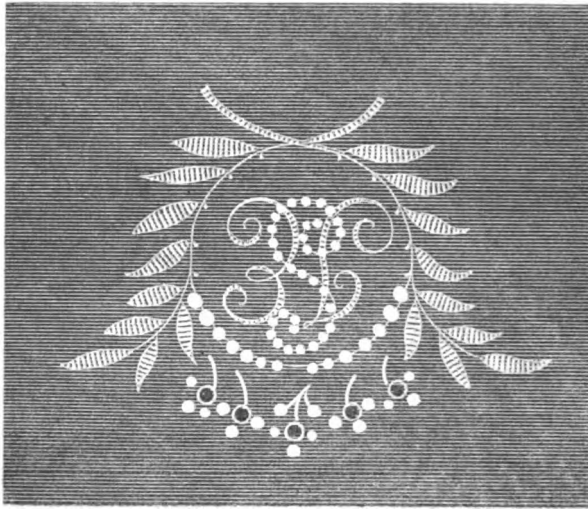
This new and pretty style of embroidery is remarkable for the ease and dexterity with which it is worked and for its effective appearance when finished. The rosebuds and leaves are formed by making very minute dots, three stitches being taken precisely one over the other to make one

dot. The line of dots round the collar are worked in the same way. The small leaves are worked in satin stitch: the little sprigs and eyelet-holes are simply run and sewed over, and the edge worked in button-hole stitch.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.

TO BE WORKED TO CORRESPOND WITH THE COLLAR AND CUFF.



A S L O W C O U R T S H I P.

Long engagements between lovers are usually looked upon as unadvisable and imprudent; and it is certain they not unfrequently come to an unsatisfactory termination. An old song says—

Happy is the wooing
That is not long a-doing;

but this seems to point to the other extreme; and, as all extremes are of questionable tendency, it may be assumed that this also ought to be avoided. Hasty courtships are commonly ill-fated. Being made without forethought, they bring together persons of ill-assorted tempers and dispositions, disappointment follows, and is soon followed by bickerings and disagreement; which, growing sometimes unendurable, compel the parties to seek deliverance from their differences through the convenient agency of the Divorce Court. Long engagements are not subject to any of these evils, but they have perils of their own, which it is desirable to avoid if possible; and the readiest way to avoid them is to refrain from entering into such engagements. This is, no doubt, very simple and obvious advice; but it seems to be the best for the occasion, and, if more generally adopted, its effects would be to lessen the anxieties and disappointments arising from deferred hopes and expectations, by which youth and beauty is so often worn away, and the pleasant inheritance of many lives is blighted.

Long engagements, however, are not always matters of design or pre-intention. People do not enter into them deliberately, but are

led into them by circumstances beyond their personal control, or fall into them, as it were, unawares, by the habit of postponing a serious responsibility for which they desire to be, perhaps, too fastidiously prepared. A man wishes, before marrying, to be assured of a competence, to get reputably established in business, to attain a higher place in rank, in some way or other to secure a good provision, and a fair prospect for the future. To achieve this object generally requires time, and if its achievement be considered a necessary preliminary to the matrimonial contract, the latter, of course, must be put off until the first has been secured. It may seem at the outset that there need be no very great delay, but circumstances transpire which render the postponement still desirable; something does not succeed as was expected, and more time is requisite, either to renew the experiment or to try some other venture; and thus an engagement, never intended to be long, unexpectedly falls into that category, from its fulfilment being repeatedly deferred, out of regard to some more immediate convenience. The persons concerned meanwhile wait more or less patiently; in some instances with no diminution of attachment, and in a reasonable course of time get comfortably married. In other cases the delay is prolonged till one or the other becomes tired of it; and then the one dissatisfied either abruptly marries somebody else, or the other, who has grown indifferent, quietly drops the acquaintance, heedless of succeeding consequences, which may include a possible action

for "breach of promise," with a scale of damages varying from one farthing to a thousand pounds, according to the views of an enlightened jury respecting the amount of injury sustained by the aggrieved party. What seems strangest of all is, that some of these broken-off matches are afterwards patched up again, the rejected or neglected lady or gentleman becoming consort to the former lover in a second marriage, after the death of the partner to whom preference had first been given.

A curious instance of a long engagement terminating disastrously, and then subsequently resumed and consummated in wedlock, is furnished us in the case of Mr. Thomas Gent, a notable bookseller at York, who flourished in the last century, and who is well known, by name and reputation, to the antiquaries and biblioplists of the present day. Whether truth is really more interesting than fiction—even as it is declared to be much stranger—must for the present be left among debateable questions; for though the critical judgment would probably affirm the proposition, the public taste would seem to determine the matter the other way, the readers of fiction being manifestly out of all proportion numerous, when compared with the readers who delight in matter of fact and history. Leaving this as a question that remains to be decided, it may yet be said that incidents and circumstances which have actually occurred have a certain measure of interest attaching to them, in some degree calculated to recommend them to the attention of all who take pleasure in realities; and, without disparagement to the superior charms of fiction, may sometimes not inaptly be set forth in the way of literary representation, for the sake of such interest as they happen to possess. The history of Mr. Thomas Gent, and his remarkably slow courtship, has been thought worthy of commemoration in memoirs written by himself; and it has had the honour of being related, in an abridged form, by Southey, in "The Doctor," where, as a pleasant episode, it may at any time be read by the studiously disposed—that being presumably the only class of readers ever likely to get through so ponderous a book. The story being amusing, and having the further advantage (such as it is) of being true in all its details—besides being curious as an illustration of deliberate courtship almost unexampled—it seems, to our fancy, well worth telling over again for the benefit of general readers; for such, that is to say, as are not likely to read "The Doctor," and, still less, to peruse a page of Mr. Gent's autobiography, in which places only, so far as we are aware, is any record of it to be found. Let such gently-disposed readers as are inclined to go along with us, bear with a few sentences of dry introductory narrative; and then we trust they will find what follows thereafter tolerably entertaining.

Mr. Gent appears to have considered himself descended from the Gents of Staffordshire, though he himself was born in Dublin; his parents being worthy people resident in that

city, in humble circumstances, but above the ranks implying poverty or meanness of condition. They brought him up in an honest, creditable manner, giving him the best education they could afford, and then, that he might have the means of earning his own bread in the world, apprenticed him to a printer. According to his account, his master was a coarse brutal fellow, who treated him with exceeding harshness; so that after enduring three years' service, and feeling it intolerable, the lad was induced to run away. He left Dublin with little more than a shilling in his pocket, got on board a ship, and was landed at Parkgate, to seek his fortune. He made his way to London, where he soon obtained employment at his trade, and gave satisfaction to his employers. After four years spent in different situations, he was invited by Mr. White, of York, to fill a place in his printing-house, which he considered it his interest to accept. A situation in Mr. White's establishment was at that time desirable, that gentleman being King's printer for York and five other counties, and having always, from the scarcity of provincial printers, a large share of business. There was not then a single printer in such large towns as Chester, Liverpool, Manchester, or Leeds. The trade was centred almost entirely in London. Mr. White had been made King's printer as the reward of his patriotic daring in printing the Declaration of the Prince of Orange, when all the London printers had refused to be concerned in so dangerous a piece of business; and if the Revolution had not succeeded, he would probably have lost his head as a rebel against his lawful sovereign, James II. As it did succeed, he became King's printer, and flourished as a highly prosperous subject under King William, making an honourable fortune from the profits of his business; to assist him in which he engaged Mr. Gent, in the spring of the year 1714. By the terms of the engagement, Mr. White was to pay his assistant eighteen pounds a year, and to furnish him with board, washing, and lodging; in addition to which there was an extra guinea allowed to bear the young man's charges on the road, in travelling from London to his destination. It was Gent's intention to travel by the carrier—a man of the name of Crofts, whom he describes as "a very surly young fellow as ever I conversed with," and he offered him twenty shillings out of his guinea as payment for the journey; but the carrier, it seems, "would have five or six shillings more;" so, rather than comply with his demands, Thomas resolved to venture forth on foot. He relates that the carrier set out with his horses on the Monday, "and the next morning," says he, "being the 20th of April, 1714, I set forward; and had not, I think, walked three miles, when a gentleman's servant, with a horse ready saddled and himself riding another, overtook me, and for a shilling, with a glass or so on the road, allowed me to ride with him as far as Caxton, which was the period of his journey." The rest of the way Mr. Gent appears to have walked, the whole

time occupied in travelling being five days and a half.

He arrived at York about twelve o'clock on Sunday, and proceeded directly to Mr. White's house. The door was opened to him by a personage whom he styles the "head maiden," who is now to appear as a prominent figure in the story. "She ushered me," says he, "into the chamber where Mrs. White lay something ill in bed; but the old gentleman was at his dinner, by the fireside, sitting in a noble arm-chair, with a good large pie before him, and made me partake heartily with him. I had a guinea in my shoe-lining, which I pulled out to ease my foot; at which the old gentleman smiled, and pleasantly said, it was more than he had ever seen a journeyman save before. I could not but smile too, because my trunk, with my clothes and eight guineas, was sent about a month before to Ireland, where I was resolved to go and see my friends had his place not offered me as it did." We thus perceive that Master Gent was already a person of provident and prudent habits, and gave promise of becoming a prosperous man in his generation.

He was every way satisfied with his new situation, and was altogether as happy in it as he could reasonably wish to be. Besides living very comfortably with Mr. and Mrs. White, there was a further attraction derived from the presence of the "head maiden" before alluded to, whose pleasing looks and interesting ways and manners afforded him delightful matter for private meditation. As soon as he had earned money enough, he supplied himself with new clothes, in place of those that had been sent to Ireland, in order to cut a smart and agreeable figure in her sight; and in his intervals of leisure he sought as much as possible to enjoy her society and conversation. In a variety of ways he seems to have insinuated himself into her favour, and endeavoured indirectly to make her understand that she stood very highly in his estimation. He was, however, extremely wary in saying anything to her that could be construed into a definite expression of feeling. He was, no doubt, in love with her in a mild unconscious fashion, but not deeply enough to declare himself enamoured. He wished her to remain single on his account, but he did not wish to commit himself to any positive engagement. If she would wait till he should be settled in business, and required a wife to complete his household, he might then be disposed to marry her; but he did not like to bind himself to this conclusion, lest peradventure he should in the meanwhile meet with somebody else whom he might happen to prefer, or who might seem more desirable to him as a helpmate. Thus matters stood between them at the end of his first year's service under Mr. White, and in this uncertain state they parted; Master Gent resolving, before renewing his engagement with his employer, to go and visit his friends in Dublin.

His hesitation of mind, and his general feelings towards the damsel, are quaintly depicted in his autobiography. He evidently went away

against the grain, and yet was too irresolute to speak the word which might have made both himself and the lady happy. Acknowledging his uneasiness, he says, "What made my departure thus uneasy, was through respect of Miss Alice Guy, the young woman who I said first opened the door to me, upper maiden to Mrs. White, who, I was persuaded to believe, had the like mutual fondness for me. She was the daughter of Mr. Richard Guy, schoolmaster at Ingleton, near Lancashire; had very good natural parts, quick understanding, was of fine complexion, and very amiable in her features. Indeed I was not very forward in love, or desire of matrimony, till I knew the world better, and consequently should be more able to provide such a handsome maintenance as I confess I had ambition enough to desire; but yet my heart could not absolutely slight so lovely a young creature as to pretend I had no esteem for her charms, which had captivated others, and particularly my master's grandson, Mr. Charles Bourne, who was more deserving than any. However, I told her (because my irresolution should not anticipate her advancement) that I should respect her as one of the dearest of friends; and receiving a little dog from her as a companion on the road, I had the honour to be accompanied as far as Bramham Moor by my rival."

The rival was probably glad to see him safe off out of the way, the fair Alice being now left to his own uninterrupted attentions. We shall see that he made good use of his opportunities during the other's absence. As to Gent, he went on, as he proposed, to Dublin, where he was received by his parents with all the welcome awarded to the Prodigal Son. He had not been prodigal; but his unexpected return, after his long absence, seemed like a restoration of the lost. They had no fatted calf to kill; but there was probably a fair supply of whisky flowing, and a genuine display of Irish rejoicing. Thomas, however, was not content to be long dependent on their hospitality. He soon obtained a journeyman's situation in a printing-office, and began to earn his own living. Being always a good workman, he would doubtless have got on here with his customary good fortune, had events not been unfavourable to his continuance. But it was soon apparent that Dublin could be to him no abiding city, owing to the circumstance that he had once before left it without authorized permission. His old master, from whom he had run away as an apprentice, hearing of his return, thought he had now a good opportunity of reclaiming him, and making him serve the remainder of his time. Accordingly, as Thomas was going home one evening from his work, he was suddenly pounced upon by a couple of officers, who took him into custody. There being some irregularity in the proceedings, he, after a brief detention, regained his liberty; but, to avoid being re-taken by a more formal process, he was compelled to take refuge in concealment. His father and a brother-in-law meanwhile offered the master a fair sum for his release; but this not

being accepted, there was no remedy except in flight. So, as Thomas about that time had received a letter from Miss Alice, of York, saying that he was expected there, thither he resolved, out of pure regard for her company, to direct his course. The little dog, however, which she had given him, he left behind: "I let the rascal stay," says he, "with my dear parents, who were fond of him for my sake, as he was of them for his own: nor was he less pleasant by his tricks to the neighbourhood, who called him 'Yorkshire,' from the country whence I brought him."

After his return, Gent remained some months at York, and then went to London, hoping to earn more money there than he was able to do in the country. He was very careful and saving; "but yet," says he, "could not perceive a prospect of settlement whereby to maintain a spouse like her as I judged she deserved; and I could not bear the thought to bring her from a good settlement without I could certainly make us both happy in a better." Seeing no immediate chance of this, he applied himself industriously to business, that he might be prepared for any opportunity of establishing himself that should happen to occur. He got on prosperously, and had the honour, in the year 1717, of being made Freeman of the Company of Stationers; and in the same year he became citizen of London. Now that he was beyond his reach, his tyrannical old master in Dublin was willing to compromise on account of his unfulfilled apprenticeship, and offered to accept five pounds for his discharge. This money Gent remitted, and thus became absolutely free both in England and Ireland, for which he expresses himself in his memoirs extremely thankful.

"And now," says he, "I thought myself happy, when the thoughts of my dearest often occurred to my mind. God knows that it is but too common, and that with the best and most considerate persons, that something or other gives them disquietude, or makes them seek after it." Odd as it may seem, the obvious inference from this is that the "thought of his dearest" did not contribute to his happiness, but tended, on the contrary, to disturb his peace of mind. But we must suppose this was because he could not yet consider himself in a position to justify matrimonial proposals; and it can be readily imagined, that as time went on, he began to feel the awkwardness of his situation. Three years had passed since the beginning of his acquaintance with the maiden, and all this time the courtship had been rather implied than definitely explicit on either side. There was an evident liking between them, and they were ready to come together whenever circumstances should favour the conjunction; but circumstances having been hitherto adverse, they still remained apart, with as little apparent probability of being united as at the beginning. At length a chance occurred to him which seemed likely to render their marriage possible. A partnership in a business at Norwich was offered him, and he accepted it, and made pre-

parations for removing to that city. But, unhappily, a few hours afterwards there came a mournful letter from his parents, saying that they were grown very infirm and helpless, and desired to see him once more before they died. It is to Gent's honour that, out of regard to his parent's wishes, he immediately gave up his engagement at Norwich, though he had already taken his place in the coach for the journey. He went to live in Dublin, thus abandoning all chances of any present settlement, and, as a consequence, indefinitely postponing his hopes of union with his beloved, who was beginning, we fancy, to be a little weary of the prolonged delay.

Though Gent acted under an impulse of natural duty on this occasion, he confesses that he was not without some cause for self-reproach. "I wrote," said he, "a lamenting letter to my dear in York, bemoaning that I could not find a proper place as yet to settle in; told her that I was leaving the kingdom, and reminded her by what had passed that she could not be ignorant where to direct if she thought proper to do so; that I was far from slighting her, and resigned her to none but the protection of heaven. But sure never was poor creature afflicted with such melancholy as I was upon the journey. My soul did seem to utter within me, 'Wretch that I am! what am I doing, and whither going? My parents, it is true, as they were constantly most affectionate, so indeed they are, especially in far advanced years, peculiar objects of my care and esteem: but am I not leaving England, the Paradise of the world, to which as any loyal subject I have now an indubitable right—but am I not also departing, for aught I know for ever, from the dearest creature upon earth? from her that loved me when I knew not well how to respect myself—who was wont to give me sweet counsel in order for my future happiness—equally partook of those deep sorrows which our tender love had occasioned—was willing to undergo all hazards with me in this troublesome life—whose kind letters had so often proved like healing balm to my languishing condition, and whose constancy—had I been as equally faithful, and not so timorous of being espoused through too many perplexing doubts—would never have been shaken, and without question would have promoted the greatest happiness for which I was created?'"

These self-reproaches, for which undoubtedly there were some grounds, made him seriously ill on the road. His situation just then was certainly a very hard one. Nobody can well blame him for the sacrifices he was making to his sense of filial duty; and yet every one must regret the neglect with which he was treating the amiable young woman who was so sincerely attached to him. But he obviously could not fulfil his duty to both parents and sweetheart; and who shall say which he ought to have preferred? When duties thus come into collision, so that one cannot be performed without the other being neglected, it is very difficult to decide which shall be done, and which shall be

left undone. Most people would take the course that most coincided with their inclination. One cannot easily tell to which of the two courses before him Gent was most inclined, had he acted from feeling instead of duty; but it is certain he took that which went most against his interests; so that, if there be merit in self-sacrifice, his conduct must be considered meritorious. His employment in Dublin was far less profitable than what he had had in London, though love for his parents rendered him contented, "and took all thoughts," says he, "of further advantages away." Such, at least, were his feelings in his sober and reasonable state of mind. But, unhappily, there were times when he was influenced by other moods; and on one of these occasions he fell into a temptation which induced him all of a sudden to give up the claims of parental duty to the convenience of a comparative stranger—"Mr. Alexander Campbell, a Scotchman in the same printing-office with me, getting me in liquor," says he, "obtained a promise that I should accompany him to England, where there was a greater likelihood of prosperity. Accordingly he so pressed me, and gave such reasons to my dear parents that it was not worth while to stay there for such small business as we enjoyed, that they consented we should go together." This consent, however, was given very reluctantly. "Their melting tears," he says, "made mine to flow, and bedewed my pillow every night that I lodged with them." His mother seems to have attributed his desire to leave them to his anxiety to be united to Alice Guy. "What, Tommy," she would say, "this English damsel of yours, I suppose, is the chiefest reason why you slight us and your native country? Well," she would add, "the ways of Providence, I know, are unsearchable; and whether I live to see you again or no, I shall pray God to be your defender and preserver!"

Thomas avoided any formal leave-taking, as an ordeal which he had not courage to go through. "I thought it not fit," says he, "to accumulate sorrows to us all, by returning any afflictive answers; but, taking an opportunity whilst she was abroad on her business, I embarked with my friend once more for England."

Having obtained employment again in London, his time and thoughts were almost wholly engrossed in business, to the oversight of all other interests and considerations. He had by no means forgotten or given up his Yorkshire damsel; but so little had he communicated with her of late, that her heart was growing sick with hope so long deferred. He was not yet prepared for setting up an establishment of his own, suitable to his ambition, and adequate to the merits of the lady who was to grace it with her presence. As Doctor Southey observes, he was provident overmuch; and indeed this he acknowledges, even when endeavouring to excuse himself. "All that I had undergone, I must confess," he says, "I thought were but my just deserts for being so long absent from my dear [it had now been an absence of some

years]; and yet I could not well help it. I had a little money, it is very true; but no certain home wherein to invite her. I knew she was well fixed; and it pierced me to the very heart to think, if through any miscarriage or misfortune I should alter her condition for the worse instead of the better. Upon this account my letters to her at this time were not so amorously obliging as they ought to have been from a sincere lover; by which she had reason, however she might have been mistaken, to think that I had failed in my part of those tender engagements which had passed between us."

The Greeks were ten years besieging Troy before the town was taken; and for nearly as long a period Miss Alice Guy endured the faint-hearted courtship of her hesitating and irresolute lover before the strongholds of her affection were shaken, and she showed signs of surrendering to the solicitations of other wooers. But the most constant of women, courted in such loose, negligent fashion, must needs give way at last. No one of them can be content to hold herself perpetually in waiting for a man who does not know when he intends to come for her! Mr. Thomas Gent no doubt meant, in perfect good faith, to fetch the lady Alice when he was ready for her; but meanwhile she was left in the dreariest uncertainty to await his quite arbitrary convenience. No wonder that at length she tired of it.

As usually happens in such cases, she showed most signs of tiring just as he was making more than usual efforts for bringing things to a satisfactory conclusion. He had purchased quantities of type and other printing-office properties, gradually adding still further to his stock as his increasing means enabled him, and had formed the resolution to make a venture in the world somewhere on his own account, with the gentle Alice for a partner. He says that she at first encouraged him in the enterprise; leaving us, however, to infer that something intervened which made her think less favourably of their prospects. He does not say that she ever really discouraged him; and the truth appears to be that he still hesitated, and that his own resolution all along was only half-hearted. His purse being much exhausted by the purchases he had made, he went on working for further supplies; by-and-bye he bought a new fount, and otherwise added to his stock, whereby his fund of money was again diminished, and more had to be earned before he could conveniently carry out his project. So Gent laboured on, working partly on his own account, and partly for the master under whom he had been serving, occasionally employing journeymen to help him through, and in one way or other so overtaking his strength by excessive diligence as to be in danger of breaking down from the fatigue. All this while Alice Guy, in the tenth year of her engagement, was still left waiting; Thomas, nevertheless, comfortably imagining, and taking it for granted, that "things would so fall out that after some little time he should have occasion to invite his dear to London."

Notwithstanding his own lukewarmness, he had perfect faith in her continued constancy. His confidence in his own attractions must have been unlimited; since playing loosely at that wide distance, he seems to have backed himself against all comers with the certainty of going in at any time to win. Time, however, which is always "working wonders," was unexpectedly preparing for him an extraordinary surprise. The reader shall have it as he himself relates it, and will so, perhaps, most thoroughly realise his situation. "One Sunday morning," says he, "as my shoes were japanning by a little boy at the end of the lane, there came Mr. John Hoyle, who had been a long time in a messenger's custody on suspicion, for reprinting *Vox Populi vox Dei*, under direction of Mrs. Powell, with whom he wrought as journeyman; 'Mr. Gent,' said he, 'I have been at York to see my parents, and am but just, as it were, returned to London. I am heartily glad to see you, but sorry to tell you that you have lost your old sweetheart; for I assure you that she is really married to your rival Mr. Bourne!' I was so thunderstruck that I could scarcely return an answer. All former thoughts crowding into my mind, the consideration of spending my substance on a business I would not have engaged in as a master but for her sake, my own remissness that had occasioned it, and withal that she could not in such a case be much blamed for mending her fortune—all these threw me under a very deep concern."

There are not many young ladies, we fear, who will be much inclined to pity him. He himself was aware that he could not expect much sympathy. Not the less did he feel his disappointment as a real and serious misfortune; rendered all the more intense since it might have been prevented. There being nothing for it, however, but to submit to fate, he consoled himself, as well as he could, by making it the subject of poetical contemplation, and produced a copy of verses which he entitled "The Forsaken Lover's Letter to his former Sweetheart"—a doleful ditty, in which he represented himself as being most cruelly and shamefully jilted and ill-treated. A copy of this was given to a friendly printer, who printed and sold many thousands; in consideration of which he offered the author a price for copyright; though, as Gent observes, "as it was my own proper concern, I scorned to accept of anything, except a glass of comfort or so." Needing comfort so much, he might, perhaps, be justified in accepting anything of the kind falling in his way; but he could hardly be excused in taking so large a poetical licence as he seems to have ventured on, in describing his abandonment. Indeed he overshot the mark by misrepresentation. We have Southey's authority for saying: "If the Forsaken Lover's Lamentation had been sung about the streets of York, Mrs. Bourne might have listened to it without suspecting that she was the treacherous maid, who, for the sake of this world's splendour, had betrayed her only

sweet jewel, left him to languish alone, and broken his heart,

Proving that none could be false than she.

Conscience would never have whispered to her that it was luke-warm Thomas who closed his complaint with the desperate determination expressed in the ensuing stanza:

Now to the woods and groves I'll be ranging,
Free from all women I'll vent forth my grief:
While birds are singing and sweet notes exchanging,
This pleasing concert will yield me relief.
Thus, like the swan before its departing
Sings forth its elegy in melting strains,
My dying words shall move all th' kind powers above
To pity my fate, the most wretched of swains.

It was thought proper for disappointed lovers to write in this strain in those eighteenth-century days, and accordingly Master Thomas fell into the fashion; but he had no notion of doing what he pretended. He neither went to the woods, nor died; but shortly entered into an engagement with a printer's widow, to take the management of her business—"being the more willing," we are told, "to enter into the service of this gentlewoman, since he was disappointed of his first love." The widow was a most agreeable person, a sea-captain's daughter, and had been educated at a boarding-school at Hackney; she had been twice married, and was the mother of two children, one by each of the two husbands. Master Thomas much admired her, and would have been very well content to accept her, with her flourishing business, in lieu of his lost Yorkshire maiden. "I thought her," says he, "worthy of the best of spouses; for sure there never could be a finer economist, or sweeter mother to her dear children, whom she kept exceedingly decent. I have dined with her; but then, as in reason, I allowed what was fitting for my meals; and her conversation, agreeably to her fine education, almost wounded me with love, and, at the same time, commanded a becoming reverence. What made her excellent carriage the more endearing was, that I knew I must never expect to behold my first love at York: though I heard, by travellers, that not only she, but her husband used to inquire after me. Indeed, I was sensible that Mr. Bourne, though a likely young man, was not one of the most healthful persons; but far from imagining otherwise than that he might have outlived me, who was then worn to a shadow. But, see the wonderful effects of Divine Providence in all things!"

Ah! see, and be astonished, for they are very wonderful indeed! if we assume, with Thomas's presumption, that the hand of Providence is to be seen in what follows, intentionally interfering with an especial view to his convenience. It seems an odd sort of providence which goes to deprive a woman of her husband, that another man may have the opportunity of marrying her! Why Providence should have any particular reasons for preferring to see Gent living in wedlock with Alice Guy to Mr. Charles Bourne,

one cannot very readily comprehend. The probability seems to be, that Providence was thereabouts indifferent, in such a matter, respecting either. Quite otherwise, however, was Mr. Thomas Gent's persuasion, as is evident from the manner in which he tells his story. "It was one Sunday morning," says he, "that Mr. Philip Wood, a quondam partner of Mr. Midwinter's, entering my chambers, where I sometimes used to employ him too, when slack of business in other places. 'Tommy,' said he, 'all these fine materials of yours must be moved to York!' At which wondering, 'What mean you?' said I. 'Ay,' said he, 'and you must go too, without it's your own fault; for your first sweetheart is now at liberty, and left in good circumstances by her dear spouse, who deceased but of late.' 'I pray heaven,' answered I, 'that his precious soul may be happy: and for aught I know it may be as you say, for, indeed, I think I may not trifle with a widow as I have formerly done with a maid.'" The news, in fact, though coming unexpectedly, had the immediate effect of re-kindling his old affection, and of suggesting possibilities to be realized, under different conditions, which the marriage of the lady had for the time being put out of the question. But judging rightly, that if he intended to renew his suit in the present state of circumstances, it must be in a very different fashion from that in which he had formerly conducted it, he proceeded at once to take the measures which seemed requisite to success. It was obvious that this time no slowness could be tolerated. It must be a swift decided business, to be gone through much after the manner of a business contract, without indecision or hesitation. Perceiving this, he lost no time in arranging his plans, settling his affairs conformably to the purposes now before him—which was that of marrying the widow of Mr. Bourne, taking it evidently for granted that his proposals would be sure to be accepted.

"I made an excuse," says he, "to my mistress [meaning the printer's widow whose business he had been managing] that I had business in Ireland, but that I hoped to be at my own lodgings in about a month's time; if not, as I had placed everything in order, she might easily by any other person carry on the concern. But she said she would not have any beside me in that station I enjoyed, and therefore should expect my return to her again; but respectfully taking leave, I never beheld her after, though I heard she was after very indifferently married." Being in the secret, we know very well that he never intended to return; yet there were probably some reasons why he did not like to tell her so. His whole proceedings were clandestine, as if he deemed it necessary to slip away "on the sly," and get married before anybody was aware of the transaction. "I had taken care," he adds, "that my goods should be privately packed up, and hired a little warehouse and put them in, ready to be sent, by sea or land, to where I should order: and I pitched upon Mr. Campbell, my fellow-traveller,

as my confidant in this affair, desiring my cousins to assist him; all of whom I took leave of at the Black Swan, in Holborn, where I had paid my passage in the stage-coach, which brought me to York in four days' time. Here I found my dearest once more, though much altered from what she was about ten years before that I had not seen her. There was no need for new courtship; but decency suspended the ceremony of marriage for some time, till my dearest at length, considering the ill-consequence of delay in her business, as well as the former ties of love that passed innocently between us by word and writing, gave full consent to have the nuptials celebrated." And performed, accordingly, they were, "in the stately cathedral," the very day of Archbishop Blackburne's installation.

So, after all intervening accidents and turns of fortune, Mr. Thomas Gent is at last united in lawful wedlock to his first love. Having got, as he fancied, the desire of his eyes, he now expected to be happy. His notion of a wife seems to have been that she would make it her constant object in all respects to please him; that she would have no will of her own in any way opposed to his; but that she would meekly wait upon his wishes, and submissively attend to his commands. Now, whether it was owing to his having married a widow instead of a maiden, it is certain he did not find the lady so conformable to his notions of things as he had expected. Those long years of severance had not only wrought changes in her appearance, but changes also of another sort upon which he had not calculated. "I found," he says, "her temper much altered from that sweet natural softness and most tender affection that rendered her so amiable to me while I was more juvenile and she a maiden." She was none the less "sincere" than formerly, but she had contracted what he calls "a presumptive air and conceited opinion," which made him imagine (having noticed it also in others) that "an epidemical distemper prevailed among the good women to ruin themselves and families; or, if not prevented by Divine Providence, to prove the sad cause of great contention and of disquietude." The good lady, during her previous married life or widowhood, had surrounded herself with a set of "pretended friends, spunging parasites, and flatterers, who imposed on good nature," to the serious damage of the household; and it was much to Gent's annoyance that she persisted in keeping up acquaintance with these people. Instead of the delightful conjugal life his fancy had prefigured for him, he declares his days were "embittered with the most unedifying aggravations," and that everything was rendered uncomfortable to him. Mrs. Gent would persist in having her disagreeable tea-parties, which he abominated, thinking that so much lavish expenditure would bring them to untimely poverty. He charges his wife with using "senseless provoking arguments" in contending with his objections; and altogether he lets us sufficiently into the secret that she did

not turn out the perfect angel he had expected her to be.

Nevertheless, he bore his lot with tolerable patience. "In this conjugal captivity, as I may term it," he says, "I was fully resolved, likewise in a Christian sense, to make my yoke as easy as possible, thereby to give no offence to custom or law of any kind." Not being able to shape his condition to his mind, he brought his mind to accommodate itself to his condition. In this way, after a few early bickerings and contentions, Gent and his wife fared on together very passably. They discovered that, after all, they had many tasks and interests in common, and these they appear to have tacitly agreed to cultivate for their mutual satisfaction. So, upon the whole, their married life—after the romance was all knocked out of it—passed on not uncomfortably: a quiet, yet strong attachment, grew up insensibly between them, which sufficed for such emotional cravings as yet clung to them. For, in truth, the romance had all gone before they were married: it had evaporated during that slow ten years' courtship—leaving their respective natures to that extent impoverished, and shorn of its most subtle and refined attractions—as happens, and will always happen, whenever the idea of marriage is enter-

tained by man or woman as one of interested calculation, and deferred beyond the limits of a reasonable postponement from considerations of over thrift and worldliness. If you want the bloom and beauty of affection, marry while the romance is on; if marriage be only contemplated as a business contract or transaction, entered into for the joint convenience of the parties, it may be desirable perhaps to wait till the romantic element is extinguished, when it can be acknowledged that the object wanted is simply a partner in business, or a companion in society. The present veritable history illustrates the inconvenience of losing the romance; showing how what might have been a generous and beautiful attachment, had it been earlier followed out to its authentic issues, became, through the slow and cold process of a long engagement, a mere tame and common-place relationship, founded on conventional interests, but scarcely graced by a particle of sentiment. The inference seems to be, that long engagements have a deteriorating effect on the affection; and that whoever would maintain the integrity of true love must be loyal to its suggestions, and never fail to cherish it as the highest prize and blessing which human life can offer in mitigation of its many cares and troubles.

LEAF AND CLOUD BEAUTY.

BY EDWIN GOADBY.

Apart from the special value Mr. Ruskin's works possess for the art student and critic, they have always other and more common attractions, opening pleasant by-paths out of even severest technicalities, and charming away from noisy toiling town all who will read his pages and receive his lessons. The last volume of "*Modern Painters*," now some months before the public, is no exception to this rule, but provides so special a feast that we are tempted to re-spread it, making such additions and reflections in so doing as may help to present matters in an interesting form. He invites us into the country; and surely with so cheerful yet pensive a man we can spend a pleasant hour. "Come with me," he says, "and sit and listen, on this green turf or grey rock; I have neither reed, pipe, cithara, nor curds and cream; but here are leaves and trees, and yonder are the clouds—the 'Angels of the Sea.'"

We cannot refuse. We lift the latch, and, though beneath our own roof-tree, we have learned the best, saddest, most enduring lessons; still there are many we may learn beneath the palace-dome of Nature, where no classic tomes can awe us from their shelves, and no ghostly memories stride between us and the objects of

our study. For we must study even here where most men think least of it, and are merely content to enjoy and luxuriate as in the very lap and bosom of ruminating intelligence. Our roof-tree! Yea, Nature has given us many; and it is concerning these fair springing arches, and their veiling fluttering broods that come between us and the sky, typifying our own life in its solidity, passion, and perishing, that we have to learn as well as to unlearn.

Strange notions, I dare say, we have of leaves and trees, to begin with, like our Hindoo, Persian and Greek predecessors. "Man," says the "*Veda*," is like unto a high tree; the hair is his leaves, the skin his bark, the blood his sap, the bones his hard knots." But casting aside all the fables of Zeus and Ormuzd, and their creation of man from trees, what we have to do is to recognize a certain human element, so to speak, in their beauty and development, leaving all knotty questions of sap and pith and alburnum to be solved, as best they may be, by hard-headed botanists and Linnean professors. Our first notion of a tree is rather a queer one. It has hairy tubular roots, a composite stem, divers boughs, and multitudinous fans waving to and fro in the air, called leaves. The roots fix it

firm in the ground, the stem supports and feeds the boughs, and the leaves supply it with the necessary gases, and robe it with greenness and delight. So far we know, and are too frequently content. But the history of a bud, a leaf, or a branch, is as dim and mythical as the building of a pyramid, the carving of a sphinx, or the life and times of a Cheops. Hence we lose a fruitful source of the most refined and elevated pleasure, and cannot realize half the joy the prisoner of Fenestrelle found in his cherished Picciola.

Dividing the leaf orders into tented-plants, living in encampments on the ground, as lilies, and leaving no other memorial than bulb or seed, and building-plants, raising themselves into edifices above the ground, and consolidating and enlarging year by year, Mr. Ruskin divides the latter again into builders with the shield, and builders with the sword. The nomenclature is rather fanciful, but has the merit of accuracy and descriptiveness. Builders with the shield are those who, by expanded leaves, cover and nestle the young buds beneath them, and grow in places where they can minister to the comfort and delight of man. Those with the sword, on the contrary, live in savage localities, and have their leaves like swords, and their scanty buds in the centre of a group of them, hardy and fearless. Most trees belong to the first-class; the pine tree may be taken as the representative of the latter.

It is with the shield builders we have to do just now. Pluck a small branch, beyond where it has just leaped out from last winter's growth and left an awkward knot. You will find the branch smooth, the leaves opposite or alternate, as the case may be, and at the terminal end a small cluster of leaves forming a trefoil if it be a rhododendron branch, a quaterfoil if a horse chesnut, and a cinquefoil if an oak. Underneath each leaf, and sometimes above, are small projecting points, which the leaf guards and shelters. This will be the bud of next spring, and will begin its beautiful unfolding as soon as it has undergone the chemical change whereby a certain amount of saccharine matter is developed. Observe that every pair of buds aims at setting itself at right angles to the pair below. Both lateral and terminal buds have the power to outgrow into shoots next year; but as this would make a merely mathematical tree, various influences operate upon them to cause concession, reticence, and even death. It is not every bud that can command space and light, and sooner than rudely infringe upon a neighbouring bough, it will twist this way and that, turn up or down, feeling its way out with joy and affection, as though it possessed reason and human regard. We shall have to remark this again by-and-bye.

But now the leaf is to be formed and unsheathed, and here new laws and beauties appear. Accidents operate to make changes and deviations in shape and size, yet always subordinately with the great heart-law they all follow obediently and lovingly.

Nature will not suffer herself to be tame and

recurring; so almost every class of tree has a different leaf-system and different shapes, no two leaves being at anytime exactly alike. All more or less strive to approach the model of the central or most aspiring leaf in the terminal group; but it alone is a perfect mainail, whilst they are studding-sails, and invariably show it by being longer on one side than on the other. And now let us mark one or two points in their position. First, we shall find that the leaves of a branch almost unvaryingly fall away from the terminal or uppermost group in graceful concession of mastery; since that alone can indefinitely grow, and upon its outward spring the extension of the tree depends. Second, that the leaves at the end of the spray, by a most beautiful process, succeed and form their cluster at different heights one above the other, so as in no way to impede one another, and present the most striking obliquity of form. The beauty resulting from this successive climbing of clusters can only be fully seen in studying an oak, chestnut, or ash spray. Third, the springing back of the leaves upon their masts, and the gentle deflection of the mast, or stalk itself, where it issues from the bark, the one being the cause of the other, deserves to be noticed in viewing them in their right poise and position. These three laws operate incessantly upon all leaves, and to their modifying and adaptive influences much of their gracefulness and delicate beauty is owing. Each cluster of leaves presents the general aspect of a family group, all actuated by the tenderest regard for each other, never crossing nor overlapping in all their courses, never willingly impeding each others' growth, but full of a tender and exquisite sensibility; all wanting light and air, yet all following the law of liberty that Kant has laid down for we sterner men, in his "Metaphysic of Rights"—"So act that the use of thy freedom shall not circumscribe the freedom of any other." There is no fighting, no shuffling for place; but all is order, method, most beautiful symmetry. And here Mr. Ruskin, actuated by the desire he acknowledges farther on in the same volume, of bringing everything to a root in human passion or hope, and tracing every principle of painting to some vital or spiritual fact, takes occasion to compare the disposition of leaves in the crowded foliage of large trees and the more open and scattered spaces of smaller ones, with the same falling into place amongst men. "When the community is small, people fall more easily into their places, and take, each in his place, a firmer standing than can be obtained by the individuals of a greater nation. The members of a vast community are separately weaker, as an aspen or elm leaf is thin, tremulous, and directionless, compared with the spearlike setting and firm substance of a rhododendron or laurel leaf. The laurel and rhododendron are like the Athenian or Florentine Republics; the aspen, like England, strong-trunked enough when put to proof, and very good for making cart-wheels of, but shaking pale with epidemic panic at every breeze. Nevertheless, the aspen has the better of the

great nation, in that, if you take it bough by bough, you shall find the gentle law of respect and room for each other truly observed by the leaves in such broken way as they can manage it; but in the nation you find every one scrambling for his neighbour's place."

Now, seeing all this beauty and distinctness of place and outline, we come upon the great faults of both the old master and their modern imitators. Never having studied leaf law or leaf history, they know nothing of the aspects we have so briefly indicated, and cared that their public should know still less. A mere sleight of hand, mechanical trickery with the brush, or "niggling," as it is called, sufficed to show in a rough blundering way all that such men as Hobbima and Ruysdael cared to paint. Their very ignorance, unfortunately, passes with many for wisdom, and their neglect of nature for devotion to art! We are told that even the simple painting of a leaf put Titian to "thoughtful trouble;" Leonardo did it "very nearly, trying hard;" Holbein, "three or four times, in precious pieces highest wrought;" and Raphael, "it may be in one or two crowns of muse or sibyl." In brief, to all over-earnest, over-innocent young Pre-Raphaelites, Ruskin gives this bit of pithy and summary advice, "If you can paint one leaf you can paint the world."

But we have not done with the leaf. Goëthe was the first to suggest the idea that a leaf is the unit of botany, and that every part of a plant is a transformed leaf to meet a new condition, and this has given rise to many similar discoveries both in botany and osteology. And in one of Addison's earlier papers in "The Tatler" when he would satirize imaginative philosophers, he makes his demon to tell him that he had seen a forest of numberless trees which had been picked out of an acorn; and if his own vision was but more minute, he himself might find a miniature oak in an acorn, pluck from that tree another small acorn and it would contain another tree, and so on, almost infinitely. Addison's was fiction, but Goëthe's was better fact. The occurrence of this law is shown in the bough of a tree, which only accident, caprice, and internal laws of growth and accommodation, prevent from following out the precise form set forth in the terminal leaves and buds, each terminal or perfect one, and each lateral one, tending to grow itself into trefoil, quartrefoil, or cinquefoil, as the case may be. It may be but dimly seen; but there it is, plain and demonstrable. It is seen more directly in the fact that every leaf not only helps the tree to grow outward and upward, but is itself attached by minute fibres to the very roots, as it were, adding to the thickness of shoot, branch, and trunk, and thus making it a genuine leaf-monument. Every leaf has thus acted its part, and, according to its size and strength, has wove his little strand of cable, as a spider his thread, and cast it down by the side of the springing tower

by a marvellous magic irresistible! "The fall of a granite pyramid from an Alp may perhaps be stayed; the descending force of that silver thread shall not be stayed!" Who, after this, shall dare to reckon his thought, his influence, his example, as nothing in the family, the town, the nation? Who say, "I am nothing—nobody—and must be content." Thus by its leaves the tree builds both head and trunk, fruit and seed, prudently beginning as a sapling by a careful looking to of his errant branches; by a prudent seeing to the rights of that first-born central bud, that must keep right on and upward whilst less lustier ones droop, divert, and die. By an observance of all the laws of symmetry and force on the one hand, checked and balanced by those of variety, freedom, and loveliness on the other; until, as brood after brood drops in kindly largesse, the trunk grows massive, the roots deeper, the boughs more spreading, and ever in beautiful vicissitude, these leaf monuments have deep lessons of love, and hope, and working for you and me, and all men. We may sport or shade beneath their boughs, and their wild wind-harps will breathe us dirge and ditty, war-chant and life-psalm. Lowland trees shall teach us soft and winning lessons; but the pines that fledge the wild-ridged mountain, moulding the character of Swiss peasantry and Scotch Highlanders, have sterner and sadder teaching.

A few words on motionless leaves. Their beauty is of a chaster, humbler cast than that of their brethren and sisters of the free air. Fringed and cleft that our feet shall not hurt them, but rend them into more delicate forms, they are star-shaped, heart-shaped, spear-shaped, arrow-shaped, that they may fix our wandering eyes and excite our wonder. They grow where their very existence is a self-abnegation, an existence for others, covering our flower beds with greenness, our blank walls with colour, our ruins with freshness, and our very sand-heaps with pleasantness. As meek lichens and variegated mosses, like so many miniature forests or floral arcades, they cling lovingly and enduringly to blanchèd ruins, tottering stones, and dripping wells. In sadness and sunshine, in sober gray and bright green or red, they weave the dark eternal tapestries of the hills. They are earth's first gift and her last, full of wistful eloquence and modest beauty—"trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave."

The beauty of clouds is vaster, grander, and more imposing than that of leaves and lichens, lilies and ranunculuses. It will awe, hush, soften, and make eloquent even the most obdurate. A wild tossed sunset, a fierce down-crashing thunder-cloud, and a bright fleecy belt of angels' down, have charm and force for the most unpoetic minds. For there is a human pathos about clouds. They typify man's restless heart and head. Their fitfulness is a symbol of his passion; their infinity, a prophecy of his aspiration; their colours, an expression of his fancies; and their frailty, a preacher of his im-

potence. The Scandinavian Edda even makes them of a human giant origin. When Ymer was dragged into the void, called "Ginnungagap."

"From his brain
Were the melancholy
Clouds all created."

There is also ministry. The clouds screen the hot sun from us, soften the blue air into warm beauty and blessed brightness, cling in crowns and robes of mist about our hills, and patter with joyful drops upon our thirsty fields and dusty streets. They may yet be "pillars of cloud" and "pillars of fire." Above all these is mystery, endless, unfathomable. The old question in Job comes to us again in its weird solemn tones, "Knowest thou the balancing of the clouds?" Why are they so light? How do they balance and yet not rise beyond our vision? How do they contain so much water, and yet move like airy balloons and silken-sailed argosies? Why does not the lightest puff of wind burst their spherical globules of air and water, if such they be? In what does their coherency consist? heat or electricity? And their shape—Who heaves them into heaps, rolls them into pavilions, spins them into webs, and dashes them into foam? Why do they not float on, flat and woof-like, unbroken and unchanged? Why be laughed away by morning light, and gather again when the Sun puts off his robe and crown? Why hold up the crimson psalter for Nature's evening psalm, and float in lengthy mastadons and ptero-dactyles over his grey corae and grave? Here is mystery enough to excite our imagination, tempt our reason, and humble our heart: much we know, but more we must be content not to know, accepting as our answer the reply Plotinus the Mystic has put into the mouth of Nature: "It behoves thee not to disquiet me with interrogatories, but to understand in silence, even as I am silent and work without words." Assuredly there are many lessons and many warnings for us, coming in the soft foldings and convolutions of the clouds.

Let us mark their orders. We will begin with the soft *cirri* of the upper air. Height is the first thing we note concerning them, and calm seeming stillness. As they never touch or cross the highest mountains in Europe, they must form above an elevation of 15,000 feet, and it is this that gives them such serenity. They are mostly indicative of serene and settled weather. Various and shifting as they are, they have a symmetry of their own, and beginning with a few fibres increasing in length and tenacity, a silent law of growth moulds them into transverse bars, fading into traceless vapour, and drifts them into silken plummy sweeps known as mares' tails. Their sharp edges are always windward, whilst their farther ones are soft, melting, imperceptible. The two kinds, the hairy and the plummy, occasionally intersect each other with a most beautiful effect, outshining all the grandeur of mediæval scrolls and Alhambra courts. Their multitude also gives an impression of infinity

and sublimity. They undulate into ripples and divide into flocks, forming what is common called a mackerel sky. On a winter morning' sunrise, by a moderate calculation of their ranks, Mr. Ruskin tells us that he arrived at the fact that there were no less than 50,000 of them in the field of sight. Their voluntary union into flocks was noticed long since by our poets. Milton sings—

"Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' the flighted clouds."

And their slow stilly movement and silent recognition of the wind are sweetly rendered by Shelley—

"Underneath the young grey dawn,
A multitude of dense, white fleecy clouds,
Were wandering in thick folds along the mountains,
Shepherded by the slow unwilling wind."

In the middle, or central cloud region, the great masses of cloud are formed, grouped for general purposes under the term *cumuli*, from their piledness and supposed manner of building up by vapour from beneath. And here in the very outset we are met with the first difference. The cloud flocks seemed to own the power of the wind; but these *cumuli*, although in reality impelled by the same power, nevertheless appear to move in thorough independence, and swell out and rotate as though possessed of an independent will. Hence they are called by our author "cloud-chariots," and in the lesser ones floating beside them, and the thin films trampled out before them, as by hoof of fervid steeds, the description is well borne out. Diana herself might range the cerulean round, in such delightful manner. And they grow from chariots into larger fields and flying continents. They imitate on the grandest scale our own mountain ranges, boiling up in Titanic energy, toppling into avalanche, rending into chasm, and glittering into crevasses and glacier. Miles upon miles of colossal cloud, they dwarf our mountains into pigmies, and expand our wonder almost into idiocy. Their pictures are marvellously beautiful. Now a cap-cloud will hang about some lofty peak, as in imitation of earthly reality; and anon a tiny cloudlet will sail along their snowy bosomed valleys, touch a moment the uttermost top, and then, catching the wind, burst away in glee. Range after range they stretch in wildering beauty, bounding for us the infinite unfathomable Beyond, and filling our fancies with couchant angel forms—

"High on some lofty cloud-cliff, harp in hand,
Singing the sun to sleep, as down he lays
His head of glory on the rocking deep."

Ancient artists, but very imperfectly succeeded in representing, or catching any adequate idea of these gigantic masses; nor have modern ones done much better. Only Turner in his "Babylon," "Pools of Siloam," "Lake of Como," and others, has succeeded in doing them anything approaching to justice. He has, if Mr.

Ruskin be trusted, fairly caught their infinity, and therefore their most glowing reality. "For," he says, "we may be sure that what is not infinite is not true" * * The moment that we trust ourselves we repeat ourselves; and therefore the moment we see in a work of any kind whatsoever the expression of infinity, we may be certain that the workman has gone to Nature for it; while, on the other hand, the moment we see repetition, or want of infinity, we may be certain that the workman has *not* gone to Nature for it."

To the lower region, although by no means exclusively so, belongs the *nimbus* or raincloud, and all forms of haze and mist so difficult to render in painting, so common in nature, and so varied and beautiful in effect. They are much nearer to us than the *cumuli*, owing to which we lose much of their diversified phenomena; and their colour is a monotonous grey, or warm soft brown, growing inky and sulphureous if there be thunder about, or dashing into jagged fringes of white when the formed rain floats in a columnar body. Their velocity seems greater because of their nearness, and they writhe and twist and spin as if lashed into unwilling speed. In the Alpine valleys they are seen with splendid effect, careering round and round the principal heights, clinging like eerie sails to the leeward side of jagged cliffs, or dancing in wild joy of phantom shape and diablerie, or piling themselves up like colossal soldiers in muffled bivouac and tented sleep. Yet they have more peaceful aspects, more benignant moods. Soft, silken colours, brightening ere they bless, weaving strange paradises and hanging gardens for us, and marshalling into bright ranks of fleecy sheaves, as typifying the harvests of joy and plenty they are commissioned to produce. Ruskin beautifully calls the rain-cloud the "Angel of the Sea." Beautifully are its wings coloured, not with ashen grey and looming black, as we too often think, but with more various hues than either *cirri* or *cumuli*. Rose-colour, purple, amber, steel blue, and soft mistiness of gold, tint and dye their softly-laden wings and dewy plumes. Light, reflected, refracted, and gathered up into curious shades and fanciful rays, seems to be the cause of their colour. But it is when struck by the sun on their under-surfaces that the rarest assemblage of hues are developed. It is to this fact that we entirely owe the rich colours of our sunrises and sunsets. How much heat, and the vapours it creates, may help to produce the grander and more extended scenes, seems at present uncertain; but in both Africa and India the sunsets are unparalleled for their depth and beauty of colour, sometimes covering half the visible heavens, and coming back in mimic radiance from the very East.

Here, then, is a grand field for our British painters. Leaves and clouds, all of which we

have in abundance and variety. All foreigners agree in calling our island "the foggy," and the rain-cloud is rarely absent from our skies, rattling down in thunderous volleys upon Scotch hills and Yorkshire moors, or distilling in gentlest drops on plain and meadow. Here, too, Turner was at home. If he could not enter into the spirit of the pine, he has caught the innermost one of soft rain-cloud, wild storm-cloud, and shrieking typhoon. Not unfelt or unimagined was the rain-cloud to the Greeks. For them, as it should for us, it had meanings, blessed, beneficent, and terrible. All to them were sea-angels sprung from Nereus and his children—soft Graie and stormy Gorgons, Euno, the crocus-robed, and Medusa, the fierce freezer into stone with her cold, tossed, serpent locks; Crysaeor the angel of the lightning, and Pegasus the angel of the wild fountains, the winged racer of earth and heaven. Leaves, trees, and cloud had meanings for them, mystical, paganish, sometimes childish if you will: earth, ocean, air, were peopled with bright genii our colder science has exorcised and destroyed, but that wisdom which makes us forget that their beauty is undiminished or less meaning, that age has not tarnished their hues, nor the vicissitudes of earth altered the garnitures of heaven, is a wisdom that comes ill from a people who are the Greeks of to-day, and who find no truer art-priest than he whose heart is so noble and whose aims are so pure.

THE KING AND THE POTTER.—"In 1588, Henry III., then King of France, finding he could no longer withstand the clamour for Palissy's execution, and reluctant to sacrifice the old potter, whom he had known and respected from his boyhood, visited him in prison. 'My poor Master Bernard,' said the King, 'I am so pressed by the Guise party and my people, that I have been compelled, in spite of myself, to imprison these two poor women and you. They must be burnt to-morrow: and you, too, if you will not be converted.' 'Sire,' replied the fearless old man, 'you have often said that you feel pity for me; but it is I who pity you; who have said, "I am compelled." That is not speaking like a king! These girls and I, who have part in the kingdom of heaven, we will teach you to talk royally. The Guisards, all your people, and yourself, cannot compel a potter to bow down to images of clay!' Not many months afterwards, the two fair girls were led to the stake, singing praises to God, as they received their crowns of martyrdom. A year later, in 1589, in his eighty-first year, Bernard Palissy, the potter, died in the Bastille."—*The Art of Doing our Best.*

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS. (*London: Chapman and Hall*).—If Mr. Dickens's name did not stand alone on the title-page, we should be disposed to attribute much of the conception—even some of the execution—of this story to his friend and fellow-writer, Wilkie Collins. For a long time now these novelists have been accustomed to write together. The Christmas numbers of "Household Words," jointly produced by them, showed year by year a gradual assimilation of the two styles. At first the difference was broad and marked; the least critical of us could assign to each writer his own chapters. But, after a Christmas or two, readers began to be puzzled in such investigations. Which was Mr. Dickens and which was Mr. Collins came to be decided mostly by the choice, not the conviction, of the critic. No longer we wondered at the monstrous joining together of black fish and beautiful woman: the mermaid had disappeared, and if the physiologist could still detect in the delight of gods and men, a suspicion of the fishy fins and tail, he confessed that those anomalous members had been reduced to their lowest possible rudiments. That this assimilation of the two styles was a great gain to the joint story is evident enough. Whether the influence of the one writer upon the other, when exhibited in works written separately, is a gain or a loss, it would occupy more than the space at my disposal here to discuss. The influence of Collins upon Dickens was very much greater than that of Dickens upon Collins. If we compare this last book with the early sketches by Boz, we see how great is the change, and further that this change is all in the direction of the Romantic school of which Collins is the English chief. Collins's books on the other hand show simply a steady progression in the one line which his genius had marked out for him. Dickens's influence upon him is to be found only in treatment and phrase—in a spice of sentimentalism, in a solemn aping of jocularity utterly repugnant to his manner of thought—never in conception either of story or character. Still, though we attribute much of the change in Dickens's writing to Collins's influence, we must allow that the change is by no means in opposition to his own genius, and that his bias in this direction would have shown itself had Collins never written. Dickens began by professing an extreme naturalism. In his earliest sketches and in *Pickwick*, he describes only such scenes as came under his own notice. The lower classes of life, the ordinary places and events and characters—these he sets before himself as models from which to paint. To say that he painted these most untruly is to say only a truism stale to everybody now. We all know his manner of observation. Seizing upon some external point or trait in a man [Wemmick's post-office; Jaggers's finger-biting,

hand-washing, boot-creaking; Joe's whicker-feeling; Mrs. Gargery's apron; the same now as thirty years ago], and never getting deeper than that, likening it to something strange, and ever after mistaking that to which he has likened it for the thing itself, and flying off into the most astonishing metaphorical rambles—we all know this manner by heart; and we all know that his characters are not men but funnily-painted puppets, though sometimes a human truth is spoken out of their wooden mouths which startles us as if a stock or stone had spoken. Professing extreme naturalism, he was the most unnatural of writers. Professing to draw the most familiar portion of the world around him, he lost his way and got into a world which was the most extravagant burlesque of that he had left behind, a region whose inhabitants habitually made harlequins and pantaloons and clowns of themselves, where pantomimic transformations were continually occurring, things becoming men and men things, and one thing becoming another, until all was a chaos. The closest of observers, he was the worst of describers. The distant hills of the landscape he looked upon were as near to him as the pebbles under his feet—he saw the grass grow upon their ridges, and strove to paint the growing of it. He had the keenest sense of a certain harmony and likeness between all things in heaven and earth; but trying to express it, instead of showing how all things were parts of an universal whole, he made each other than it was. That a writer, when attempting to copy the commonest phases of life, should be betrayed by his imagination into inventing an altogether ideal world, with, inhabitants unreal as the shadows in Plato's cave, is a fact that would seem at once to separate him broadly from the naturalists. Dickens's first fame, as it seems to us, was a pseudo fame. He will never live because of his truthful representations of nature, or because of his insight into human character, or because of his photographs of the manners and customs of the time. So long as his books do live it must be from other and even opposite causes. His original wit and talent of grotesque and exaggerated description caught the public ear by their strangeness at first; and people instantly attributed to him a power of depicting low life, because they happened to be low-life puppets who were exhibited in this new species of writing. But among thoughtful persons his fame will rest by no means on his talent for describing simple nature high or low, but on his literary art. We must pass on to the book in hand. Briefly let us write, that, comparing "Great Expectations" with the "Sketches by Boz," we should pronounce "Great Expectations" to be the legitimate offspring of Dickens's true genius, and the sketches to be mere abortional fruit of an immature tree. In the legends

introduced into his earliest works, in "Oliver Twist," in a "Tale of Two Cities," we may trace, step by step, the over-mastering of false naturalism by native romanticism. However much Wilkie Collins has influenced him, it has been not against but with the grain. This romance of "Great Expectations" is a little too much like "The Woman in White." It would be difficult to point out the precise points of resemblance. If analyses of both plots were placed side by side we should find that that of the later book was even carefully rendered different from that of the earlier. Still the stories are of the same kind, and affect us in the same manner. As "Elsie Venner" could not have been written unless "Transformation" had been written; so, though in a less degree, this book could not have been written unless "The Woman in White" had been written. The readers of "All the Year Round" must begin to feel this painfully. The plot runs thus: Pip, hero and autobiographer, has no connection by blood with any of the characters who help on the action of the piece. Pip in early childhood succours an escaped convict, feeding him and procuring a file for the removal of his fetters. This convict, afterwards transported for life, grows rich abroad, and in gratitude devotes all his riches to the service of Pip. The first volume brings Pip up to the crisis when it is made known to him that he is heir to a great fortune at the hands of some unknown benefactor. In the meantime Pip, brought up as a blacksmith with the husband of his sister, has been introduced to an eccentric maiden-lady named Havisham. Living with her is a beautiful girl, called Estella. With Estella, Pip of course falls in love. He has always dim hopes that Miss Havisham will do something for him. When he hears of his good fortune he at once decides that Miss Havisham is his benefactress. Jaggers, Miss Havisham's lawyer, is the medium chosen by the convict to convey his good intentions to Pip. Jaggers, Miss Havisham's confidential man, is established as Pip's guardian. Jaggers, seeing Pip's supposition, never gainsays it by a word. Moreover, Miss Havisham herself, seeing the same, fools him to the top of his bent. He is made to believe that Estella is intended for his wife. This Estella, Miss Havisham (a person who has been jilted when young) has educated to revenge her injuries upon the whole race of man. Pip is one victim; moreover, Pip serves to Miss Havisham as a thorn in the sides of her harpy relations, who are eager after her wealth. The second volume finds Pip a gentleman, in London, believing Miss Havisham to be his benefactress, regulating his behaviour with an eye to her satisfaction, and with an eye to his future wedding with the charming Estella. Most of the scenes in this volume are irrelevant, and the conduct of the story is disappointing. We are introduced to some impossible puppets, after the manner of Dickens; the volume is a series of episodes having little bearing on the main story. We might have expected a con-

trast of luxury and extravagance here to the old blacksmith life—a preparation by exquisite sensitiveness of honour and position, and so forth, that should make the discovery of the convict-origin of his wealth fall with the greater force. We find nothing of the kind. Pip does not enter high life; he gets but moderately into debt; his nerves do not become exquisitely sensitive. He of course cuts Joe, the blacksmith (what else could he do? particularly when instigated thereto by Estella); and he comes to look upon those youthful dealings with the convict as the black spot in his life—the one action thereof which makes him unfit for the companionship of Estella. Volume the second ends with the return home of the convict, who, having escaped, enters England at the peril of his life. The convict discovers himself to Pip as his secret benefactor; and thus Pip is saddled with the hiding of this terrible monster, and finds all his air-castles blown to the winds. At the same time Estella becomes engaged in marriage to a youthful enemy of Pip's. Volume the third (by far the best portion of the book) is occupied with the account of Pip's hiding of the convict, his attempts at escaping with him, and the final capture and death of that unhappy person. The suspense and excitement is kept up, from beginning to end, with admirable skill. There are episodes here too, but all of the horrible kind; and these, whether intentionally or not so, help on the excitement of this part of the story. Miss Havisham is rescued from burning by Pip. Pip is tied up hand and foot by a bloodthirsty villain, and, so, threatened with death. (By the way, though as a short story this scene would be excellent, it is thoroughly out of place here.) The plot, such as it is, evolves itself in this volume. A man named Compeyson, an old accomplice of the convict, now inimical to him, turns out to be the person who had formerly jilted Miss Havisham. Estella turns out to be the daughter of Mr. Jaggers's housekeeper. More wonderful than all, the convict turns out to be Estella's father. That such a series of disentanglements does not appear very ludicrous in the reading says much for the skill of the story-teller. Finally, Pip goes abroad (all the convict's wealth having been confiscated to the Crown), and, returning after an absence of many years, meets Estella—a charming widow—among the ruins of Satis House, Miss Havisham's former residence. We are led to suppose that they lived happily ever after. Now, we cannot praise this plot. The queer coincidences with regard to Estella, her papa and mamma, cannot be put down as anything but most impossible absurdities. The account of jilted Miss Havisham and her wedding-cake is stolen bodily out of Mr. Wilkie Collins's brains. For all this, the story goes well. The suspense of the last volume cannot be surpassed. A man who can make us hold our breath cannot be denied literary skill. Let us bow to that, and let others discuss the absurdities, each for himself. As for the characters, those who know Mr. Dickens's ideal

world, and can translate the ghosts thereof into the real flesh and blood of this world, will discover in Mr. Jaggery a notable creation; also in Joe Gargery they will discover some glimpses of a human soul that will be like enough to blind their eyes with tears. The book as a story is utterly inferior to "A Tale of Two Cities." The lovers of fun will find but little facetiousness in it; but to those who respect the magical art which can stir their blood by mere words, this book will seem to have in it elements of a higher success in that art than Mr. Dickens has yet achieved. J. A.

JEST AND EARNEST: OR THE LUDLAM PAPERS. By Godfrey Turner. (*Kent & Co., Paternoster-row*, 1861.)—Those who know how vast a quantity of excellent writing lies buried in obscure and forgotten "back-numbers" of magazines and periodicals, will be glad to hear that another clever man has ventured to plunge into those dust abysms, and has returned with a book-full of charming tales and essays. The anonymous system which so generally prevails in English journalism has perhaps prevented Mr. Godfrey Turner's name from being so well known to the reading public as it deserves to be. It is the name of a gentleman with a very keen eye, a very clear head, and a very warm and generous heart. All these qualities of his will readily enough be discerned by the purchasers of his book, and it is in the hope of adding to the number of that class that we pen the present notice. Mr. Turner, in the very outset, has chosen to adopt a name which is connected with somewhat mixed associations, not all of the best or pleasantest kind: "the impressions here recorded, the ideas set down, the opinions advanced, the sentiments avowed, are Cockney sentiments, Cockney opinions, Cockney impressions, Cockney ideas." Mr. Turner should know best, but we cannot willingly take him at his word. Of late years the "Cockney school," which began by somewhat exaggerated rhapsodies about Nature, which was thrilled with rapture at the sight of an Alderney cow, and went into dithyrambic ecstasies whenever it met a dandelion—has rushed into the other extreme, and devoted itself to the notable task of cataloguing furniture and photographing the kitchen-dresser. It has become characterised by what we may term a sterile abundance of details. Very husky in its pathos—somewhat vulgar in its humour—it is not a school to which Mr. Turner could ever belong. His ideal of art is a much higher one—his literary style is a much purer one—than we generally meet with. Loving London as he does, and loving her with a love that has been born of a very intimate knowledge of her ways, his heart is yet warm towards the old simple country life; and the general polish and accuracy of his writing reveal the conscientious endeavour of an artist. His subjects, indeed, are chiefly city ones; but he himself exclaims, towards the close of a very graphic and vivid sketch of a London fire—"My picture, be it observed, is a picture and not photograph." Herein lies one cardinal merit of

many of his essays. They have a central thought in them, to which their details serve simply as illustrations. Without such a central thought or sentiment, a descriptive essay becomes a kind of Marine Store-shop. We can give no higher term to many productions of the so-called Cockney-school, which weary you with particularities and perplex you by the unnecessary exhibition of a hundred things in which no mortal takes an interest; and we cannot too earnestly repeat that with productions of this stamp Mr. Turner's writings are by no means to be classed. The "Jest" and "Earnest" of his book mingle very pleasantly together, and are separated by no arbitrary line of demarcation. They lie side by side, and the varying moods of the author's mind find rapid and skilful expression without too much heed of arbitrary conventionalisms. Mr. Turner's humour is not of the mere punning stamp. It belongs, as a rule, to the class of *true* Burlesque. Burlesque—the statement may be new to many admirers of Mr. Byron—Burlesque does *not* require elaborate distortion of the English tongue, and should in no case consist mainly of *that*. Mr. Turner's "Charade"—one of the happiest of his efforts—makes us laugh at the genuine fun without making us shudder at the fate of some unhappy polysyllable torn, twisted, and tortured into a vulgar phrase. Again, whilst Mr. Turner knows how to be humorous without grinning through a horse-collar, he knows how to be pathetic without throwing himself about in spasmodic agonies. Very tender and delicate, and all the more touching through their absence of exaggeration, are many passages scattered through his essays and stories. This book is not one to be fairly judged by extracts. Carefully writing *within* his strength, he has produced few of those startling paragraphs which are known, we believe, as "bits of fat." He writes quietly, equably, with no lack of vigour, but with no ostentation of it. When he paints London scenes, he does not blind you with glaring colours; when he tells you a simple story he does not weary you by metaphysical refinements. Earnest he is, but his earnestness, like his humour—like his pathos, is unobtrusive. That he has the strength within him for higher things than any contained in this volume, few will doubt who peruse the book to its close, and few who begin it are likely to halt midway. We can very honestly commend it to our readers as one of the most charming volumes of its class that it has been our good fortune to meet with, and we sincerely hope that we shall soon have the pleasure of hearing from Mr. Turner again. We quote a few sentences from "Paillasse", as fair specimens of Mr. Turner's ordinary style:

OF NEGRO MINSTRELS, AND DIVERSE OTHER VAGABONDS.

Banjo-bearing and burnt-cork-beamirched; clad in absurd garments—in quaint swallow-tail coat, short of waist, long of skirt, and fructile of button; extravagant in the matter of shirt-frill, also of collar, likewise of hat, brooch, and eyeglass—who is

it now that halts before us on the pavement? He-yah, yah, yah! [the reader will kindly supply a short spasmodic whistle, unspeakable by phonetic or other means]. This is the Minstrel of modern Civilization. Sunshine, fog, and mizzly rain, find him singing "Mary Blane," or the later nigger strain "Hoop de dooden doo!" All his riches, zear and wide—all his care and all his pride—all his everything beside—"Hoop de dooden doo!" All his life a dreary laugh—making, in its own behalf, Requiem and Epitaph, "Hoop de dooden do!"

What shall be said of him—of Pallasse I mean—socially, and politically? What figure does he make in the Census returns? Is he liable to Income Tax, under Schedule A or B? Would it be proper to admit him to the Franchise? Has he a right to any opinion on the point, himself? What is his relation to the Dr. Smiles' view of Progress? Who is he, in short, when he's at home? I can't say. I don't like to think. I may have my imperfect ideas on the subject, but would rather not mention them. A certain popular actor was laughing but yesterday, not in a complimentary manner, at a street comedian, whom he saw, in very threadbare motley, amusing a miscellaneous audience in the neighbourhood of the Strand. The poorer of the two players, feeling the ridicule, paused in his entertainment. "Stop a bit," he said, looking sternly in the face of his fortunate brother; "stop a bit," he said, in a hoarse, very much out-of-door kind of voice, "don't laugh:—I was one of you once!"

It was a just rebuke, and a solemn warning. It was, perhaps, more. The instinct of the Vagabond spoke out there, I think. The "profession" (as regular actors like to call their microcosmal guild) has become a deal too respectable. Let us have back again the old Vagabond theory, by all means and for all sakes. Let the poor player, as of yore, be typical of life in his uncertain coming and going, in his exits and his entrances, in the many parts he has to play, in his little hour wherein he frets and struts, in his unsubstantial seeming. "The best in this kind," says honest Duke Theuesis, in the most poetical of all dramatic poems:—and if I were manager of a theatre to-morrow, I would have the words inscribed over my proscenium:—"The best in this kind are but Shadows, and the worst are no worse, if Imagination amend them."

'TEN YEARS' DIGGINGS IN CELTIC AND SAXON GRAVE HILLS, IN THE COUNTIES OF DERBY, STAFFORD, AND YORK, FROM 1848 TO 1858. By Thomas Bateman. (*London: J. R. Smith, 36, Soho-square*).—It is very rarely that a reviewer sits down to his task under more melancholy circumstances than those present. The earliest copies of the book above mentioned had only just reached the hands of the author's private friends when they were startled and saddened by the announcement of his death, after a few days' illness, and in the prime of life. But, though thus short, it had been a life so industriously employed, as to gather up into it many admirable results and worthy labours. A country gentleman, of large fortune, and residing in the loveliest portion of the Peak of Derbyshire, Mr. Bateman did justice to his inherited tastes of an antiquarian character; and in a particular department, that of British ethnology, lived to win an European reputation.

He did for his native county of Derbyshire what Sir Richard Colt Hoare did for Wiltshire, and the Rev. Bryan Faussett and the Rev. James Douglas did for Kent. Indeed, he did more. They, except in a single case or two, did not preserve the human relics they disinterred; whilst their successor, thoroughly well acquainted with comparative anatomy, preserved these sacred relics, arranged them in his museum, where together they form a splendid collection, and as such have been visited by the chief foreign and English ethnologists. But the services Mr. Bateman's labours is rather for an age to come, when scientific men and thinkers shall from this and other storehouses of the kind, elicit such inductions as to race and physical progress, as may be of the utmost value to science and sociological ethics. Mr. Bateman's father preceded him as a barrow digger on the Derbyshire moors; but, dying in 1845, his labours were continued by his son. The result of the earliest of these is recorded in the "Vestiges of Antiquities in Derbyshire," published in 1848; whilst the volume before us gives the result of explorations since that date. In the spring of that year, a burrow was re-opened near Arborlow, the great Druidical temple, which is to Derbyshire what Stonehenge is to Wiltshire. Its topmost interment had been broken up by the plough; but the original interment was presently reached, in a kind of rude cist or enclosure, formed by ten shapeless masses of limestone.

The persons thus interred [says Mr. Bateman] consisted of a female in the prime of life, and a child of about four years of age; the former had been placed on the floor of the grave on her left side, with the knees drawn up; the child was placed above her and rather behind her shoulders: they were surrounded and covered with innumerable bones of the water-vole or rat, and near the woman was a cow's tooth, an article uniformly found with the more ancient interments. Round her neck was a necklace of variously shaped beads and other trinkets of jet and bone, curiously ornamented. The various pieces of this compound ornament are 420 in number... Altogether the necklace is the most elaborate production of the pre-metallic period I have seen. The skull, in perfect preservation, is beautiful in its proportions, and has been selected to appear in the *Crania Britannica* as the type of the ancient British female.

The following is a picture of an interment, that carries us back in imagination to the most primeval times.

Underneath the large stones lay the skeleton of a man in the prime of life and of fine proportions, apparently the sole occupant of the mound, who had been interred whilst enveloped in a skin of dark red colour, the hairy surface of which had left many traces both upon the surrounding earth and upon the verdigris or patina coating a bronze axe-shaped celt and dagger, deposited with the skeleton. On the former weapon, there are also beautifully distinct impressions of fern leaves, handfuls of which in a compressed and half-decayed state, surrounded the bones from head to foot. From these leaves being discernible on one side of the celt only, whilst the other side presents traces of leather alone, it is certain that the leaves were placed first as a couch

for the reception of the corpse with its accompaniments, and, after these had been deposited, were then further added in quantity sufficient to protect the body from the earth... Close to the head were one small black bead of jet and a circular flint; in contact with the left arm lay a bronze dagger with a very sharp edge, having two rivets for the attachment of the handle, which was of horn, the impression of the grain of that substance being quite distinct around the studs."

In the summer of the same year a tumulus was opened, which contained, amongst other things,

A small bronze box, or canister with a lid to slide on, measuring altogether two inches high and the same in diameter. When found it was much crushed, but still retained, inside, remains of thread, and bore on the outside impressions of linen cloth. Close to it were two bronze pins or broken needles, and a mass of corroded iron, some of which has been wire chain-work connected with a small bronze ornament with five perforations plated with silver and engraved with a cable pattern, near which were two iron implements of larger size, the whole comprising the girdle and chatelaine with appendages of a Saxon lady. Many pieces of hazel stick were found in contact with these relics, which were probably the remains of a basket in which they were placed at the funeral.

These few extracts will suffice to show the very interesting character of this volume, which, in connexion with Mr. Bateman's previous work, "*Vestiges of the Antiquities of Derbyshire*," is of the utmost value to the anatomist and ethnologist. The results of all these varied diggings, in pottery, gold ornaments, bronze work, and other relics, are carefully preserved in the Museum at Lombardale, many of the skeletons beautifully articulated, and the whole forming a noble monument of the patient research and untiring industry, of one whose name will far outlive his generation.—E. M.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S JOURNAL. (19, Langham Place, Regent Street; Kent and Co., Paternoster-row).—The September part of our contemporary contains, amongst other interesting matter, an abridged account of the

proceedings of the Social Science Congress in Dublin, or, rather, of that department of them, in which the ladies connected with this journal appeared. We are glad to find our own view of Mrs. Overend's proposal, occurring simultaneously to a correspondent of the E. W. J.—who signs herself "A Member of the Committee of the Association for the Employment of Women," and who indignantly repudiates the idea that ladies who seek employment are ashamed of their labour, and justly observes that if they do exist they are not fit to be trusted with work—an opinion in which we very sincerely agree with her. Mrs. Fison's paper on "The Institutions of Hofwyl" is an exceedingly interesting one. Our favourite subject, in a literary point of view, "Fruits in their Season," is not yet finished, but continues its pleasant garden gossip most agreeably. Eden is never described but Adam is introduced; so it is impossible to speak of the Fruits of Civilization, horticulturally considered, without reference to the introducers and famous growers of them, with all the various anecdotes in connection with their ancient and modern history. So the theme burgeons as it proceeds; and we must say that, long as it has been continued, we shall be sorry when it is concluded.

MAGNET STORIES: THE SHEPHERD LORD. By Julia Corner. (*Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster-row*).—In this very pretty story our young friends will find the interesting facts of the life of the "good Lord Clifford" embodied; him who, having suffered thirty years for the sins of his father, distinguished as "the butcher," who in cold blood murdered the boy Earl of Rutland, a lad of fourteen years of age, was subsequently restored to his title and estates, and won by his virtues the happy title by which the poets have remembered him. Miss Corner is so intimate with historical facts, and so well known to the youthful public, that her name is a promise of pleasant reading. In the present tale she has used so slight a thread of fiction to combine the real occurrences of the past, that the "all truth" which childhood so eagerly asks for, is really found in the principal and most adventurous details of this story.

THE TOILET.

(Specially from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—White mualin dress, the skirt trimmed with a number of narrow flounces placed on the bias, and surmounted by a headed flounce traversed by a puffing, in which a ponceau ribbon is run. Body gathered. Round waist. The sleeves have two puffs and four frills on the shoulder. Duchess sash of white ribbon, bordered with pon-

ceau, or whatever colour may be run in the skirt trimming. Tuscan hat, trimmed with a wreath of cherries and a black velvet bow. On the hair a Greek net of red chenille, with loops of velvet.

SECOND FIGURE.—Dress of Mozambique, check-pattern, green and blue. On the skirt a headed flounce as high as the knee. The crosses which



decorate the heading are composed of green and blue ribbon. Body high, with a waistband and clasp. Sleeves half wide, plaited at the top. The whole trimmed with ribbon crosses, like those on the skirt. Muslin collar and under-sleeves. *Burnous* of the same material as the dress. Bonnet of white crinoline, trimmed with blue ribbon and white roses.

The continued warmth of the temperature, which, while I write, is almost tropical at Paris, has overturned the preparations for splendid autumn effects; and vaporous turlatane enamelled with flowers, and robe of gauze, either flowered or spangled, continue to form the most charming toilets. These fabrics are either trimmed with flounces, or made with a triplet of skirts falling one over the other. Robes of plain white muslin, or of muslin embroidered, are worn over either white or coloured transparencies, and are universally popular and becoming.

Then there are white *piqués*, and *piqués* coloured maze or mauve; the tissue *Mozambique*, silk and woollen *grenadines*, *popélinettes*, new *baréges*, and a host of other pretty materials; for industry is always making fresh efforts.

A new *ceinture*—the *ceinture dragonne*—is very graceful, whether of silk or ribbon. It has behind two little ends, fastened with fancy buttons, which may be as luxurious as can be desired, and forms a corslet in front, fastening at the side with two ends encircled with lace or quilted ribbon. This *ceinture* is made in two shades, which may be black and violet, cerise and white, mauve and white, according to the shades of the robe, or that prevail in the toilet. I recommend it as a very gracious innovation, breaking up the uniformity of white robes, and transforming a single one into many toilets. One

sees the most charming and radiant toilets at the various balls. Here are two or three models for you: A simple robe of white turlatane terminated by a deep flounce, surmounted by a full *ruche* of turlatane *découpée*. Corsage draped behind and before. In the hair a *ruche* at one side, and a tuft of white violets on the other. Again, a robe of very thin Indian muslin, the flounce lined with rose-coloured *taffetas*. One other, and I have done: A robe of sky-blue silk, with six little flounces at the bottom of the skirt, each flounce garnished with a bias of white silk; these flounces traverse the robe to one side, where they are finished with a bow of ribbon. The corsage is a *bertha* of full *tulle* illusion, quadrilled with blue ribbon velvet; this *gorgerette* is surrounded with two little flounces to correspond with the trimming of the skirt, bordered by sprays of rose foliage, with a large full-blown white rose on the bosom and on the shoulders. Sprays of *Thé* roses and their foliage, also decorate the ornaments that traverse the skirt. The *coiffure* is of *Thé* roses, disposed *à la* Greek.

With this very radiant toilet we observed a marvellous Arab *burnous* of white Algerian tissue, with great glands and tassels, white and gold.

The form of bonnets has not changed with the commencement of a new season, but the ornaments offer extreme variety. For bonnets *de visite* plumes are much in vogue. A pretty bonnet for dem-toilet is composed of Belgian straw, upon the front three ranks of blue plaited ribbon, at the side a tuft of blue daisies, and *bandeau* of the same flowers in the interior. Another, of white crinoline ornamented with roses, with curtain and strings of black *taffeta*, is simple, but effective.

PASSING EVENTS RE-EDITED.

Philanthropy has just now taken a turn in the direction of creatures that really cannot help themselves, and are therefore not likely to be rendered more feeble and inert by amiable interference. It is pleasant to find practical men engaged in the destruction of ignorant prejudices, and proving that nothing is ultimately gained by working against Nature; that the perfectibility of creation is established in the most apparently trivial as in the sublimest of the Almighty's works, and that literally a sparrow cannot fall to the ground out of its appointed time but that defects in the great system follow. For a long series of years farmers have carried on a war of extermination against certain members of the animal world. Owls, weasels, stoats, sparrows, and moles have been regarded as their special enemies, and a price has been set upon their lives. Even our too scarce songsters, the blackbirds and thrushes, because they sometimes cleared their

mellifluous throats with juice of cherries, or dipped their beaks into the luscious pear, were shot down without mercy; as if their cheery whistling and wood-notes wild were not an ample payment for the trespass. In vain men of science and humanity pointed to the slightness of the mischief compared with the services and the delight they rendered. The filmy eye of ignorance saw the birds pecking the buds in spring, and the marks of their dainty beaks upon the ripe fruits in autumn; but they could not understand how much of the crop had been preserved to them by the soft-billed songsters, who had destroyed few buds indeed compared with the myriads of destructive insects of which, if left to their natural work, they would have cleared the trees. In some districts, twenty years ago, the matter was not left in private hands; but the churchwardens, on behalf of agricultural villages, promised to pay so much per dozen for sparrows' heads; so that the

destruction of these useful little birds in the wise economy of Nature was, in some seasons and in some localities, almost general. Moles in the same way were ruthlessly destroyed, and these, the greatest checks to the increase of insect-life upon the earth and under it, being in a large proportion removed, the real destructives to corn-lands and orchard-produce have of late years so materially injured our field and garden-crops, that even thoughtless persons have begun to inquire the reason of it. In France the question has received public attention at the hands of scientific men, who have fully established the services of the sparrow, the song-birds, and other hitherto ill-used animal-friends of man; and have claimed for them, on the most practical grounds, the consideration and protection of gardeners and agriculturists. The publicity given to the inquiries of the French Commissioners has had the effect of ventilating the subject in our own provincial papers, and I find extracts from the *Gardener's Chronicle*, *Journal of Horticulture*, and other similar works, circulating up and down in country districts, all bearing evidence to the active use of hedgehogs, toads, moles, black-birds, thrushes, and sparrows, in keeping down the rapid increase of slugs, snails, caterpillars, earth and wire-worms—the favourite food of the mole.

A practical gardener, writing in the *Journal of Horticulture*, states that he has seen a pair of sparrows with a second brood pass eight times in nine minutes from some gooseberry bushes which were infested with caterpillars to their nest, each time with caterpillars in their beaks. The insects had attacked the bushes, in great force, about the first of August; on the third he perceived the sparrows busy with them; and by the eighth the caterpillars were all gone. This witness in favour of feathered bipeds has a kind word also for other small deer hitherto tortured and trapped wherever they could be caught, and ends his letter by saying: "We have also eight or nine hedgehogs, and about twenty toads, under glass"—an effectual guard against the depre-

dations of beetles and other insects in green-houses.

In France another subject of great interest, in a social point of view, is being argued and written about: nothing less than the propriety and ultimate necessity of introducing the ancient method of disposing of the dead by cremation instead of burial. Having ourselves suggested the propriety and utility of such a mode of returning earth to earth, five years before the appearance of the *brochure* which has awakened the attention of the French and American *savants* to the subject, we may be permitted to ask of our readers a dispassionate and unprejudiced consideration of the subject. The space already occupied in cemeteries and grave-yards in Great Britain is enormous, while in proportion to the increase of the population will be the increase of these silent territories; the existence of which in the neighbourhood of crowded towns, however we may plant them with trees, or mask the hillocks of decay with flowers, are simply reservoirs of malaria and disease. We live in days when the cumbrous and expensive funeral-pyre is wholly unnecessary for the reduction of the corpse to its primitive elements. Chemistry has simpler methods, and less repugnant to the public mind, which, after all, can never have realized the abhorrent process of that reduction in the tomb, or surely the quick, innocuous, cleanly transfer of our mortal particles back to the lap of Nature would seem a thousand times preferable to the slow, unspeakable and utterly loathsome disintegration of the grave. Almost everyone professes to be indifferent to what becomes of the body after death. "It is immaterial," we have often heard it said, "where I am laid;" but we should like such persons to go one step further, and in the cause of health and economy of space for the living, bequeath their remains to be disposed of by cineration, and thus add the weight of intelligent example in breaking down the prejudices of the less liberal in old-established forms and ceremonies, since the difference of inhumation and cremation, after all, amounts to no more.

C. A. W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Summer Pool," and "Sonnet," not up to our standard.

PROSE received.—"A Quaker Burial;" "The Living Toys."

"Law of Marriage."—We decline to introduce the subject.

"The Monk's Meadow."—Pretty, but not up to par.

"Beauchamp."—We regret to vote this gentleman what we are sure his biographer is not—a bore.

P.S.—In consequence of the temporary absence of the *Editress*, further answers to Correspondents are unavoidably postponed.

M Y F I R S T P O R T R A I T .

(By the Author of the "*Photographer's Story*.")

People who go out of the beaten road, wandering away to right or left, up any of the pleasant by-paths, are sure to be looked upon as lost by those relations and friends who, stiff-necked, can see no thoroughfare save that where the crowd jostles and the dust rises. Probably friends and relations are in the right. A good man, as a good dog, should follow at the heels of something that precedes it. That is the height of its best breeding. It is only your cur who leaps the hedge and takes to the lanes. Nevertheless, for curs, there are loadstone mountains at the end of these lanes, which they cannot resist. The well-conditioned dogs do not feel the power of the magnet: the attraction for them is to the heels of the well-conditioned dogs preceding. The well-conditioned are the wisest.

I have gained little money and little fame by taking to the by-path. My uncle was senior partner in a large linen-draper's establishment. The linen-draper's business was the line of life cleared before me. Whether from the designs of the prints in stock (I think not, however; there was little in them to seduce in those days), or whether from the elegant attitudes of the young men in attendance behind the counters (I think not: I think disgust of them, above all, drove me into the by-path), I, early in life, became passionately fond of drawing. This taste was encouraged in me while a boy. My cleverness in that way was paraded, and the taste fostered. When I produced a portrait of my little sister, true and yet untrue—true in giving an abstraction of her, untrue in that every detail of the face was wrong; for I did not know how to draw—when I produced this, my uncle gave me half-a-crown. I have this early sketch by me still (as I have the finished painting, the story of which I tell here), and I wonder that the obtuse men who praised it could see in it any faintest likeness to the original. It represented the notion of my sister which I had in my own mind—a possibility such as she might have been, but certainly was not. My sister ran away with a becurled counter-jumper. The sketch which I retain, ill-drawn as it is—Well, it could not have done that.

When I grew beyond the boy, and was just beginning to feel the weight and dignity of the talent entrusted to me, then I was told that I must put away this childish thing, and take to the linen-draper's manner of life. I feel again,

as I recal that time, an ache of the cruel pain that I felt then. I have been stricken by no such sore wound in all my life since; the grief and the shame, and the uncertainty as to whether the talent which had come to be my sole aim might not be, after all, the mere childish pastime which they called it!

However, I need not dilate on this early struggle. Through strenuous opposition I became an artist: I took to the lane. Stones were thrown after me according to the desert of a cur. Still I met with friends. A local artist saw my sketches and took me by the hand: then I got to London, and found the kindest of friends in a great painter there. I became a student in the Academy; I went to Italy for three-quarters of a year; finally I set up as an artist in a tiny studio, in a quiet street not far from Rathbone Place, where the colour-sellers dwell. It is of an incident of my early days there that I now write.

Having taken to that by-path of the artist-profession, I was acknowledged by my friends, and belaboured with their advice. The only part of the artist-profession which paid was portraiture. It was not so lucrative a trade as linen-draper's, but still portrait-painting might be made to pay. To this I must apply myself: all else was child's-play. Everything is child's-play which does not bring in so much money for so much work done.

I kicked against the notion of portrait-painting. Had I not my grand ideas to work out? The transformation of Medusa, the golden hair changing into serpents, the divine beauty into fatal horror? Isabella, from "*Measure for Measure*," in the fury of her chaste rage? Vulcan the strong, stricken with the weakness of a helpless jealousy? Virginia with the first blush called up by lewd eyes on her child-face? Peter weeping bitterly? The Christ in his garden agony? I kicked against the notion of portrait-painting.

While I yet resisted my fate, my first commission for a portrait came to me. The sketch of my Medusa was on the easel. I had been at work at it that morning, and had hit upon the indefinable expression of face of which I had dreamed for so long. The face changed as you looked at it: it was all beauty; it was all a chaos; it was all horror: the golden hair glistened into snakes: the warm loving light of the eyes died in the cold magical fascination; the sweet lips stiffened into fear, into pain, into

death, into a devilish resuscitation. I was in the hour of my triumph, gulping down tears—for I did shed tears, as I think impressionable people mostly do in such moments.

Just at this time a carriage drove up to the door of the house where I lodged: I had heard it rumbling up the quiet street. The cessation of sound startled me from my reverie, and brought to an end my hurried paces to and fro. A lady was descending from the carriage as I looked out. I had no suspicion that she came to visit me. I had not yet entered upon portrait-painting, and my studio was visited by few people save brother-artists.

The small maid-of-all-work flung open my door, forgetting to knock in her trepidation.

"Please, sir, a lady wants to see you."

The lady had been left upon the stairs, but before I had time to answer she had entered.

"Good morning, Mr. Mazarine," she said.

"I wish to speak with you professionally."

The door was closed, and the servant had gone. I was busy in clearing a chair for the lady to sit down.

"I would rather walk up and down," she said; "I can speak more easily so. You paint portraits?"

Here she stopped suddenly opposite my easel, and I remained silent, while for a full minute she stood gazing on my "Medusa."

"What a ghastly face!" she cried. "What is the subject?" Then, without waiting for an answer, she went on: "You have imagination, I see. I don't care for the subject of the picture. You never saw that face, never could have seen it; and yet it is true. I recognize a truth in it. I interpret it according to my own fancy; so would everyone else. It has a thousand meanings; but the secret of it is just this, that there is a real touch of humanity in it."

The lady spoke in a rambling manner as she walked restlessly to and fro. Her accent was slightly foreign, though she spoke very quickly, as people seldom speak a language not their own. Her thoughts seemed preoccupied. She appeared as if she were accustomed to talk fluently while thinking of other things. She gesticulated with her hands, and her features had a wonderful mobility, while her eyes remained dreamy and vague. She was tall and alim, and straight as an arrow; elastic, and full of exquisite life to her finger-tips. The blood came and went in her face; her footfall had changeful intonations like a voice; her black hair stirred and waved as she moved; her beautiful hands (she carried her gloves in, not on them)—thin, fine, long—were more expressive in their undulations and expansions and contractions than most people's faces. I never saw any person to whom the body was so little an encumbrance. It seemed merely the expression of the life-principle. She gave one an idea of nudity—I mean that she did not strike one with that intolerable obtrusion of being dressed and hidden and fettered and tortured, by which one is instantly stricken on

sight of all other persons. Dress, whether of stolid flesh or cumbrous drapery, fell away from her, and left her disfogged!

"You have imagination," she said: "have you the mastery of it? Can you give it rein, and at the same time keep it well in hand?"

I stammered and blundered in answer. I felt a very secondary person in my own studio. Brought down suddenly from my empyrean, my abstract Medusa faced and outfaced by this exquisite vision of life, I was bewildered and confused. This woman, with her perfection of nature, made me feel no longer a genius, but a slave.

"You paint portraits?" she asked again, still pacing up and down.

"No," I said; "I am not a portrait-painter. My aims in art are higher and better."

She gave a swift glance round the room. On the walls, on easels, on chairs, leaning against the wainscot, or tumbling from portfolios, were my sketches.

A motion of her hand asked me "What are these?"

"Not a single portrait," I answered.

"All portraits," she exclaimed with an emphasis of the foot; "every one."

She pointed to a Virginia; to a Miranda, dreaming of Ferdinand; to a Marguerite, devil-tempted in the church; to an Angelo, his cold blood hissing into burning lust; to a Leontes, stung by jealousy; to an Oedipus, looking his last upon the light of day.

As I explained, she said of each one, "A portrait."

I had never before observed, a peculiarity—I suppose an imperfection—of my artist-talent. All of these sketches consisted of one figure only. I had not the power then, I have not the power now, of painting a dramatic scene. I should never have thought of painting the lewd eyes of Appius in the same picture with the blush on Virginia's face. Appius might have been a separate study; but the two passions, even though they thus came together as immediate cause and effect, I could not have painted upon the same canvas. I honestly confess that I approve of my own practice. An ordinary picture is to me but a collection of incongruous figures. The passion of one creature is enough to fill the whole soul of an artist while he bodies it forth. Having perfected the one figure, when he passes on to others the tone of his mind has changed—he paints in a different key. Even the sight of the complete figure, the knowledge that face is separated from face by only the space of a few inches, that drapery crosses and contrasts with drapery—this knowledge would utterly prevent me from concentrating my powers on the new passion and the new figure. The crimson of Virginia's face would tame down the bestial fire in the eyes of Appius.

In the concentration of thought entirely on one passion and one face, each picture of mine was, in a sense, a portrait. As the lady said, pointing to one after another, "A portrait—a

portrait," this peculiarity struck me forcibly for the first time.

"I want you to paint a portrait for me," she went on, as she resumed her paces to and fro.

I was silent. The temptation was great. To have painted this glorious woman would have created a new era in my art-life.

"You must devote yourself to your work," she continued. "You shall name your own price—a hundred guineas, five hundred guineas, what you like. But until the portrait is complete you must put your hand to nothing else."

"I do not want money for such work," I answered; and I spoke from the heart, and not impudently; as an artist, not as a young man. "I would give you money to let me paint you, if I had money."

"My poor boy!" she said, with a beautiful compassion for my enthusiasm. "It is not my own face that I want painted. It is the face of a dead man."

In my surprise I was silent for a time. Then I said, earnestly, "I will do what you tell me; I would do anything for you."

"A dead man—a dead man—a dead man," she repeated to herself as she went to and fro.

"I am to paint," I asked, hesitatingly—"I am to paint from the—the corpse?"

"No," she answered. "Buried long ago, and lying hundreds of miles from here."

Again surprise made me silent.

"You have a likeness of him—some miniature or chalk sketch, or—"

"None," she cried. "Why should I come to you, if I had a portrait of him already?"

After a long pause of consternation, I said: "What, then, do you wish me to do?"

"You think me mad," she said. "I do not wonder at it. You have not thought of the possibility of this as I have. But it is possible; it can be done, and shall be done, and you must do it. Hush!" she went on, silencing me with a motion of the hand. "Do not speak until you have thoroughly grasped this notion. You are to paint the portrait of this dead man, whom you have never seen, whose dead face you cannot see, of whom there is no likeness left. The sole record that remains of him is one little lock of hair."

I was full of bewilderment and amazement. I had passed through extraordinary revulsions of feeling in the interchange of these few sentences. The sudden giving up of all my determinations against portrait-painting; the delight in anticipation of painting so exquisite a creature; the disappointment of this anticipation; the shock on the supposition that I was to paint from the face of a corpse. I cannot describe how the contrast affected me, between my first hope of having for my model this woman so brimful of the essence of life, and the idea of copying the stark dead face. Lastly, the blank astonishment and dismay that the lady's final explanations caused me—all these conflicting emotions struck me dumb and helpless.

"It is impossible," I said, at last. "You ask what neither I nor anyone else can do."

"It is *not* impossible," she cried, with another emphasis of the slender foot. "This dead man has more life for me than you have. I can see him now more plainly than I can see you. All the world is full of him to me. I see portions of him in other people; I hear echoes of his voice in other voices. I distinguish a foot-fall like his among all the thousand foot-falls of the streets. Patterns on carpets and on walls take for me the outline of his features. His face starts out of the darkness; his figure haunts me in long avenues of dreary country places. In crowded rooms, I see his reflection in the glasses. What do you talk of life and death? For me this man alone lives, and all others are ghosts."

"You can draw?" I asked. "If ever so little, you can draw?"

"Not a stroke. I have tried to learn.... Should I come to you if I could do for myself what I demand of you?"

"You must learn to draw," I said. "I will teach you."

"I cannot learn," she cried vehemently. "That is denied me by the curse of God. Do you think I have not tried all means before I sought out you? I have had better masters than you can be. You are not to be my tutor, sir, but my slave. I *will* have you do this thing for me."

The lady was in the right. It was more impossible for me to disobey her commands than to attempt the impossibility she commanded. After vainly re-asserting the impracticability, I came to the helpless inquiry, how the thing was to be done.

"Are there any relations of this dead man whom I can see?" I asked. "Anyone with any faintest resemblance to him?"

"None."

"Any chance likeness of him in another person? Chance likenesses are very common."

"None; at least none that can serve your purpose."

"Impossible!" I said again.

"You artists, whether you write or whether you paint," she broke out bitterly, "you artists pretend to a magical insight. You conjure up an Othello; and you say this is the man whom Shakespeare saw—this, and no other. This creature of a poet's brain, which never had an existence, which comes to you through a few antiquated words, half of which you cannot understand, this shadow of a shadow you fashion forth. Look at your own pictures:—Miranda you call this one, Marguerite that, and you say that they are the veritable creatures, which Shakespeare and Goëthe thought into being. I tell you to paint a man who really lived on this earth. I am here to be questioned—I am here to describe—to tear out of my heart every word he ever spoke to me—to tell you what he was to me. Perhaps I saw him untruly. That is nothing; I tell you to paint him as I knew and know him. Look into my eyes; your *insight* will find something of him there. Look at my

hand; it has clung to his until some form and seal of his must be left indelibly behind. Look at my smile; I learned the trick of his in days gone by. Listen to my voice, transpose the treble into bass; mine is as some weak echo of his. Take me as I am—I am not my own, but his: I am a part of him. I am your book; study me. I will describe: I will answer ten thousand questions. I will sing to you the songs that he loved, I will read to you the reading that he approved, I will tell you of our talk, I will show you his letters, you shall see the one lock of hair. I say that it is *not* impossible; and you *shall* do it.^v

I can give but a faint impression of the torrent of her words here. I have put into her mouth but stilted common-places. I cannot help it. Her rapid utterance was not so much language as vocal thought. As one saw in her neither drapery nor flesh, but life; so one read thought and passion, not speech, in what she uttered.

"Now, you will paint me this portrait," she said, with recovered calmness, after a long silence.

"I will try," I said.

"I will not ask you to be secret. I will trust you. I am more certain that you will not betray me than if you had sworn the most solemn oaths. The first thing to tell you," she continued, "is my history; how I came to know this dead man, what we were to each other. There is that in the dead face. You must be told it."

I cannot disclose the details of her story. There were no names mentioned. I never learned her name. The story was a sad, not an uncommon, one: A young girl sold to an old man for money: a guilty love: the paramour had gone to India, with his regiment, and had died there, shot through the heart in battle, about a year before. This was all.

"There is *that* in the dead face," she said, and, as I write it, I recall Tennyson's description of Lancelot:

"The great and guilty love he bare the Queen,
In battle with the love he bare his lord,
Had marred his face, and marked it ere his time.
Another sinning on such heights with one,
The flower of all the west and all the world,
Had been the sleeker for it; but, in him,
His mood was often like a fiend, and rose
And drove him into wastes and solitudes
For agony, who was yet a living soul."

The lady, after her first burst of passion, went on with a wonderful calmness. Her strange determination had evidently been formed for a long time, and she had thought out all the details with a morbid acuteness. The story told, she drew from her bosom a locket, in which was a curl of light brown hair. She confided to me, in the next place, the Christian name of the dead man. He could have had no other name save that, it seemed to her; this was another link in the chain of circumstantial evidence.

She described to me accurately his person,

his manner, his tastes. She had the talent of describing. The picture that she had in her mind she could present to another. How she did this I cannot tell. I have said that the thought came through her language so vividly that one took no note of the words. Her description was like a sketch. But not only by voice, but by action of undulating hands, of emphatic foot, of all the light and shadow of her expressive face, she gave life to the image she sought to impress.

A shadow gathered itself together before me, dim, vague; its features shrouded, its figure wrapped in gloom—an indistinct form, but still a form. As by long study of a poet's writing one feels his creation gradually coming forth—such and no other, having a personality entirely its own; so a new image, distinct from all others, began to rise in my imagination as she spoke. How true or how false I cannot say. What two men read the same poet precisely alike? What poet has ever said to the artist, "You have made my creature visible to others as I see it."

On this first day she was careful, I think, to give me only a general idea of the man I was to paint—the history, the name, the light brow hair, the description of him as a whole. Just as a lover, seeing his future mistress for the first time, carries away with him a vague impression of her as separated off from all the other girls, and yet scarcely knows the colour of her eyes or the contour of her cheek; so I gained at this time but a general impression of the person she described. The lover learns afterwards his mistress by heart, trait by trait, line by line; and thus I learned this terrible figure, until at length I could see nothing, paint nothing, but the one face.

The lady's carriage returned for her. She shook hands frankly with me, saying, "I trust you. Remember you put hand to no work till I come to you to-morrow morning. Think of my portrait; dream of it; let it never leave your mind for a moment!"

When the sound of her carriage had died away I turned from the window, and took down my Medusa from the easel. What a change had come over me in the short time since I sobbed over my success in her beautiful horror! That picture was turned towards the wall. I sat down before my blank easel, thinking, thinking. The lady had had no need to say, "Let it never leave your mind for a moment."

"A spirit passed before my face. It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof." So it is written in the book of Job; and such a terror of the formless presence as came upon the seer there came upon me. All day, whether in the streets or at home, I was haunted by this shape, "if shape it might be called, that shape had none." I was eager to grasp it; to force it to give up to me its hidden lineaments; to assume some definite form, false or true. I could not and dare not. I longed to take my pencil and compel out of this shadow some visible presentment. The commands laid upon me by the lady prevented this. I had entered upon the

work. I felt that this was a first stage that must be gone through. I had laid aside the notion of impossibility, and felt the artist's all-mastering and patient desire of success. To think—that was all I could do as yet; the time for working had not yet come. All night I dreamed of it; never for a moment did it gain definiteness. There it lay, an embryo—to grow into form only through painful and weary time.

I say that I had given up the notion of the impossibility of the thing. To a reader of this story, laying the case plainly before him, this will seem absurd. To humour and deceive a crazed woman at the price of so many guineas would be understandable; but that, after consenting to undertake this work, I should persuade myself into belief of the remotest hope of any success, must seem incomprehensible. The reader argues from a different stand-point to that which I occupied. The project once entertained, the previous notion of its impossibility was shut out. What best means to employ was the consideration henceforth, not the uselessness of employing any means at all. I was, as it were, in a dream, which, though logical in its own boundaries, could be fitted on to no premises of the daylight world—not an uncommon state of mind with the artist.

At the same hour on the following morning the lady came again. We met as old friends, and she entered at once upon the business in hand.

"You have obeyed me?" she asked, with one of her sad, winning smiles. "You have not been painting?"

"I have obeyed you; and will obey you to the very letter in all you command me."

"You artists," she said, "as I have read and know, have your early simple lessons in the drawing of the human face. There are different types of face, markedly distinct from each other, to one or other of which, or to some recognizable blending of which, all human faces may be assigned. These types you represent by mere simple lines, which of course you have by heart. Now, draw these for me."

This I did, and from the hasty sketches thus made, one was selected and put aside as the primary type (without individuality, without expression) of the face wanted.

Again: she spoke of the "temperaments." Of these she had read in some old book, and said she believed in them as guides in the matter in hand. In coloured crayons I made another series of sketches, and from these again one was chosen and put aside.

The day was far spent by this time. While I had been sketching she had been impressing on me prominent points of the history told in brief the day before. Of the family of the dead man, of the manner of his bringing up, of the scenes in which he had lived, of the changes which he had gone through, she spoke, giving me, according to her talent, not words, but her own thoughts.

When she left, she again laid her commands

on me that I must on no account attempt to draw the face—to draw at all—as yet. One day intervened before her next visit. During that space I had in some sort assimilated, as I remember, my first dim formless impression with the sketches selected on the second visit.

Again, at the next sitting, I drew sketches. The passions: we artists, she had heard, had definite expression for each passion—coarse and general hints, no doubt, but still having in them some truth: such a downward curve of the lip for such a passion; such a contraction of the eye-lid for another; such a wrinkling of the forehead or puckering of the cheeks for another.

I sketched off the old rude formulæ—a mapping out of the emotions into hyperbolic figures, not unlike the mapping out of the stars on a celestial globe. Then I softened down these exaggerated signs. I illustrated by my own old sketches. I showed the difference between love in the face of a Miranda and of a Juliet. I contrasted the base jealousy of a Leontes with the demoniac possession of an Othello. I put side by side child-Cleopatra blushing under the first gaze of Antony, and Virginia. Degrees of passion broadening into contrasts; the virtue that is vice; the love that is hate; the pride that is shame—such subjects came out of our morning's lesson.

Then we passed on from the fleeting expressions of passion, which pass over the countenance like shadows over hills, to that settled influence which any one passion long obeyed will stamp upon the features. Child-Cleopatra, in her quasi-innocence, was contrasted with the brazen harlot in whose lap Antony lounged away his life.

Upon the chosen type of face, these fleeting expressions of passion, these settled influences of passion, were tried. Something came out of this. "So he looked at such a time"—and the incident was told. "Not like that—change, soften. Now it is better." All this; and the dead face seemed to stir within its grave.

* * * * *

I cannot write the history of day by day. The ingenuity of my patroness in gathering together every smallest detail which might help to bring home to me the character and the person of her dead lover, is the most marvellous matter that I have ever known.

One day she brought a collection of engravings—some old and shabby, some new and tawdry, some scarce and fine, evidently a collection made through years, gathered together month by month, from all places, and with always the same object. In some figure in each of these there was a certain likeness to him—here the position, there the turn of the head, there the eyes, there the smile. And these scraps of likeness she had the rare power of making me see, showing me in what the likeness consisted, where it began and where it ended. These scraps she would make me copy again and again.

Another day she brought a packet of his

letters. She showed me the writing and the differences in it, according to the varying rapidity of it, and according to the emotions influencing him while he wrote. Here was a letter blotted with tears; another full of the wildest gaiety; another acrid with jealousy and distrust. She read these letters to me, changing her intonations. "Thus he would have spoken this. So he would have flung his arms about. This is something like his laugh."

She read to me books that he had liked, and told me the observations he had made upon certain passages. She sang to me songs that she had sung to him—told me how this had made him solemn, this brilliant and gay—how this had always filled his eyes with tears. One song in particular was his favourite; and this she was constantly crooning. To me, now, that strange episode in my life comes back set to the music of this song.

Day after day passed by. Almost every day, never suffering more than one day to intervene, she came to me. Whether true or false, I gradually created in my imagination a distinct picture of the dead man. Every story she told of him fitted itself to this image. In my dreams I seemed to have revelations of him. The creation of my brain was complete. More distinct than of any ideal character, was the image now impressed upon my mind. Not with the passion of one especial moment upon him—the crimson blush of Virginia, the transforming agony of Medusa, the wretchedness of Leontes eyeing the "padding palms"—but as a veritable human being, to be portrayed, when the time came, under influence of any passion, or at ease from all.

Hitherto I had been commanded to abstain from attempting the portrait. At last the converse fiat was issued. For one week the lady was to remain absent; at the end of that week, she was to see the portrait.

I painted my picture, and the lady came. A burst of tears; an agony of wringing hands and bowed head and writhing body; not a grieving woman, but grief itself. The portrait was a failure. Utterly unlike. All the labour and the pain thrown away. No hope left.

Yet it came to be acknowledged, after the first shock of disappointment, that my unfortunate picture was not *totally* unlike. It was impossible, after all my study, that it should be so. There were portions of it in which some echo, some far-off shadow, of the reality was to be discovered.

We set to work with renewed hope.

I thought it strange then, I think it strange still, that my failure in the first attempt was so great. I knew very much more of this man whom I had never seen, than of any person whose portrait I have since taken. I knew from a thousand sources of chance likeness, of imitation, of description, of shrewd conjecture, of flashing intuition, what this person was like. What do portrait-painters usually paint but the

best clothes of their sitters? The glossy coat and spotless shirt-front are not more mere dress than the sunny smile and the prim mouth and the dull wateriness of the set eye. I knew this dead man, his strengths and his weaknesses, his loves and his hates, his great sorrows and his great sins. Of no other people whom I have painted have I known more than that they had such a facial angle, such features, such a blemish to be toned down, such a half-beauty to be petted into completeness.

However, we set to work a-new. I painted now with the lady by my side. Why should I dwell on the details of this time? I can give no idea of how the portrait was painted. It is sufficient to say that I did at length succeed in achieving some faint and distant likeness, having more of death than of life in it—a galvanized ghastliness of expression, a cruel rigidity of outline, a sickly pallor of colour—yet being, as some distorted reflection of the reality, recognisable by my monitress.

When this was achieved, I learned for the first time that a sister of the dead man was alive, and in London, and to be seen by me. Why had this not been told me before, I asked. Because the sister was unlike the brother, I was told, and would have been of no service to me until this time. One look only of the sister claimed any kinship with the brother's countenance. Under sudden surprise there was a lifting of the eyebrows, a compression of the lips, a steady glance of the eyes, which I should now be able to seize upon and appreciate.

How I was to see the sister was in this fashion: There was a *dejeûner* about to be given at some grand house on the river-side. For this the lady obtained a voucher for me. Here, she undertook to show me the sister, and to call up in her face the expression upon which I was to seize.

I went to this *dejeûner*. The lady pointed out to me by a silent gesture and a momentary glance of the eye the woman whom I was to observe. This sister was a blonde, handsome, haughty, impassive. A crowd of young men surrounded her whosoever she turned.

I never lost sight of this woman. My lady too hovered in her neighbourhood. My lady, as the other, had a crowd of worshippers about her: They seemed to me two rival queens.

I had no enjoyment in the scene. The incongruity of seeking in the midst of this frivolous gaiety for the expression of a dead man's face was constantly present with me.

The afternoon wore away wearily. I was conscious of my shabby clothes and my haggard face, so different from those of the men around me. I felt on an equality with my lady as we laboured at our terrible work in my little studio; here I felt how far we were separated. She trifled with the men, she smiled upon them, she talked and laughed and listened. Her eyes were brilliant, her colour went and came. She whispered, she sighed, she coquetted.

I was dissatisfied. I thought of the painted death-in-life upon my easel. I thought of the

reason we were both there; and I mistrusted and misjudged her.

Suddenly she turned upon me her eyes. She rose from her garden seat and crossed over to the blonde sister. My lady extended her hand, and smiled a winning smile, and spoke soft words. On the face of the other there came the look I was to watch for—a lifting of the eyebrows, a compression of the lips, a steady glance of the cruel eyes. She put aside the extended hand, swept the ground with a low bow, and passed on. My lady turned to me with a crimson face, waving dismissal.

That was enough. The one look completed for me the picture studied for so long.

* * * * *

And now to end my story. The portrait was finished. My money was paid me. On the next morning the lady was to take away the picture.

The lady never came—why I cannot tell. On that morning a lady in high life died suddenly; whether my lady or not I do not know, for I had never heard her name.

THE LAND OF THE LIVING.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"Beautiful was the reply of a venerable man to the question whether he was still in the land of the living. 'No; but I am almost there.'"

Not yet; though the fiat I feel has gone forth,
Not yet has the summons been spoken;
The frail, feeble link that connects me with earth
Not yet has been shattered and broken.
The kindred and friends of my earlier years
Have long in the churchyard been lying;
I fain would depart from this valley of tears,
And pass from the land of the dying.

A few of the friends of my manhood are spared;
Alas! they are dull and repining;
They talk of hopes withered, of talents impaired,
Worn spirits, and vigour declining.
I suffer like them—yet I do not complain,
For God the assurance is giving
That soon shall I lay down my burden of pain,
And haste to the land of the living.

I weep not for those whom on earth I loved well,
They are only removed to a distance;
The shroud, and the pall, and the funeral knell
Were their passports to deathless existence.
Like them, may I soar to the realms of the blest,
And join in the angels' thanksgiving;
In the land of the dying sink softly to rest,
And wake in the land of the living!

"THOU ART THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE."

BY BEATRICE.

By each sting of daily care,
Each anxiety I bear,
By the struggles of a heart
Loath with worldly joys to part,
By the inward longing love
Of a purer life above,
Lord, I inly hope and pray
Thou art teaching me the way!

By each band of burning pain,
Trampling fierce o'er heart and brain;
By each flood of bitter tears,
Bathing all life's fevered years;
By the throes of anguish born
Of forgetfulness, or scorn—
Severed bonds of love and youth—
Thou art teaching me the truth!

By the closely-knitted sod,
Over those long gone to God;
By the nearer touch of woe,
When the nestling head lies low;
Through the "hidden path" I tread,
Ever by thy mercy led,
Trust I still amid the strife,
Thou art leading me to life!

K A T E .

BY ANNE A. FREEMONT.

She loves me truly, my noble Kate!
Her pure eyes fondly look in mine,
And the vile rust of pride and hate,
That in the world-struggle will somehow twine
Round the human heart, and choke divine
And purer feelings, dies fast away,
As her head on my throbbing breast I lay!

Yes, well she loves me, my charming Kate,
Her brown eyes tenderly glance in mine,
And, clasping her hand, I feel that fate
Has one bright star that will calmly shine,
Though adverse winds and black clouds combine
To blot it from out my darken'd sky,
And my heart gains peace from her loving eye.

Aye, thine is love indeed, dear Kate,
When my soul to earth too fondly clings,
Thy very presence doth elevate,
It unto purer heavenly things,
Like the close-heard beating of angel wings:
As woman to man should ever be,
Help-meet, consoler, is Kate to me!

ROSE CHERI.

Early, very early, on a summer Sunday morning, in 1855, I was wandering near one of the hideous country roads about Paris, when a gracious—oh such a gracious—lady passed me, the shadow of the trees above adding a new beauty to her sweet presence. The face was as fair and open as that of a pure English girl; the blue eyes, just turning towards grey, were full of that grave gentleness which tells of troubles long since past, but not ungenerously forgotten, while the entire countenance seemed wholly in harmony with the peaceful Sunday nature all around.

This lady carried a Book of the Hours, as she glided, rather than walked, past me; and I saw that the hands which held the volume were exquisitely beautiful and refined.

A moment and she was gone, nearer than I by every step, to the village-church—the old, broken, ill-patched Norman church.

I knew her face somewhere; the recollection was not painful, yet assuredly far from joyous. Who was she? A public character I felt sure. The calm, self-possessed, able way in which she had passed me would have told me, had I never seen the lady before that divine morning, that she was accustomed to audiences more important than one unobtrusive fellow in a lane.

Who was she? First, where was I? At Passy! Aie—it was Rose Chéri, the lady who has done more to raise her profession of actress into reverence and good repute than any comedian before or since the date when she conquered the Parisian public.

It is only six years since I saw her; and then she was but thirty. Thirty—and she had been famous through ten pleasant years—and now she is dead! That gentle right hand, which seemed to speak, it was so gracious, will no more help the sick and poverty-stricken people of Passy. She would go into a sick-room, and confer as much good by her own pleasant and cheerful presence as she bestowed in substantial charity.

"All the poor at Passy knew her." This is her best epitaph.

And how did she die?—this gracious actress; this kind, beneficent lady? By tending her little child through its illness. The anxiety and toil she had to endure during this little one's malady paved the way to diphtheria, and this cruel and occult disease has killed Rose Chéri in the very perfection of her life.

We have here in England such prejudices against the private characters of French actresses—and perhaps only too justly—that it were unjust to let the occasion of this great comedian's death pass without some notice of a life which has done much to ennoble the French stage, and prove that the woman who respects

herself, no matter what her place be in this world, will by most men be respected. Rose Chéri had this advantage over Rachel: she was loved and revered; Rachel was never revered. Both dead, men compare their remembrances of the two women, and perhaps pray Heaven that they may themselves keep virtuous.

About thirty-five years ago, a troupe of nomadic actors and actresses overran a small theatrical French circuit. The troupe had this in common (though whether it was an advantage or not may be a question) they all belonged to one family—the Cizos. The courageous leader of the little band was Jean Baptiste Cizos, who was at that time about twenty-two years of age. However, he was not alone in the directorship, being very materially helped in his small state-dignity by Sophie Juliette, his wife, who, being several days older than her husband, may have considered herself more than justified in exercising that wisely control, and admirable management, to both of which qualities French wives have a tendency, to the benefit or disadvantage of the husband as the case may be.

Jean of course played all the "leading" business for gentlemen, Sophie every character for the "leading lady;" Madame Sophie's two pretty sisters played seconds and thirds to Madame Sophie herself, while the husbands of these sisters stood similarly disposed towards Jean Baptiste. These six, together with fathers and fathers-in-law, mothers and mothers-in-law, and several old relations, made up the troupe; which certainly gained this honourable distinction, that people spoke quite as well of them, if not better, behind their backs than they did before their faces; for the entire family persistently clung to the belief that debt was disgraceful.

In the various histories of Rose Chéri which abound, there are no more pleasant chapters than those devoted to praising this straightforward family company of comedians. If the receipts were good—*bon*, the dinners were good also; if the house presented that beggarly account of empty benches which makes a manager's face as blank as they are, the family took onion-soup and very plain bread; and instead of complaining of this fare, they flavoured it with that hope which is almost as good as a king's feast.

We, in our conventionality, pity roving actors and their aptitude at finding lank purses in their pockets—if ever they carry purses at all; but let us think of the hope ever present in the midst of those little groups of wanderers, together with the exciting change from day to day, and perhaps if we weigh our monotony and daily comfort against the happiness of the

strolling players, they will not cause it to kick the beam.

To continue: The Cizos were happy even when they were unfortunate. Nor were they often without means; for as the theatre is an institution in France, the chief opponent the little company had was fine weather, when, it being equally a French institution to get all the sunlight possible, the theatre was deserted, and the fields were dotted with impromptu picnic parties; at which times Jean, royal-impressario as he was, either took cheap pleasure also in the fields and woods, exhibiting them to the little company as though they were new plays to be studied, or—he painted; for Jean was no mean artist, and his palette was frequently his refuge from an attack of managerial misfortunes.

The first child given to the strolling manager and his wife was Rose-Marie, the heroine of this notice. The mother (whom we need not say was far above average womanhood since her daughter grew to be so noble a creature), though an actress, would not succumb to the French plan of putting children out to nurse. She would and did suckle her first-born: the cradle was always brought down to the theatre, a place found for it at the wings, and madame would always nurse it between her "calls." This pleasant custom gave birth to a most preposterous anecdote when Rose Chéri had become the rage. It was declared that on one occasion the child was not only brought down to the theatre, but left there, and the loss was not discovered till the family were half way towards their next encampment.

What! would a mother forget her little one, and her first-born, during a journey of some miles? Preposterous. There is not a matron in the four kingdoms will believe such a statement.

Before she was five years of age, "well-sounded" as the French say, Rose Chéri had been before the footlights; beyond which her little blue eyes, and flaxen, wavy hair, created infinite emotion amongst all the women who saw the child. The plain, simple, country people liked to see her dance, and delighted to hear her lip the few words of a ballad; but that which enraptured them was the child's smile. They always frantically applauded the smile.

Do you know that smile of a fair, blue-eyed, little innocent coquette of five? No! *Eh bien*, your social education is not complete.

So great was the success of the little child, that the entire infantine body of the last generation of this travelling company of comedians were drilled to appear before the public. But nobody approached little Rose Marie in popularity. None of her cousins, neither her brother nor sister, could shake the popular fealty; and had she not been charitable almost as soon as she could stretch forth her hands, the other little ones would never have possessed so many bouquets as they did; for in French provincial theatres, of even the commonest kinds, the bouquet is an institution.

Two or three years being past, the Cizos chil-

dren absolutely aspired to opera-comique; and the more comic the opera the more the young mothers of the audience were moved to tears—tears in French provincial and perhaps metropolitan theatres being sufficiently prevalent.

But meanwhile Madame Cizos common-sense was not asleep. The children might be very admirable in opera-comique, but that was no reason they should not be able to read and write: so Rose Marie, and the other little ones, were regularly marched off to the parish-school of any place at which the company had pitched their gay tents. The little ones had as many different schoolmistresses as audiences. This variety must have been delightful!

School over, madame taught her little ones to work and cook, and look after the house, and even their landlord's garden: for perhaps the honest lady knew that half the carelessness and disorder of life is but the necessary fruit of a badly-managed childhood. The honest couple Cizos seem to have devoted themselves to that work which is, perhaps, the very justice and poetry of marriage—the unselfish and unceasing endeavour honestly to raise the children above the social state of their parents, to do their duty by the little ones, knowing that the parents rather than the state are answerable to heaven for its human gifts.

Another year or so, and the wise, homely mother, projecting herself into a future in which her eldest child might fail as an actress, had the little girl taught music: so that had Rose Chéri, when she had grown up, failed as an actress—as child-comedians too frequently do—the girl would not have been without a profession. Rose Chéri owed that debt which even her love and reverence could not repay—the gratitude a child feels towards an unselfish, wise mother.

So for years the little ones gained their bread, and partly that of the parents. Sometimes they played in "real" theatres, at other times in barns, elegantly got up with evergreens and lime-tree branches; while on one especial occasion the children performed in Delavigne's tragedy, founded upon the massacre of Edward the Fourth's children, on a stage which under ordinary occasions was a billiard-table! The tragedy was followed by "Tom Thumb"—also played by the tragedians. These young people were not proud, and never threw up their parts, as some of their ill-governed elders are, it is said, in the habit of doing. "The Swiss Cottage" was a great favourite. Imagine the fair-haired little child marching on as a drummer, and singing that tremendously martial couplet—

"Vive le vin, l'amour, et le tabac
Voilà, voilà, voilà le refrain du bivauc."

Little Rose Cizos was Protean. She was ready for any rôle. A drummer to-night, on the following evening she helped the big people in the choruses of "Masaniello" [imagine "Masaniello" in a barn!] and did, perfectly unaided, the whole of the affecting ballet in the first act of that work—though as a rule this

performance at the grand opera commands the service of twelve important dancers, to say nothing of the entire *corps de ballet*.

The charming "at-home" condition of the little company at this time is delightful to contemplate. On one occasion a very wet holiday has induced Manager Cizos to post the particulars of a performance for that evening. Suddenly out comes the evening sun. The sky is blue, and there is not the shadow of expectation of an audience left. Under these circumstances what is to be done? The theatrical ukase has been promulgated; managerial honour demands that it shall be carried out. What is to be done? Bah! the honest company of players and the bucolic audience are hand in hand. "Come," says Monsieur le Maire—that great personage in little French towns—"Come, you and the little ones often amuse us; let us amuse you for once. Bring everybody out into the fields, and we will dine like one happy family."

To go to the door of the theatre, down comes the bill, and the children have a run in the fields, which must be quite as delicious as singing in even the most charming comic or grand serious opera ever composed.

There is another delightful little anecdote of this primitive dramatic life. A little piece is "in full activity," as our authority has it, when Anne, Rose's sister, remembers she has forgotten a letter she ought to have in her pocket. The poor child trembles, and confides her trouble to her elder sister Rose, who immediately exhibits much mental disturbance. And what then happens? All the simple country audience are in a taking, and the most active making himself the least unimportant, in a grandiloquent speech addresses M. Cizos on the part of the auditory, and hopes nothing is the matter. M. Cizos, in an equally grandiloquent speech, informs the audience of the truth, with the gravity of a Roman senator announcing a defeat.

"What, is *that* all?" says the spokesman. "Let her go and get it, and *begin all over again*!"

This was done, and the audience never applauded more heartily than on this particular evening.

Such was Rose Chéri's life. By the honesty of her parents, it was her happiness to reap the harvest of being admitted into the purest French society; and here it was the future actress must have acquired that knowledge of refined life which made her such a perfect lady on the stage, and possessed her with that beautiful ease and captivation of motion which was as natural to her as her gentle, loving face.

It was about this time that the stupid pun was made which induced the father to change the young actress's name. "Cizos" has precisely the pronunciation of the French for scissors ("*ciseaux*"), and somebody in the pit, after seeing the sisters Rose and Ann play in a dialogue, was witty or stupid enough to cry out, "*Quelle jolie paire de ciseaux!*" (Cizos) "What a pretty pair of scissors!"—which

calembour so disgusted the father, that he decided Rose should appear in future as *Rose Chéri*—a term which, it need not be said, is of very common use throughout France amongst the members of a family.

The first intimation the father had of the coming greatness of his daughter was given by the composer Loisa Puget, who saw her in a little piece long since forgotten. The lady urged Jean Cizos to take his daughter to Paris. His heart beat, but his countenance fell, as he scanned the paltry means at his disposal. Frankly he told Loisa Puget of his want of means and of patronage. The lady smiled, then gave him an introduction to one of those despots of the French drama, a Parisian manager. And so the family realized their little all, and came to Paris.

Before this Paris director are opened out all the weak, or impassioned, or foolish provincial criticisms, religiously gathered and believed in by the simple and not over-talented father and mother. But monseigneur is not moved to read any of them—in fact, he seems to grow grander as he looks on these feeble records of past successes. However, monseigneur the director allows the young person to make an attempt. The permission is of no great value, but the Cizos believe Fortune herself is in the house!

A fortnight after Rose Chéri made her first appearance upon the Paris stage, under unusually disadvantageous circumstances, in a worn-out piece by Scribe, and in a character created by a *dashing* actress. The poor child had never been dashing. She had been true to a deep, sweet, loving nature. Timid, modest, poorly clothed, the little provincial was received coldly by the public of the great "Gymnase." The style was utterly new. Style has no set rules: the public are capricious often, yet conservative as frequently, and Rose Chéri failed signally. She played a second night—was then dismissed.

As with Rachel so with Rose Chéri—both failed utterly on their first nights, and on the very same stage. Her failure was a terrible blow to the poor family. They had staked their all upon this chance, which, with sickening hearts, they saw fade into nothingness. They were utterly without means in the great city. They *could not* return to their old provincial haunts, and, singularly enough, this very indignance was the indirect means of saving the family. Unable to quit Paris, the hapless father made frantic efforts to live, to exist within its walls. Theatre after theatre was tried in vain; all the doors were closed against the poor girl, and Samson even told her she had everything to learn. Here once more existed a similarity between Rose Chéri and Rachel; for Samson had said precisely the same thing to the beautiful and terrible Jewess.

On the father struggled. They must live, and Rose was the only one of them with sufficient talent to gain bread in the capital for the unfortunate family. *Bread*—yes, that is the literal term; for only after the most desperate efforts did the father obtain what can hardly be

called a re-engagement of his daughter at the theatre at which she had already appeared.

There is a kind of theatrical position common to Paris theatres of which we know nothing in London. When an actor falls ill or out of temper in our theatres, some one and a book become his substitutes. In Paris there are always several subordinates, who play what is called the "*en cas*," that is, the actor or actress is expected to learn all the rôles which he or she could by any means play upon an emergency, and thus, by these means, the absurdity of "reading a part" is never committed. Rose Chéri was engaged to play the "leading lady *en cas*." Her salary was fifteen shillings a week. The poor child had never passed the theatre at which she had made her *début* without weeping at her failure; now, once more belonging to it, she wept for joy.

She set to work to study all the chief lady rôles of the Gymnase repertoire.

Six weeks—six long weeks passed, and she had not appeared on the stage. Suddenly a Madlle. Nathalie fell out with an author who had just produced a piece for the Gymnase; and, as a consequence, she would not continue to play the character created for her. She did not candidly say "I won't go on the stage;" but, as she was taken ill precisely five minutes before the time at which the curtain was to rise, the inference is that her indisposition was rather wilful than physical. To continue: there is no time to re-model the bill, and so the stage-manager posts up the scores of stairs to the fifth-floor on which the Cizos live. Rose has studied the new part, with little hope of making it available, but without despair.

The unknown little actress, at fifteen shillings a week, has saved the polite Gymnase from a riot, though not from a "misunderstanding." It is necessary to apologize for the substitution of the future queen of French comedy, in the place of Madlle. Nathalie. Nathalie the public for some minutes will have. Useless is it that the manager says the lady is ill. A stout gentleman in the pit ventures the assertion that he has just seen her in an open carriage. Manager vows stout gentleman has been "the victim of a mistaken identity." Public sides with stout gentleman, who is victorious. "But the piece will be played," says manager; "a young person will play Madlle. Nathalie's character." "Bah!" says public, "we will hiss your young person." "If she merits it," says adroit manager; "if not, you are too noble, gentlemen" (manager does not say also "ladies," thereby inferring he is quite sure *they* are not creating any of the disturbance), "you are too noble to refuse your approbation."

Here public applaud manager. They would hiss him were they told that their satisfaction arose from the fact of his having got the better of them. We mortals are such contrary human creatures.

Meanwhile, here is poor little Rose Chéri, aged seventeen, trembling behind the curtain.

Happily, *Henriette*, the rôle, in question, is

in tears and sorrow when she first appears on the stage, and the public applaud, slightly, at the good acting, which is absolute reality. The public listen. Gradually the young lady gains confidence. The sweet voice we all know so well grows brighter, and is heard to exquisite advantage; fear gradually passes away, and the people begin to murmur of the purity of look, and smile, and movement of this new actress. The public have seen nothing like it. Madlle. Nathalie is brazen, to say the least of it, and *that other* lady is absolutely audacious; whereas this new comedian is like a daughter or sister moving and speaking before one.

Then those gentle blue eyes tremblingly look towards the public; the emotion increases. At last, all her nervousness—that paralysis of power—gone, she begins to use the speaking right hand, which has never yet had a rival.

The first act ends, and the manager says: "Very well."

All the Cizos are there, "looking about sharp," for they know how much depends on this night.

In the second act Rose Chéri is more than herself, if that can be. In studying the part she has found interpretations which Nathalie would have despised. These she gently lays before critic and the public.

Ha! they would not hear before the curtain rose. At the end of the second act comparisons with Nathalie have ceased; she is less suited to the character, they say, than the new actress.

Well, at the end of the play there was another riot—enthusiastic, not indignant. All the house was calling for the "new actresses."

"What is your name, dear child?" says the manager. He did not even know her name.

"Rose Cizos," says the victorious girl.

This name the manager protests against.

"They called me Rose Chéri in the provinces," she says.

"That will do," returns the manager, and he goes before the curtain, speaks in the midst of a dead silence, a roar of applause follows his words, and "Rose Chéri" is given to the world.

Nathalie gets well again in no time, rushes to the theatre, and vigorously demands her character back again. She has lost the battle though; but, riotously indignant in defeat, she appeals for restitution to the law, which, more candid than polite, tells mademoiselle she has been treated very properly.

Then the managers of all the other houses came trooping after Rose Chéri—all those who had turned from the pleading father and daughter were now, figuratively, at the young actress's feet. Even the great French Comedy sends its ambassador up those five flights of stairs; but he came down them with little satisfaction.

"Name your own conditions," says the ambassador.

"I shall not quit the Gymnase," said Rose Chéri; and she never did. No money, no interest, not even Royal entreaty could draw her from the theatre in which she made so great a name.

Her fame spread with greater rapidity, and within three years of her *début* she received a thousand pounds from Mr. Mitchell, of the St. James's, for a six-weeks' engagement, which, by the way, nearly sent Scribe into fits; for that autocratic author would have his *Gymnase* pieces played, and was satisfied with no caste in which Rose did not shine.

She never left the *Gymnase*. She loved it. She married the director of that theatre, M. Montigny, and when evil days fell upon that house during the revolution of 1848, she sold her jewels to keep up its prestige, worked night after night for months throughout the provinces, and regularly sent her gains in order to maintain the credit of the house.

It is impossible to describe Chéri's acting. The character that she most victoriously created, in late years, was the *Baronne d'Ange*, in Alexandre Duma's fils' play of "*Le Démon*." As all my readers know, the heroine of this play is a fallen woman of high intellect, who seeks to raise herself, by marriage, to a respectable position. In this savage yet pitiable endeavour she is foiled by Olivier de Jalin, the very photograph of the new school of better-ordered young Frenchmen. It is beyond the pen to give a sketch of Chéri's treatment of this character. Her will, her shame, her despair were wonderful; her defiance of Olivier was terrific; her concealed reverence for his honesty in opposing her hopeless ambition the most touching and natural performance imaginable.

Of Mde. Rose Chéri's exquisite and pervading beauty all men who ever saw her must speak with reverential love. She was gloriously pure to look upon: there was always a sweet sadness in her gayest smile (when she let her true nature display itself), and there ever seemed to be tears in her voice. She was by no means sentimental, but she knew she had a soul—a fact of which some actresses may, perhaps, have no idea in their own individual cases.

Then her hand—it was a perfect creation in itself. To one accustomed to watch her acting, it forestalled the words she was about to utter. There is a portrait of this gracious lady, in which her right hand plays a beautiful part. It is drawn delicately toying with the exquisitely fine chain round the neck. Perhaps there is no *pose* so trying as holding that member before the breast. As you look on this portrait, you feel that if that undulating gracious hand were hidden the work would lose one of its chief beauties.

And this gentle hand loved to do the most womanly of woman's work—to tend the sick, and help the poor, and fondle little children.

Dead, passed away, is Rose Chéri. No more are the children to kneel by her side; no more is she graciously to smile upon and cheer an invalid; dead that gentle lady I saw passing through the sweet summer air to the old church. That "peace which passeth all understanding" seemed to be with her as she walked. Died, tending a sick child; buried midst weeping women, and little children, and many hosts of strong men, who go out from the great city to

crowd about her grave and softly cast the autumn flowers on her coffin.

Peace there must be with her, gentle lady!

And this woman? She was a French actress, one of a despised class. She was loved and revered throughout France. There have been greater actresses; never purer. Other actresses have created intense terror and emotion; her mission it was to inspire peaceful love, and good-hearted, earnest gentleness.

J. R. WARE.

ONE HAPPY DAY.

BY ADA TREVANION.

In the sky the sun was rising;
On the hills the dewdrops lay,
When I left my weary bondage
For a long, bright, idle day.

'Rayed in gold were the laburnums,
Lordly chestnuts hung in flower;
And the lilacs intermingled
In the wondrous leafy shower.

In each green copse sang the throstle;
Gleamed each white stream like a bride;
And the first flush of the heather
Crept o'er moor and mountain-side.

When the noon reeled from the heavens,
And the air was faintly sweet,
Cool and breezy was the torrent,
With its snowy, leaping feet.

And beneath the dark pine branches,
Which shut out the garish day,
In the smile of its own freshness,
Soft and green the moss-bank lay.

Then came twilight. O that twilight!
Its remembrance haunts me yet!
Though between me and that rapture
Many suns have risen and set.

When the western hues were glowing,
And the star, before unseen,
Took its place in the blue heavens,
Trembling into light serene;

When the evening bells were chiming
Over all the shadowy land,
Sounding as if day was mourning
That his end was near at hand;

Has my memory served me truly?
Did Love whisper at my ear,
Thrilling ev'ry sense with gladness,
And a faint, delicious fear?

Yes! My heart keeps one spot holy,
'Mid the waste an isle of palm;
Weary words and icy greetings
May not break upon its calm.

For my bliss was not ideal,
Though its glory passed away:
Nature, freedom, and affection,
All were mine that happy day.

Ramsgate, 1860.

LE PUY, HAUTE LOIRE.

(Continued from page 150.)

A carnival at Le Puy doubtlessly presents nothing new to one habituated to that gay epoch in Italy; but to those who, like myself, have only witnessed the calm attempts of northern festivities in that season, a short sketch of it may not be altogether uninteresting. On the Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday before Lent every one is allowed to put aside his senses, and merriment amongst the lower classes, too often degenerates into debauchery on account of the disguise that seems to take from them the responsibility of rational beings. Thus all day long groups of intoxicated non-descripts lounge about the streets, accosting all on their passage, entering shops without buying, under fantastical pretences, and performing divers other eccentric feats, to the apparent great amusement of their sober fellow-townsmen.

So great was the hubbub before my windows throughout the day, that I could do nothing but watch the absurd actors, philosophize on human folly, and then laugh with the rest. Place Martouret is the preferred resort of these motley personages. At the sound of a horn they assemble a host of boys, make them what I infer to be very witty speeches from the hilarity they cause; then a shower of apples or dried fruit puts the juvenile audience into a scramble and uproar, until silence is again imposed by the orators; and renewed eloquence has again the same sequel, and that much to the delight and profit of the market-women, whose stalls are soon cleared, and who in their turn indulge in an extra cup or two of coffee to *fête* the Carnival. But the prettiest sight to me was the aspect of the children arrayed in fancy dresses; now a "Marquise" of three years old; now a young peasant girl in Italian costume; now a bold "Zouave" of six; now a guard-man as youthful—all rosy and smiling with pleasure at the sensation they caused, as they walked along with their no less delighted mothers. The cavalcade, however, is the grand affair; and really a pretty sight it was to me, who had never seen anything of the kind before, for it far outdoes the procession of the "bœuf gras" in Paris, and preparations are made for it during many weeks before the day. This cavalcade represented the entry of a king into his good town of Le Puy in the middle ages. First came a row of horsemen in the costume of trumpeters, sounding their instruments with martial boldness, their horses clearing the road for the coming royalty; a band of music in fancy uniform succeeds; then the clattering of steel is heard, and a body of warlike cavalry appears, lances in hand. They slowly march on, and are soon followed by officers on foot, who, with

their staves, keep back the throng. Then appears his Majesty arrayed in gold embroidery and velvet, and seated on a white steed richly caparisoned, whose stately walk makes the monarch's plummy beaver gently undulate at every step; his portly demeanour also denotes his importance in his own esteem. His court follows him, all clothed in the richest attire—velvet costumes that seem to have been worn by lords and knights of yore, but which I am told were new for the occasion. The young men in the town spare no expense for this ceremony, and will pay as much as a hundred pounds, sometimes more, for their dress. The royal suite was followed by several open carriages and cars, on some of which reclined Venus, Cupids, and other gods and goddesses of the heathen mythology, amid flowers and verdure: others represented comical scenes, composed of negroes and monkeys, which appeared to amuse the crowd immensely, while cavaliers in velvet costumes, each carrying a long pole, from the top of which a long bag was suspended, gathered for the poor by presenting the pole at every window at which a face was to be seen. Of course, a prodigious multitude accompanied this parade, which was Sunday afternoon's amusement. A masked ball in the evening terminated the day. The Monday and Tuesday were similar, and on Wednesday morning, when the faithful flocked to church to have ashes put on their foreheads, in sign of humiliation, a few lagging masks and a host of "rag-a-muffins" kicked about before my window what they called "Mardi gras"—a stuffed object, which was thrown into the river. This ceremony they style burying "Mardi gras"—Shrove Tuesday. Thus ended the carnival.

But at mid-Lent their orgies recommenced again for a day, and many masks loitered about the streets and caused a little excitement amongst the people, the children again appeared in their fancy dresses, and then all was hushed down for Passion week. "It is then you will see a splendid ceremony," said Madame D. to me, whose only arms to convert me is the magnificence of the Roman-worship, the splendid processions, and the wonderful modern miracles—the three very last things that could have any effect on me in religion. However, the thunderbolt to my Protestantism was to be the touching ceremony of the Thursday before good Friday. There was so much "poesy" in it, she said.

The day arrived. Madelaine was in despair: it rained hard all day, and the poor penitents had to walk bare-footed through the streets, which were thus rendered dirtier, if it is possible, than what

they generally are. The disagreeable element ceased pouring towards evening, and at about eight o'clock my maid called me to the window, where she had for sometime been on the watch, and, issuing from a very dark street opposite me, I beheld the most extraordinary sight imaginable. Between two rows of tall white figures, their faces completely concealed in their white hoods, each carrying a lighted torch, walked another white figure personating the Blessed Saviour, bearing a huge cross—Madelaine whispered to me that it was only in paste-board—under the weight of which he panted, limped, and at intervals fell exhausted, but was immediately urged on by the lance of another white figure, representing a Roman soldier. Then followed numerous similar personages, counterfeiting Christ's disciples: the two thieves carrying their crosses, &c. &c. A priest brought up the rear. All were bare-footed (except the priest), and a dead silence reigned around. As they slowly advanced across the Martouret, a light appeared at every window. Madelaine knelt down, made the sign of the cross, she also holding a light in her hand. From several houses women brought pillows, which they placed on the passage. Then the procession halted. A supposed St. Veronica approached, and wiped the cross bearer's face, whose features, the legend says, remained imprinted on the napkin. The priest knelt down on one of the pillows, turned towards the pretended victim, mumbled a prayer, crossed himself, and the procession continued its course. This train of faceless spectres, in the silent obscurity of night illumined with torches, produced a most unearthly effect, and quite horrified me; for, methinks, that to a Christian, the sacrifice of Christ has something so sacred in it, that mortals ought to shrink from parodying it.

"Are those men monks?" asked I, of Madelaine.

"Monks!" answered she, laughing. "Oh! no, Madame: they belong to a congregation of 'Penitents,' and are workmen of the town, who will finish the night at the public-house, rest assured. I have a cousin who carried the cross last year, and who returned home afterwards so intoxicated, that he quarrelled with his wife, and turned her out of doors."

While we were commenting on the sight we had just witnessed, a Monsieur M. and his wife came in to spend the evening with us. They both joined in our disgust for such mockery, and affirmed Madelaine's statement as to the sequel of this penitence. "Sequel," added Mr. M. "to all the religious *fêtes* here, and without which they would find but few performers."

"But let us leave the penitents to their glory," continued he, "for I am come on purpose to give you an account of my journey into the country, dear Madam, according to promise; and if I have not been in a village buried in snow, I have at least walked over one."

"I wanted to gain a small village near the Mezenc, our highest mountain in France, and, after innumerable difficulties across the snow,

I perceived that I could go no farther on horseback; so leaving my mare in charge of my servant, I proceeded on foot by the path indicated by long poles driven into the ground on purpose to guide the traveller in winter. The poles gradually disappeared, and both I and Fox (a Newfoundland dog: it is the fashion in France for dogs to have English names) became very much puzzled. No village came within our view, but pyramids of snow on all sides. Fox in particular could not understand the thing in the least, and eagerly looked into my face for an explanation. We wandered about for some time, until Fox seemed to be of opinion that we had better return, and I at last was obliged to side with him. Just then a mountaineer appeared, coming towards us.

"Where is 'Les Etables'?" asked I: "I have been in search of it for this last hour."

"Well, sir," answered the man, "you may look for it another hour, and you will not find it; for you are now walking over it. The village has been buried under the snow for this last month, and will very likely be so for two months longer."

Can you imagine such an existence? Three months under the snow! Three months shut out from the world, without a glimpse of the blue space above! Methinks I never could support such an imprisonment. But thus are the inhabitants of many villages in the mountains doomed to pass their lives. They provide for the unfriendly season, and lay in stores of provision for themselves and their cattle, which are sheltered under spacious houses built on purpose. They dig paths from their houses all leading to the church as soon as their interment is effectuated, and thus they find means to communicate with each other. Should one of them die during this period, they are obliged to bury the corpse in the snow until liberty returns. Is it then surprising that these disinherited children of Nature become brutalized, as I am told they are, and that for the least offence they strike each other with knives, and that assassination is a common thing between them, although they generally have a great respect for strangers? Their superstition also is unbounded, nothing being too absurd for their credulity. And, strange humanity! in spite of their hardships and misery, they cling to those barren mountains as a miser to his gold, and rarely can one be induced to quit them. They will listen with eager curiosity to the glowing scenes of wealth and prosperity that you may depict to them, and their fertile imaginations will oftentimes enhance far above reality the riches of distant climes; but, although they also love to hoard up in their little way, yet they seem rooted to the rock on which they were born, and nothing can eradicate them from it. Such I believe, however, is the mountaineer in general.

"After I had regained my horse," continued Mr. M., "we turned our steps in another direction, where the snow had not been so powerful, and in a village a few miles from Les Etables we

found the inhabitants in great dismay: the postman had been attacked by wolves, and had only by miracle escaped. I found him greatly excited in the midst of the villagers, and of course as soon as I arrived he had to recommence his narrative, which is as follows:

"I set out this morning early, as usual, on my daily rounds; and when at some distance from the village, I found, to my great consternation that I was accompanied by a wolf on either side, and, 'Bonne Vierge!' I was without a stick! the sight of which will sometimes keep a wolf in awe, for when alone he is a fearful coward. I walked on, recommending myself to Our Lady and to all the saints in Paradise, my ferocious escort dodging me, now appearing, now disappearing; now approaching, now retiring; keeping my blood in one perpetual ebb and flow of heat and cold, until I at last arrived, unmolested and thankful, to the village, where I distributed my letters and remained at least five hours. The 'gendarmes' being out, and I deeming my wolves long since gone, after such a lapse of time, set out to return home. I, however, took the precaution of borrowing a stick. Alas! I soon perceived, to my horror, that my calculation had been in vain, and that my foes had awaited me. One life-long hour I walked, my blood curdling in my veins, swinging my staff about, and repeating I cannot tell you how many Paternosters and Ave Marias; for the thought of entering the pine wood almost made my heart cease to beat, as here the monsters could draw near me unseen. I entered, and then could see them gradually penning me in on either side, every step bringing me closer and closer to their jaws, until a few yards alone separated me from one of them, I could now at intervals see his glaring eyes between the trees shining on me with greedy hunger, making my whole body shudder again. He seemed on the eve of springing: my gaze alone retained him; and, in my fear of him, I had almost forgotten the other, when I heard a sudden rush on my other side, and, O my God! a paw was on me. With desperation I struck the beast off with my staff: a howl rent the air, and both animals were upon me. Then began the struggle of life and death. Right and left I struck with frantic force, and howl after howl followed my blows; more and more furious became the exasperated beasts, while my strength gradually failed, and I felt that all was over for me. With a supreme effort, however, I still hurled my staff about, when—oh! I shall never forget it, a third wolf came rushing down the path. A cry of horror escaped me, my eyes swam before me, and I fell. At that instant a fire-arm was heard, then a second, then a third, and two gendarmes galloped up. The three monsters rushed howling away with rage, and here I am, neighbours, safe and sound, humbly beseeching the Holy Virgin never to make me pass such a moment again. The inhabitants of the village I had left, fearing for me, had related my adventure in the morning to

the 'gendarmes' on their return home. They had immediately galloped off after me, and happily in time; for a moment later, and I should never have related my sufferings to you.'

"We all warmly pressed the hand of the poor fellow," continued Mr. M.; "heartily congratulating him on his narrow escape, while his wife and daughter hung over him, crying with emotion and joy.

"Early the next morning the whole village was on the alert: a troop of peasantry, armed with guns and staves, went in pursuit of the wolves, and before I left I had the satisfaction of seeing them return with the carcasses of two out of the three, which the sportsmen brought home in triumph, to the great joy of the villagers, who made quite a holiday of their victory—a victory which is also rewarded by government; and I left them all drinking and dancing to their hearts' desire, the old postman scarcely convinced yet of his escape, so near had he seen himself to the jaws of death, and few indeed have been so fortunate; for, alas! a year rarely passes without the mountaineers in these parts having to deplore a human life, besides the ravages amongst the cattle caused by these greedy visitors.

"But enough of snow and wolves for this year, all that having long disappeared, except on the mountains, whose hoary heads still sparkle in the sunshine, and seem to bid defiance to the most caressing beams, and to resist alone the amorous voice of Spring; for, in every direction, dormant Nature is aroused, and the air vibrates with notes of love. Every tree and bush has started at her cheering call, and shows its embryo buds ready, after a few more puffs of her balmy breath, to burst forth into all the verdant splendour of renovating May. The busy throng, too, now fluttering and chirping on every spray, as if impatient to find a nuptial bower, will soon exult with joy and song amid the tender leaves, that the feathery tribe deem no doubt there on purpose to shelter and conceal their mysterious loves. We "ponots," resembling so many bees long shut up within our hives, swarmed forth at the first gleam of sunshine. Prisoners whose chains were at length burst asunder, we hastened to inhale the first breath of liberty; and yet winter has not been severe here, and if intense cold reigned for a few days, we were afterwards compensated by weather that at times forced me to open my windows in the month of February. We have only had one fall of snow; and as for rain, we have not had it more than twice during our sojourn here, but then it fell in torrents, until complete streams poured down the streets from the high town, and Place Martouret was almost inundated. We are told that this is always the case, and that perhaps we shall see no more all the year, without it be a thunder-storm or two, that are generally very violent. The rich inhabitants are most of them already gone to their "châteaux" or country seats for the summer, most of them

at a short distance from the town. Those who cannot indulge in such a luxury, possess what they nominate their "*vigne*" (vineyard)—a walled in piece of ground, where they insist on cultivating the rebellious vine, that never really ripens under the sun in the environs of Le Puy. In this inclosure is built a small house, sometimes a mere hut, and here the little tradespeople spend their Sundays all summer long. Provided with a prodigious sausage—they have a particular taste for that delicacy, as well as for pork in general, which causes that viand to be sold the dearest of all meat—and with an immense loaf of bread, the whole family repair regularly every Sabbath morning for the *Élysium* of their hearts: the roads are literally filled with them. There they revel in the charms of music, dance, and good cheer, stimulated with the pleasure which every thorough-bred "*ponot*" feels, in the important thought that every drop of wine he drinks at his "*vigne*" was produced on his own ground; that it is, in a word, "*vin du cru*," of the acrimonious quality of which I have already spoken. Every Frenchman is fond of making a noise in the world; never mind how, so long as he does make a noise; that is why I think they are so fond of the drum, and that even in their very churches a drum may sometimes be heard; but the "*ponot*" alone fully appreciates that instrument, on which he greatly excels in general, and a "*vigne*" might as well be without the genuine "*vin du cru*" as without a drum, with which the mountains re-echo on all sides. This musical instrument is sometimes accompanied with the "*ophicleide*," a deep-mouthed brazen monster, that out-does the drum if possible in noise, and to the sound of which they dance the "*bourrée*," or national dance—a graceful and pretty figure, when well executed, as I have seen it in society. With such harmony, the "*ponots*" may well join the rest of their countrymen in their depreciation of English music—much to my amusement, as may be supposed.

As we have neither "*chateau*" nor "*vigne*" to receive us, we are obliged to content ourselves in exploring the wide public domain that surrounds us, and which we do daily. But before visiting the country, we wished to pry into a few more nooks and corners of this curious place, which interests us beyond measure, and the other day we again mounted the high town. We passed before the grand entrance of the cathedral, and soon arrived amid sombre-looking convents and black walls, to the little village of Aiguille, picturesquely reclining on the opposite flank of Mount Anis, in front of the perpendicular rock whence it derives its name, and commanding a view of a graceful turn in the valley that winds round "*Our Lady's Mount*." This village is separated from Le Puy by the great "*séminaire*" or college for young priests. A most delicious abode it must be in summer, with its gardens, avenues, and beautiful, though somewhat limited, view consisting in another turn of the val-

ley, through which runs the gentle Borne, decked on either side with trees, interrupted here and there by an antique ivy-clad bridge, over which the water-kissing ash hangs its branches. Far up the valley, on the margin of the Borne, may just be perceived the small rocky isle on which stands the ruins of the once famous *Château d'Espaly*, once a stronghold of the protestants. On the opposite side of the river expands now a small meadow, now a corn-field; and then on the declivity, which gradually ascends to the "*Plain of Rome*," with its avenues of trees that seem to touch the sky, are scattered the vineyards of which I have spoken, under the denomination of "*vignes*." A sloping of this mountain enables one also to see the noble ruins of Polignac of which I shall speak hereafter. In the gardens of the "*séminaire*" are several extraordinary grottoes, that antiquarians suppose to have been inhabited by the Druids, and which certainly are of Celtic origin.

But to return to Aiguille in its quiescency. We saw on its diminutive Place a very curious little monument called by the inhabitants, "*The Temple of Diana*," the only edifice of its kind in the Haute Loire, and they say very rare anywhere. It belongs to the eleventh century, is of an octagon shape, with a semi-circular apsis joined to one of its sides. The vaulting formed of eight pieces that surmount the building is pierced in the middle by a circular aperture. Many curious sculptures decorate the walls, and the interior is supposed to have been once ornamented with fresco paintings. Some are of opinion that the huntress Diana may have been adored in an edifice on that spot, as tradition says, and that the Knights Templars constructed the present building, on account of a Greek cross that surmounts the principal door. However, the most probable conjecture is, that this graceful little temple was nothing but a place for baptism when baptism by immersion was practised, which ceremony ceased only, in these parts, in the 16th century. In the 17th century this edifice was turned into a chapel, and dedicated to St. Clare; but it was again abandoned before the Revolution in 1789, and was ignominiously used as a hay-loft, until the town of Le Puy purchased it, and will, I trust, restore it again to public worship; for it really would be a great Vandalism to let so elegant an antiquity fall into decay and ruin. As we were examining this Temple of Diana, a village matron approached us, and pointing to a lowly cot near us—"There," said she, "there is where Crosatier was born, and there is where they are now weeping for him." We thanked her, and turning towards the humble home she had shown us, we took a peep into the birth-place of the glory of modern Le Puy, the great sculptor and founder, of European celebrity, Crosatier, whose name is so blended with the name of Le Puy, that I think his eventful history might find its place in a chapter of these sketches, and will give it in my next, it being too long for this.

BY THE RIVER.

Quiet River! in the sunlight flowing,
All my cares I cast upon thy breast:
Bear them with thee whither thou art going;
Leave me here a little while at rest.

Sleep, my heart! Awake my languid senses;
Grasp the sweets that close about thee lie;
Grasp the Present. Saddest of the tenses
Is the Past—the Past that cannot die.

Softly, swiftly, deep between its rushes,
Glides the tawny river with a sound
As of one who, swaying gently, hushes
Baby-eyes to baby-sleep profound.

Through this drowsy undermusic hummeth
All the noontide babble, hushed and whist;
Indistinct the myriad murmur cometh
As a landscape trembling through a mist.

Little shrieks of happy children playing
In the meadow just beyond the stream,
Rougher notes of lads and lasses haying
Muffled come, like noises through a dream.

Birds and bees, and all the tiny races,
Peopling solitudes of grass and wood,
Stir with folded wings and slippered paces,
Charmed to the river-music's mood.

Peace! Save when the nightingale outshrilleth
(Stabbing silence to its inmost soul),
In a sudden agony that filleth
Nature with a pang of careless dole.

Sleep, my heart! The passionate throbs are dying
Down the panting air. The cradle-song
Of the gliding water stills the sighing,
Sobbing, last vibrations, low and long.

* * * * *

While I dreaming lie, the river riseth,
Swelling as a chord of music swells,
All unheeded till the change surpriseth
Languid senses in their sluggish cells.

One by one, black barges up the river
Soundless glide, like shadows from the sky;
Listless, passive, stirring scarce a shiver
On the tide which bears them helpless by.

Wearied sleep the children in the meadow,
Blossoms fresh among the withered grass.
Ah! an emblem! . . . (Thus I seize the shadow
Lose the substance). Let the moral pass.

Tumbled lie the children, flushed and heated,
Ruddy berries strowed in russet hay;
And the hayens by a hedge-row seated,
Eat, upon the middle of the day.

Out of depths of calm a wind upspringeth,
Rising, falling, strengthening by defeat;
As a great truth, whispered, silenced, ringeth
Forth at length upon an age effete.

All a-ripple stir the shady spaces
Under heavy branches; gloom and gleam
Fight fierce battles, run in breathless races,
Where, through rifted foliage, beam on beam

Sunlight flashes on the tossing grasses.
All a-rustle wake the drowsy trees,
Startled, as the airy spirit passed
Through the woodland on to wavy leas.

But the river, when the wind down-sweepeth,
Pales as one who pales in sudden pain,
When a ghastly, swooning sickness creepeth,
Creepeth round the heart and round the brain.

All its placid breadth a-tremble quivers,
Into broken eddies whirling round;
All its monotonous music shivers
Into jangled fragments of sweet sound.

Dies the wind; and now the river swooning
Lies. A wind-dropt leaf upon its breast
Never moveth. Dumb its ancient crooning,
Silenced in the hush of deep unrest.

Till, at last, the tide reluctant turning,
Back the disenchanted waters flow,
Heedless of their upward course, and yearning
Towards the marshes stretching far below.

One by one, black barges down the river
Slow return, a sad funeral train.—
Wake, my heart! The waters back deliver
All my cares, my cares, to me again.

June, 1861.

J. A.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.—Without neglecting his old friends, Latin and Greek, Jones was already, at nineteen years of age, no mean linguist. With French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian he was perfectly familiar, and revelled in the varied literature of all these continental tongues. To these he added Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian. Nor was Jones in any one language a superficial student. The mere acquirement of a foreign tongue was of little use, unless it could be at once followed by a careful study of the literature connected with it, and a close comparison of the manners and customs of the nations speaking it with those of other races, especially with his own. To read was one thing: to apply that reading and turn it to practical use, was another.—*The Art of Doing our Best.*

B A L L O W M E R E .

(A Tale, in Four Chapters).

BY ALFRED GRANDCHAUFF.

CHAP. III.

True to my promise, I presented myself next morning about nine o'clock at the family breakfast parlour in the Percy Arms. Both father and daughter received me with the utmost cordiality; and, although I had never seen Mr. Inmers before, there was something so transparently guileless about the venerable old man, that I did not feel the slightest embarrassment on my first introduction to him under such peculiar circumstances. Miss Inmers presented me as their old friend Mr. Grandchauff. As an old friend he received me; and as old friends mutually pleased with each other we were soon engaged in an animated conversation around the hissing urn. No allusion was made by either Mary or myself to those matters which had principally occupied our minds on the previous evening; neither did I think it expedient in the meantime to say anything about the dark midnight wanderer. I had, however, fully determined to know a little more about that mysterious personage, and was not without hope of being able to find some trace of him in the course of the day. It was almost necessary for me to return to Craigballow, as I had left my portmanteau at the Grouse and Trout; and, thinking that he of whom I was in search had most probably gone in that direction, I was anxious to lose no time in following in his track. But such a proposal was at first strongly opposed by my host and hostess, on account of the most unfavourable state of the weather. The wind had increased since yesterday to a perfect hurricane, driving before it the spray from the lake, and the huge rain-drops with a fury which few men would care to brave. Mr. Inmers offered to send a man on horseback for my "impedimenta," hinting that, being unacquainted with the country, I was, perhaps, scarcely aware of the nature of the task I was assigning myself. But I silenced all objections by telling him that a great part of my life had been spent amongst mountains and moorlands as stormy as these, and that the tempest was generally as agreeable to me as the sunshine. I added—that what was certainly in a measure true—that it was just the very morning which I should have chosen of my own free will for the kind of walk before me, and that it was exceedingly considerate in the Phœbus Apollo of the weather-office to have obliged me in the way he had done!

Finding me thus resolute, my friends withdrew their opposition, and even admitted that, if instead of crossing the moor, as I had for-

merly done, I kept close by the lake and river-side, I should find some objects the sight of which would amply repay me for the temporary inconvenience of a ducking.

"I know nothing," said Miss Inmers, "in Bleakmonshire to equal the Lyn of Ballow, even as I have been accustomed to see it, on a quiet summer evening. To-day, in the flooded state of the river, it must be still more grand; and you are very fortunate in being able to visit it under such favourable circumstances, although I fear the ague or rheumatism which may be expected to-morrow will not be found quite so agreeable."

"Oh, never fear," I replied; "I am proverbially amphibious in my temperament, and shall be nothing the worse for exchanging the civilities of the season with the water-spirit of the Ballow."

"Make my compliments to that deity, if you should chance to meet with him, and say that, when spring returns, I shall be sure to wander up to his domains again!"

"Happy god! with such a message as that I shall surely not invoke him in vain!"

Impatient of any further delay, I was quickly threading the narrow, tortuous path by the side of the lake. I found it much more sheltered than I had expected; but, had it been otherwise, I could not have failed to enjoy the scene around me. As a pedestrian in the regions of Belgravia or Rotten Row, I have often envied those darlings of fortune that have rolled past me in their lordly equipages, looking as if this earth were too vile for them to tread on: but, with my foot on the mountain-side, and the music of a hundred mountain-rills in my ears, I have never envied any man except him who, from sunrise to sunset, could outstrip me in scaling the crag or breasting the torrent—and that man I have seldom seen.

I am not going to attempt to describe the Lyn of Ballow. Many men can "look upon Nature with a poet's eye"—that is no very extraordinary gift: but it is altogether a different thing to be able to depict Nature with a poet's pen. Scott, I know, can show you by the light reflected from his pages most that is deathless in song, from Cape Wrath to Tweed, without the assistance of Mr. Cook and his admirably-arranged excursions. Byron can transport you, in your easy chair and slippers, to the placid Leman and the misty Jura; but these, with here and there another, are the giants whom we all admire, but whom the warning contained in a certain well-known fable should render us exceedingly cautious how we attempt to imitate.



THE DOG AND THE BIRD

And yet how many have neglected the warning! England, worse than Egypt of old, has of late years been visited with the plague of frogs—yes, puffing, croaking frogs, plaguing the public, plaguing the publishers, plaguing the reviewers, plaguing their friends, plaguing, in short, everything and everybody except, perhaps, the grocer and tobacconist—plaguing even these, sometimes, after the manner of the Glasgow professor of the last century, who obstinately persisted in having his books issued of such a size, that a single leaf of them was found to be too big for a pennyworth of snuff, and not big enough for “three *doubees*’ worth.” I have before me now the poems of my old acquaintance Mr. Mythville Sophttattle, bound in most unexceptionable green, with the author’s name in gilt letters on the back—a dainty volume, in which, as Sir Benjamin Backbite says, in the “School for Scandal,” “a neat rivulet of text meanders through a meadow of margin,” and it can do this new candidate for the bay-leaves no harm to hear a few plain-spoken words regarding his precious lucubrations, especially as a certain class of critics have been flattering his vanity by describing them as replete with “thrilling touches of sentiment” and “exquisite pictures of nature.”

With regard to the “sentiment,” or whatever is intended to be understood by that somewhat ambiguous word, we have only to remark, that the country-lad who, after finishing the ordinary course of instruction at the village school, finds himself unable to discourse more eloquently on the tender emotions than our friend Mythville has done to the damsel who most unaccountably happens to frequent “the same lovely walks” as he does, at the same “delicious sunset-hour,” justly deserves to be made the laughing-stock of all his brother bumpkins.

The “pictures of nature,” so far as we can ascertain, consist principally of those commonplace observations which anyone would naturally make regarding the objects around him when passing through some pretty country lane, or near some old rookery, on a fine autumnal evening—considerably distorted, be it remembered, by the hammering process which they have had to undergo while being converted from natural prose to unnatural jingling rhyme. But it is when our young author attempts to soar that he exhibits the most pitiable failure. As long as he sticks to “ivy-clad towers,” and “gentle meandering brooks,” we can just endure him: but when he meditates anything greater, his weakness becomes at once apparent; his majestic forests dwindle into the faint ghost of some suburban shrubbery; his cataracts you can produce for yourself any day of the year by turning the handle of the parish pump! I speak with more sincerity, Mr. Sophttattle, than those friends of yours who have, as a matter of courtesy, written you those pretty, but very cautiously-worded notes of congratulation which you are so fond of exhibiting; while at the same time they have abused you in private in good set terms for compelling them to buy such

rubbish! And I tell you, that it is madness in you to try to describe Nature: because Nature in her “grandest moods” you have never seen. If, instead of shivering over that fire from October till early summer, you will go forth with me (but it must not be in the sunshine) to one or two spots that I could name, by the swelling billow and foaming tarn, you shall there be obliged to admit to what an extent you have caricatured what God has created; unless—as I fear very much, in spite of all your fine talking, would be the case—you should be more interested with regard to the state of your Inverness wrapper, and “patent paragon umbrella,” than with the noblest works of the Eternal. No, my dear Mithville, you can never climb the two-peaked mountain. Rest contented, then, to admire the grandeur of its summits from some fitting retreat in the valley below: and do not, I beseech you, do not attempt to deluge the world with a second flood of that weak, washy, mediocre trash which the Roman satirist declared, two thousand years ago, to be intolerable alike to gods and men and booksellers’ shelves!

After this little digression on a subject not materially connected with our tale, I shall hurry as quickly as possible over the remaining portion of my walk to Craigballow. As I approached the Grouse and Trout, I knew, by certain sounds that reached my ears, that my search was not to prove fruitless, and that I should at least have the means of ascertaining whether my suspicions were correct or otherwise. The landlord seemed somewhat at a loss to know what to make of his erratic guest; but I satisfied his curiosity by simply telling him that I had spent the night with some old friends of mine—the Inmerses—and that, thinking the morning a very favourable one for walking off a slight cold caught during my ride on the previous day, I had strolled out to see what the Ballow looked like in its flooded state, and to give directions regarding my portmanteau, which I wished to be sent on, when convenient, to the Percy Arms.

“Well, sir, there are few of our visitors, or indeed of our natives either, who would have cared to face what you have done this morning. However, you don’t seem as if it would do you much harm; but, as you have had a liberal allowance of one kind of mountain dew, won’t you step into the bar here with me for a minute or two, and try a little of a different sort that I think I can honestly recommend?”

“Thank you; I believe I may safely do so. You seem to have some merry revellers below; and that blazing peat-fire appeared so inviting as I passed the window, that I felt very much inclined to try to find a place beside it for a few minutes.”

“Oh yes, there’s a nigger chap there who has been hanging about the place for some days. I don’t know well what to make of him, for it is not often that we see such gentry in these parts. However, he’s a comical sort of a fellow in his way, and as there are a good many loungers

about the village to-day who can scarcely get about their occupations, and one or two farmers from a distance who have put in here, as the sailors say, from stress of weather, his presence has been very welcome. If you think you would enjoy half-an-hour in such company, we can, if you please, go down together."

We went down together, and I was soon as much at home with the bluff merry-makers, in the kitchen of the Grouse and Trout, as I had been on the preceding evening in the corresponding regions at the Percy Arms. The "nigger chap" recognized me at once, and returned my salutation with a low bow and a grimace; and it was not long before I had an opportunity of carrying out the plan of operations on which I had determined. Having discovered that one of the country farmers was well acquainted with Mr. Inmers, I talked to him about the family for some time; and then beckoning the negro towards me, asked him if he would allow me to fill him a glass of old ale to refresh him a little after his extraordinary exertions, and continuing, as it were, my conversation with the old farmer while I poured out the sparkling beverage, I remarked, "Yes, Miss Inmers is certainly a very charming young lady, and is just about to be married to Mr. William Blandon—a most respectable citizen of N——." And then presenting the glass, I immediately added, "Here, Caesar, or Pompey, or whatever your name may be, drink health and happiness to Mr. William Blandon and that young lady who was so kind to you last night, beneath whose window you afterwards offered up the *silent serenade*!"

"*Rem tetergam.*" To use a very vulgar phrase, "I had hit the right nail on the head," and hit it with a vengeance. Lamp-black and burnt cork an inch deep could not conceal the Saxon blood that boiled in that indignant flash! I was now sure of what I had suspected before; but not wishing to call the attention of the company to the exact state of affairs, I contrived by an easy manœuvre to drop the glass on the floor, breaking it, of course, to pieces; and, in the slight confusion that followed, it was no difficult matter to whisper, in a now eagerly attentive ear, "Mr. Henry Greenbank, I know you well now, in spite of your disguise, although I never saw you before last night, nor you me: contrive to meet me alone outside as soon as possible, for I have much to tell you that you will be glad to hear."

Mr. Greenbank (for it was indeed he) made no further effort to conceal his identity, but replied, in a low, agitated voice, "Who or what you are, or by what inexplicable means you have gained the information respecting me that you seem to be possessed of, I know not; but it matters little—I am Henry Greenbank, and I will meet you where we can converse alone, in a few minutes, as soon as I can do so without exciting the suspicion of these gaping clodhoppers!"

"Do so. Depend upon it, I have sought

you for your own good, and that of another; and I have good news to tell you."

"Then it was not true what you said about Mary—I mean Miss Inmers?"

"No, it was not. You must forgive me for practising that *ruse* in order to satisfy myself that my conjectures were correct: but we must separate for a little. I shall walk on towards the old bridge—follow me as soon as you can."

We very soon afterwards met in a retired spot beyond the bridge, and I related as briefly as I could the whole story of my acquaintance with the Inmers family. Mr. Greenbank did not interrupt me, even by asking a single question, until I came to talk—as I did, unreservedly—of Mary's long, unchanging devotion to himself; and then, dear reader, if ever you have had to communicate a similar piece of information to a muscular young man of five-and-twenty, I think you will agree with me, that the grasp of the hand which rewarded you for your trouble, although no doubt very gratifying to the feelings, was at the same time somewhat trying to the flesh!

"If what you tell me be true," said he, "let us hasten at once to the Percy Arms, or let me go alone; for you must require some rest after your battle with the tempest this morning."

"Oh no. I am quite ready to accompany you; but excuse me if I ask you whether or not you have seen yourself in a mirror this morning? I do not know what Miss Inmers's views with regard to negro-emancipation may be, but if 'Pity the poor African' is to be your plea, we had better return for the hurdy-gurdy, to give additional *éclat* to the scene."

"Hang it! I had quite forgotten this ridiculous disguise. What a figure I must look, to be sure! It will take me an hour or two, I am afraid, to render myself presentable, as the European portion of my wardrobe is deposited with a faithful old friend who lives five miles further up the Ballow side; but if you will stay and refresh yourself at the Grouse and Trout until I can get there and back, I shall not loiter by the way. I have something to tell you of my own adventures in this neighbourhood which will astonish you, perhaps still more than anything you have yet heard."

"Tell it me as we go along then. The sky is brighter than it was, and I must be allowed to accompany you, at least for a mile or two. I can then return and order dinner at the Grouse and Trout for us both—don't frown, in your present ecstatic state, at anything so vulgar as a good dinner—and afterwards I shall be at your service."

This plan was adopted, and Mr. Greenbank's narrative, in something like his own words, was briefly as follows:—

"You know the cause of my sudden departure from N——; but you do not know of the malicious plot (for such I now believe it to have been) by which I was entrapped on that fatal day. Mr. William Blandon and I, although acquainted for many years and in the habit of

seeing each other very frequently, had never been on what is called intimate terms. I, along with others, certainly believed him to be a very good man; but his apparent goodness always repelled rather than attracted an impulsive character like mine, and, although I respected him perhaps more than any of my friends, I was always glad to escape from his society. On the morning of the birthday-party, I had to call upon him on some business-matters, and could not help noticing that his reception of me was far more cordial than it had ever been before. After business, he pressed me to take a glass or two of wine. Then, he had just been getting in some foreign spirits, which were said to be of a very superior quality; he was not much of a judge himself: would I favour him with my opinion? Accordingly we visited the cellars, and, after tasting the contents of more than one or two casks, a letter was brought to him by the servant in attendance, summoning him, as he said, to York Assizes, on an affair that would admit of no delay. It was most unfortunate; still, if I had the rest of the day to spare till six o'clock, I might assist him out of the difficulty. I had the rest of the day to spare, and Mr. Blandon explained to me that one or two gentlemen from Scotland with whom he had been recently associated in the formation of a new joint-stock company, were to pass N——, on their way from London to Edinburgh, that day, and had promised to dine with him at an early hour, and remain until the departure of the north mail, a little before six. It would seem very inhospitable to send them to a hotel, but there was nothing else for it, unless I would consent to stay and do the honours of the table in his absence. I had no objections to urge to this arrangement. The Mac-somethings arrived soon after; and Mr. Blandon, after making the best apology he could under the circumstances, committed them to my care, with a private intimation that they came quite far enough from the north to prefer whiskey to claret after dinner. In my novel capacity of host, I felt myself in duty bound to accommodate myself as much as possible to the tastes of my guests. Their tastes lay in imbibing toddy about as fast as the servants could supply us with hot water, from the moment the cloth was removed until a few minutes before the departure of the mail—and the result you know.

"When I left N—— I had no definite aim, beyond the useful recourse of the reckless and desperate in all ages—a life of dangerous excitement on the ocean wave. Fortune, they say, must be assiduously followed by those who would win favours. The reverse was true in my case; for the more I tried to shun the fickle goddess the more she followed and smiled upon me. At Liverpool I met with the captain of a vessel belonging to a highly respectable company in New York, with whom I had a slight acquaintance; and after telling him as much of my story as I thought necessary, he at once consented to take me with him for one voyage as supercargo, and to give me every oppor-

tunity of gaining experience in my new profession. Although formerly merely an *amateur*, still I was no novice in nautical affairs; and before we had crossed the Atlantic, I showed myself fully qualified to take the position of mate on another ship belonging to the same company which was to sail in a few days for the West Indies. I eagerly accepted the appointment; and, before we had been a week at sea, a terrible collision occurred—of which I daresay you must have read the accounts at the time—on which occasion the measures which I took while my superior officers were overcome with panic (and one of them, at least, with brandy) were considered to have been the means of saving a valuable cargo and many valuable lives. I was thus brought prominently under the notice of the owners, and before another voyage, the captain and I exchanged places, or rather, I took his place, and he was dismissed, with a very severe reprimand, from the service of the company. But this was not all. The senior partner in our firm invited me to spend a few days with him at his mansion, in the neighbourhood of the city, during which time he so won upon me by his almost parental kindness that I told him my real name and the whole of my history. From that time, whenever I was not at sea, he insisted upon my making his house my home: and on his death, which occurred a few months ago, he bequeathed to me almost the whole of his fortune, with an earnest request that I would return and see whether it were still possible for me to do anything to gladden the hearts of the friends of my childhood.

"You are probably aware that, before leaving N——, I wrote to my uncle, Mr. Joseph Greenbank. Of course he could not reply, as I gave him no clue by which I could be traced; but the first thing I did, on mature reflection, after landing at New York, was to endeavour to open up a communication with him by means of Mr. Blandon, whom I then thought the most likely person to assist me. I begged Mr. Blandon to assure my uncle, if he thought that it would be prudent to do so, that my devotion and gratitude to him were unchanged as ever. I even ventured to request him to observe whether Miss Inmers showed any signs of relenting, and left him to use his own discretion as to how much he should communicate to her of what I had written. Mr. Blandon's reply was left at the address I had given him during my second voyage, but it was far from being satisfactory. My uncle had died without even mentioning my name. Miss Inmers would not suffer the slightest allusion to be made to her former intimacy with me, and was (at least report said so) about to be married to a gentleman who had quite recently formed her acquaintance. Such was the tale, cautiously worded and copiously interspersed with professions of sympathy and condolence, by which the hypocritical scoundrel endeavoured to deceive me, and by which, for years, I was deceived. Sometimes, it is true, when the hurricane swept our decks, and the

ship rocked like a child's plaything on the created wave—when the timid “shrieked,” and the brave “stood still”—the figure of Mary Inmers would appear, to interpose between me and destruction, gently reproaching me for ever mistrusting her, and beckoning me to return. I scarcely know when I first began to doubt Mr. Blandon's good faith towards me. I am not naturally suspicious, and it was long before I could admit to myself the possibility of my having been deceived. When, however, my kind benefactor in very plain terms hinted his suspicions that I had entrusted my cause to a false friend, and afterwards rendered me, in one sense at least, independent of the world's smile or frown, I determined, in compliance with his last wish, to return at once to England. On arriving at N—— I learnt, by some cautious inquiries in the neighbourhood of The Lamb, that Mr. Inmers had fallen into difficulties, and that he and his daughter (still unmarried) had retired into Bleakmontshire. I at once resolved to follow them, and tried hard to persuade myself that it was best for me to go in a straightforward manner and beg that the future might yet be allowed to atone for the past. But it would not do. That such was the most proper course for me to adopt, I did not doubt; but the simple possibility of a cold reception from Mary Inmers was more than I could bear. She might be even now engaged to another, and to meet her under such circumstances would be to inflict unnecessary torture on one—perhaps on both; I must therefore be better acquainted with the real position of affairs before I presented myself, see if possible without being seen, and know without being known. It was then that the idea of assuming this ridiculous disguise suggested itself to me. I had once taken the part of an African minnetrel with considerable *éclat* at some private theatricals at New York, and that character appeared as suitable for my present purpose as any other. The metamorphosis was soon effected; and after one long look at the window of that little room in The Lamb where Mary and I had spent so many happy hours together, I took the train for Bleakmont, carrying with me a light hurdy-gurdy, and an old knapsack containing a somewhat more presentable dress, to be used if required. You are aware, perhaps, that a considerable part of my youth was spent in this neighbourhood, and that Mr. Blandon's widowed mother still resides in a small cottage about four miles higher up the river. I remember having seen her frequently with the late Mrs. Inmers when I was a boy, but of course I had no intention of making her my confidante; but I thought that I knew where to find one man able and willing to aid me, and to him I resolved to make myself known. This was an old gamekeeper in the employment of Lord P., who first taught me the use of the fishing-rod and fowling-piece, and in whose company I have from time to time spent many a happy day in pursuit of the speckled trout and mountain hare. He is quite a character, this same John Irvine (or Jock-o'-

the-Hill as he is generally called), and although I must not urge you to accompany me all the way to his lonely hut to-day, I hope, when we have more leisure, to have the pleasure of introducing you to as fine a specimen of the true ‘Natty Bumppo’ type as you perhaps ever saw. Well, as chance would have it, when I arrived at Craighallow, Jock was standing amongst the idlers at the door of the inn. He little suspected who I was, and as it did not exactly suit me to introduce myself to him there, I contented myself with cutting a few capers such as you have witnessed, endeavouring at the same time to discover what his movements would be for the night. Nothing could be more satisfactory. He was to proceed homewards, accompanied for the first mile or two by a friend, in about an hour. My plan therefore was to saunter on before, and meet him after his companion and he should have parted company. The sun went down before I had got far on my way, but a brilliant, cloudless moon well supplied the place of the lord of day; and as the distant shadowy outline of many a familiar spot appeared before me, my spirit rose for the time superior to all the perplexing difficulties which harassed me, and I abandoned myself without reserve to the happy memories of youthful years. Having wandered some distance from the direct route, in order to deposit my musical instrument in an old hiding-place among the rocks, the entrance to which was known only to a few, I was just about regaining the highway, singing, as I walked along, some verses of a favourite old ballad, when, to my consternation, I heard my name pronounced, with a start of bewilderment, by a traveller who came abruptly in sight from the opposite direction. I had disguised my face effectually enough, but not my voice, and Mr. William Blandon (for he it was), by the sense of hearing rather than of sight, had instantly recognised me. It was an embarrassing rencontre on both sides; for although Mr. Blandon welcomed me with a great affectation of delight, I could not help suspecting from his manner that my sudden appearance was anything but agreeable to him; while, on the other hand, my own schemes were thus prematurely disarranged. There was no help for it, however; and after I had told him as much as I chose to do respecting my present position, and assured him that my arrival was known to no single individual except himself (on which point he seemed to be particularly inquisitive), he accounted for his presence there by saying that he was returning from a hurried visit to his mother; and proposed, as he had only just time to catch the mail-gig from Craighallow to Bleakmont, that I should walk back a short distance with him. I did so; and now we have come to the place to which I wished to bring you before entering upon the climax of my story. What remains to be told will now be more intelligible to you.”

Although I had not ventured to interrupt Mr. Greenbank until he himself made this voluntary pause in his narrative, it was impossible not to

be very much struck with the aspect of the locality to which we were approaching. A narrow foot-path, shut in on both sides by rocks and thick brushwood, had brought us to the base of a cataract below which the river Ballow separates itself into two streams, the larger of which immediately enters a subterranean passage, through which it flows for nearly a quarter of a mile. I had heard for some time, with no little astonishment, the roar of the unseen waters almost beneath my feet, and it was with a feeling akin to awe, that I now drew near to get a close view of that whirlpool, black as Acheron, through which these waters disappear from the light of day. There is a tradition amongst the mountaineers, that nothing that enters this whirlpool, to which they have given the name of "Devil's Gully" can ever be seen again; but this is not strictly correct, for the remains of a poor countryman, who was once precipitated into the abyss, were found a month or two afterwards below the junction of the upper and under currents; but had it not been for some shreds of clothing which still adhered to the limbs, no one would have supposed that the crushed and mangled mass had ever borne a human form. Mr. Greenbank allowed me to gaze for a few minutes into the frightful chasm, and then continued:—

"When Mr. Blandon and I reached the point where we are now standing, we both paused, as if by a natural impulse, to survey for a few moments, in silent admiration, the spot which had been both the charm and the terror of our childhood. The river, swollen by the melting of the snow on the hills, was at least four or five feet higher than it is to-day. I suppose you have heard of the *blarney stone* in Ireland, and the extraordinary virtue which it is said to confer upon the lips that press it. Well, that stone beneath your feet there also has its virtue. Whoever touches it with his right hand, stooping in such a manner as not to bend the knee, between the hours of sunset and sunrise, shall obtain the wish nearest to his heart. In conformity to the superstition, I was just in the act of placing my hand upon the stone, when a violent, I cannot now by any stretch of charity call it an accidental, push from behind sent me headlong into the gully. Aye! you may stare at me with incredulity; but, difficult as you may find it to believe, that the arm which a few minutes before had been entwined in mine in apparent friendship, could thus be raised to hurl me to destruction, it is true nevertheless."

"If I appeared incredulous, Mr. Greenbank, depend upon it, it was not for the reason you imagine. I was prepared to hear and to believe any villany of that man; but that you were once *there*, and are now *here* (unless a miracle has been wrought for your salvation), I know not how that can be."

"My escape may indeed be regarded as miraculous, and had the river been in the same state then as you see it now, my fate must have been inevitable."

"But did you not say that the river was

considerably higher that night than it is to-day?"

"I did; and to that circumstance, under Providence, I owe my safety. This may seem an enigma to you, but its solution is easy enough. The subterranean aperture was not sufficiently large to admit the whole volume of water, and the surplus fluid (as a lecturer on hydrostatics might term it) flowing onward between, but not under the rocks, carried me along with it into that stagnant pool behind those trees. When, half-choked and bruised, I succeeded in struggling from the mud, it was to find myself alone. Blandon had hurried away as fast as he could. I have no doubt he believed then, and still continues to believe, that his murderous purpose had succeeded; but some how, when he least expects it, he shall yet be undeceived. I have little else to tell you. Jock o' the Hill received me as one risen from the dead, with the most passionate manifestations of delight, and nursed me with every care, and no little skill; through the two days' illness that followed that dreadful night. As soon as I was able to travel, I was obliged to hasten to Liverpool on some business which my partners had entrusted to me, and this having been satisfactorily concluded, I returned to this neighbourhood a few days ago. I have never been able to catch even a distant glimpse of Mary Inmers through all my masquerading, and had fully resolved before seeing you, that this day should be the last of such nonsensical foolery. I am ashamed that you should have caught me practising it; but you must remember that love, like insanity, often assumes most unaccountable phases, and when a little cold-water has removed these stains, let the remembrance of them vanish too."

According to the arrangement which had been agreed upon, I left Mr. Greenbank at some distance from Jock o' the Hill's abode, and returned to order dinner, and wait his arrival at "The Grouse and Trout." He very soon joined me there, just as I expected to find him when dressed in his proper costume, as handsome a fellow as ever stole the heart of maiden fair. The landlord, good man, had no idea that the gentleman, behind whose chair he now stood with obsequious politeness, was the same whom he had entertained in his kitchen a few hours before, and amused us not a little with a doleful account of some robberies that had taken place on the previous night. He himself had lost ever so many fowls, and a whole cheese had been abstracted from Walter Begg, the carrier's cart, in an adjoining yard. "It was that nigger chap, gentlemen, you may depend upon that. I never liked the looks of the fellow; but to come into my house after plundering me as he did, that was a stroke of impudence, which I should scarcely have expected."

I could see that Greenbank winced a little at this attack upon the honesty of his "alter ego;" but, putting the best face upon it, he asked, with a roguish twinkle of the eye, whether or not the authorities had been apprised of the vagabond's proceedings, and advised that they should be

applied to without delay. As, however, the *authorities* in Craigballow consisted only of an old constable, who had been laid up for six weeks by an attack of rheumatism, there was little hope that the matter would be brought to a successful issue. Although neither of us felt any great desire to linger over the wine, the shades of evening had once more begun to thicken around us before we left the Grouse and Trout. In spite of the impatience of my companion, I had contrived that it should be so, as I did not wish our approach to the Percy Arms to be observed from a distance, thinking that some caution would be requisite in introducing the long-lost stranger. The day that had been ushered in by fierce tempest was succeeded by a night calm and serene: fit emblem of that sacred repose, which the Angel of Peace sometimes breathes upon the stormy passions that agitate the human breast!

Mr. Greenbank spoke but little on the way, and I shall not attempt to describe his emotions, as each foot-step brought him nearer to her with whom he now once more hoped to realize "his earliest and purest dream." About half-a-mile from our destination, when passing a cottage, the interior of which could be seen by means of the light which issued from the window, he seized my arm with a sudden start, exclaiming at the same time, "That is she." I turned my eye in the direction indicated, and there, beside the decrepid old woman who occupied a seat close to the few logs that burned on the hearth, stood Mary Inmers, speaking the words of consolation and of comfort, all unconscious how closely, in her case, the shadowy steeds of night and morning were approaching each other.

Whispering hurriedly to the strong man, who now trembled like a reed beside me, to go on a little way beyond the first bend of the road, so that I might have an opportunity of acquainting Miss Inmers of his arrival, and assuring him that as soon as they met I should go forward to make the same announcement to Mr. Inmers, leaving them to follow as slowly or as quickly as they pleased, I knocked at the door, and scarcely waiting to be invited, entered the lowly dwelling. I was proceeding to explain to Miss Inmers that I had seen her through the window, and thinking that she might perhaps feel a little timid at walking home alone, had ventured to offer her my escort, when the old woman, who, although blind, must have had the sense of hearing developed in no ordinary degree, interrupted me with—"But there were two of you, I know by the footsteps, that stopped before the door: where's the other?"

"Yes," I replied, looking at Miss Inmers, "I had a friend with me: he is waiting for us not far away."

Did she suspect from my manner who this friend really was? It must have been so, else why that blood mantling so rapidly to the cheek? why those meek eyes turned so beseechingly towards mine, as if to say—can it indeed be he? The secret would not keep. What words I

employed when we left the cottage I cannot remember, but Mary was speedily informed that her lover, kept away from her by a base fraud for five long years, had at length returned, having no reason to blush for any single act of his since he was last by her side; and one minute afterwards all the sorrows of those five dreary years were forgotten in that long embrace. But a stranger intermeddled not with joys like these. Such transports of happiness as I witnessed that night by Ballowmere are rarely granted to mortals here below; and it is well that it is so; for, were it otherwise, man would be so contented with the present, that he would never sigh for a future Eden.

CHAP. IV.

"Let me have a cigar with you in your room after you have finished those letters which you say must be written to-night," was the request which Mr. Greenbank made of me, as I rose to leave the supper-table, at which, after the first raptures of welcome had subsided, we had been discussing, after the fashion of ordinary mortals, the natural bearings of the various incidents recorded in the preceding chapters.

"Most certainly," I replied. "As soon as you are at liberty, that is" (with a sly glance at Mary), "if you ever should happen in this world to find yourself at liberty again, come up to me, and try the soothing influence of a weed, after the somewhat exciting events of the day."

"But you said, a little ago, that you had thought of a plan by which that wretch Bandon can be visited with the punishment most justly merited by his crimes, without having recourse to legal measures; won't you enlighten us a little on this point before you go?"

"No; my plan requires some consideration, and must not be submitted for discussion prematurely. I shall, however, be prepared with a rough outline of the programme by the time you come up."

"And am I not to be admitted into your counsels?" said Mary, looking so proud and so happy; "you surely could not be so cruel as to keep me in the dark."

"Certainly not; but we must proceed constitutionally, you know, in this matter. Mr. Greenbank and I, acting as the Lower House, must pass a bill of "*mentio plectatur*" against Mr. William Bandon. Mr. Inmers shall represent the Upper House, and give it his sanction; and you, Miss Inmers, assuming the functions of Royalty itself, must afterwards affix your sign-manual to the decree of your loyal and loving subjects."

"It seems, then, I am to have about as much of my own way as Queens generally have; but although her most gracious Majesty is not to be permitted to take part in your deliberations, I suppose it will be quite constitutional for her to open Parliament in person, in one hour from

this time, in the hall, where it will hold its present sittings—No. 4, Percy Arms, Bleakmontshire.”

“The throne shall be ready for your Majesty’s reception, and may Monarch never wear a more uneasy crown than that which will then be placed upon your brow.”

I had given it as my excuse for leaving the room that I had letters to write, and such indeed was the case; but they were not of such a nature as to occupy me more than five or ten minutes, and might have been delayed till later; but I knew that Mr. Inmers would retire early, and, remembering the proverb about the number three being in certain cases rather awkward, I thought it prudent, as well as considerate in me, to withdraw for a time. My correspondence was soon finished, and I then sat down to have what the Dutch metaphysicians would call “a downright good think” about the practicability of the scheme which had suggested itself to me in the course of the evening, when we were discussing some additional facts connected with our story which had come to light during the day. It is time that these facts should be detailed, and I cannot do so more intelligibly than by transcribing, *verbatim*, a letter which Mr. Inmers received that afternoon from the eminent solicitors, in N—, to whom Mr. Greenbank, sen., had entrusted the management of his affairs.

N—, January 24th, 18—.

SIR,—We have the honour to inform you that in terms of the will of the late Mr. Joseph Greenbank, bearing date Feb. 15th, 18—, your daughter, Miss Mary Inmers, will, under certain provisions afterwards to be explained, be entitled, on the 18th *proximo*, to the sum of £50,000, should Mr. Henry Greenbank, the nephew of the testator, not appear before that time. It was the wish of our client that the nature of his will should not be made public, in the event of the continued absence of this nephew, until the expiry of five years; but we were also invested with a discretionary power in this matter; and we now think it best to anticipate, by a few weeks, the communication which we should then have had to make to you. The reason for our doing so is as follows: The clerk who was employed in drawing up the will of Mr. Greenbank, and who is now lying dangerously ill, has requested the clergyman who visits him to inform us that, under intimidation, he disclosed the contents of that will to Mr. William Blandon, and that he has reason to believe that Mr. Blandon has been, and is now endeavouring to take some unfair advantage of Mr. and Miss Inmers by means of the information thus obtained. Of course you will know best what importance to attach to this statement; but we thought it only just to the late Mr. Greenbank, to you, and to ourselves, to let you know of it as soon as possible. We have despaired of ever hearing anything further of Mr. Henry Greenbank, and are obliged to conclude that the report which reached us some years ago of his death must have been correct, but full details respecting the property named above, the contingencies and amount of interest accumulated since 18—, shall be forwarded to you in our next.

Trusting that we shall continue to receive the patronage of Miss Inmers and yourself,

We are, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

GREGSON AND SHARPLEY.

John Inmers, Esq.

Here then was the true key to the *disinterested* motives which had influenced the saintly stockbroker. Knowing that Mary Inmers would come into possession of £50,000 if young Greenbank, whom he had always hated at heart, as one likely to thwart some of his favourite plots, remained out of the way, or could be kept out of the way for five years, he thought that such a stake was worth almost any risk; and what he risked to gain it, we have seen. The same post which brought this letter from Messrs. Gregson and Sharpley had also brought one to Miss Inmers, from Blandon himself, in which he informed her that he had now received certain information that their *dear young friend* had not survived his departure from N— more than a year, and urged her more earnestly than ever to name the day on which he might hope to obtain the desire of his heart cherished for years, concluding with a few attempts at something like the pathetic, copied, if I am not greatly mistaken, from an old work entitled “The Universal Letter Writer.”

It was much more than an hour (I never expected anything else under the circumstances) before my meditations were interrupted; but they came at last, with many apologies for their long absence, declaring, of course, that they had no idea of how the time had passed. Mary did not stay with us long; it was very late; besides, she knew that I had some project which I wished to discuss alone with her Harry, and, like a sensible girl, she soon left us to ourselves. No sooner had she gone, than my friend, adopting the Homeric method of plunging at once into the middle of a subject, exclaimed: “Well, now, Mr. Grandchaupp, what is to be done! Is one of us to hurry off to N—, to-morrow morning, and have Mr. William Blandon arrested for the attempted murder of one Henry Greenbank, on the 17th of last month?”

“I have thought of that; but I fear it will scarcely answer. In the first place, a publicity would thus be given to many things, which neither you nor Miss Inmers would like to see flourishing in a prominent position in all the newspapers in Bleakmontshire; and, in the second place, knowing the cunning of him with whom we have to deal, as well as his hitherto unblemished reputation, and knowing also how easy it is to give to facts a false colouring, which may for a time mislead even the most cautious, I doubt very much whether, with simply your word against his, any jury would convict him upon the capital charge.”

“Well, I agree with you there; but could we not have him indicted for attempting to gain fraudulent possession of certain monies, the property of one Miss Mary Inmers?”

“Worse and worse. You forget that your

uncle's wealth, by the terms of the will, is yours, not hers, now: at least, from the tenor of Messrs. Gregson and Sharpley's letter it would appear so; but, besides, it is scarcely felony, you know, to offer your hand to a young lady, even although she should be 'seised or possessed' of fifty thousand pounds. No; I have thought of all these plans, and one or two besides. Horse-whipping, for instance, or ducking in the nearest pond, are no bad expedients, under certain circumstances; but here, I think I know of something better."

"And what may that something be?"

"You remember that Mr. Blandon has written to Miss Inmers, earnestly urging her to fix the day for her nuptials?"

"Yes, the impudent dog, I know he has."

"Well then, let her *fix the day*."

"Fix the WHAT! I say say, air, are you mad, or do you wish to drive me so?"

"Neither, my good fellow, I do assure you; and if you will hear me to the end you will probably agree with what I say. I was going to advise that Miss Inmers should fix a day—and that an early one—for her nuptials. I did not mean that *his* were to take place on the same day; although we must, for the success of our scheme, allow the dear man to harbour that delusion in the mean time. Don't you think that when the crisis comes we can find a bridegroom without having occasion to trouble him? and won't he just be not a little pleased to find that he has come all this distance merely to have the pleasure of seeing Miss Inmers, and the treasure for which he has bartered his soul, pass into the keeping of his old friend, Mr. Harry Greenbank?"

"Ah! now I see what you would be at. Bring him here, thinking he is going to have Mary, and then surprise him just as he is about to clutch the golden apples. Really, Grand-chaupp, the idea is worth a statue; a "*monumentum are perennus*," such as old Dr. Prosody used to tell us about, and I think I must erect something of the kind in your honour in some part of our grounds, where Mary and I can see it every morning; but don't you fear that there may be some insurmountable obstacles in the way?"

"No; I think not. I shall endeavour to secure Mr. Inmers's approval and co-operation. Mary, I think, I may safely leave to you. We must, of course, take care that Mr. Blandon does not visit the Percy Arms before the wedding day: that I think will be easily accomplished; for, secure of his prize, he is not the man to care much about the pleasure of saying pretty things to the lady before the time. Such friends as we can depend upon may, if necessary, be admitted into the secret, and any business that may require to be attended to in N—— I daresay I can transact for you, if you will intrust me with it. I met this Mr. Sharpley, of the firm of Gregson and Sharpley, on the continent some years ago: a pleasant companion he was amongst the Alps, and I shall be very glad to renew my acquaintance with him. I think we had better take him

into our confidence. I understand it is usual here, as in most parts of Scotland, for marriages to be solemnised in private houses instead of at the public altar in the church. This is also in our favour, and altogether the thing seems perfectly practicable."

And the more we talked of it the more practicable it seemed: so that before we separated for the night we were quite sanguine of a successful issue. When I met Mary on the following day, her "sweetly conscious" blushing cheeks revealed to me very plainly that Harry—who had been with her for half-an-hour alone—had not pleaded his cause in vain, and that little opposition would be offered by her. Mr. Inmers—feeling keenly, as those who never attempt to deceive themselves must always feel deception practised upon them by another, especially when that other has for years been regarded as a true and valued friend—hesitated a little at first; but I succeeded in convincing him, by arguments which seemed satisfactory to myself, that as Mr. Blandon's crimes were such as could scarcely be reached by the arm of the law, we were perfectly justified in the course we intended pursuing.

"Mary would not consent to write to Mr. Blandon herself; I therefore undertook to compose an epistle, which should be afterwards transcribed and signed by Mr. Inmers, to the effect that his daughter had at length consented to name the 15th of next month for her marriage. And I flatter myself that, if the proper use of language be, as the French diplomatist said, to conceal one's real sentiments, my missive was a masterpiece in its way—" *Finis coronat opus*!" The best of it was, it had the desired effect, and the conspiracy—no, we must not call it by that ugly name: I mean the legitimate combination for the purpose of inflicting a severe moral chastisement upon one in every respect deserving of it—rapidly hastened to its consummation.

I spent a few days in N—— with Mr. Sharpley, who heartily approved of all that we intended doing, and declared that nothing should prevent him from seeing the *déroulement* at the Percy Arms. He had taken such good care of Mr. Greenbank's property while that gentleman was absent on his travels, that he thought he had a right to be present at the wedding—besides, what better opportunity could he have of resigning his trust, and giving an account of his stewardship.

James Lindsay threw up his cap, with a shout like that of a schoolboy who has received a half-holiday, and laughed—such a laugh!

"Where it most sparkled no glance could discover—In lip, cheek, or eye—for he brightened all over!"

I did not ask for an introduction to Mr. Blandon; but I did insist on his being pointed out to me in the street, or rather, I succeeded in pointing him out to myself; for I had formed so correct an idea of that gentleman's appearance, that I had no difficulty whatever in recognising the original. "Yes," thought I, as he walked past me, "that self-satisfied simper becomes you

well here; but you little know what a mine is ready to explode under your feet! Wait till I get you into Bleakmontshire!"

And at last the day came. Eleven o'clock was the hour fixed for the ceremony to take place, and a few minutes before that time, a chaise, drawn by a couple of prancing greys, drew up before the Percy Arms. Mr. Sharpley, Captain Morrison—a Peninsular veteran, who had retired on half-pay to his native glen, and was on very intimate terms with Mr. Inners—James Lindsay, the Presbyterian clergyman who was to officiate, and myself, along with a few neighbours and friends, were assembled in the most commodious apartment in the house to receive the bridegroom expectant, and performed our part so well, that to the last moment he had no suspicion of what was about to happen. As is not unusual on such occasions, a few moments of rather embarrassing silence succeeded, and then all eyes were turned towards the bride, who entered leaning upon the arm of her venerable parent. Mr. Blandon, animated surely—villain as he was—by some emotions nobler than those which earth's glittering dross inspires, as his eye rested on the lovely figure before him, made one hasty step forward, as if to place himself in his proper position in front of the clergyman; but before he could take a second, the hand which he thought would in a few minutes be his for ever was clasped in those of Mr. Henry Greenbank, who, on a preconcerted signal, had thrown open the side-door behind which he was concealed, and now stood boldly confronting the man whom the interposition of Providence alone had prevented from being his murderer. For a few moments the stockbroker appeared to be utterly paralyzed; and I have no doubt actually believed that the ghost of the murdered Harry, like that of Banquo of old, had come as an unbidden wedding-guest: but the looks of scornful defiance which met him on all sides, and the hearty welcome which the true bridegroom received, convinced him at length that it was no vision, but a reality which startled him. He felt that those eyes had "*speculation*" in them, and that the terrible game at which he had been playing was irretrievably lost. And as this consciousness forced itself upon him, no pen can describe that look of cowardly terror and baffled malice! I have seen men rendered so hideous by vice, that you could scarcely call them human: but I never saw a fiend incarnate till the hour in which the mask was suddenly torn, before my eyes, from the face of the smooth-tongued hypocrite!

After struggling for a time, as if it were for words to utter some curse of vengeance, he turned to leave the room; but we hemmed him in on all sides, so that there was no escape; while Mr. Inners addressed him in the most solemn manner on the enormous nature of his guilt; and concluded by saying that one of the reasons which had influenced him in allowing him to be brought there that day was, that he might see and know that there is an Eye above all, which continually watches over those who

seek its protection, and an arm of might that will not suffer the machinations of the wicked to triumph for ever. It was then intimated to him that after the ceremony he would be allowed to depart. What his thoughts must have been, as he heard the vows uttered and the blessings invoked, I do not pretend to tell; but as soon as it was permitted him to do so, he slunk away like a hound that had received the lash, no one honouring him with a word, except that I whispered to him, in low, but audible tones, as he passed me—"Be very careful on your journey not to go too near to the Devil's Gulley!" But although we had guaranteed him against personal violence, it was not so easy to restrain the fury of the crowd outside. Jock o' the Hill, who was aware of most of the circumstances narrated above, was determined that the popular voice should at least be heard on the occasion; and the moment Blandon showed his face outside, he was received with such an outburst of yells and hisses as must have rung in his ears for months afterwards. The post-boy, who had been induced to refuse to carry him back, declared point-blank, in an accent which showed that he had received his early training considerably south of the Tweed, that it was enough for him to be able to say that he'd driven Satan once in his vehicle, and that he was not going to try the experiment a second time! The victim was therefore obliged to walk to Craighallow, followed by the infuriated mountaineers, who, if the truth must be told, gave him some more tangible proofs of the estimation in which he was held than mere words could have conveyed. The lesson might prove a salutary one to him; but I scarcely expect that it will be so: for, although such men as he may gnash their teeth in unavailing regret that their designs have been frustrated and their villainies revealed, seldom, indeed, is it granted to them to realise the import of that holy word—*REPENT*!

It were needless longer to protract our tale. Harry and his better angel are away to some spot in that fairy-land of which we have spoken. Their healths have been proposed in an appropriate speech (I need not say by whom), and duly honoured in a flowing bumper; Captain Morrison has sung his best, in fact his only song—

I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The braw braw lad of Gala-water,

and the wedding guests are about to separate: Mr. Inners seems to miss his Mary, but he does not murmur; because he knows that in a few weeks he will take up his abode with the young couple in the noble mansion which they have purchased at no great distance; where, also, a hearty welcome, a fishing-rod, and a gun—three no contemptible blessings—are always to be reserved for me. To-morrow I return to my books and my bachelorhood; trusting, dear reader, that you have not wearied during the short time that we have lingered together by Ballowmere.

CHURCHYARDS AND EPITAPHS.

BY MERLIN.

PART III.

"I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-acre. It is just :
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust."
LONGFELLOW.

This
Is the house of God :
Come to it as often and as early as you can ;
Enter into it with joy and gladness,
And
Behave in it as in the presence of God,
With all due decorum and devotion.

The time approaches rapidly when this and similar inscriptions will no longer be read by the village youth as they enter the house of God. One by one new churches rise up with spires pointing to Heaven, unlike the gray old towers from whence the starling and jackdaw have for centuries welcomed the morning light. New ones rise, and old ones are renovated; but nevermore these words of kindly warning are recarved upon the old, or written on the new. It is only the thoughtless who can see this wholesale sweeping away of the customs of our forefathers without some regret: there is something to reverence in them, if only because they were the things our sires daily contemplated. For ourselves we confess, in spite of modern innovations, to a warm love for these simple maxims and customs of our ancestors, and cannot but feel a loss of something dear to us, when, after an absence, it may be of only a few years, we find the church walls we last saw gray with lichen and moss, and covered with the rudely-formed hieroglyphics of men whose earthly frames have crumbled into dust, with sharp edges, and smooth stones neat and prim, and a new-fashioned door where the old porch stood. Half the looked-for joy of "coming home" depends upon seeing these again; yet think not, courteous reader, that I prefer the oaken high-backed pews and ill-convenienced ways of their days to these; it is not that, so much as an estrangement from their spirits, for one cannot so easily realize, though only in fancy, their habits and probable appearance in a place they never knew, as in one whose every particular was fastened on their memory.

It was a sweet October afternoon, with here and there a leaf flickering through the air, when,

after breasting a hill that left me breathless, I entered the old stone porch of a village church to copy the lines placed at the head of this paper, and to rest myself upon the worn seats of red sandstone, so wisely provided for the traveller to rest, as it were under God's wing. A man of middle-age was sitting there, with his staff between his knees, upon which he rested his sharp chin; he too was scant of breath, though I knew he had not climbed the hill; but the hard lines and sharp angles of a face that had evidently once been round and comely to look upon told sufficiently of his quick snatches and short sentences. Half the delight conferred by my long rural walks depends upon the opportunities that occur of talking with village people: let those who find time heavy on their hands try this, it will give them many a pleasant hour and teach many a wholesome lesson; at least it has me. A little ineffectual ray of sunlight stole through some yew trees into the porch, and played about his face; but they only served to deepen the expression of pain and disease.

"A beautiful autumn day," said I, opening my conversation by the aid of that obliging topic the weather, and taking out a pencil to copy the lines.

"It be, sir, very fine," was the reply.

"Been ill long, sir? you seem weak."

"A mort o' time, sir, and varry weak;" and he paused not for words so much as breath, and again resumed speaking slowly, with a rest between each sentence. "Ever sin' last winter; but it wur comin' afore then: years agone now."

"Indeed," said I, to fill up a gap; "and cannot the doctor do you good?"

"Nae, I count they can't mend me much; I took a cold; thae ca'd it somethin' else; but it wur a cold, an it didn't leave me kindly like."

"Live in the village?"

"Ay sir, ay, in on a thae cots, as stand back frae the road yonder. It's a'most kind o' the squire, and shows a good heart, he's niver bin for the rent sin I wur took, and the gentry's all kind, and sends me bits and supe frae their own tables, and blankets—it's very kind, sir."

"That it is, and you're right thankful too."

"Happen so; but they worn't be thanked. Miss Hester, sir, that's squire's daughter, says I shant goo to the parish, though there be thas as say it 'ud be best: but I dorn't like the thout o' that. You see I worked as long as I could, and we'd a large family to keep. Ony how, some's grow'd up now, and helps me all they can, but it arnt much: ony it's the spirit to do't if they could."

And the sick man wiped away a tear with his rough fleshless hand, leaning back against the wall.

"And they all did well; all but Mark, poor lad. When I used to lay awake o' nights, I often made to mysel a picter like of him comin' home a better man; but it 'ill be too late now for me," and he paused again and tried to hide another tear, though he might have been proud of it rather than ashamed. I saw he had more to tell, and did not speak. Presently he continued: "He took to poachin' wi' a rough set in the town. It's no use to repent, but I've often thowt if he'd stayed wi' the rest on us he'd never ha' done it, and the first night as he went out, they was took, and some transported; but the squire got him off, if he'd leave the country. So he went to sea, an' it's three years now, sin' wi heard on him: eddication warn't easy then as it is now, and he couldn't write you see, may hap he's gone there afore me (pointing up to the blue sky), and so be I'll see him soon: he was right at heart, ony it wur the wild fellows o' the town as spoilt him."

It was sad to see the pale man, and to hear him talk thus, pausing at every sentence for breath; but it seemed, as he afterwards said, a "relief like to talk about things;" but here he was interrupted by a violent cough that shook him terribly. Before he recovered, a little red-faced girl came tripping up the neatly kept path, to fetch him in and carry his cushion, made on purpose for this seat, where he often sat for hours in the summer. He seemed so weak when he rose to go, I could not but offer my arm, and, leaning on me, we slowly went down the path together. On either side were grassy mounds and tomb-stones of yesterday and to-day. Pausing before one of these, marked only by a little foot-stone, he said, "That's the place; Will lies there, and before another summer I shall too." I could not bring myself to speak of a hope I knew could never be realized, and he did not speak of this with regret, like he had of Mark. I saw him seated in his cottage, and asked his leave to call when I came that way again. (Oh! let us never use discourtesy to the poor!) To which he answered, "Do, sir, do; for it's cheery to have a stranger to talk wi'; if I arn't gone I'll be happy; thank ye kindly for to-day, and God bless ye!" Under pretext of showing me where the keeper of the church keys lived, I took the little maiden with me. I wanted the man's name, that I might send what little I could

spare of worldly wealth to "Miss Hester" for his use: she would best know how to supply his needs. With the keys in my hands I went back to copy epitaphs, somewhat saddened by the old man's converse.

I did not call again; for, passing through the church-yard only a few weeks later, I saw the sod was newly turned upon the grave he had pointed out, and knew his spirit was beyond the limits of my world, and that there were no more fears of the poor-house, or of want, for him—a worthy son of toil, who had bravely fought life's hard battle; fought it and conquered, without swerving from the ranks. His life had been a manly voyage against the adverse wind and tide of fortune, with no rudder but his own weak arm—no compass but his own unflinching will; yet had he won the victory, and gone down in peace to receive his reward.

Let us return to the epitaphs. Here is one we take from that over-stocked acre in which we were holding converse; but it is not so much the verse as the device above it I would ask you to consider: it was new to me, though it may not be to you. However this may be, it is a meet emblem for a gentle maiden's death—this pillar of whitest marble, from which the top has been roughly knocked off, as indicative of the life brought to an end just when its fairest promise was held out. The verse below the name runs thus, and, though without great merit in a literary point of view, is sweet and appropriate; perhaps its greatest failing is that it would be more consistently applied to an infant than a maiden verging on womanhood:

This lovely bud, so young and fair,
Call'd hence by early doom,
Just came to show how sweet a flower
In Paradise would bloom.

All who have lingered to read the inscriptions upon grave-stones, more especially in rural places, must have observed the frequent repetition of one verse, almost as universal as the names of families, of which, in a by no means extensive parish, I have counted a dozen or more stones, all bearing one name, and often the same epitaph. This was particularly the case in the church-yard on the hill, of which I am now writing, and the two following verses were there over and over again—in the remotest corner and down by the footpath—on stones that had as yet no touch of moss, and on others which the closest inspection would only enable you to make out here and there a letter: just sufficient to know that it was only one of these upon a more ancient stone, and that the time spent in removing the moss (which, by the way, is just in full bloom, and more than ordinarily plentiful and beautiful after the summer rains), and striving to decipher the dim characters, was just so much lost time. The first of these, commencing, "Afflictions sore," is too hack-nied for quotation. The second was as follows:—

Friend after friend departs :
 Who has not lost a friend ?
 There is no friendship here of heart ;
 That finds not here an end.

There was one more, recurring very often,
 though not so frequently as the above :

He was a kind and inoffensive friend,
 Peaceful in life and happy in his end ;
 Harmless in words, and in his dealings just,
 A constant friend, and upright to his trust.

These are repeated here merely to illustrate the not over wise custom among the villagers of H * * * h in attributing the same virtues to so many individuals, among whom there could not be so near a resemblance as to warrant this repetition. It is with pleasure we turn from these to one of a more than ordinarily feeling and manly tone ; it is copied from the obscurest corner of a new cemetery, and the stone is void of name or date :

Here, with her sleeping
 Babes, resteth in peace
 an excellent woman,
 A most devoted wife
 and mother,
 And a faithful follower of
 Christ her Saviour.
 Stranger ! tread lightly ;
 Speak reverently ;
 Go imitate an example
 Fragrant with the
 Most precious memories
 To him who knew her best !

How rapidly that cemetery, which was but yesterday the play-place of happy children, is filling with the dead ! It seems but a day since its green sod and gravel-walks were consecrated, with pomp and ceremony. It is but a few years, and yet there are but few homes in the dark city behind that have not brought some from among their number hither ; and we see everywhere, among the green shrubs and murky plots, heaving mounds, and stones telling that "The grass withereth, and the flower fadeth ;" and that "Frederic" is "not lost," but "gone before ;" and Thomas, beloved son of the above, has "changed Time for Eternity ;" or that Mary has "put off incorruption ;" and desires that "Ye be also ready, for, ye know not when the Lord cometh." Or of the tender child, who was to her father as "the sun is to the day ;" who "suffered long and was meek," but "is now where pain and suffering are no more." These, and such as these, are the epitaphs current among our contemporaries. One by one, as the old stones are removed or their inscriptions become unreadable, the old and often ludicrous lines become extinct. With pleasure we mark the good work Education is doing, and which prevents their repetition.

In the cloisters of Worcester Cathedral, on an otherwise naked stone, we read this word of gloom :

Miserimus ;

What a dark history may not the imagination

shape from it ! Through how much sin and remorse must the man whose dust lies beneath have passed, to merit so dark an epitaph ! Happily there are few lives utterly desolate, and these only known to such as are burdened with the weight of unatoned-for and undiscovered crimes.

Hitherto, kind reader, we have been diffuse ; gossiping among the tomb-stones rather than fairly writing off the epitaphs for your perusal, our purpose here not being to classify and arrange into various sections the epitaphs we have copied, so much as to present you with a fair estimate—or, rather, sample—of our English churchyards and their tombstones, taking them as they exist ; and thus, as in the following possey of verses, we wander and pause, now by a stone of to-day, and then by one upon which the rain and snow of centuries have fallen, stooping to trace the dim old capitals, or the illuminated letters of to-day's writing, and now, by way of "conscience-work," we proceed rapidly from one to another, leaving the readers of the page to make, as is most in accordance with their individual character, a commentary for themselves.

Since the publication of the first part of this paper our attention has been drawn to others of a similar nature in contemporary magazines, but their examples being gathered from different localities, and the subject being differently treated, we do not think this consideration sufficient for the abandonment of our original design. Nor do we, as has been suggested, see any reason why the names of obscure individuals should be here produced, or even the places in which the epitaphs are to be found named, unless in cases like the following, when they will help out the point of the lines in question. On Jane Pitt, of the Level, 1779.*

Here lie the remains of a worthy old queen,
 As good a companion as ever was seen ;
 At the LEVEL she dwelt in every one's heart
 Till death at her majesty LEVELL'D a dart.
 Kings, princes, and peasants, at his summons must
 fall,
 For death the great LEVELLER, LEVELS us all.

Or the following :—

Ester Orton—a bitter, sour weed ;
 God never loved her, nor increased seed.

It is only in cases like these, where the name, or circumstances in life, give rise to the epitaph that name or other description is not out of place.

* We extract this and several of the following from an interesting volume by John Noake, Esq., entitled "The Rambler in Worcestershire," in which will be found much curious information relating to the churches, &c., &c., of that county.

Twenty years I was a maid,
Ten months I was a wife,
Five weeks I was a mother
And then I lost my life.

Our next speaks well for the connubial bliss
of one Mary Ford—

Here lies the body of Mary Ford,
Whose soul we hope is with the Lord:
But if for hell she's changed this life,
It's better than being John Ford's wife.

And reminds us of another we quote from
memory—

Here lies my dear wife, a sad slattern and shrew,
If I said I regretted her, I should lie too.

Here is a specimen of orthography early in
the 16th century—

Thys Death triumphs, and tels vs al mvst dye;
Thys we trivmpe to Christs by Death to sive
To live to dye is not to dye; but live
To dye to blisse is blessed life to give.
Aake how they liv'd, and they shalt know their
ende.

They dyed saintes to God—to prove trve friend.

My anchor's cast—
My warpe's on shore—
And here I lie
"Till time's no more,

is pithy and appropriate for the grave of a
Severn waterman. We give our next to puzzle
the reader as it has done us: it is copied from
an antique church tile—

Think men thi life may not ever endure,
That thou dost thi self of that thou art sure,
But that thou be just unto thi lectur cure,
And ever his avails the hid is but aventure.

Our friend is gone before
To that celestial shore;
He hath left his mates behind
He hath all the storms outrode,
Found the rest we toil to find—
Landed in the arms of God.

There is an attractive conceit, if I may use
the expression, about the following verse, which
impresses the lines on most memories:

Pope bold asserts (some think the maxim odd)
"An honest man's the noblest work of God."
If this assertion is from error clear,
One of the noblest works of God lies here,

Here is a Bacchanalian's verse—

To tell a merry or a wondrous tale,
Over a cheerful glass of happy ale,
In harmless mirth, was his supreme delight,
To please his guests or friends by day and night;
But no fine tale, how well soever told,
Could make the tyrant Death his stroke withhold.

That fatal stroke has laid him here in dust,
To rise again once more with joy, we trust.

"A little girl," says Mr. Noake, "walking in
a Parisian cemetery, and reading, one after
another, the praises on the tombstones, ex-
claimed 'I wonder where all the sinners are
buried!'" And well, too, might we so exclaim
in almost every acre of burial ground; for the
tombstones of wives, husbands, daughters,
sons, friends, M.P.'s, shoemakers, poets,
blacksmiths, warriors, and rural constables,
all teem with unnatural, overdrawn, and fre-
quently mawkish inscriptions written in their
praise, as though all the world conspired to out-
Herod Herod in this particular, or to wipe out
the slanders they did not fail to speak while they
lived, by more objectionable praises after death.
Every county book has its score of these, all in
the same high-flown laudatory strain. From
these generally worse than worthless effu-
sions we select one that will repay perusal.
We commend it to the reader as the only one
we have found among many of a similar na-
ture, worth the trouble of copying.

In this sequestered grave, this humble stone,
Guiltless of art, adorn'd by truth alone,
Thy virtues, lov'd Eliza, best may show,
And paint the sources of a husband's woe
What if no scenes of busier life appear,
With dazzling radiance, in thy brief career?
Thine was the soul that shunned the general gaze,
Thine the mild lustre of domestic praise.
Five fleeting years in joys unsullied past,
Your pledges of delight, too pure to last,
Presag'd how brightly in more lengthen'd life
Had shone the FRIEND, the MOTHER, and the
WIFE.

Charm'd by thy tongue, by thy example fir'd
No more the youth life's giddy course desir'd.
O! How without thee shall the path be trod,
That leads to life, to virtue, and to God?
Yet shall my soul his high behests obey,
Whose bounty gave, whose justice takes away;
Nor e'er my grateful heart forget, that he
Ow'd thee to Heaven, who owed his heaven to
thee.

A REFORMING QUEEN.—Isabel of Spain was
quick to discern objects of real utility. She saw
the importance of the new discovery of printing,
and liberally patronised it from the first moment it
appeared. She had none of the exclusive local
prejudices too common with her countrymen. She
drew talent from the most remote quarters of her
dominions by munificent rewards. She imported
foreign artisans for her manufactures; foreign en-
gineers and officers for the discipline of her army,
and foreign scholars to imbue her martial subjects
with more cultivated tastes. She consulted the
useful in all her subordinate regulations; in her
sumptuary laws, for instance, directed against the
fashionable extravagances of dress, and the ruinous
ostentation so much affected by the Castilians in
their weddings and funerals. Lastly, she showed
the same perspicacity in the selection of her agents,
well knowing that the best measures become bad in
incompetent hands.—*Women of Worth.*

HARRINGTON GRANGE.

CHAP. V.

THE PICNIC.

You know what it is, my dear reader, to be staying at a country house with a number of other guests, all disposed for enjoyment; where everything is well ordered, and goes smoothly; where you have nothing to do but be amused. You know how quickly the days will seem to have passed when you look back upon them, as Amy did this fifth morning of her stay at Wilmore. First there had been the ball, then the pleasant languor of the day following; music, instrumental and vocal, agreeable conversation; then an evening of charades, then something else. Prominent amongst the pleasures there was the visit to The Whim, under Lady Harding's escort; and now, in all the beauty of the summer morning, there was the genial buzz of preparation for the picnic to Wilmore Castle.

"My good young people," said Lady Harding, feebly, "you do not expect me to join you. I really am not equal to it. As I am Miss Harrington's stern guardian *pro tem.*, I shall arrange for her, and the others will please themselves. Can you ride, little Amy?"

No, Amy thought not.

"Then Eleanor shall drive you in the pony-carriage. Do you hear, Eleanor? Then that is settled. Good-bye. I hope you will enjoy it."

There had been but one drawback to Amy's happiness, and that was Eleanor Vere. Sometimes she would speak to her; but if she did, it was in an even, cold tone, that differed at once from the sarcasms she lavished upon the other visitors, and from the tone she used to Philip. But oftener she treated her with a silent indifference, or a marked and haughty politeness. And now she was to drive with her alone to this picnic.

Little Amy looked into her face wistfully, as they sat in the carriage together; she would have liked to ask why all this was, but then she had no right to ask it. Miss Vere was studiously polite. Even now she pointed out places of interest in the neighbourhood, with the precision and formality of a guide-book. Why should Amy complain? Philip was there to meet them when they arrived at the place fixed upon, and with Philip and his sister she climbed the hill to the castle. There was plenty to say about that. Had he sketched it? Could he tell how old it was?

"No, but he could ask Miss Hartt."

That lady, however, turned on him an eye that was busied with deeper things, and could not be brought to bear upon his childish questions. "When in that courtyard rang the clatter of horses' hoofs, and the ring of the mailed footstep; the clang of the sword, and

anon the swift whirr of the arrow from its bow, or, in later times, the heavy boom of the gun!"—that was how Miss Hartt's thoughts were occupied. "And to trace in that noble ruin—princely in its fall—the hand of the grim destroyer, the sceptre of the hoary king, Time, as it swept over the battlements, touched the bower of the noble lady, who had there looked out for the plume of her lord; and striking the forms of lord and lady, reduced them to their kindred earth! Such, and so fleeting," mused Miss Hartt, with a great sigh, "is the strange and mysterious thing which we call 'life!'"

And on the brow of the hill stood Mr. Sackville, the poet; his own lofty brow bared to the breeze; his long hair flowing behind him, and his eye "in a fine frenzy rolling."

"They were sensible people in those days," said Mr. Mello; "they had music at the daily board."

"Yes," responded Miss Goddard. "Feasting the soul as well as the body; or, rather, rendering the earthly feast spiritual."

"I wonder could one get up that turret in the distance?" said Philip Vere, who, having missed Eleanor and Amy from the group, was beginning to tire of these somewhat highflown reflections.

Miss Goddard came down out of the clouds immediately, called him a "mad thing," and challenged him to assist her in scaling the turret spoken of.

They trooped off together, large and lesser stars, and a little figure appearing cautiously from behind a buttress, watched them with a smile.

"Now I am by myself; now I can get a bit of that moss for Papa. I saw some just like it in an old book of his. If I had asked them to get it, they would have teased, and talked such queer stuff that I never can understand it. I suppose it's clever; but Papa is clever, and he never talks like that to me. Perhaps it is because I am so stupid. Now, if I can but climb high enough!"

Struggle on, little Amy, one step more, and the tempting bit is reached. A step more on the rotten old stones, and a hand loosens its hold to grasp the dangling treasure. And the stone, careless of consequences, rolls comfortably away from under the feet which have trusted to it, and crashes, in spasmodic leaps down the steep side of the hill. And Amy is down also, lying on the grass.

One little cry—only one—and then her lips are bitten hard to keep in the evidence of pain. She must get up. Oh, if she could only get up before they all come back again!

"I cannot stir!" murmurs Amy.

"Keep quiet," says a voice beside her, so gently that she does not even start. "Do not

attempt to move an inch!" And Eleanor Vere, passing her arm round Amy's neck, draws her gently nearer to the ruin.

If it had been anyone else—even Miss Goddard—but to trouble Eleanor!

"I am very sorry," began poor little Amy; but she stopped. The arm that had been passed round her drew her into a close embrace, and the haughty Eleanor was kissing her forehead and her cheeks.

Amy had not seen, but Eleanor had, that less than one foot's difference in her fall and she would have rolled, as the stone did, down that precipice to the very bottom.

"I have sprained my ankle," said Amy, looking into the face bending over her, and wondering at its ashy paleness, no less than at the tenderness to herself; "but I don't mind it, indeed, if you will just help me to get up. I know it is sprained, because I did it once before."

"You must do as I tell you," said Eleanor. "Lie here quite still for a moment. The carriage is down there, below; you will suffer Philip to carry you to it. Hush—I will tell Mr. Sackville, and make him keep the others quiet with a recitation—he is fond enough of it," said Eleanor, unable to resist the sneer even now. "No one shall tease you but Philip and myself."

"But there is no need—I cannot bear to take you away," said Amy, distressed.

Eleanor stopped her, almost harshly.

When she came back again with Philip, neither of them spoke; but he lifted her like a child, and took her down the hill to the carriage. I am not sure that he would have minded if the hill had been longer, or even if no carriage had been at its base, and he had been obliged to carry her all the way.

"There; now I must leave you to Nelly, and go back," said Philip, half hoping he should be ordered to get up behind.

"Yes," said Eleanor, busy with the shawls, with which she made a sort of lounge for Amy, "Go back, and tell them there has been an adventure, and I have borne away the heroine. Is that right, little one?"

Amy looked up, gratefully.

It was not the words, so much as the altered tone and the look on Eleanor's face, that made her turn away her head, and think that, after all, she would rather bear the pain of the injured foot than go back to the morning, when it was well.

Eleanor drove home in silence, thinking perhaps of what might have been but for that over-ruling Providence which men call chance. She made light of it to Lady Harding, before Amy; but the former, covering her with gentle caresses, insisted that she should not be shut up in her own room, as she wished, but should come to the drawing-room. There was a sofa, just fitted for such a case; and Eleanor would be nurse, would she not?

"I want no nurse," pleaded Amy. "It is only tiresome you know, Lady Harding; and

it will be so long getting well, I think I had better go home at once."

"That is how she treats us, Eleanor," said Lady Harding. "Home, indeed! Do you think I should suffer an invalid to go out of my house?"

"But I am not an invalid."

"Do you wish to go?" asked Eleanor; and Amy, looking into her face, gave way, and confessed that she did not.

That evening—placed on the couch in the drawing-room, Lady Harding having left her, and Eleanor alone sitting there beside her; while the ghosts of the dancers filled the room, mixed up with the castle the bit of moss, the rolling stone, and the fall—a thought came to Amy, suddenly, and she cried out: "Oh, Papa, Papa!"

"You shall write to him yourself," said Eleanor. "Yes, he might hear all sorts of things, and be frightened. Rumour never tells the truth."

The letter was written and sent. Eleanor took her place again, and the blue eyes, which were wont to be so mischievous, fixed themselves upon her.

"You are very kind to me," said Amy, timidly.

Eleanor's hand was on the brown head in an instant, stroking it.

"My dear little Amy," she said, shuddering; "you don't know all."

"All what?"

"You don't know that one step—the breadth of my hand—further to-day, and you would have been smashed to pieces."

But Amy's gaze never finched.

"I saw when Mr. Vere lifted me up, and I am very thankful. But yet I think I would go through it again—for this. I like to be cared for. I *want* it. It hurts me when people—beautiful people like you—are so cold and proud."

Eleanor's only answer was a caress.

CHAP. VI.

ROUND THE SOFA.

In the darkest corner of the spacious drawing room, with Eleanor beside her, and twilight gathering over them, little Amy rested, in the half-sitting, half-reclining posture, for which some of the modern couches are so favourable.

Sir Thomas came up and blustered, wanting to know what they were all about, to leave her alone in the ruin. When he was a young man he should not have done such a thing, he knew. He thought the rising generation of gentlemen a sad falling-off. Nothing but poetry and music and metaphysics would do in these days. Honest, old-fashioned field-sports were out of date—they were even voted vulgar and coarse! Worse than that—he now found that chi-

valry was gone out too: and as for that attention and respect towards ladies which had characterized his younger days, where was it, when a party of young fellows went mooning about an old ruin, and left a young lady to help herself at the risk of her life—eh?

Lady Harding drew him away, with a gentle "My dear Thomas!" And Miss Goddard rushed upon Amy as furiously as her muscular hand was wont to clatter up and down the keyboard. "Was she hurt much? Any bones broken? How well she bore it—quite a heroine!"

Mr. Mello had floating through his head the first few melancholy bars of "Wilmore Castle, a Requiem," when it occurred to him awkwardly that as no one was dead a requiem would not be quite *à propos*.

Miss Hartt bent down her hooked nose, and whispered an incident of Spartan fortitude, which dealt in such unpleasant images that Amy felt a little uncomfortable under it; and Mr. Sackville, looking upon her with a hazy, far-off gaze, which seemed to peer through her into the mysterious future, had composed the three first stanzas of "The Dirge of the Castle," and was going desperately through the alphabet in search of a rhyme for "agony," which he couldn't find anywhere.

"And now," said Miss Goddard, playfully, "shall we indulge in a little music, or will it be too much for the invalid?"

Whereupon Amy looking distressed, Eleanor begged to assure her that Miss Harrington did not consider herself an invalid, and was particularly fond of music. Then the chandeliers throwing down their soft radiance, the piano became again the cynosure, and the sofa in the dim corner was deserted.

"I have a note for you," said Lady Harding, coming up to Amy, and putting one into her hand. "It came enclosed in one to me from your papa. I think he may trust me even with his Sunbeam. Such a name as that is worth earning, little Amy."

"I am sure everyone is too kind," was the grateful response. And Amy's eyes sought Eleanor; but she was leaning silent and abstracted over the back of the sofa, and Philip was with her.

"I shall tell him you have already achieved greatness," continued Lady Harding, lightly, "All my visitors are glad of an adventure to talk about."

Amy silently folded the little note from her father—nothing but a few kind words, but precious, as such words generally are: and Philip Vere, bending over, put something before her.

"I hope you will forgive me, Miss Harrington, if it is not the right piece."

"My moss! Oh," cried Amy, her eyes sparkling—"how could you do it?"

"Then you are angry—you did not care about having it?"

"Angry! Oh, thank you! It was for papa.

But how did you know what—? You must have told him, she said, turning to Eleanor. "Why did you?"

"I only told him you slipped in trying to reach a bit of moss," said Eleanor. "Was there any harm in that?"

"I am so sorry!" began Amy.

But she was not allowed to finish, for here ensued a furious attack from Miss Goddard, who insisted upon Amy's sofa being moved nearer to the piano, and into a better light. Amy, however, ventured to announce a preference for the dim corner; and Eleanor said decidedly, "She is better here."

"Oh, *certainly*," said Miss Goddard, with a slight tinge of sarcasm in her tone, "if you say so. I am aware that my claims are but feeble compared with yours. I only thought it might be dull: but Miss Harrington is fortunate in her guardians."

Philip went away with her to the piano, and again Amy was left alone, except for Eleanor, who took the vacant chair at her side, and began arranging the pillows.

"You are very good to me," said Amy, again, wistfully.

"And you are not to say that," replied Eleanor, "unless you want to drive me away."

For the strong feelings hidden beneath that cold exterior had been stirred powerfully, and Eleanor gave way to them, wondering at herself while she did so. Philip's constant companion, caring for no one but him, the circumstances which had surrounded her childhood were peculiarly favourable to the growth of that sarcastic bitterness which tinged all her intercourse with strangers. She could just remember her mother, and she knew that that mother's life—at least her married life—had been one unbroken effort to shield herself and her children from cruelty and oppression. And down deep in Eleanor's memory were the days that followed her death—when they, the brother and sister, feeling that now there was no protector, clung together, and hid themselves from their father's presence and his sternness; when, one day in particular, a blow aimed at Philip fell upon his sister; and he, seeing it, sprang like a little tiger to avenge it; when they were both imprisoned in separate closets, and half-starved: but it seemed that nothing would kill them! And then came England, Lady Harding, and kindness. Eleanor could never forget that; but her disposition had been tainted and embittered, and it refused to recover. She clung only to Philip. Believing that there was nothing but hollowness and unreality in those with whom she casually associated, her manner in general almost justified the pedantic stricture of the authoress, Miss Hartt. But for Amy Harrington, if a bitter speech or a sarcasm had ever come to Eleanor's lips, it never left them. She could not tell why, but it was impossible to think of Amy as she thought of others, or address her in her usual repelling manner. She had detected herself feeling a strange interest in the

little school-girl when she saw her first at the Grange; and ever since, watching her with an attention which would not slacken, though it annoyed herself and distressed its object, there had come to her at times a softening towards this one bit of nature in a motley group—an attraction towards her which she could not shake off. She had accused herself of folly and weakness, of injustice to Philip—for was not she all he had? and of inconsistency—for had she not told him repeatedly that she cared for no one but him? But, “if you would love another, do him a kindness,” is an old axiom; and so the day at Wilmore Castle had broken down the barrier which Eleanor Vere set up. And now, lingering day after day by Amy’s sofa, she struggled no more against the impulse, but gave way to it, all the more warmly for the vigorous opposition which had gone before.

The foot would be well soon, and then Amy would go back; besides, the period fixed for their own visit was almost expired; Eleanor did not like to think of that.

Miss Goddard sneered, and gave forth inuendoes which fell as harmlessly on Eleanor’s ears as the trills and gasps of her marvellous duets. Miss Hartt recited to Amy the story of Damon and Pythias, of Orestes and Pylades, of pious Eneas and his fidus Achates; and finally, coming down to modern times, in charity to poor little Amy’s ignorance of the classic lore which stored her own mind, the simpler story of the good and beautiful life of the Llangollen Ladies. And Miss Hartt was not sneering. If her language was high-sounding and pedantic; if she was dubbed, with her blue spectacles, hooked nose, and large mouth, a strong-minded woman and a “blue,” she recognized beauty when she saw it; and for aught I know, under all the pedantry and conceit, the hooked nose, the queer-shaped garments which she affected for the sake of peculiarity, there was in her heart, in one corner, dim perhaps, and out of sight, a little door labelled “Woman’s love.”

And Amy thanked her, simply, for her stories, saying she liked the Llangollen Ladies best, because the other names made her think of school-days and of ancient history.

Verily she was nothing but a school-girl. Yet, for all that, in Walter Harrington’s den, conned over studiously and anxiously, there was a plan even now for her future, of which, happily for her, she knew nothing.

It was such a pleasant life at Wilmore, and everybody was so kind to her. As for Eleanor—“I know now,” thought Amy, “what I wanted to know the first night I came here; when Lady Harding said mamma was her dearest friend.”

She was in her usual place in the corner, alone; but Eleanor was making her way to her, and the music was going on as usual.

“I know all about it,” thought Amy, looking at Lady Harding’s languid face and wearied attitude. “But she did not look like that then: she was younger, and not so tired; like Eleanor, perhaps, only not so beautiful.”

Amy turned with an involuntary movement to Eleanor, and put her hand into hers.

“Ah!” she said, softly, “I am so glad I slipped that day, getting the moss.”

“Amy, Amy!”

“I am. I have never known what it is to be unhappy. I used to hear them talk about it at school, but I don’t know what it feels like. I was a little uncomfortable the first few days here; because, do you know, I began to think I must have done something wrong. I am not used to people’s ways, I have seen so little, and am so ignorant. But now I am happier than ever.”

Philip, lingering unseen in the shadow, heard the words, and saw the caressing movement; and there was a cloud on his face as he met Eleanor’s eyes fixed upon him suddenly. With a motion for silence he left the room quietly, as he had entered it. He had been less in his studio lately, less occupied with his painting, and more frequently with his sister. Perhaps he had gone away, now to ask himself why this was, or to make resolutions for the future. At any rate, it was not to take any more active measures for redeeming lost time, for Eleanor, mounting the stairs to his Whim, some time afterwards, found him in anything but an attitude of application. He was sitting at his easel, but not painting. One elbow rested on his knee, and his head on his hand. He was idle.

“Oh Philip, Philip!”

“And oh, Nelly! Well, what am I to be lectured about now?”

“Idleness, perhaps. You know you deserve it.”

“Didn’t we come into the country for a holiday, and to repair my health, damaged by hard work? But I am not idle. Will you allow no time for conception and arrangement? Oh, I assure you the picture which has been growing before my eyes is beautiful enough to make the fame of the meanest artist, Nelly.”

“Not excepting the unlucky Sles, whose Academy picture you cut up so scandalously?”

Philip did not answer, and Eleanor went up to him.

“Philip,” she said firmly, dropping her light tone, “we have never had any secrets; do not let us begin them.”

“What now?” asked Philip uneasily.

“You have fallen in love with little Amy Harrington.”

He looked up at her with an attempt at a laugh.

“I think it is you,” he said.

“My little darling!” murmured the cold and haughty Vere. “Yes, I never knew it was in my nature to care for any one as I do for her. She does not love you, Philip. If she did I might be jealous, even of you—think of that; but she does not. I cannot think of trouble coming to one so sunny and so happy.”

“Why should it? You say she does not care

for me," said Philip, walking up and down the room. "How do you know?"

"How do I know? Trust a woman for finding that out. I do not say she never would, but, as yet, she has not thought about you. She cares for me: my dear little Sunbeam! She would be a blessing to be choice over; to fold in the shadow of a strong love. But you, knowing your own resolution," said Eleanor, pointing to the easel, "why disturb her, Philip? She has never seen the shadow of trouble; how will she go through the world?"

"Flowers must be bruised before they give out their strength," said Philip; "and if there is trouble for her, she will bear it nobly. But why talk of her to me Nelly, knowing, as you have just said you do, that here is my wife—these paltry daubs, these blotches of colour. I cannot have a divided aim, you know."

"Then shake off this folly, and work," said Eleanor.

"What good advice, and how easy to follow! Is that all? Wouldn't you advise my going back to town out of harm's way, and will you come with me?"

Eleanor bit her lips.

"If you like, Philip."

"What, still faithful! Come Nelly, it is very ungracious of me to play at bitterness with my best friend. We both remember my resolutions, and how grand and noble they sounded, how easy they were to make. I know your advice is meant well, and it may be good: I cannot tell.

"The reason why I cannot tell;
But this I know, and know full well,
I do not like thee, Dr. Fell!"

Dr. Fell representing your advice, and not you, Nelly. Well, I will try, then."

And Philip turned his listless face to the easel.

"And if Philip tries," thought Eleanor, "I know the firmness and perseverance of his nature; he will succeed."

She thought of his past enthusiasm, of his noble devotion to art as a profession, not so much because he must live, and work to live, but because he had an idea of perfection which he had never yet seen realized. He had set this before him; working steadily, already his name was in many mouths, coupled with words of praise. "But," said Philip, "sterner labour is necessary for what I have proposed to myself: my aim is not to equal, but to excel; and that, not for the sake of triumph, but for Art itself." She thought of all this; of how he had said that no other affection must come in, to interfere with this aim; that he must live for that, and that alone; and—could Eleanor Vere suffer a taint of selfishness to creep into her pride for her brother?—she thought of Amy's sunny life, as it was now, unruffled, and of the love which the little school-girl had given to her. But the trial, if it was one, was something like Walter Harrington's effort to leave his beloved den. Philip still sought his sister, and lingered where

he might hear Amy's voice, if it was not addressing him. The flowers, too, which he had been in the habit of bringing in daily for her, were not forgotten, but given in silence, with a glance at her guardian, Eleanor, that was almost pleading. There was a change in his manner, however; and Amy saw it, and pondered over it, uneasily. He was Eleanor's brother; he had been very kind to her, constantly; had she done something to offend him, that he was so distant and ceremonious? Once she was on the point of asking Eleanor; but instinct, or some sudden feeling of half-consciousness, checked her.

"Sir Thomas has but a hard opinion of us all," said Miss Goddard, who was setting to music an effusion of the poet's. "He utterly despises the fine arts; but let not Mr. Vere think to escape: is not painting one? He is one of us, in spite of himself."

"How do you know there is any spite about it?" asked Eleanor, laughing.

Two months ago nothing could have equalled the superb scorn with which she would have received this speech—classing Philip with these tinsel imitations! But Amy had improved her already.

"Oh, because you are both so proud," replied Miss Goddard. "And Mr. Vere, in particular, thinks he is a great genius; and means to astonish the world."

"So he is a genius," said little Amy, indignantly.

"Ah, you believe in him. Well, I acknowledge you ought to know more about him than we do; you monopolize most of his society."

"Now I wish you were at the piano," thought Eleanor, marking the blush that rose over Amy's face. "Is that Mr. Sackville's poem?" she said, turning to the tormentor. "Have you tried it?"

"You want to change the conversation, then," retorted Miss Goddard. "If I thought so I should be glad. I never dared to indulge in the possibility of your having a vulnerable point before. Let me see: it was genius in general, and Mr. Vere's genius in particular, I think: I shall try to remember. And here he comes, to answer for himself. Your battle has been well fought in your absence, Mr. Vere," said the lady, retreating.

Philip's face flushed as he advanced, eagerly; but Eleanor told him it was all nonsense, and, if he wanted to know particulars, he must go to Miss Goddard. Amy never even looked up.

"This will not do," thought Eleanor; "already she is beginning to tremble, like a frightened bird, at the sound of his footsteps; and I can see the colour come when he speaks to her, and the pulse beating in her temples. Oh, Philip, Philip!"

Once again Eleanor found him in the almost-deserted Whim, sitting, as before, idle at his easel.

"Again!" said Philip.

"Oh, Philip! I have no right to interfere, I know; but——"

"Well, I give you the right. Speak, Nelly! What is it now?"

"Oh, Philip! be honest over it. You deceive yourself. Why halt between two opinions? Either win her, or else keep away. How do you know the misery you may bring upon her?"

Philip's eyes glistened.

"A nice opinion you have of your brother! I am honest, and I do not deceive myself. Give me a few more days, and then I promise you I will work harder than ever for fame and fortune."

"You have both, Philip."

"Not enough. I am grown, suddenly, greedy. I must work hard and be avaricious, and gain money."

"What for, when you have enough?"

"Nelly, Nelly, be satisfied! You have done your duty. If I tell you that those noble aspirations of ours were mere moonshine; that the endeavour to satisfy a human heart with fame and pictures is like filling a hungry man's mouth with chaff—what do you say to that? If I tell you that the fame and fortune I speak of winning are but secondary hopes; that the first and greatest is so bright, Nelly, that——"

Eleanor put her hand over his mouth, suddenly.

"That will do, Philip. I see it all."

Going down from him, she encountered Lady Hatting, who stopped her, anxiously.

"Eleanor, do you know what Report says?"

"What report?" asked Eleanor, calmly.

"These chattering people. Come here, into my room: I have something to tell you."

TO A DONKEY.

Ignoble beast! too oft art thou
Libelled to symbolize the creatures
Who walk erect, with stolid brow
Surmounting ill-assorted features.

They call thee stupid, then pass on,
And boast progenitors not asses;
While by their words and deeds anon
Their brutal nature thine surpasses.

Let others thy defects proclaim,
And test thy sturdy frame with blows;
To set thy merits is my aim,
And all thy better traits disclose.

What though thy bray in loudest note
No sense of melody conveys;
My muse shall willingly devote
A rhyming tribute to thy praise.

The race-course gaze may not be thine,
With plodding pace thy highest deeds
Thou dost achieve; nor stable fine
With richest fare supplies thy needs.

Yet, when with sleek and saddled hide,
In park I watch thy nimble canter,
As little ladies on thee ride,
I needs must think thee worth a banter.

Hard is thy fate, a harnessed drudge,
When, with a ponderous load behind,
Thy driver feeds thee with a grudge,
And thongs thee with ferocious mind.

Poor beast! how oft, with pitying eye,
I watch thee tread the roughest ways,
When toil intense thy muscles try
A loutish despot's will to please.

Disparaged both by old and young,
Thy owner's slave, whose temper sour
Prompts him to curse thee with his tongue,
Because thou'st but an ass's power,

Thou hast not speech, like him of old,
Whom Balsam rode, else mightst thou ask
Thy torturer with a savage scold,
If he can do a giant's task.

Yet, patient under every wrong,
Resentment's never thy resource;
For though endowed with heels more strong,
Thou teachest man a nobler course.

Thy claims ancestral his exceed—
If not in blood, in strength of bone;
To wit, the tale of Samson's deed
By simplest fatal weapon done.

Thus far thy eulogy I've penned,
To wipe the stigma from thy name;
Detraction to its truth may bend
Or not, my purpose is the same.

And when along the way-side hedge
I see thee browse with uncured jaws,
I'll pat thee, with the warmest pledge
To advocate thy friendless cause.

SENEX.

EARLY RISING.—I was always an early riser. Happy the man who is! Every morning day comes to him with a virgin's love, full of bloom, and purity and freshness. The youth of nature is contagious, like the gladness of a happy child. I doubt if any man be called old, "so long as he is an early riser and an early walker." And oh! youth!—take my word for it—youth in dressing-gown and slippers, dawdling over breakfast at noon, is a very decrepid, ghastly image of that youth which sees the sun blush over the mountains, and the dews sparkling upon blossoming hedgerows.—*Blackwood.*

• THE WORK-TABLE.

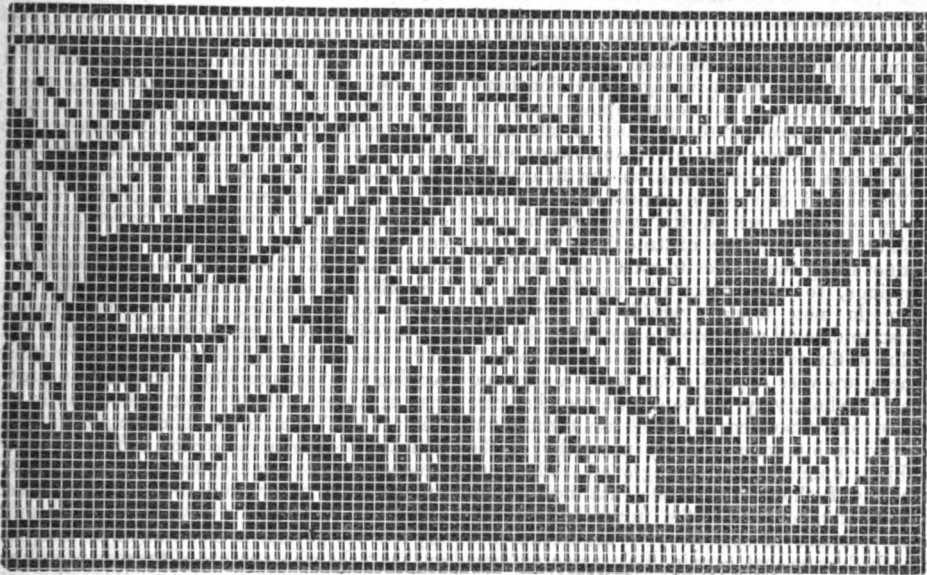
ROSE-BUD PATTERN FOR WINDOW CURTAIN IN NETTING AND DARNING.



There is no style of window-curtain for the drawing-room more elegant and decorative than that which is produced by the combination of netting and darning, it being recommended equally by lightness and richness. Our illustration is arranged for working on the square

netting, which may either be executed by hand or purchased by the yard; the latter being the imitation of the former, manufactured by machinery, and much used by ladies who have not leisure for large undertakings of this kind. The rose-bud pattern now given will be found to produce a very handsome effect. The portion consisting of the separate rose-buds and leaves is for the body of the curtain, while the running pattern is for the border. Care must be taken in the darning that the stitches should all be carried one way, or the beauty of the work is

much impaired. The cotton for the darning should not be very coarse, and the squares should be well filled in, as when these precautions are not observed the work when washed has the appearance of being rough and irregular. The advantage of this pattern is that variations can be made in it to suit the taste of the worker. The border may be worked as stripes at regular distances; or, if time is an object, the sprigs can be placed further apart. This pattern is also very handsome for anti-macassars.*



* The materials used for this work must be the Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, No. 4, 8, or 12, of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., of Derby.—En.

S O C I A L E T H I C S.

(A Letter to the Editor.)

DEAR MADAM,—A subject of very grave importance was, a short time ago, introduced to public discussion by a letter in the *Times*, which purported to be the production of "Seven Belgravian Mothers;" I say purported, because it has since been repeatedly asserted in many high places that that letter was written by an ingenious member of the staff attached to the establishment in Printing House Square. Half London was at the time of its appearance "out of town"—exploring the mountains of Switzerland, or studying the *habitat* of anemones and zoophytes among the rocks of the sea-coast. There was a general dearth of interesting subjects for the daily press, and therefore it is more

than probable that this discussion did not originate with seven English mothers, but with one writer of considerable penetration, who saw that, once opened, it would serve to while away the dreary weeks of the dull season. It is highly improbable that seven Belgravian mothers should get up a little joint-stock company of their own for the express purpose of inditing a letter to the *Times*, deploring the forlorn condition of their spinster-daughters. But, from whatever source it originated, the importance of the subsequent discussion is the same. Even supposing the whole of the flippant correspondence which followed to have been the fabrication of the one brain, it could not

materially alter the position of the question. Firstly, because it is a fact that a vast number of middle-class professional men do not marry, if at all, till late in life, and consequently there was some ground for such a discussion. Secondly, because having occupied a prominent place in the *Times* for many days, it also, in the natural course of events, assumed a prominent one in the mind of the nation, and, to a certain extent, in the whole of the civilized world; and, thirdly, because the subject did not terminate in the columns in which it originated. The leader, in which the whole of the correspondence was summed up, was a masterly one; but it did not, as its writer could have done, point out, in clear, unmistakeable language, the evils which must result if the desire for high professional and social position, or "keeping up appearances," is to go on increasing the number of late marriages. But there were in it some very noble expressions of feeling, such as the following: "We should be slow to believe that the majority of either sex in the world of rank or fashion know so little of true love that they cannot bring themselves to start from small beginnings, to climb the hill together, as all who do not inherit wealth and position must, and as all who would experience the full value of the conjugal tie would choose to do." These are wise words, dictated by a pure and manly feeling, very different from the character of the "correspondence," which was throughout carried on in a tone of levity unworthy of the subject, unmanly, and undignified. The controversy, I should here state, has been, from first to last, confined to the upper and middle-class sections of society. The arguments first put forth were that certain Belgravian mothers found it impossible to make "suitable" marriages for their daughters. To this it was replied that the class of men referred to were prevented from marrying—because they could not afford it—because they were selfish, and unwilling to give up their bachelor pleasures—because the cares and duties of married life would interfere with their rise in their profession; and lastly (worst argument of all), because of the existence of a certain great evil, to which, happily, I need not further allude than to say that throughout the newspaper discussion the extent and character of that evil has been greatly exaggerated. The arguments against seasonable marriages, which have been so strongly dwelt upon, are calculated to increase—not to diminish—what is admitted on all hands to be a deplorable phase of modern society.

The transition of the discussion, from the columns of the newspapers to the pages of your contemporary magazines—the *Cornhill* and the *St. James's*—was an easy and natural result. The *Cornhill* for September first took up the subject, under the title "Keeping up Appearances." To which "*Respublica*" replied, in a letter to the editor of *St. James's*, entitled "A plea for Hymen." "Keeping up Appearances" has been very widely condemned as "specious" and "realistic"; but it is nevertheless a fair state-

ment of facts and a truthful representation of the opinion entertained by the majority of professional men who are averse to early marriages. But its arguments were open to the objections subsequently raised against it by other writers than "*Respublica*." Domestic happiness was in all cases to be made subservient to professional distinction, and it was taken almost for granted that after marriage it was impossible for a man to rise either in the social or professional scale. Inasmuch as it did this, it was, of course, injurious to the true interests of humanity and the world. According to its showing, the pure atmosphere and tranquil enjoyments of a home, the calm happiness that attends upon a man surrounded by a loving wife and children, was quite a secondary consideration, and it was utterly impossible that he should work hard and be capable of great achievements if he had these. "Many an enterprise of great pith and moment has been gently smothered by a happy marriage, and a large family of fine children. Many a victorious career has been cut short by baby-fingers." These are the arguments of "Keeping up Appearances." The clergy, who, among professional men, are so often pointed out for their poverty, are here brought in as evidence, and their want of the means to enable them to live in a state according with their position as scholars and gentlemen is unscrupulously attributed to early and "imprudent" marriages. The clergyman's position, as a poor man, is sketched, and we are shown what will be the result of his owing money to the butcher, the baker, and the tailor, in a very forcible way. But it is cowardly and mean to say that his poverty is the result of his marriage, or that "the whole nature of the man is changed under such pressure, and nothing but the gradual depravation of conscience saves him from being unconscious." I have been fortunate enough to enjoy the acquaintance of many clergymen and ministers. One of the happiest, noblest, and most godly men I ever shook hands with, was a minister, with a wife and several children, living upon a very small salary; but he prepared his children for the university, and managed to send them to a Scotch one. You might have searched six counties round, and not have found a man more universally loved, more happy, or more fortunate in his relation with the world. I am happy in the belief that there are hundreds such among our clergymen, who educate their own sons, and do their work none the less efficiently because they are poor, and who never do suffer a "depravation of conscience." Is it fair to lay their poverty at the door of early marriage? What is to be the result, if clergymen are to wait till they have an abundant living before they can marry? May they not wait from twenty-five to thirty, and from thirty to forty, in fact till all the prime of life is past, and still be only curates? If it is within their power to rise and to obtain high preferment, depend upon it they will do it none the less for having an earnest loving wife and an increasing family of children

to aid and stimulate them. It is not possible or desirable that all men should be at the top of the ladder. If we have architects, we must also have masons, and the masons must preponderate. I would urge that man is not ennobled by the distinction he attains in any work, if to obtain it he sacrifices the first law of the nature which originates the impulses of his life. The layer of the stone upon the edifice is equal with the architect. His sphere of life is capable of as great results. I am not in favour of a man who is discontented with his position in the social scale marrying at all; because, if he does, he must suffer the mortification of seeing his children in their early years subject to his own condition. But I am in favour of a man cultivating to the utmost his opportunities, and being content therewith. A certain degree of happiness and content are essential to any nobility in life; without these, the nature of a man becomes perverted and misanthropical, and the whole current of healthy thoughts and good impulses dies within him. Let every man take the standard of his own capabilities, and employ and extend them till they are made the most of; but he will not do this by remaining single. Greater eminence in one particular branch or pursuit he may attain by devoting his entire faculties and life to it. Wealth, strength, position in society, any one of these he may get by this; but will he, as a man, be the best and fullest that he might have been? Readers who have read "Keeping up Appearances," read also "Concerning Men who might have been made more of," by A. K. H. B., in *Fraser* for last month. There is no direct connection of subject; but there is a certain general similarity of questions in which we are all deeply interested. We rise from reading "Keeping up Appearances" with the feeling that we have spent an hour with a cold, hard-natured man, who has no perception of colour and beauty. We rise from the perusal of "Concerning Men who might have been made more of" with the feeling that we have spent an hour in company with a man whose perceptions of truth and beauty are of the keenest and clearest, and who has also enabled us to perceive it. The one is the nobleman, the other the serf. It is sad to have it brought home to us that we might have been made much more of. It is very solemnly "A. K. H. B." tells us so; but we feel the better for the knowledge; we feel prepared to work for nobler ends, and to enjoy more worthy rewards, if we can but bear in mind his great lesson; and after that, if we can also bear in mind the doctrines enunciated in "Keeping up Appearances," oh how miserably poor their cold conventionality and false teaching will seem! It wants a master-mind, like that of "A. K. H. B." to set this social question before the world in its proper and true colours. Great as was my enjoyment of his last thoughtful though sad and solemn essay, I must confess that I was disappointed when I found that he had not written of this vexed question.

"A Plea for Hymen" successfully refutes

the assertions of the Cornhill essayist. There is (always remembering that it is a woman's writing) as little romance in it as possible. The arguments are full of good sense; and it is, all points considered, the best paper of the legion which the discussion has elicited. Man is not the mere machine he is made out to be. His affections are not like the steam of a railway-engine, that can be turned off for a day, a year, or for ever. The affection which the man bears to the woman is the great moving power of his life, before which all others bow. Exceptions there are, but in the vast majority there is no other source of impulse so powerful; and as you ascend in the scale of intellect, it will be found to increase rather than diminish. Does it follow, as a natural consequence of early marriage, that men shall be unfit for work—hard study, and its reward. A prospective marriage will never be half so great a stimulus to these as the actual possession of a wife. Do those who remain single till they are far advanced in life attain the highest places? Do they make the largest fortunes, or achieve the grandest results? The history of the whole world, from the beginning of time, answers No. The same history shows us hundreds of instances in which men have waited and women have wept, till the warm hearts grew cold and the still unsuccessful man sank into a misanthrope. "Early marriage," says "Respublica," in concluding her letter, "is rarely prejudicial to a man. The young clergyman will be as ready for self-sacrifice, the young barrister for study, the medical man for devotion to his duty, with a wife as without one; and, with a true wife, he will be a far happier man than he can possibly be as a bachelor. Did a soldier ever shrink from the breach because he had a wife at home? I think not; for married men would generally rather die than incur the contempt of their wives. When a man has completed his quarter of a century, and a woman is of age, each is ready for marriage; and with a moderate income, tolerably secure, marriage should not be shrunk from; for, after these ages, a member of either sex, still single, is in an abnormal state, letting happiness fly by, which should be in actual possession."

It must not be supposed, from the passage I have quoted, that "Respublica" is an advocate of marriages on the attainment of suitable age in all cases: a directly contrary opinion is expressed at the commencement of her paper. But the names of many eminent men, living and dead, who married early, and yet won for themselves in after-life the very highest places in literature, science, and the practice of law and medicine, are cited as proof that marriage does not prevent men from obtaining professional distinction.

All this does not alter the fact that men do not now marry so early by twenty years as their fathers did. All that can be written, all that can be said upon the subject, will have no effect in altering this: it is a question upon which the individual alone can judge. Twenty

writers in as many years would not induce twenty men to marry. The argument that will make them do this must come from *within*: all that comes from *without* will be like wheat sown upon the broad highway. It is to be lamented that it should be so, for it is a direct perversion of the laws of Nature. It is a struggle between social and natural laws, in which, for the time, the victory seems to be with the social. Its effect, if it should continue, cannot fail to be highly prejudicial, not only to the happiness and content of the nation, but also to its population and its wealth. Ambition has always had her votaries; but hitherto it has not been deemed impossible to enjoy the love and comfort of a home and wife, and still develop a talent to its highest capability.

There are other flaws in the social code beside this, that are acting strongly against marriage. Before speaking of them, I would say that only the basest of men would desire a woman to relinquish a home in which she had been used to comforts and luxuries, to share privation and drudgery. What a man should have to offer a wife must depend upon individual circumstances in every case. A ploughman, if he have but the rude furniture of a country cottage and wages varying with the seasons from ten to sixteen shillings a week, is in a position to marry: probably his children will get little or no education, but, unless he lose his health and ability to work, he will not breed a race of paupers. A mechanic, if he has not constant employment; a surgeon or barrister, if they have not an established practice, would not be mad enough to ask a woman they loved to marry them. If they did, she would, no doubt, be brave enough to risk her happiness and help to aid them by love while they did achieve their work; but, in ninety-and-nine cases out of every hundred, dispassionate friends would step in, and prevent the consummation of such madness. There can be no general standard of what a man in any grade of life shall possess, to entitle him honourably to marriage. Every case is special, and must be specially judged; but taking the hypothesis which has been set forth—if the ploughman is to wait till he has a farm, even of two acres; if the surgeon is to wait till he is a physician; the barrister till he is a Q. C., and the author and the artist till they have established reputations—what will be the end? In a hundred years, where will England be? Why the prophecy may be almost realized, and an enterprising New Zealander may be packing his sketch-book, ready to come over and sketch—not perhaps the ruins of St. Paul's Cathedral, but the dark desolation of a half-depopulated city.

Conventional class-distinction and wealth, with but one exception, have never obtained so great a sway in the world as they now hold here in England. The respect which is paid to wealth and position is growing into a national evil, which becomes more deplorable every year. It would, of course, be unnatural to suppose that the educated should make associates of the illiterate; or, that there should not be distinc-

tions between various grades of men. These are barriers that will never be broken down, however desirable it may seem that they should be. If they were it would lead to the elevation of many—to the polishing of many a rough diamond. It is not to be expected that men should give a man credit for talents he has not proved himself to possess; but it is very hard that a man should be forced to sacrifice his affection and the happiness of his life because he cannot command a certain elegance of life and luxurious manner of living, or was not born to a certain rank. This is by no means an exceptional result of what modern society produces: If the Belgravian mothers who have reason to complain had not sought to make "suitable" matches for their daughters—if, instead of educating them with a view to an expensive "establishment" in life, they had left alone match-making, and exercised no undue control over their inclinations and affections, what different results might have followed! By all means, let our daughters and sisters be accomplished. There is nothing on earth so beautiful as an accomplished girl of pure taste and unaffected nature. But do not teach them that it is a degradation to themselves and to their family to cultivate homely household ways, that many things beside marriage may put them in need of. Do not teach them that there is a class beyond the pale of which they cannot step without disgrace, or that they will lose any womanly dignity by marrying a man, with whom, in the early years of his married life, even shillings may be of great consequence. Very little is really necessary to either happiness or nobleness in life, and a woman can have no holier work than that of aiding a man struggling up-hill or teaching children their alphabet. If daughters are to be educated as expensive puppets, with a becoming scorn of domestic cares; if they are to love only at a proper time a proper man, not of their own choosing, or chosen from an extremely limited "set," where there is but little variety, then will mothers still lament and daughters still remain single!

I am not arguing for unequal marriages: I am not blind to the productive usefulness of the observance of existing social laws; but I cannot fail to see in some of those laws the root and ground of the evil which has, after smouldering for a long while, burst into open flame, and been attributed by false theorists to causes that were and are utterly powerless to produce the effect. I know that it is deemed highly imprudent to attribute any evil to existing social relations established among the classes into which the community is divided. Possibly I ought to know better than to venture an assertion to the effect that many men do not marry because the girl they would like to make their wife has been educated for a higher "style" than they could afford. I do make it nevertheless, for I have known instances in which it has been the case, and am well aware that there are thousands of similar ones occurring every year. There are many men here, in this great centre of modern civiliza-

tion, who have a "void in their hearts" that only marriage could supply. Men who could support a wife in honourable independence, who are deterred from marrying because the woman they love would not, if she were willing, be allowed to link her life with theirs. If they succeed—if ten or fifteen years hence they have raised themselves, and the lady is still unmarried, they may venture to ask her hand. But the years of warm, fresh love will have flown by never to return. It can be no matter of surprise that mothers and daughters should equally regret that they remain unwed. A woman's life is different to a man's—a woman is the greatest sufferer from anything that delays the commencement of her career as a wife. The position of unmarried women, after the attainment of a certain age, in their father's home and in society also, is far from an enviable one. It is, in fact, one to be pitied as much as it is to be regretted. The duties, the responsibilities of a wife and mother are so essential to the happiness of women. Their enjoyments are limited, and I can fancy how dreary and dark the stately balls, the fashionable dinners, and the whole routine of life is to a woman to whose heart the long-deferred hope has brought sickness. Whatever laws exercise a tendency to depreciate marriage are a great evil. Tennyson wrote:—

— Either sex alone
Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
Nor equal nor unequal: each fulfils
Defect in each, and always thought in thought,
Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow
The single, pure, and perfect animal,
The two-celled heart beating with one full stroke.

Every man whose name is conspicuous among the illustrious dead for purity of thought or high principle has seen in marriage the consummation of manhood, in love the purest attribute of life, the nearest link between God and man.

I shall close my letter with another quotation

from the noble conclusion of "The Princess." I have elsewhere said that all writing can have no effect in making men marry, but I have the fullest reliance that the laws of Nature, though they may be violated for a time, will assert themselves through every impediment human nature can offer, and, resting upon this faith, I will take leave of a subject that cannot but be painful to contemplate.

I loved the woman; he that doth not, lives
A drowning life, besotted in sweet self,
Or pines in sad experience worse than death,
Or keeps his winged affections clipt with crime.

* * * * *

The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free:
For she that out of Lethe scales with man
The shining steps of Nature, shares with man
His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,
Stays all the fair young planet in her hands.
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall man grow? but work no more alone;
Our place is much; as far as in us lies
We two will serve them both in aiding her—
Will clear away the parasitic forms
That seem to keep her up, but drag her down
Will leave her space to burgeon out of all
Within her. Let her make herself her own
To give and keep, to live and learn, and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood.
For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man
Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference;
Yet in the long years liker must they grow—
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fall in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man
Like perfect music unto noble words.

I am, dear madam, yours truly,

UN' GIOVINOTTO.

LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

FURZEBANK LODGE, AND ITS OCCUPANTS.

BY T. S. N.

"Not gone yet, Mrs. Chipps? Why I shall never believe you are going till I see 'A room to let' in that little window up there."

"Well, no, ma'am," said Mrs. Chipps, dropping a curtesy, and looking almost ashamed of herself, as she added, "I do find it so very hard to leave this place, Miss Sharp, ma'am. I make up my mind every day, but, somehow, I haven't the heart really to say Good-bye; and I keep writing and telling my dear daughter I'm

coming, and they keep writing to know when, and——"

"And you cannot fix the when?" said Miss Sharp, smiling, as excited little Mrs. Chipps paused for a moment to take breath.

"Well, ma'am, I really cannot; but I think it must be next week, now. If they would only give me till next week, I think I could get off by then, now that Mrs. Fripps is nicely again."

Mrs. Fripps was a poor deaf dress-maker, who lived in the room below Mrs. Chipps; being, in fact, that tender-hearted little body's landlady. And Mrs. Fripps, having had a severe illness recently, her lodger had been a

most unwearied and careful nurse—as Miss Sharp quite well knew; but that good lady had not time for her usual gossip with Mrs. Chipps: so, bidding her call and say Good-bye, when she really *was* going, she went on her way, through the little church-yard, just recently laid out and planted, much to Mrs. Chipps's delight.

Miss Sharp, having given a hasty glance at the shrubs which she intended watering that evening, went on to the broken-up ground, which was to contain a model parsonage and parsonage garden in the course of time; but, just then, presented a scene of chaotic confusion. There, as Miss Sharp expected, was the object of her search—Mrs. Bernard, the clergyman's widowed sister, and joint owner of the Lilliputian estate, of which she was taking a survey.

Miss Sharp had studied "the plans" with considerable attention, and knew quite well that the study—Mr. Williams's own room—was to be on one side of the porch; the dining-room on the other, facing the road, and almost immediately opposite her own residence. She knew, too, that the drawing-room would look out upon the church-yard, towards the east window, and that climbing-plants innumerable were to decorate the outer walls, in spite of the architect's remonstrances: in fact, Miss Sharp was a great friend both of Mr. Williams and his sister, and took a warm interest in all that concerned them, quite agreeing with Mrs. Chipps in her ideas of the "nice young minister," and that "sweet Mrs. Bernard."

"I thought I heard the rustle of your ample skirts, Anna. Have you come to give me another piece of your valuable advice?" inquired Mrs. Bernard, turning towards her friend, and away from the spot where a well was about to be.

"No; no advice this time—a piece of news instead: The Fentons have come, and Miss Nisbet with them."

"Come!" exclaimed Mrs. Bernard, in consternation: "and I was not there to meet them. I am so sorry! I have been waiting for my brother. He must have been detained at one of the cottages. I will walk to the Lodge at once. If you see him, send him after me, will you?"

"Yes; and I hope I *shall* see him, for I think I have heard of a situation for Reed."

"Oh! have you? He will be so glad. You must tell me all about it when I return. I must lose no time in welcoming my old schoolfellow and her charges."

So whilst Miss Sharp goes in *search* of the clergyman, to tell him that Reed has a chance of the under-gardener's place at the Fenton's, if he applies at once, and Mrs. Chipps returns to her solitary tea in that one room, which she has long considered her *home*, and loves accordingly, we will follow Mrs. Bernard to Furzebank Lodge, and the new arrivals whom she was so anxious to welcome.

The luggage was just being unloaded, as Mrs. Bernard arrived; and Miss Nisbet and

Nurse Turner were giving directions, and seeing to the placing of the several boxes.

"I have not come to interrupt, but to help you, if I can," said Mrs. Bernard, after the first warm greetings had been exchanged. "Can I not be of any use?"

"Well, if you do not mind holding this sleeping baby for a few minutes, I will just see, with Phoebe, about the nursery being in order, whilst Turner is busy unpacking."

"Dear little thing! pray give her to me. How soundly she is asleep! But where are the other children? I long to know them all."

"You can watch them from the window. They have just asked leave to run into the garden, till nurse is ready to put them to bed. They will be quite safe, as Flory is with them."

"Flory" was a sedate, prudent little maiden, fast merging into a "young lady," and highly enjoyed having charge of the little ones, and exploring the nice garden, of which they had heard so much. A very charming place it was; quite different from the London squares, to which they had all their lives been accustomed as their only playground. Here was soft mossy turf, a beautiful well-kept lawn, and a nice little paddock, too, to play about in; and the trees, acacias, elms, and sweetly-scented limes, they were so high and so spreading that Gertrude almost twisted her little neck off with looking at them. Then there were more flower-beds than she could count, well-stocked with flowers enough to delight sister Flory's heart; for Flory dearly loved the "lilies of the field," and all other beauties with which our beneficent Father decks his children's earthly home.

Little Charlie and his still smaller sister May were in perfect ecstasies at the daisies and buttercups, springing up so abundantly in the paddock; but prudent Flory, afraid of the dew for their little feet, and Nurse Turner's scolding at damp boots, would not let them go on to the grass, or let them gather any flowers that did not grow close to the gravel-walks, till to-morrow.

"Charlie hope to-morrow come toon, Foy," said the little fellow, turning reluctantly away from the scene of attraction and temptation, in obedience to Nurse Turner's summons to bed.

And whilst they are sleeping soundly, wearied out with the journey and excitement, all but Florence (who thinks and thinks of the joys of a country life, the actual fulfilment of her wildest dreams, till sleep is an impossibility), I will say a few words, by way of introducing the new occupants of Furzebank Lodge more particularly to my young readers.

Florence, Gertrude, Charlie, and May were not the only members of the Fenton family—although by no means unimportant ones—there was the "new baby" already briefly alluded to, who had dethroned "Baby May" from that dignity, after a brief reign of fourteen months' duration. And what a large, good-tempered prodigy, that new baby was! and how pleased

Charlie and May were with it! If Nurse Turner had let them, I think they would have kissed it to death, in their extreme love and affection. Lily was baby's real name; but it was one very rarely required for domestic use.—All these, with Miss Nisbet the Governess, and Nurse Turner, and Nurse Turner's niece and assistant, were to occupy Furzebank for a few months, whilst Mr. and Mrs. Fenton were on the continent; whither they had recently gone for a little change of air and scene, much needed by both papa and mamma. The latter had but just recovered from a very serious and protracted illness; and Mr. Fenton, after many years of hard work, had at length become possessed of a comfortable independence, through the death of a distant relative, late the owner of Furzebank.

A son and daughter accompanied them in this excursion; but the former was to remain, with his tutor, at one of the German universities; and Miss Fenton, mamma's companion and sister Flory's ideal of perfection, having long been emancipated from the school-room, and "quite a woman," was not unlikely to leave the happy family-circle altogether ere long, so could not bear to be separated from papa and mamma, now that there was a governess in some measure able to supply her place with the younger ones.

Those younger ones woke up early, in their new home, on the following morning; awoke to the unaccustomed sounds of the birds singing beneath the windows, and the poultry cackling in the yard. Flora and Gertrude shared the same room—a large, comfortable apartment, which Flory intended should look more homelike when all her treasures were unpacked, and a few of her elder sister's drawings decorated the walls—improvements which impatient little Gertrude was anxious to set about at once, much to her methodical companion's discomposure.

The two sisters presented a striking contrast in their "little ways"—those little ways which are such very important indications of character.

"I wish, dear, you would go on brushing your hair, or dressing yourself—or doing anything, in fact, but littering our room!" remonstrated Florence.

"But I really cannot, Flory. You *must* not be so angry, and so prim and old-maidish; and I *must* just unpack that one little box for you. I can dress afterwards."

"You will not be in time for prayers, Gertrude, if you do. See, you have pulled your hair all down again whilst you have been talking, and there are your own things all littered about. Do attend to them first, there's a good girl! Besides, I do not want the ornamental unpacked till the useful is settled into right quarters. Where could I hang a picture now, Gerty, when every available nail is monopolized by your clothes?"

"How cross you are! and how badly you treat me, Flory!" said Gertrude, ruefully.

"Ah! yes; I know I am a tyrannical elder

sister, but there are some things I must have my own way in, dear! and arranging my own property is one of them. However, if you put your property straight first, and go on steadily with your dressing now, you shall help me by-and-bye if you are good."

"By-and-bye I shall be at lessons," pleaded Gertrude.

"Suppose Miss Nisbet should be too busy to give any lessons to-day, what would you say to a holiday, Flory darling?"

"A holiday? a holiday? I will do anything for a holiday!" was the delighted rejoinder.

"Well, then, make haste and come down stairs. See, I am quite ready to go and look after the little ones; and Miss Nisbet will be making breakfast directly."

"Dear creature! Tell her that I'll be down before—before she can say 'Jack Robinson,'" rejoined Gertrude, giving a vigorous twist to her long back hair—the hair that never would come smooth without a great deal more trouble than Gertrude liked to bestow upon it.

"I shall not deliver such a decidedly improper message, you naughty child! Good-bye, and do not dawdle."

That day was indeed a holiday, as far as Gertrude was concerned, to her intense satisfaction: employed by the elders of the party in getting things in order, by the juniors in giving as much unnecessary trouble as they, in their pleasurable excitement, could contrive to do. Nurse Turner was too busy even to scold, and Florence too occupied in making arrangements for everything in her room to have a suitable place, to keep order out of it; so Gertrude led the little ones into all sorts of scrapes and mischief, for which they finally paid the penalty of going to bed early, being threatened with remaining there for a week, deprived of their clothes, on account of the mess they had made of them—a punishment which little May did not understand in all its significance, and of which Master Charlie did not entertain the slightest dread; indeed, he seemed at all times of opinion that clothes were useless encumbrances, to be slipped out of and abandoned upon every possible occasion. What he would have thought of a Turkish bath I am not prepared to say, but he certainly did consider a common air bath, accompanied with gymnastic exercise, as decidedly enjoyable and beneficial.

"The children," inclusive of Gertrude, who was thoroughly tired out, being thus safely disposed of, Miss Nisbet and Flory started for a little stroll in the cool of the evening, the former having promised to call at the Rectory as soon as they had leisure. Florence was quite ready for an exploring expedition, eager for a sight of "the village," and a little more conversation with Mrs. Bernard, to whom she had only spoken a few words on the previous evening, but of whom she had heard so much from that lady's old schoolfellow, Miss Nisbet. Although there had been little intercourse between the two in later years, there was a time, of which Florence knew nothing, when Miss Nisbet had

been engaged to be married to a near relative of Mrs. Bernard's, who had died from the effects of an accident. It was long before poor Miss Nisbet recovered the shock of his sad death sufficiently to resume her duties as a governess, and even now she was often very delicate and unnerved, and found teaching hard work when Gertrude was not in a tractable humour.

Cutting off the corner of the furze-covered common, on the borders of which their residence was situated, Florence and her companion turned into the main-road, leading into the village.

"Oh! there is the church, with its new tower that papa told us about!" exclaimed Flory. "How pretty it looks peeping from between the trees! Do you not think so, Miss Nisbet?"

"It is very nicely situated certainly, but I cannot say much for the beauty of the building, with the exception of the tower; the clerestory windows are so small, and the roof so disproportionately expansive. Excepting in an architectural point of view, however, I will not quarrel with the little church, so conveniently situated for our accommodation."

"I wonder who lives in these cottages," observed Florence, as they passed the row, containing that inhabited by Mrs. Chipps and her landlady. "Oh, look, what a pretty little boy there is on that door-step; do let us stop and speak to him."

Miss Nisbet stopped at Florence's request, but the little curly-headed fellow was rather too shy to face the two strange ladies, so ran in to his mother and sisters for protection.

"What is the matter, Georgie, dear?" was the inquiry, as the flushed cheeks were buried in "mother's lap."

A whisper about "two pretty ladies" was followed, almost immediately, by the entrance of the pretty ladies themselves.

"I hope you will excuse our intrusion," said Miss Nisbet, in a voice that was in itself an apology, "but, seeing your door open, I have ventured in, to ask if you can direct me to Mrs. Bernard's; we are quite strangers here."

"Our minister's sister do you mean, ma'am?"

"Yes."

"She lives with her brother, ma'am, our good clergyman Mr. Williams; it is just five minutes walk, if you turn to the left and keep along the high-road. It is close to the timber-yard—anybody will tell you the house. My husband has gone to speak to Mr. Williams, or he would show you the way. He's been out of a situation some time, and is going to try for one at Furzebank Lodge."

"Oh, indeed," said Miss Nisbet, smiling. "Well, I hope, for your sake, he may get it. Good evening, and thank you for the direction. I shall soon find Mrs. Bernard's, I dare say; excuse my intrusion."

"No intrusion, ma'am, I'm sure; pray don't name it," said Mrs. Reed, dropping a curtsy, and trying to make Master Georgie take his fingers out of his mouth and "thank the young

lady pretty" for a penny which Florence had contrived to put into his hand for a cake.

Both Mr. Williams and his sister were at home, and received their visitors very cordially, making Florence, who was only shy for the first five minutes, soon feel quite at her ease with them. She was quite delighted with their tiny drawing-room, half blocked up though it was with mediæval-looking furniture, and still more so with the little garden, in which Mrs. Bernard worked so hard, and took so much pride. As for the clergyman's sister, Flory thought her governess had not said half enough in her favour. Mr. Williams talked more to Miss Nisbet, to whom it was his first introduction, although he had long been familiar with her name and history; but Florence watched him slyly, and came to the conclusion that he had a very pleasant and what she called "good look about him," and he did not frighten her by being very sober and grave, as she half fancied all clergymen were obliged to be, whether in or out of the pulpit.

The brother and sister were very much alike in their personal appearance, both fair, with hazel and rather prominent eyes; both with hair that nearly matched the eyes, and each had a pleasant smile and an agreeable, easy manner. They were extremely attached to one another, and, since the termination of school and college days, had rarely been separated for any length of time. Even during the brief period of Mrs. Bernard's married life, they had been near neighbours, Mr. Bernard having been assistant curate in the same pariah with his brother-in-law.

So Mrs. Bernard, as the daughter, widow, and sister of a clergyman, was, as her friends called her, a most thorough "parsoness" herself, and quite as much deferred to, in matters more especially within her province, as if she had been Mr. Williams's wife.

Mrs. Chipps did occasionally observe to Miss Sharp that it was "a pity that their dear young minister could not find a wife among so many nice ladies," but as Mrs. Chipps found it impossible to select the right one, perhaps Mr. Williams himself laboured under a similar difficulty.

* * * * *

Weeks went by very rapidly with the inhabitants of Furzebank Lodge, who daily became more attached to their new home; more interested in, and better acquainted with, their neighbourhood and its residents.

Lessons were once again resumed, and a snug little room leading out of the conservatory and looking on to the gayest part of the garden, was converted into a school-room.

Here, Florence worked hard and resolutely at German exercises and French grammar, and Gertrude cried daily over the sums that would not "prove;" the ill-sewn seams and mended work which Miss Nisbet felt compelled to unpick.

Poor Gertrude! it was quite sad to see those merry, mischievous eyes clouded over with tears; but her governess could not be trifled with, and what she knew Gertrude, with a little painstaking, *could* do, she insisted upon having done.

She was a dear, coaxing, loveable child, with all her idleness, whom Miss Nisbet felt strongly tempted to pet and spoil, instead of correcting; but she knew that Gertrude would grow up a very useless and, perhaps, unloveable woman, if allowed to have all her own way now.

So Gertrude was compelled to put her things away, when she had done with them, instead of littering her own and every other room in the house; was not allowed to romp in the garden when lessons were unlearned, or to sit down to dinner with hands that had been making "dirt pies" for little Charlie, without having been subsequently introduced to soap-and-water.

Despite all these daily trials, however, Gerty was a very happy child, forgetting her troubles so quickly, that Florence could scarcely imagine she really was as "miserable" as she represented herself and appeared to be, when in disgrace with Miss Nisbet, or scolded by nurse.

Charlie and little May, under the influence of the fresh country air and the abundance of rich milk they consumed, were becoming such wonderfully healthy children, that they were always being stopped when Nurse Turner took them into the village, to hear complimentary remarks on their improved appearance.

Mrs. Chipps had become devotedly attached to them before finally taking her departure from the neighbourhood; but she really had left at last, and was not very likely to come back again. But the children had other friends in the Lane, almost always on the look-out for them when they passed. Master Charlie generally stopped at Mrs. Reed's, to shake hands with her little boy, or show him the last new toy which "good sister Flory" had bought for him. Florence spoiled those little ones dreadfully, but nurse Turner's strictness probably counterbalanced all injurious effects of her treatment.

Miss Sharp was another great friend of Master Charlie's, also Miss Sharp's good-natured cook; the latter had once given him and little May a piece of cake as they went past Miss Sharp's garden-gate, and, as the young gentleman never forgot a favour conferred upon him, he never caught sight either of Miss Sharp, or her cook, without the observation, "Charlie doin' to have a piece of take now"—a prophecy which generally brought its own fulfilment.

The new parsonage, meanwhile, progressed rapidly towards completion, and Florence, who took a great interest in it, looked forward to the time when Mr. Williams and his sister should be still nearer neighbours to them, with considerable impatience. She was always finding some excuses for a visit to Mrs. Bernard, tolerably certain of a hearty welcome from that lady and a pleasant chat with her brother, if he were at home and not busy with sermon-writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Fenton quite approved of and encouraged this intimacy, and Mr. Williams and

his sister were frequent and welcome guests at the Lodge.

Florence often assisted her eldest sister in the work she did for the poor of Mrs. Bernard's district, and occasionally accompanied her to the school, at which Georgie Reed's sisters and other little people from the "Lane," were daily attendants.

Georgie's father had obtained the situation of under-gardener at Mr. Fenton's, and was often the bearer of a piece of cake for his little boy, or some "barley-oogar" which Charlie, at Gertrude's suggestion, would save for him, out of his share of that delicacy.

Poor Charlie! it really was a great exercise of self-denial, "barley-oogar" being a special delicacy, bestowed upon him only when he was a very good boy indeed; had not scratched his nurse's face, pinched baby, or pushed little May down and sat upon her—events which occasionally happened when Master Charlie, to use his own phraseology, "had a passion."

But Charlie's passions were never of long duration, and everybody was so glad to hear the welcome words "Kiss Charlie; Charlie's good now;" that his misdemeanours were not treated very seriously.

One day it happened that Mrs. Fenton and her eldest daughter, having gone for a long day's shopping, to buy those indispensable "wedding things," which would so very soon be needed, Miss Nisbet had accepted an invitation for Florence, Gertrude, and herself, to spend the afternoon with Mrs. Bernard.

An afternoon with Mrs. Bernard was always a treat to the girls: there was sure to be some unexpected amusement of riddles, puzzles, engravings, or books to look at, and plenty of merry conversation; particularly if Mr. Williams were there. So the two girls started off, in high glee, at the appointed time.

"I want to call in the Lane for a few minutes my dears, to speak to Mrs. Reed about some work; and I have something for that poor invalid lodger at the next house; so you can go on, and I will follow as soon as I can. Mrs. Bernard will be expecting you, if I should be detained longer than I hope to be."

Neither Florence nor Gertrude objected to this arrangement; and were very glad they had not waited when they found a whole hour had slipped by, without any sign of Miss Nisbet's appearance.

"My brother is also out longer than I expected," said Mrs. Bernard. "Sarah, has your master been in since he went to the post for me?" inquired she, of the servant, who just then came in with the tea-tray and those particularly nice rice-cakes, for the manufacture of which Mrs. Bernard was famed.

"He came in for a minute, ma'am; but was sent for, all in a hurry, to Mrs. Reed's."

"Anything the matter, Sarah?"

"I don't know for certain, ma'am; but I think something is wrong."

"Miss Nisbet was going to call there, I know."

I hope nothing has happened to dear little Georgie," said Florence, anxiously.

"Might I just put on my bonnet, and run round there, Mrs. Bernard?" she added.

"I think, my love, you had better remain quietly with your sister; but if you will both excuse me, I will go and ascertain what is detaining them."

"And you will send for me, if there is anything I can do," pleaded Florence.

"You shall know directly what is the matter, should there be any trouble; and, if you can be of any use, I will not fail to send for you."

"Thank you: do let us know soon, I so hope there is nothing wrong with Georgie."

Florence's great happiness was to "be of use," and she could not wait very patiently till Mrs. Bernard's return. Gerty caught sight of her at last, but Mr. Williams and Miss Nisbet were with her: they all looked very grave, and Gerty was quite sure that Miss Nisbet had been crying. Gerty was not mistaken, and I am very certain that she, poor child, would have cried too, if she had been in Miss Nisbet's place.

Poor little George Reed had met with a very serious accident. He had unfortunately crossed over the road, thinking that he caught sight of Nurse Turner and her charges, and before he could get back again to his usual play-ground—the door-step—he was knocked down and run over by a horse-and-cart, and the poor little fellow's leg was broken. Miss Nisbet, who was passing just as the accident occurred, was the first to reach him, and render her assistance in lifting him up and carrying him in, to his mother. The little sufferer, stunned by the shock, was quite insensible, but his poor mother could not believe that he was really alive, he was so white and still when laid upon his little bed. Miss Nisbet went herself for the doctor, who lived close by, and sent one of the neighbours off for Mr. Williams.

"And is he very much injured, will he live?" inquired the two girls, eagerly.

"We hope so," replied the clergyman, cheerfully; "there is every chance of his doing well; but poor little Georgie must make up his mind to be a cripple all his life."

Gertrude's eyes filled with tears, and Florence's voice was very husky as she almost whispered—

"Miss Nisbet, are they going to take his leg off, do you think?"

"That has been done already; the worst is over, thank God! The dear child behaved so bravely."

"I think we shall do no good by talking any more about it at present," said Mr. Williams, who noticed that Miss Nisbet looked very pale and exhausted; whilst the two girls were struggling hard to repress their tears.

"Little Georgie is in better hands than ours, and our good doctor will be sure to take every care of him. We must ask him to give you young ladies permission to see his little patient as soon as ever it will be wise to do so."

Many weeks, however, elapsed before they were allowed to visit the little fellow; for George Reed's recovery was much slower than had been at first anticipated. He did get tolerably strong at last though, and received a great deal of kindness from all the inhabitants of Furzebank Lodge.

Little Charlie Fenton often called with sister Flory, with some nice fruit or flowers, for "the poor boy who had only one leg;" and all the neighbours in the Lane, young and old, were very kind to him, and invented occupations and toys for his amusement.

* * * * *

It is a long time now, since all these things happened; for Charles Fenton—a tall, healthy, powerfully built young man—is now a very enthusiastic Volunteer, with whom, attending "drill," is one of the chief duties of life. A few months back he went home to see the old folks at Furzebank, and to assist at sister May's wedding, and then he did not fail to call on his staunch friend and admirer, "Georgie" Reed; and found him, as usual, hard at work at basket-making. Very pretty fancy goods he has for sale, and a very thriving trade is carried on in that little cottage of his, where he and his now widowed mother live together. Their cottage is close to the parsonage—the "new parsonage"—in which Mr. Williams—no longer a "nice young minister, although still a very popular one—has been "settled" for many years.

His sister has gone to her rest, but in her place is one who works as heartily and as lovingly in the parish, and takes as much interest in school and church as ever Mrs. Bernard did; for Mr. Williams, at length, startled the neighbourhood by appearing one morning in his own church as a bridegroom, and the bride he had selected was Miss Nisbet, once the governess at Furzebank Lodge.

PREVENTION OF SEA-SICKNESS.—Let a person on shipboard, when the vessel is bounding over the waves, seat himself, and take hold of a tumbler nearly filled with water or other liquid, and at the same time make an effort to prevent the liquid from running over by keeping the mouth of the glass horizontal, or nearly so. When doing this, from the motion of the vessel, his hand and arm will seem to be drawn into different positions, as if the glass were attracted by a powerful magnet. Continuing his efforts to keep the mouth of the glass horizontal, let him allow his hand, arm, and body to go through the various movements—as those observed in sawing, planing, pumping, throwing a quoit, &c.—which they will be impelled, without fatigue, almost irresistible to perform; and he will find that this has the effect of preventing the giddiness and nausea that the rolling and tossing of the vessel have a tendency to produce in inexperienced voyagers.—*Athenæum*.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

EDWIN OF DEIRA.*

That Mr. Smith has abstained from closely following the legend of Edwin of Deira as generally related, is a matter of little consequence. These early personages are not historical but mythical, and the poet has full right to deal with the vague stories regarding them as seemeth good to himself. But not the less for this will he have to run the gauntlet at the hands of critical readers, as to the propriety and expedience of the changes he has introduced. This poem is grounded, doubtless, on the legend told by Bede. We happen to have no Bede at present by us; and so cannot consider in detail the changes made by the poet. But there are changes here which must strike anyone at all conversant with the legend. Why is the Christianizing of the king taken wholly out of the hands of his Christian wife? Why is the coincidence in time of the birth of a child to him with the attempt upon his life, never mentioned? The slow influence of a wife, constantly strengthened by the presence of her ghostly comforter, was surely a more natural means to effect the softening of the king's heart, than the sudden entrance upon the scene of the theatrical chorus of priests. Again, the greatest stress is laid in the old story on the impression produced upon Edwin by the synchronizing of the birth of his child and of the murderous blow. This impression was natural enough, and one can conceive how wife and priest would turn it to their own good purposes.

However, Alexander Smith has, doubtless, better reasons than we can divine for these and other alterations. The conversion becomes more miraculous; the Christianizing of Northumbria is made to represent in some sort the Christianizing of all England, by the judicious mingling of the two accounts of the conversions by Augustine and Paulinus. The story of the punning pontiff, dear to our childhood, comes in close proximity to the grand story of Coifi. We get the effective landing of the priests together with the terrific demolition of the heathen temple. Perhaps this crowding of tableaux is better art than the quiet painting of a woman's influence, and the shadowing forth of the impression produced by a strange coincidence upon the mind of a sick man.

Having begun with carping, we may as well finish our fault-finding before we turn to the beauties of this poem.

In the first place, then, it is incomplete. It begins as a heroic biography (so to speak) of Edwin. It takes up, half-way through, the idea

of the Christianizing of England. Edwin ceases to be hero and becomes only an instrument to the new purpose. The prophecy of the Shape does not sufficiently connect the first part with the last. No one who had not read of this Shape in the original legend, would pay much attention to its appearance in the first book of the poem. Edwin's heroic history ends with his reconquest of his kingdom and his marriage to Bertha. He grows morally after that time (and glimpses given us of this growth are well done) and at length turns from the false heathen gods to the true. Taking Edwin still for the hero of the poem we want to see how he is affected by this change of religion—how it upheld him in the reverses and sorrows which old legends tell us he afterwards sustained. But the Christianizing of him and his kingdom being performed, there is an end. We are told in effect that he lived happy everafter. For Edwin's sake the poem should either have terminated with his marriage, or have carried him on through an afterlife set to music very much more high and solemn than any here.

If on the other hand we take the Christianizing of England as the chief theme of the book, we find that through the first half there is no mention of it, no allusion even save in the dim prophecy of the Shape. We find the heathen knights practising all the Christian virtues, perfectly satisfied with their gods and having no remotest craving for a belief purer and higher. Moreover, it requires a better preacher than Alexander Smith to show forth the excellence of the Christian idea. White robes and swinging censers and psalmody are but poor persuasions to the grasping of a new faith. Mr. Smith has attempted to make his priests speak the words of inspiration which they must have spoken to transform men's souls and convince their intellects; but Mr. Smith had, on the whole, better have remained silent. The entire scene of the Christianizing is to us revolting—not more here, however, than in the original legend, for the speeches of the priests are closely copied. The selfishness of Coifi, the doubt and darkness of Ella, are surely incentives to conversion not of the most orthodox kind. The savage destruction of the ancient temples, to the infinite fear and horror and distress of the blind multitude, seems to us a sad first-fruit of the new religion.

Looking at the poem in either light we find it incomplete. Taking it as it is, we see in it a blending of two poems into one.

Mr. Smith is unfortunate in the choice of his subject. The appearance of "Edwin of Deira" so soon after that of the "Idylls of the King," provokes comparison. Very nearly Tennyson's equal in some lighter matters, Alexander Smith

* By Alexander Smith. (Macmillan & Co.)

is infinitely beneath him in that deep, solemn, moral insight which sanctifies the true poet, and sets him apart from all other men. This "Edwin" seems the more ambitious, remembering the "Idylls." How poorly trivial appear the wonder-working words of Paulinus to the sorrowing words of Arthur in "Guenevere," embodying the very essence of Christianity!

Let us turn to the pleasanter part of our task. Comparing this with the previous poems of our author, we find a progress greater than is commonly made by a poet in so short a time. Tennyson's advance from "Claribel" to "Guenevere" has been the work of many years. Alexander Smith has advanced faster than Tennyson. His "Life-Drama," with its "spuming stars" and general spasmodics, was not written so very long ago. The language of "Edwin of Deira" is noble and simple—not showing, it is true, anything like the exquisite simplicity of the "Idylls," but still a sure progress in the same direction, from glittering words and conceits to deeper thoughts and feelings. We get, now and then, good terse lines here, such as would not shame some of our older giants.

Of similes Mr. Smith is still profuse. We cannot imagine what injury the sun has done him that he should put it through so many unimaginable tortures. The cliff, too, that fronts the light or the wind, or anything and everything, is made to do unconscionable duty. But in his wildest moments our poet does not now give us absurdities. He *does* give us some of the most exquisite similes that have ever been written. Tennyson could not write some of the bad similes that Smith has written; but (dare we pronounce the blasphemy?) Tennyson could not write some of the best that Smith has written.

Again, he has a great power of description, of word-painting. And this is not only by laborious detail, but often by a single touch of colour, like the "antique root" of Shakespeare's oak. Ruskin expatiates somewhere, rhapsodising about some picture of Turner's, on three hair-breadth strokes of vermillion laid on the light side of a distant building. Four strokes would have spoiled the picture; any other kind save hair-breadth strokes would have spoiled the picture. The three hair-breadth strokes prove the genius—and we have the three hair-breadth strokes more than once in this poem:

But of a higher order than this power of outward description, whether by subtle selection or accumulation of details, is the power of uttering simple heart-truths, of touching the string which, girdling the whole earth, vibrates throughout its length to the magical touch, stirring all nature. Of this power Alexander Smith is not destitute. Tennyson has it, perhaps, in greater measure than any other poet save Shakespeare; and we are not to look for the depth of Tennyson's sympathetic insight here. But still this seal of the true poet is to be

found clearly stamped upon "Edwin of Deira." Take a passage or two, chosen somewhat at random. For instance, of the impossibility of estimating the full happiness of love—

I know that I am happy; I know not
How happy—and I may not ever know;
I am as one engifted in a realm,
Whose wide unskirted boundaries and shores
He will not have encompassed round about
When he is hoary grown. (p. 78.)

Again at page 97—

The princely man
Lord of a happiness, unknown, unknown,
Which cannot all be known for years and years—
Uncomprehended as the shapes of hills
When one stands in the midst!

Of love coming down from its solitary heights
to mingle in the world of men—

Sweet is love's sun within the heavens above,
But not less sweet when tempered by a cloud
Of daily duties! Love's elixir, drained
From out the pure and passionate cup of youth,
Is sweet: but better, providently used,
A few drops sprinkled in each common dish
Wherewith the human table is set forth,
Leavening all with heaven. (p. 108.)

Of the healing of sorrow by time—

For now the grassy mound of Regner's grave
Had grown a portion of the accustomed world—
Familiar as the shapes of distant hills,
And hardly moving sorrow more than they. (p. 94.)

Again—

The saddest grave
That ever tears kept green must sink at last
Unto the common level of the world. (p. 106.)

Again, in "Torquil and Oona"—

Though not for us that tender cure of grief
When the red naked grave that jare and stings
Falls from its shape, and, greenening leaf by leaf,
Melts in the mass of long-familiar things. (p. 179.)

Of the reticence of men's friendship—

The noble love that lives in noble men;
That is ashamed of its own nakedness,
And hides itself in deeds—would not be seen,
And tongueless lives and dies. (p. 34.)

Again—

We are men,
Not women, and our hearts should never dwell
Upon our tongues. (p. 44.)

Of liberality—

I keep an open door for *thoughts* and men
That wear strange clothes and speak with foreign
tongues :
Such hospitality befits a king ! (p. 139.)

Such passages as the above rank higher than any simile however exquisite—than any piece of word-painting however subtle.

In the drawing of character our poet has no great skill. Edwin himself has no personality; Bertha might be any other good and fair girl and wife and mother. Regner is distinguishable from the rest of his brothers only by name. The treacherous instability of Redwald is coarsely delineated.

The best portion of the poem is that which paints the married life of Edwin and Bertha. The description of the child and of the parents' delight in it is really exquisite.

To sum up: it is not a great poem, but there is some very beautiful poetry in it. In plan and in the drawing of character it is utterly deficient; nor does Mr. Smith show a power of rising with his theme to a due solemnity and majesty. It is a poem from which one will be inclined to cull pretty passages: it is not a poem one will be inclined to read again.

J. A.

BIOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS; OR, SKETCHES OF THE LIVES AND CHARACTERS OF A FEW ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONS, By John Leaf. (London: James Blackwood, Paternoster-row.)

—The stories of good and great men's lives never pall. We cannot have too many of such histories; nor, for those whose means will not afford the high price of the original memoirs, too many sketches of them, concentrating (like these before us, the governing circumstances and principal events, detailed and amplified in their proper volumes. To compile and condense is by no means the easy task that the inexperienced imagine. Judgment and careful analysis are necessary in the mere preparation of materials, in order to select the most characteristic and interesting of them; and, subsequently, there is the assimilating them in the writer's mind, so as to impart to them a distinct arrangement, and to infuse them with his individual style. In the volume before us Mr. Leaf has taken care to render the portraits as varied as possible: Heyne, Fichte, Daniel De Foe, the Dauphin (Louis XVII.), the Duke of Kent, Cornelius Agrippa, Dr. Kitto, and Thomas Campbell are the illustrations chosen. And though we may take exception to one or two of them, as scarcely coming within the meaning of the first phrase of our notice, the variety and interest of the work are all the greater for their presence. Amongst the most entertaining of these memoirs are those of Cornelius Agrippa and Dr. Kitto, the first of whom figured so long as a magician in mediæval history, but whom the painstaking research of

Mr. Morley has proved to have been simply a laborious scholar, anxious to acquaint himself with the secrets of Nature, and studying, as a means to this end, magic, cabalism, and astrology. He was an earnest lover and seeker after truth, opposing his intellect and learning to the teaching and fables of the clergy. "Their bigoted and perverse representations of sacred personages are not to be credited," he says. "All the recent Martyrologies and professed legends of the saints are full of such prodigious lies, that they make Christianity a laughing-stock in the eyes of Jews, Turks, and Infidels." Of course a man who previous to the Reformation ventured upon such declarations as these could hope but little toleration from the Churchmen; and accordingly, though the son of a noble house, we see him driven out from place to place, misrepresented, subject to losses; his whole life, indeed, full of "shifts, perils, and disappointments." "A diligent student," he made himself familiar with almost everything that was then called learning. He had mastered the scholastic philosophy, and, in the way of novel speculations had made himself acquainted with cabalism—a method of mystically interpreting the Scriptures—to say nothing of the various works in Greek and Latin literature, which were then beginning to obtain attention among scholars. Armed with this knowledge, Agrippa goes forth to gain a footing as a man of letters, and make the world wiser by his expositions. He is ambitious of becoming the *protégé* of Margaret of Austria, Maximilian's daughter, who is Mistress of Dôle and Burgundy, and celebrated for her love of letters, and her bounty towards learned men. Received as an orator, with admiration, the University of Dôle bestowed on him, at twenty-three, the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and Agrippa fancied himself already assured of the favour of Margaret, and on the high-road to fortune and preferment. He marries, settles down to authorship, and produces a certain work on magic. Our author gives us some curious quotations from it—very curious, but harmless.

Taken altogether [says Mr. Leaf] it may be said to embody, in a sort of crude system, the natural science, metaphysics, and mystical theology that were current among the learned at the time when it was written. Indeed, magic is defined by the author as the whole knowledge of nature—the perfection of all true philosophy. In his character of magician, therefore, Cornelius Agrippa was simply an inquirer into the natural and divine significance of things, and an expounder of their occult or hidden virtues. This, and not any art of conjuration, was what he understood and meant by magic.

But the Friars and Monks thought differently. Heresy and the black art are subsequently laid to his charge, and even the admired orations are condemned, and their author denounced in the presence of the Mistress of Dôle, as a "Judaizing heretic." So Dôle la Joyeuse, as

it was wont to be called, till its capture and spoliation by a French army, in 1479, changed its name to that of Dôle la Dolente, became so in earnest to Cornelius Agrippa, who had to retire from the face of his clerical enemies, and seek employment at the Court of Maximilian. In 1510 we find him *attaché* to an embassy from the Court of Germany to that of Henry VIII., and resident as the guest of Dean Colet (the friend of Erasmus, and founder of St. Paul's School), at Stepney, then a pleasant suburban village, famous for its pretty scenery and the scented penny-royal that overspread the adjacent common. We have not space to follow the fortunes, or rather misfortunes, of Agrippa; now on the field of battle, now amongst his books, but ever pursued by the enmity of his co-religionists the priests, whose tenets and conduct he condemned openly, but whose creed he had not the courage to abjure. He had been knighted on the field of battle, made Doctor of Medicine and Law at Paris, twice married and twice a widower, threatened by the Inquisition, excommunicated, bereaved of his second wife by the plague, just as her virtues were softening the Princess Margaret to seek her, and his own pecuniary and worldly difficulties appeared to be surmounted. The Princess Margaret, whose patronage he had so much desired, bestows her friendship on him, and shortly after dies. His salary from the Court of Charles V. is in arrears, and, on various pretexts, withheld from him; his children literally hunger whilst he follows the Emperor with his vain suit. At length the affair is adjusted through the intercession of the Archbishop of Palermo—his debts in course of liquidation, a humble salary ensured him, and reinvigorated in hope and circumstances, the poor man tempts his fate a third time, and marries a woman who turns out faithless and infamous, and from whom, after three years of misery, he succeeds in getting a divorce. Once more attacked for his heresies (to which the Monks added the crime of dealing with familiar spirits), the Emperor (who sides with the Monks) leaves him no choice between recanting his writings, or the loss of salary and his imperial protection. Agrippa will not recant, and, without money, overwhelmed with debt, we find him driven from kingdom to kingdom, till, finding a refuge in a friendly gentleman's house at Grenoble, he dies there, worn out, at forty-nine years of age, with disappointment, sorrow, and disgust.

Agrippa [observes Mr. Leaf] was no pretender of any kind, but a true man, faithful to his insight and convictions, and, in so far as he taught error, teaching it only as a scholar imperfectly informed. He was a wiser and more purely religious man than any of his enemies—a truth-seeking, candid-minded, earnestly aspiring man, such as few were in his age and country.

Henceforth the occult science has lost one of its grandest names. Mr. Morley has let in the

daylight on all that was mysterious in the life of the so-called magician, and his seven demons turn out to be faithful dogs; his wonder-working implements, his books.—The life of Kitto presents us with a very different phase of social history, and marks the progress of literature, and its influence on the times and men, very remarkably. More than three hundred years had intervened between the birth of Cornelius Agrippa Von Nettesheim, at Cologne, and that of John Kitto, the journeyman-mason's son, at Plymouth; yet, in the face of low birth—of poverty—of the difficulties which the utter and complete loss of hearing placed in the way of communication and sympathy; in spite, too, of the mistakes of friends as to the best means of settling him in life; the natural tendencies of his mind, the conscious power within him, leads him to his true vocation, and establishes him, at thirty, as a scholar and a man of letters. His passage to this preferment has been by no means an easy one. An accident at thirteen years of age shut out from the poor boy for ever that fifth sense, by the loss of which the powers of his mind were to be so strengthened and concentrated.

Never more did John Kitto hear the living voice of man or woman. Henceforth the world lay round him in dull monotonous SILENCE! Nevermore when the spring advanced, with its choral band of joyous birds, did he hear tidings of its coming. The murmuring brooks ran noiselessly, and the delicious cadences of waving trees fell all inaudible upon his stricken sense. The solemn chant of waterfalls and ocean-tides, the anthem of the mighty winds in winter, the silvery tinkling of leaves on summer nights, the march of storms over plains and forests—all these had lost their power to move him with a thrill of awe or pleasure.

But the poor boy, who had hungered and thirsted for books as soon as he had learned to spell through them, fell back upon them with an interest painfully intensified. At home; in the workhouse; as a shoemaker's apprentice, he never lost sight of the great hope and aim of his existence—the accomplishment of learning. All the stray halpence, all his crude efforts at art (for we find him painting halfpenny pictures for this purpose), are hoarded and exerted for no other end but to buy books; and when at length the hard usage to which he was subjected, as apprentice, induced him to complain of it to the master of the workhouse (who had always been a friend to the lad), his written statements to the magistrates, by their correctness of diction, astonished the bench, and led to his release from his indentures and "ulterior measures for his advancement." We cannot follow the lad throughout the various changes of circumstances and occupation which intervene till we find him engaged with Mr. Charles Knight, the publisher, and recognized as a man of great and various information, master of many languages, and, having travelled in the

East, familiar with oriental customs—a circumstance that decided Mr. Knight to ask his assistance in preparing a pictorial Bible; but the specimen commentary which he produced had the effect of transferring the whole work to his hands—"a work which has made him celebrated, and upon which the distinction he has gained in literature may be said principally to rest." The whole details of the Doctor's life are so full of interest, and are so agreeably described and arranged, that this memoir alone is worth the purchase of the book. It offers another example for a future edition of "Self Help," and proves how valuable in time becomes the habit of accumulating facts and observation. Little by little seems to have been the principle on which John Kitto acted—a principle that cannot be too much impressed on young people, and which proves in almost every instance, but especially where knowledge or wealth are the objects of attainment, infallible. We congratulate Mr. Leaf on the very useful and pleasant work he has performed, and repeat that such books cannot be too well known and studied. The good sense and intelligent admiration of what is really worth admiration and preservation, in individual character, and the selection of the characters themselves, are proofs of the author's fitness for his task, and make us desirous of meeting him in other similar undertakings.

PERIODICALS.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S JOURNAL. (19, Langham Place, Regent Street; Kent and Co., Paternoster-row).—The October number of our contemporary contains the usual quantity of articles, upon the usual subjects. "Margaret Beaufort," a pleasantly-written paper of historical biography, is completed. The Report of the Society for promoting the Employment of Women contains a paragraph which we reprint for the use of our lady-readers. A well-known London tradesman, on an application to him to take a woman as an assistant, replied, "Ladies have this matter in their own hands. If every lady, as she came into my shop, were to ask to be waited on by a woman, we should be obliged to supply one." Surely, if, instead of signing addresses, the upwards of two hundred ladies of influence who did so were simply to act upon the tradesman's suggestion above-quoted, it would save time, and be far the most direct way of bringing about the desired substitution of women for men-assistants, in drapers' and other shops where ornamental and other light articles are sold. We are happy to learn that the success of the Victoria Printing Press is established, and also that active measures are being taken to organize a system of "Emigration for Educated Women." The "Black Country" is, we fear, too true a picture

of the social condition and moral wants of the district it treats of. "Helps to the Doctor" suggests co-operative societies of women to take upon themselves the care of the sick. Our readers must read the article for themselves, and form their own judgment of the feasibility of the plan. Such associations, to be of any practical value in their several localities, must first submit to be trained to the proper performance of their self-imposed duties; otherwise, we fear, instead of being "Helps to the Doctor," they would very likely be found hindrances.

THE ODDFELLOW'S JOURNAL. (Manchester.)—A very pleasant contribution to this number is Mr. Hardwick's sketchy paper, "Our Jerry." The familiar Y.S.N., in an article entitled "A Voice from a Sisterhood," touchingly recalls the claims of superannuated governesses. Mr. Edwin Goadby's "Advice Gratis" is an amusing essay, on a subject of universal prescription, and which our sometimes own contributor has very cleverly handled. The remainder of the papers, however interesting to members of the fraternity, are not so in a literary sense.

THE RELIQUARY. (London: John Russell Smith, Soho Square. Derby: Beeton and Sons, Irongate.)—Let no one run away with the idea (which the editor, Mr. Llewellynn Jewett, tells us is rife in some circles) that this Quarterly is either "a Popish, or at least a Puseyite," publication. It is simply a literary depository for relics legendary, biographical, and historical; which relics, for the present, are all collected in one county—Derbyshire; to the history of which the learned editor and his coadjutors are adding, from time to time, much interesting information. In spite of the excellent illustrations, in themselves exceedingly valuable, as preserving the forms of many antiquities which otherwise would be lost to the future, we regret that the high price of the work must immensely limit its circulation, and, in fact, confine it almost to the locality from which it emanates. The present number contains some interesting papers, on antiquarian and other matters.

JOURNAL OF THE WORKHOUSE VISITING SOCIETY. (London: Longman, Green, and Co.)—The value of this society appears to increase from month to month, and, indeed, can scarcely be over-rated. Forming a link of communication between the public and that great body of alms-men and women, the inmates of our workhouses, all that concerns the aged, the sick, or insane, and the children in them, are constantly made the subjects of discussion. Upon the theme of workhouse education we have a paper by Miss Louisa Twining, whose active interest in the subject is well known. It points out the different systems of education provided by the Poor Law, and states the main objections to them. This lady advocates, and on very just grounds, the education and training of the children apart from the contaminating

influence of the adult society within the house. She would supplement the improved district and county schools with homes for decent destitute girls, who, under existing circumstances, are herded with the utterly depraved. The paper was read in the Educational Depart-

ment of the Social Science Congress at Dublin, 1861. Another most interesting and affecting paper, read in the Social Economy Department of the same meeting—The sick in Workhouses, by Frances Power Cobbe—we very earnestly direct our readers' attention to.

T H E T O I L E T.

(Specially from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—Black velvet dress, in the Princess style, richly decorated with fancy silk trimmings. Lace collar and under sleeves. Bonnet of pink crape and black velvet, ornamented with roses. Inside a *bandeau* of black blond and a large rose on the right.

SECOND FIGURE.—Dress of deep-blue French *moire*; body high with a waistband. Sleeves, with turned back cuffs, open at the side. On the skirt and cuffs are insertions of black *guipure* enclosed between very narrow plaitings of blue ribbon. *Tulle* collar and under-sleeves, black lace cravat, *jaconet* under-skirt, with a wide hem and a deep border of small plaits. *Cashmere* cloak. Bonnet with a white *tulle* crown, quadrilled with maroon velvet. Front and curtain maroon velvet. On the front a maroon feather. Inside blue velvet flowers; velvet strings.

THIRD FIGURE.—Toilet for a little girl six years of age. A striped silk frock. *Pardessus* of a woollen material, trimmed with bands of velvet. Nansook collar and under-sleeves. Tudor hat of black velvet, decorated with a *grosseille* feather. The hair is gathered in a Greek net of *grosseille chenille*.

In home toilet, and at friendly evening parties, this style of head-dress continues in favour. For dinner parties, two *coiffures* in hair merit distinction. The one for a young lady of thirty is a Greek *coiffure*, style Ariane, with a loose curl falling on the neck, and a *pouff* of black velvet. The other is adapted for a girl of eighteen, and is also a *coiffure* Greek, but of the Hebe *genre*, with curls and ringlets *frisées* flowing on the neck.

Flowers powdered with aluminium are very much worn, both in bonnets and head dresses. Simple robes are garnished with a plaited trimming: it may be of silk, in striking contrast with the colour of the dress, or of the same material. The plaits are often five, six, and eight inches in height: they are sometimes made with a double heading, bordered with silk.

All self-coloured robes are bordered with black velvet.

I have seen some very pretty specimens of evening dress, which may be useful as models. One, a toilet of white muslin, for a young lady, has a succession of narrow flounces placed on bias as high as the knee, and surmounted by a rather deep flounce, headed with a *bouillonné* traversed by a *mauve* transparent. *Corsage* low, with *fichu* *La Vallière*, garnished with *ruches*. Sleeves *bouffantes*, demi-long, and liberally pointed. Another robe, of blue muslin is precisely the reverse of the preceding one in its decoration. A deep flounce is set on at the bottom, and is finished with a heading, above which six other narrow flounces are placed. Low body. *Fichu* rounded behind, with ends crossing on the bosom, of the same material as the dress. Sleeves full, open, and pointed.

For demi-toilet take the following: a robe of rayed *oryandi* white and black, trimmed with little flounces festooned with lilach, almost as high as the knees. *Corsage* low, with a high chemisette of plaited muslin, garnished with lilach ribbon; sleeves gathered at the top, large and open at the bottom.



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Black and white continues in favour for dress bonnets: one, just composed, is a *capote* of white tulle, drawn over black silk, with a *bevolet* of black silk, and a great puff, and ends of black ribbon, sustaining a bou-

quet of Solferino roses, with foliage of black velvet.

The toilets announced for winter are very rich, but very simple; and the same rule will apply to bonnets.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

There have been some novelties produced during the past month in the dramatic way. Of these, the chief is at

THE PRINCESS'S,

Where "Othello" has been produced, Mr. Fechter enacting the mighty Moor. We shall in our next give a detailed criticism of his performance, and will merely say now, that the reading is a brilliant but unequal one, nothing particularly fine occurring till the third act, where the genius of this original actor shows itself. His chief defects are too much colloquial familiarity in the delivery of the text, and his foreign accent. But beauties and blemishes are scattered throughout his impersonation, which we will more fully enter into hereafter. At

THE ADELPHI

Nothing new has been produced.

THE HAYMARKET

Has been varying its tone by presenting tragedy, Mr. E. Booth having been performing *Shylock* and *Sir Giles Overreach*. He has met with much applause, his elocution and stage business being very good, superadded to his correct and vivid readings of his parts. Of him we shall speak in detail in our next.

THE ST. JAMES'S

Has re-opened under Mr. Wigan's rule, with the adapted Comedy, "A Scrap of Paper," and is well filled.

THE OLYMPIC

Has put forth a new play, unlike its usual stamp, in consequence of the illness of Mr. Robson, who has now, however, we are glad to hear, nearly recovered. At

THE LYCEUM,

The Comedy "Woman" has been still running, with good audiences, and we accept the stability of a piece as a proof of its popularity.

THE STRAND

Has brought out another burlesque of Mr. Byron's—"Emeralda," perhaps the best in dramatic construction of his pieces of this class. The usual play upon words and parodies, dances and dresses abound in it.

DRURY LANE

Opened on the 28th with great promise of representations of Shakespeare, sustained by Mr. Brooke. Here we must conclude, but next month shall present our readers with a more elaborate criticism on the various entertainments. W. R.

PASSING EVENTS RE-EDITED.

Whatever tends to foster habits of foresight and economy in a people, tends also to the growth of self-reliance and the self-respect which is its fruit, and is an advance step in their civilisation; just as the *trusting* to extraneous help (prospective or actual), friends, the "Charitable Bequests Board," or any other form of unearned pecuniary assistance, moulders a man's heart at the core, and takes out of him the moral pith and back-bone, in the strength of which alone he walks upright, and feels the healthful vigour of independence. Mind, I speak of "trusting" to extraneous help; for there are times when the friendly grip of another can alone save us from the quicksands of some

sudden calamity or turn of fortune, and we should sink but for outside assistance. The conditions are wholly different, and everyone can point their separate examples.

The man who is content to accept gratuities for earnings, accepts a down-at-heel condition for life. He may have "greatness thrust upon him," but he never achieves it: he may inherit a fortune, but he never wins one. If his position shuts him out from such probabilities, he sneaks his way through the world, with just provision from day to day, content to have his short-comings to his family made up to them by anyone who will relieve him of his responsibilities; and is, to all appearance, as senseless

as a browsing sheep to any need of foresight for the future. Such a state of things is by no means *uncommon* amongst our industrial classes—even to men in full health and occupation. An almost total want of ordinary prudence and frugality characterizes them as a body, when employed, and as total an abnegation of self-dependence as soon as a mill stops, or a blast-furnace is quenched. Any step, therefore, that helps a man to a sense of higher social duties than is involved in the mere earning of daily-bread—that promises, with the help of a little self-denial, to set him beyond the need of charity in sickness or old age, is one to be rejoiced at; and, as such, we congratulate the public upon the accomplished fact of Post-office Saving Banks.

A penetrating mind may discern something more in their establishment than a paternal Government's desire to encourage thrift and foresight in the working-classes; and, remember, that the man who holds Government-securities for his savings, gives the best security to Government for his loyalty and love of order. Men who have saving-bank books to fill, will neither be anxious for strikes nor any other form of public rupture, and in this view of the case the whole nation is the gainer.

"But," it may be said, "savings-banks have existed for years, and the advantage in the shape of interest to the depositor is not greater than under the old system."

There were, however, under the old system, such things as occasional robberies, a dishonest secretary, or defalcations on a greater scale; and a savings-bank has occasionally collapsed, bringing ruin to hard-working or aged men and women, who had no hope beyond that little hoard and the gloomy portals of the workhouse. In the post-office saving-banks, however, the money is as secure as the Government; while

the investing and withdrawing of it are simplified to a degree previously unimagined.

Under the old system, a deposit could only be made at certain hours, on certain days of the week—a book had to be purchased, and, the deposit being made, could not, under any circumstances, be withdrawn short of a fortnight's notice; while the depositor had frequently a long distance to walk, to pay in or draw out his money. All this is now obviated.

On the first day these banks opened, I found the post-mistress of the district in which I am living quite radiant with pleasure at having had thirteen depositors in the course of the forenoon.

"You see, ma'am, the men must pass the post-office somewhere or another in their way to and from work, and as they are at liberty to make the deposit at any one of them, and at any hour from nine o'clock till six, and may put in as little as a shilling if they please, and have nothing to pay for the book, you can understand it is a great temptation to a man to make a beginning—and I do hope——"

"And so do I, Mrs. Post-mistress—that, the beginning once made, may lead from shilling deposits to pounds; and that the system of post-office saving-banks, scattered throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom, may help to produce those habits of frugality and carefulness, of which, in the aggregate, the working-classes are so negligent."

A little pamphlet, published by Emily Faithful and Co., at the Victoria Press (for the employment of women), in Great Coram-street, and sold at 5s. per hundred, will put our readers in possession of the whole system, and enable them to spread a knowledge of it amongst their workpeople and all with whom they have any influence.

C. A. W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POETRY *accepted, with thanks:* "Clotilde;" "The Ash Trees;" "A Night and Morning;" "Her Grave."

"Laura".—We think the writer of the verses so inscribed capable of better things. Will he try again?

PROSE *received and accepted:* "Jouey;" "The Birds We Eat;" "Living Toys."

Declined, with thanks: "A Quaker's Burial;" "Gardens of our Forefathers"—too nearly approaches certain articles on the "Gardens of Antiquity," already published.

Greenock.—Our esteemed correspondent must bear with our silence with regard to his proposition

a little longer. The first chapter received. "A Posthumous Letter" in our next.

M. S. H., Newbury, Berks.—Whatever papers this correspondent may send us shall meet with attention, and, if suitable, acceptance; if otherwise, they shall be returned on receipt of postage-stamps for the purpose. We really must be excused prescribing the style of our correspondents' writings, though we shall be glad to judge of her *own*; short papers, whatever be their nature, are best adapted to our pages. We are not in want of a continuous tale.

PROSE *received, but not yet read:* "Miss Caw;" "How I won my Victoria Cross;" "A Memory of our Darling Alice;" "Seymour versus Maitland."

A POSTHUMOUS LETTER.

(By the Author of "*Rutson Morley*.")

[I do not know any more pleasurably painful duty that a man can be called upon to discharge than the revision of the papers of a deceased literary friend. The very *livingness* of the mind, still communicating life and activity to that of him who reads, only recalls the more vividly the irrevocable *deadness* of the hand that wrote. It is this life in death—this communion without interchange—this sympathy without acceptance—this near approach which is yet so unutterably far from union, that causes the performance of this duty to be accompanied with the most strange intermingling of pleasure and pain of which a man can well be susceptible. It has lately been my melancholy pleasure to revise and arrange—not with any view to publication—the literary remains of one who was once my fellow-student, and, up to the time of his death, my most intimate friend. During the last year of his life we were both abroad; in different parts of the world, however, and with different objects—I, in Paris, in a professional capacity; he, in Egypt, in search of health. I heard of his death only two months after his return to England. We had corresponded faithfully up to this time, and his letters from Egypt were most minute and full of interest. In one of them, however, he had alluded to an adventure which he said was so strange that he would keep it for our next re-union. It was not our happiness to meet again, and I often wondered, after hearing of his death, what could have been the nature of the story he had in reserve for me. In looking over his Egyptian journal the other day, I came upon a loose manuscript which I read with much interest, as it contained apparently a narrative of the very adventure in question. I cannot account, however, for the circumstance of its not being incorporated with the rest of the journal. It is in the form of a letter addressed to myself; but whether it is a recital of the circumstances exactly as they occurred, or whether the story is only founded on the original adventure, amplified into what was intended to be a literary amusement for our two selves, must in the meantime remain a matter of doubt. The following is the story referred to, which I have been kindly permitted by the relations of the deceased to submit to the public, on the simple condition of altering the names of the persons concerned].

You remember, Willie, how you and I used to discuss the character of that mysterious fellow Drapier, and think it about as difficult a

subject of psychological analysis as ever was operated upon by our trenchant intellects, sharpened as they then were by hourly disputations on all the insolvable problems of metaphysics. You remember his incomprehensible isolation from his fellow-men, and the utter futility of all our efforts to learn anything regarding his origin or his personal circumstances. You remember the defiant contempt with which he treated all friendly advances, and the special hatred towards me which his looks so evidently betrayed, as year after year he found himself second to me in the list of honours. You remember how we oscillated from loathing to pity, from pity to loathing, and from loathing to pity again. What his object in life might be was a problem to his fellow-students, compared with which the "*Summum Bonum*," and all the other mysteries that we dreamt of in our philosophy, were tangible and luminous. His only passion seemed to be for distinction, and even this was often belied by his capricious abandonment of study at the very time when he was gaining on the only antagonist he had to fear. I sometimes fancy he must have been of noble parentage, but unacknowledged. Surely to none but the scion of a noble house could such face and figure belong. Had the pride of a princely race stooped to the queen of a gipsy tribe, it would have been a fitting solution of the Drapier mystery. And then, his resources! Do you remember what speechless awe fell upon us, when we learned that instead of humble lodgings like those of most of our student class, this great Hidalgo inhabited a suite of apartments in —Hotel, Princes-street?

I suppose you will hardly believe me, Willie, when I tell you that there is a circumstance connected with my acquaintance with him in Edinburgh, which I have never told you of. After you left, having no other male friend to vent my affections upon, I actually found myself leaning daily more and more to the side of pity in regard to the Drapier subject. By a series of little kindnesses, all in the way of class-business, the first of which were met with sullen indifference that gradually warmed into something better as the series accumulated, I positively succeeded in thawing him, to the edified amazement of all who beheld the miracle. I got so far into his inner sentiments in a day or two, as to discover that he would not object to a little female society, and found very little persuasion necessary to induce him to accompany

me one evening to the Armours'. We passed a very pleasant evening, Drapier proving himself much more talkative than I could have previously given him credit for being. I was so secure of Mary at that time, that I did not feel it any great stretch of benevolence to yield her society entirely to the stranger, and to confine my attentions to Mrs. Armour and little Jane. To my surprise Drapier suggested to me next day that we should renew the visit as soon as possible, which we did, and, as stage books say—"same play as before." Next day he was absent from his class. This, you remember, was an unusual thing for him; and when I found the same to be the case on the day following, I felt so anxious regarding him, that after class hours I called at his hotel to see if anything were the matter. I was surprised to learn that he had not been seen since the last evening we had spent at the Armours': in fact, I thought I was looked upon with something not very far from suspicion when the waiter told me that I was the last man in whose company he had been seen. I returned in a state of considerable anxiety to my lodgings, and pondered over the circumstance for some time; but, hitting upon no satisfactory theory, I betook myself to my usual refuge. After filling the room with the accumulated smoke of three or four pipes in unbroken succession, I had risen and opened the window, when, just as I was in the act of turning round to resume my seat, I became suddenly aware of Drapier standing before me, pale and haggard, and scowling on me with a look of intensified hate that was absolutely fiendish. "What devil," he gasped out, "sent you to blast the only two hopes I ever had?" And before I had time to protect myself he had planted a blow on my chest that stretched me breathless on the floor. I heard him slam the door with a wild laugh, after which I became utterly unconscious, and continued so for several hours. When I again came to myself I was lying with my head beneath the open window. The snow was falling fast, and huge flakes were settling on my face, where they melted and mingled with the blood that was flowing from my mouth. I felt a dead chill all over me, and it was only after a series of sore efforts that I was able to crawl to the bell-rope. I need not trouble you with any details regarding my subsequent illness, which lasted about a fortnight. Next time I saw Mary I learned from her that just before paying me that disagreeable visit Drapier had called at the house, had sought and obtained an interview with her, and had made her a formal offer of marriage. Mary of course told him in the gentlest possible manner of our engagement. He made no reply, it seems, but rushed from the house, from which, I suppose, he came direct to my lodgings. I told Mary nothing of the circumstance at the time, as I thought it would only vex her; and I concealed it from you, as I fancied you would blame the unworthy intimacy which had led to it. But something tells me, Willie, that the time is not far distant when whatever you have loved in me will become tenfold dearer, and

when the thought of blame will find no entrance into your heart. To tell the truth, I trace back my disease to that unlucky blow. It was not till sometime after Mary and I were married that I became aware that the effects of it had settled down on me, and that the strength on which I had prided myself was on the wane. Ah, Willie, may you never know such sorrow as mine was when I led Mary back to the home of her childhood, and turned away to seek that which I knew too well was lost to me for ever! I had almost murmured against Providence when I counted up my means and found that if I went abroad at all, it must needs be—alone.

It was necessary that I should narrate the above, before you could fully enter into my feelings in what follows. I am about to tell you of the strangest and most awful adventure that ever varied the tenour of my life. It would seem as if it had been ordained that though my life was to be a short one, there was yet to be crowded into it the concentrated experience and discipline of many years. Is it not good that it should be so? Is it by time, or by its result that we shall be judged? Is the fruit-tree that winter finds leafless to be held in dishonour because of the barren laurel? There is no set time for meetness and maturity. If mine is summer-fruit, shall I murmur because it is gathered in its freshness before such as need the mellow suns of Autumn?

As I told you in a former letter, I arrived at Thebes on the 14th of January. I had been upwards of a fortnight exploring the wonders of Gournah, the Memnonium, Medeenet Habou, Luxor, and last, and greatest by far, Karnac, before I allowed myself to visit the wonderful old tombs that honeycomb the mountains separating the "Lybian suburb" from the desert. You know that my tastes are sepulchral, and though I was well prepared before seeing Thebes to delight in the abundance of temple-glories, the tombs of the kings were what I kept to, the last, as by far the most interesting of all the sights with which Egypt could tempt me. It was a long and dreary ride up a long and dreary valley. It was in the very depths of solitude that these grand old monarchs chose to lie down, each one in his glory. How easy, with the same sun looking down on the same glaring hills, to fill the valley with the long mourning processions that, thousands of years ago, bore successive dynasties to their long resting-places! How easy to conjure up the whole funereal pageantry filling these barren solitudes with the solemn glory of dead majesty, the placing of the royal mummy in the chambers of the hills, and the loud return of servile multitudes to hail a new yoke of bondage!

I spent the greater part of the day in the tombs known as Belzoni's and Bruce's. You have read too many books of Egyptian travel to require that I should describe these to you. But oh, Willie, there is that which books cannot give—that intensity of realization which the immediate presence of famous remains so delightfully excites—that translation of our whole

being to past ages, that gives us the delirious rapture of a victory over Time itself! Sitting in the heart of the earth, surrounded with the grand emblems of monarchies that lie buried in the farthest mounds of hoarest History, shut in and o'ercanopied with rocks richly burdened with the typical language of ancient worship and regal chronicle, gazing on the hallowed mysteries on which the eyes of the royal occupant alone were to gaze when the cycles of ages should bring about the glory of resurrection—here (and I say it with reverence) I felt one day as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one poor day. How nearly the mortality of the world's oldest kings touched upon my own! I was a dying man in the nineteenth century of the reign of grace, and I held in my hand the cerements that had wrapt a royal corpse when this world that we call old was yet in its early prime! The cerements that shrouded him royally three thousand years ago, are not so far faded but that to-morrow they might wrap me round respectably enough for a stranger's grave under a palm-tree. Surely this respect should make calamity of shorter life, or at least choke the breath of impatience. I have striven hard, Willie, to learn the lesson of the tomb. It has been one for you, and another for me. To you, in the vigour of manhood, it is that every hour is long, long in great action, longer still in glorious result. To me, blasted in my youth, a mere apprentice to be smitten down with the hammer of the Master ere yet I have reared one pillar that shall perpetuate my name, it is that hours, days, years, ages are nothing—Time itself but a vesture of thought, a perishable garment, yet to be cast away as at once unserviceable and out of fashion. Surely both lessons are true. Face life with yours: I shall meet the last enemy with mine.

Full of such thoughts I emerged into the daylight, and being anxious fully to realize the unutterable solitude of this region of death, I sent my guides and horses back to the boat, telling the former that I would return on foot, and that I might be expected shortly after sunset. I retained a flask of wine, a torch, and wherewithal to light it, having some idea of revisiting the tombs I had just left, when the usual time for travellers' visits should be past, and I should be free from all fear of interruption in continuing my researches. In the meantime I wandered hither and thither over the interminable series of dreary sandstone ridges that stretch away to the Lybian desert.

I had pursued this erratic course for some little time, when I descried one of the natives—a half-naked member of the class of the fellabeen—making towards me, carrying something in his hand, that in the distance looked like a snake writhing in the agony of captivity. As he approached I began to imagine that it was a young crocodile, some three and a half feet long, which he was holding by the tail. On a nearer approach still, I saw that it was a specimen of a class of animals which I had long wished to see, and which are popularly known as

"Monitors of the Nile," being supposed by the Arabs to give warning of the vicinity of a crocodile. Its head was like that of a serpent, and the resemblance was heightened by its having a forked tongue that appeared and disappeared with the usual snakelike rapidity. In its rage, too, at its unwelcome durance, it was hissing like an infuriated dragon—of which fabulous monster only the want of wings prevented its being the express miniature. There was a diabolical beauty about it, such as Turner might have transferred to the canvass with terrific effect. Even the sleepless dragon of his Hesperides might have been a more masterly specimen of colouring and conception, had he seen the combination of beauty and fury that was presented by this enraged reptile. It was in vain that it writhed and twisted, it could not reach the hand of its captor, who was by this time laughingly holding it out towards me, and offering it for money. Anxious to possess the creature, I presented the Arab with a few piastres, which he accepted without demur. The difficulty now lay in the delicate operation of conveying it from one hand to another, as I found that he objected to my wish, made known to him by signs, that he would carry it for me to the boat. In the said act of transference the little wretch made such a violent snap at our hands that we both instinctively let go, upon which the monitor made off in one direction, and the Arab in another, the latter doubtless fearing that the money would be reclaimed. I shouted after him, but he soon disappeared, and I saw him no more. When I turned round again in the direction that the monitor had taken, I saw its scaly form just disappearing over the ridge of a sand-hill in the direction of the river. Making a rapid circuit I soon found myself in front of him; but seeing me he wheeled round, and struck out for the desert. I followed of course. Sometimes I lost sight of him for a little, and invariably on coming up with him again, found him making for the river, until the sight of me sent him round again to the west. I suppose he travelled farther from the water that day than Nature ever intended him to do; for by the time I lost sight of him his pace had considerably slackened. At length, when I was within twenty yards of him, he disappeared behind a loose fragment of rock. I made my way to the spot as fast as possible, but my enthusiasm was considerably damped on finding that I had miscalculated the dimensions of the stony impediment, which, with the exception of a small opening at the bottom through which the monitor had crept, was deeply embedded in the sand. I tried in vain to tear it from its position by main force, and then, being determined if possible to have some reward for the labours of the chase, I set to, with might and main, to remove the sand. It was slow work. Every handful that I removed was only the signal for double the quantity to roll down and more than fill up the momentary vacancy. I felt conscious, however, that this loose sand was a much less serious obstacle to the displacing of the stone than the

original material, which seemed to me to have been closely packed on purpose to baffle any attempt at its removal.

After working nearly a couple of hours, I again tried the effect of force, and found to my great delight that the huge fragment was yielding, and after pausing to collect my strength, I succeeded, after a severe effort, in turning it fairly over. I was completely blinded, and all but suffocated, by the shower of sand that followed its removal; but, on recovering my eyesight, I was agreeably surprised to find myself standing at what seemed to be the entrance of a great cavern, into which a steep flight of steps, almost covered by the sand that had just fallen, promised safe access, and a reward more than equal to my labour. I paused a moment to arm myself with equanimity in case of disappointment; for the idea of a discovery had flashed upon me at once, and had spurred my pulse to a pace at which Dr. Samson would have shaken his prophetic head. I had guessed at once that this was the entrance to a tomb hitherto undiscovered; but I suffered myself to revolve several possibilities, such as of its being unfinished, of its being only a natural cavern, with an artificial entrance, but of no definite Egyptian character, &c., &c., in order that there might be no reactionary regrets should my first idea turn out to be erroneous. I soon saw, however, from the depth and precision of the intaglios on the walls on each side of the staircase, that this was a relic of the purest Pharaonic period; and though I could not read the hieroglyphics fluently, I had sufficient experience in deciphering them to see that the long series of cartouches, which in column after column was continued to the foot of a flight of seventy-two steps, was in reality the pedigree of the occupant of the supposed tomb, and contained, moreover, certain astronomical references to the relative positions of Sirius and the sun, in connection with certain events then recorded, which, I could not but think, would, when made known to the scientific world, prove of the utmost value in settling some of the much disputed points of Egyptian chronology. At the foot of the steps were two doorways, over the edges of which was the usual Agathodæmon, a representation of a winged globe supported by asps. On the under-side of the stone lintel, instead of the sacred Scarabæus which I had more than once seen in such a position, was the figure of a crocodile, the limbs of which were represented as ornamented with bracelets, the ears with earrings, and the neck with a necklace.

Having now come to the real point of exploration, I lit my torch, and entered the cavern by the larger doorway with the greatest caution, in which virtue the pits in the tombs at Osioot had given me a lesson. The hall in which I now found myself was not very remarkable either in point of size or beauty. It was about twelve feet square; the roof, which was embellished with stars on a blue ground, being supported in the centre by a single square pillar, on which, as on the walls, were the usual sepulchral paint-

ings representing the process of embalming, the funeral boat, the judgment scene, &c. What I particularly remarked, however, was the frequency with which the crocodile was represented in connection with the royal cartouche. In every instance in which the prenomen, name, and titles of the monarch were given, came some reference to the crocodile. Provoked by curiosity to hard mental labour, I at length, by severe use of the small knowledge of hieroglyphics which I possessed, succeeded in making out, to my own satisfaction at least, such titles as the following:—"High-priest of crocodiles"; "worshipper of crocodiles"; "tamer of crocodiles"; "friend of crocodiles"; with other designations purporting that he had also been the leader, the guardian, and the charmer of the reptiles in question; and finally, and highest honour of all, brother of their king!

I was now quite prepared for the second hall, which was very large and beautiful beyond any of those I had visited in the tombs of Belzoni and Bruce. The roof, which was similar to that of the first hall, was supported by twenty-four enormous columns, that had been hewn out where they stood, into as perfect specimens of Egyptian art as those which stand in the Memnonium or Karnac. Sixteen of these had capitals representing the lotus-bud; the remaining eight were in imitation of the full-blown lotus. These pillars were smoothly covered with some species of composition, and on this was painted what might have been the entire archives of a kingdom, so great was the space, and so beautifully minute the hieroglyphics which covered it. The walls of this hall, covered with a similar composition, were embellished with a series of brilliant frescoes, representing various events in the life of the king. The colours of these were as bright as one could well imagine them to be on the day when the artist first introduced the living monarch to see and admire his future resting-place. One picture represented him as kneeling before a crocodile, which was ornamented with chains and earrings like that I have already mentioned, and offering it geese and various kinds of fish. In another he was seen leading a huge crocodile by a golden chain; in another sitting before the altar of Savak, the crocodile-headed god, with his hand in a crocodile's mouth. In short, crocodiles seemed to be the tale and burden of this monarch's life. All round that immense hall he was feeding them, decorating them, training them, riding on them, sleeping on them, worshipping them, embalming them, and attending them to their burial.

But, in my eagerness to discover more, I did not stay to examine these very minutely. The general impression of magnitude of space and immensity of labour was sufficient in the meantime. I hastened on, therefore, where another doorway invited into a third hall. Here I found myself in a gloomier region, but one which, when examined, excited in me far more astonishment than all the brilliant colouring with which I had just been dazzled. Imagine a hall about a hundred feet by sixty, with its walls entirely

covered with immense polished slabs of black granite, so exquisitely placed, that it was quite impossible to detect the line of junction. Four rows of square columns, twelve columns in each row, likewise cased in polished granite, supported the roof, on which was a profusion of astronomical symbols. But the wonder was this: in Bruce's tomb I had seen hall after hall, each of which presented in painting a complete chapter of Egyptian life. The whole of this, and much more, was here crowded into one room, and was cut into the granite in minute intaglios, such as might almost have become a signet-ring. Each of the pillars represented a science or an art. One side of the hall was covered with what seemed to be the history of the nation from the remotest times; the second with its mythology, and the third with—what think you?—thousands and thousands of times repeated, in bewildering myriads, that almost drove me distracted, the dread emblem of Eternity—a serpent, tail in mouth, forming a perfect circle! When I had passed along the dark colonnade, with the intention of examining the fourth wall, I found myself at the edge of a pit at least twenty feet deep, and stretching across the entire breadth of the hall. At the bottom of this lay, to all appearance dead, the beautiful little fugitive that had led me to such unexpected pleasure. Beyond the pit, all was naked, calcareous rock—a strangely sudden conclusion to the polished granite and exquisite art I had just been surveying.

Where, then, was the sarcophagus, which my imagination had been painting to itself from the very first? Where was the royal mummy, the brother of the king of crocodiles, for whose glorious repose this was the destined tenement? . . . I had read not a little about Egyptian discovery, and I felt at once convinced, on seeing this abrupt incongruity, that here was an illustration of the old stratagem of hiding the inmost sepulchral chamber, by leaving before it a curtain of natural rock, to deceive the intruder by leading him to believe that the pit terminated the excavation. I was a little disappointed, notwithstanding this conviction, as I felt that I should have liked to reach the climax of discovering at once and alone: whereas, now, I foresaw the necessity of returning to my boat without having completed my explorations, and of delaying a whole day, probably, before obtaining the requisite material, human and otherwise, for crossing over the pit and breaking down the partition of rock. I was turning, almost fretfully, away, when I observed, in the pillar against which I had been leaning, that the under-slab of the granite in which it was encased had fallen partially away from that immediately above it, the aperture being sufficiently wide to admit my hand. No one can have a more thorough horror than I have of the Vandalism of which so many of our tourists are guilty in defacing and destroying the priceless vestiges of antiquity. Yet in this case curiosity predominated over all compunction, and by main force I wrenched the granite from its po-

sition; though, I must confess, my conscience severely reproached me, when the huge mass, from which I narrowly escaped as it toppled over, broke into several fragments as it fell into the pit.

But good came out of the evil. Before me was a narrow staircase, down which I immediately descended. As I had half-divined, it led to a passage under the rock-curtain, and in a few moments I was in the inmost hall of death!

There, before me, was the royal sarcophagus! It was of oriental alabaster, covered with shapes of rarest art, and placed on the backs of four immense crocodiles of polished syenite. The figures on the sarcophagus were in alto-relievo, and represented forty-two gods welcoming the soul of the king with crowns and precious gifts. Savak holds him by the hand, and seems to be relating his virtues to the other divinities. On the lid a chapter of the great Funereal Ritual was beautifully carved. The hall was of the same size as the first I had entered, and its walls presented the same scenes, but in very delicate basso-relievo instead of painting. The whole was by far the most beautiful and entire specimen I had anywhere seen of Egyptian art.

And now I found time to take a huge draught of wine, and to reflect on my good fortune. I had made a discovery: beyond all doubt I had made a discovery. How often, Willie, in mentally facing the inevitable result of my disease, had I felt my chief regret to be that I was leaving behind me nothing that was complete! I felt, on such occasions, that I had neither strength nor time to write a literary work, that could stand by itself as a complete and finished memorial. At such times came over me the longing desire to do some one great deed, the renown of which would embalm my name. Anything—anything but the fragmentary and merely preparative efforts of a youth divided among many pursuits. Was not this, then, all I could desire? Was it not complete? And now, this tomb, like Belzoni's and Bruce's, would be known by the name of its discoverer. In far-off years, perhaps, Mary would come upon my name in works of Egyptian travel. You would see it with pride attached to my donations in the British Museum. This astronomical discovery in reference to Sirius would cause much wonder among the learned, and produce great results in chronology. . . . Do you blame me for such thoughts? Do you blame me for magnifying my position, when I reflected that, through century after century—ay, millennium after millennium—the dark, lonesome hours had flitted, unperceived, through these solemn halls, and that the first light that had fallen on their gloomy wings was the flickering ray of the torch I bore in my hand! Of all the myriad million eyes that had seen the sun since this monarch fell asleep, mine were the first to gaze on the hallowed mysteries that darkly glorified his long repose! Of all human sounds that since then had fled into the infinite of space, from the roar of battle to the song of

childhood, my own footfalls were the first to startle the ages of silence that brooded over his slumbers ! Oh, kingly soul, by what invocation shall I bring thee from the depths of primal time ? This solitude is thine own ! I dare thee in it ! I would know the secret of thy being, though it should blind the eye that looks on it ! Hark ! I dare to strike upon thy hollow-sounding bed ! Where is the revenge of violated majesty ? To-morrow I shall bring the world to gaze upon thee ; to wonder at, and yet to mock thy quaint solemnities ; to carry thee away ; to classify thee as a thing of science, a subject of learned curiosity and clownish amazement ! Dost thou not blast me ere I leave thy presence ? My foot is on the neck of the monster thou didst adore ? Where is the wrath of insulted zeal ! Or, if thou art insensible to insult, can adulation reach thee ? Oh, king of the great, pride of the elder-born of Time, vouchsafe a word, a sound, a sign ! Is not this thine own temple—these thine own glories ? Where, if not here, wilt thou manifest thyself from the depths of the eternity in which thy mighty soul careers ? I stand on the threshold of the unseen ; the fleshy integument is fast disentangling itself from my soul ; I am not, now, altogether of earth : let me, then, but see or touch the fringe of thine imperishable vestment, that the secret sense of immortality may steal through me if only for a moment ! Have I worked myself up into a dream, or is that shadow on the wall the moving reflex of a real form ? Ha ! have I roused thee, then ? But this shadowy similitude contents me not ! I am not afraid to front thee ! One moment to nerve my frail mortality, and now I must see thee, face to — !

Drapier, as I live, scowling on me with the hate of hell ! He was gaily dressed in brilliant oriental costume, and was armed to the teeth. He had grown a huge beard, and was altogether so completely metamorphosed, that I might almost have taken him for the resuscitated monarch I had so madly invoked, had it not been for the pistols in his girdle, and, what startled me much more rapidly from the frenzy into which I had wrought myself, the same look of fiendish malignity which had so often haunted my dreams since the night of the fatal blow. He was standing in the dark doorway, with his arms folded across his breast, motionless and mysterious as the great old statues that guard the halls of Egyptian temples. I held my torch towards him, to make sure that this was not the frenzied creation of my own excited brain ; but it only changed the lurid scowl into a glare of fiercer rage. We stood fronting each other for some time in silence. Mine were anything but forgiving thoughts. Before me was the man whose unreasonable spite and whose rash hand had dashed the cup of life from my lips, when it was brimful of the ruddy elixir of hope, and had left me only the dregs. Was I not to avenge my own wrong ? Should I not gather all my remaining strength for one retributive blow, if it should be the last movement of my

arm ? "Vengeance is mine." Yes, but should I not constitute myself the instrument of it, since the favourable occasion was created for me ? By the memory of my perished hopes—by the broken heart of my young widowed wife, I ~~must~~ smite him to the ground !

He seemed to guess my thoughts, and was the first to break the unnatural silence.

"Let us have it out fairly, Macgregor. You shall cross my path no more. Fate seems to send you on my track to blast all my fondest projects. I will dare Fate itself, rather than be for ever second to you. The discovery is mine, and I will be first or nothing. This is the grave of one or both of us. Take your choice of these two weapons."

I was somewhat charmed, I confess, by the chivalrous generosity which led him to forego his advantage, and place his enemy on equal terms with himself. Maddened as I was with the thought of my wrong, and fearfully ready to constitute myself the minister of my own vengeance, I could not fight under colour of such a cause. Perhaps the discovery was his. I suggested as much. You know if I am a coward, Willie ; so I may tell you that I did suggest this, but that it was only to pave the way to stabbing his conscience with my real wrong, and to showing him that I had grounds far "more relative than this" for aiming at his life.

"You are a coward, Macgregor," he replied tauntingly. "If this is your first visit to this place, then you are not the discoverer. I have lived in this country since I left England. I have adopted the life of the East, and there are those here who serve me as their chief and prophet. From them I the other day obtained a knowledge of this tomb, which they had all sworn to keep secret from Europeans, since, besides the Egyptian monarch in the sarcophagus there, a venerable prophet of their race is somewhere buried within it. I did not know, however, and I do not believe that they know, of the existence of the hall in which we are. This, I suppose, is your discovery. I intended to keep the secret until I had taken extensive plans of the whole excavation, and then to submit them to the *savans* of Europe. Now, however, you have interfered with my triumph. But you shall not share it if my hand is true. Your cowardly evasions will not avail you. Choose your weapon ; but give me this in the first place. I drop mine outside when I saw the glare of yours."

Saying which, he snatched the torch from my hand, and fastened it where the heads of two of the crocodiles all but met.

A coward !—I who was burning for revenge ! I who, I thought, did well to be angry, and to risk the dregs of my life to punish the crime which I knew too surely human law would never reach ! I heaped reproach on reproach, curse upon curse, until frantic at seeing that the villain only smiled at my vehemence, I seized one of the pistols which he held towards me ; and it would have been short work with either myself or him had he not grasped my hand with

such force that I could not wrench it from him. "Stay," he said; "let it be fairly done. Promise me on your honour—probably your last words—that you will take no unfair advantage."

I did promise, and was at once put in possession of the weapon of which I had made choice.

"How shall we time ourselves?" I asked.

"Well suggested," replied he coolly. "Let me see . . . Yes. We'll manage that too. Meantime I throw myself on your honour."

Restoring his pistol to his girdle, he put his hand into his breast, and produced a small phial and a piece of paper. He next saturated the paper with the contents of the phial, remarking with a quiet smile as he did so: "A little chemical knowledge is invaluable to an eastern prophet." Having then pulled out a long gold thread from the hem of his loose robe, he suspended the paper from the neck of one of the crocodiles; after which, taking the torch from the place where he had fastened it, he took up his station by the side of the sarcophagus, with his back to the wall, and directed me to place myself in a similar position at the opposite side of the chamber. I did so, rather at a loss at first to explain his movements, though, I must say, putting implicit trust in his honour.

"Take your aim now, Macgregor," said he, while you have the light. I shall not move from this spot. I shall drop the torch and extinguish it with my foot. Whenever that solution dries the paper will blaze up. Fire when you see the flame. Are you ready?"

I had no sooner answered that I was, than the torch was dropt, and in another instant we were in darkness, save for the strange phosphoric sheen that danced on the paper, and that only rendered the darkness more visible and horrible.

These were fearful moments. The very coolness and formality of Drapier's proceedings had again calmed me down. Yet I was so bewildered with the strangeness of the whole train of circumstances that I could hardly reason. It was all so new that I felt myself utterly removed beyond the pale of accountability. I felt for a moment, as I have sometimes felt in sleep, that it only required a strong effort of volition to cast off the horrible dream. But no; it was no dream! What was this in my hand? Why was my heart beating as if my soul disowned my guilty frame, and were forcing its way out? Was it true that my hand was raised to slay? Back, back, distracting thoughts! The destroyer of my peace is there!

Up shot the flame, and two pistols flashed instantaneously. Dust and smoke, and a noise as of innumerable thunders pealing through endless hollows. With the last flicker of the paper I saw Drapier reeling. I did not pause to feel if I were myself hurt, but dashed forward towards him. The ground yielded beneath me as if an earthquake were rocking the foundations of the earth. I clutched at the sarcophagus, threw myself on it, and the next moment, amid dust and falling fragments of rock, and the

maddening noise of a thousand echoes, felt myself hurried downwards into some unknown abyss. The sudden shock of the sarcophagus striking against the bottom threw me headlong forward, and for awhile—I know not how long—I lay deprived of all sensation.

Consciousness returned long before I recovered the power of motion. It seemed to me that I was no longer in the flesh, and that my soul was resolved into some dark element, itself a part of the blackness of darkness. And had I been hurried into the unknown, with the burden of murder on my soul, that was to weigh me down for ever! . . . The crash of another fragment of rock falling near me sent a convulsive quiver over my frame, which made me feel that I was still in the body. Gradually I recovered sufficient strength to move my hand towards my flask of wine, which I had not emptied, and which luckily was still safe. After a draught of the wine I felt considerably reinvigorated, but this only increased my perception of the horror of my situation and of the deed I had done. All my angry feelings were gone, and I could think of nothing now but the soul of Drapier by me, hurried before God with all its irrevocable guilt unpardoned. How was I to meet him? as meet him ere long I must. But was he really dead? I had not heard even a groan. Perhaps, like myself but a few minutes before, he was lying stunned by the fall, and I guiltless of his blood.

Catching at this thought, as the last glimpses of possible happiness that could save my last days from the blackness of remorse, I gathered all my strength, felt for the ground, and, having reached it, moved cautiously about in search of him who had so lately been my foe. I felt that I could now give my life cheerfully for him, even for enough of breath in him to pronounce my pardon and to pray for his own.

After a few steps I came upon what seemed to me a huge heap of straw. Suddenly remembering that I had still the means of light about me, I set fire to it, and in an instant the whole was in a blaze.

I was utterly unprepared for the new scene that burst upon me: I found myself in a hall, seemingly of endless length, supported by a double row of massive columns. Between each column was the mummy of a crocodile. From most of them the cloth had partially fallen, so that wherever I turned, the mocking grin of monsters met me, and it seemed to me, in my frenzy, as if they were rejoicing with the joy of fiends over my deed and my doom. And, worse than all, a few feet from me lay poor Drapier, stiff and motionless, with his bloody face turned towards me, his clotted eyes and lips appalling me with speechless reproach! For the moment I felt realized within me all that I had ever read of the flaming horror of a murderer's conscience. I stood transfixed, knowing that I could never fly from the hell within me. And the blaze went down, and the darkness came over me; and I felt as if I could never again wish to see light.

Was I to die here, then, and the slain man

and the slayer to lie here together, till the trump of doom should wake us to mutual and everlasting reproach? Another thought flashed on my darkness. Had I really killed him, or was he not perhaps killed by the fall?

Even in the horror that had overtaken me when the sight of his body met my eye, I had not failed to observe that the remnant of my torch was lying beside him. I soon found it, and having lit it, set about the awful task of examining the corpse, to see if I were indeed a murderer or no. I found that the back of the head was completely knocked in, and close beside it lay a sharp fragment of rock, against which it seemed to have struck. I would fain have made no further examination, as I could hardly bear to look upon the ghastly spectacle; but the thought that perhaps he was dead before this happened compelled me to search more minutely. To my infinite relief I discovered that the bullet had lodged in the fleshy part of the left thigh, where I could still feel its presence. Let strict moral criticism find me, if it will, equally guilty as if I had passed through his heart; still, I say, I felt infinite relief in the thought that an unexpected retributive interposition had left me only indirectly concerned in the article of death. I saw at once, on looking up and around, that the pillar supporting that part of the floor of the chamber above, on which the sarcophagus had rested, had been too slender in proportion to the immense superincumbent mass, and that the concussion produced by the discharge of the pistols had destroyed the delicate equilibrium that ages of stillness had left undisturbed. The column had fallen, and it was against one of its fragments that poor Drapier had struck.

My next thought was how to escape from this dreadful place. I saw that it was quite impossible to reach the chamber above. I explored the whole of the crocodile charnel-house, but could see no outlet. I observed in my search the remains of several straw fires, which, no doubt, Drapier had caused to be kindled during his previous visits; but I could discover no indication of the entrance of which he must have availed himself. I returned and sat me down by the dead man to meditate, and, if possible, to pray. Then it occurred to me that I ought again to search the body, to try to find some clue to his personal circumstances. I found nothing but a small sum of money and a note-book, in which, however, to my great satisfaction, I found a series of rough plans of the whole sepulchral excavation, with the exception of the hall in which the sarcophagus had been deposited. After carefully pondering these, I observed a small asterisk at the position occupied by one of the crocodile mummies. Feeling sure that this must mean something, and having already a little experience of concealed entrances, I proceeded at once to examine the spot indicated. I found it an easy task to push aside the mummy, underneath which, as I had half divined, was a passage sloping gradually downwards, but lead-

ing, as I at once suspected, in the direction of the principal entrance. I hastened back for the torch, now nearly burnt down, and rushed along the passage, which, in a short time, took an upward slope, ending in a long flight of steps that led to the smaller of the two doorways at the entrance of the cavern. In a few minutes I was in the open air, with the pure sky over me, and the unconscious stars smiling unutterable peace, as if they saw no death and no sorrow in all the wide universe.

Utterly exhausted and sick at heart, I turned in the direction of the river. Hours of alternate walking and resting brought me at last to my boat. You will not be surprised to learn that it was weeks before I was again able to leave my couch. Many times afterwards I returned to what I thought was the spot where the entrance to the cavern had been, but to me the place seemed entirely changed. I hinted once to my dragoman that I had discovered such an entrance, on the day before my long illness. His opinion, which I suspect to be the right one, was that the Arabs, jealous of European discovery, had entirely filled up the entrance with sand, and as I might be some miles out of my reckoning with regard to the exact situation of it, in a region where a monotony of sand-hills rendered the identification of it next to impossible, I thought it utterly useless to institute any operations for its rediscovery.

And yet to think of poor Drapier lying there!
[Here the MS. ends.]

J. B. S.

THE DOG'S DREAM.

What are your dreams, my poor old dog,
As by the blazing hearth you lie,
With frisking tail, and ears erect
As if prepared your speed to try?
Are you among the heath and fern
By the wild mountain's side once more,
Or pranksome by the babbling rill,
As you were wont in days of yore?

I too can fancy back the scene
By mountain side and gushing rill,
And dream of joys that centred there,
And think awhile I have them still.
I see again the heather bells;
Once more I see the bright forms shine
Through mossy turf and tangled brake,
And trace the steps that passed with mine.

And do you hear the well-known voice
From distance hail you back again,
And, still obedient to the call,
Do you come bounding o'er the plain?
Or do you look into the eyes
That you so well had learn'd to read?
Or do you lick the gentle hand
From which it was your wont to feed?

I too, like you, in happy dreams
That silver voice again can hear,
Forgetful for awhile that ne'er
Its tones my waking hours can cheer ;
I look into the eyes once more
That beam'd so much of love on me,
And feel the pressure of the hand,
Then wake to know it cannot be.

If aught your mem'ry can retain
When it has pass'd—of that sweet dream,
To you the fond illusion still
A bright reality may seem.
Not so it is with me : I wake
And the deceptive joy is o'er ;
I feel my loneliness, my loss,
My sad reality, the more !

E. L.

A NIGHT AND MORNING.

BY ADA TREVANION.

Beneath the purple heaven's starry sheening,
When all the dewy flowers in sleep were furled,
I heard a song of melancholy meaning,
Whose music was as old as is the world.

The ancient elms which grew beside the meadow
Were tossed, like troubled life, by every breath ;
The one dark yew-tree in the bell-tower's shadow
Was solemnly at rest, like peaceful Death.

The hollow-sounding sea seemed sad and weary,
And the pale moon a wanderer above ;
With folded hands, I sat in sorrow dreary,
And sigh'd my heart away for hope and love.

But when on high the god of day appearing
Illumed the dusky grey with rosy streak,
I met the breeze o'er hill and dale careering,
And let its cool kiss dry my wetted cheek.

The skylark's song trilled from the gate of heaven,
And happy sounds came from the waving wood ;
Night's chain of silence far and near was riven,
And all awoke with praise who toiled for good.

I gathered up the sighs which heaved my bosom ;
I gave my doubts and murmurs to the air ;
From rose-bush near I broke a stainless blossom,
And o'er its beauty bowed in trusting prayer.

And as I went my way, with footstep lighter,
O'er dews which spangled garden, field, and grove,
I felt, through faith, that my life-path was brighter,
Though morning brought to me nor hope nor love.
Ramsgate, 1861.

HER GRAVE.

And love shall come full circle yet,
In spite of partings and of tears,
And joy be like a jewel set
In life, not measured out by years,

But tolling with a fuller faith,
With higher hopes, with deeper trust ;
Treading with firmer steps the path
That leads unto the good and just.

The soul shall wake, and live once more—
And not in vain, O not in vain—
To win the crown that fancy wove
When coming years, like fields of grain,
Were still before us, and the task
Seemed but to reap and gather in,
And when to have was but to ask ;
When but to love it, was to win.

Ah ! me, the grave has long grown green ;
The stone itself is rich with moss,
And all the years that since have been
Are heavy with a love and loss ;
Comes the air with trembling sound,
Voice-like whisperings as of old ;
The summer twilight deepens round,
Grey shadows gather fold on fold.

And there the grave of her I loved—
Alas ! she never bore my name,
Yet not the less she lived and moved
The first, the dearest, in Life's fame ;
The graceful girl of summers back,
The woman forty years ago.
Do human hearts or break or crack :
Ah ! no : the brave ones still live on.

And, true to love as true to life,
To live to master pain and grief,
And, O, not breathe the name of wife ;
But to be worthy brings relief.
Love lives not here without return :
Another's thou ?—alas ! not so.
Death comes, old fires anew may burn—
I love the girl of long ago.

I love the woman once a child,
My playfellow in far-off years,
Grown earnest, who, with accents mild,
And eyes so blue, so full of tears,
Bade me farewell ; but could not heal
The deep'ning wound herself had made ;
Oh ! if to love were to be loved,
Life's sunshine might exceed its shade.

And I have lived my life away :
I will not deem I lived for naught
While yet through memory sunbeams play—
While still my days with toil were fraught.
Though love is much, it is not all,
And life hath yet a second goal ;
And manly voices loudly call,
And work is worthy of the soul.

And I have worked, and years have passed ;
My time of peace is drawing near ;
I offered first, I bring at last
My all of manhood to you here :
Here 'mid the scenes where we have play'd ;
Here near the church beside the yew,
Where first we met, laughed, parted, prayed,
I come to lay life down by you.

H. A. C.

THE CALICO-PRINTER OF JOUY.

In the course of the year 1757, a grave question occupied the French Chamber of Commerce. Up to that time its false policy had insisted upon a monopoly of flax, as being a native product, to the entire exclusion of cotton, either raw or manufactured, as a material for which money had to be exported. But, on the other hand, as the female world of France equally insisted on wearing the graceful fabrics of Swiss and British looms, a contraband trade, too profitable to be put down by the severest measures, had sprung up as a natural consequence. In such a dilemma French legislators began to doubt whether it might not be both wiser and more profitable to import raw cotton for manufacturing purposes, than to send twenty millions of francs yearly out of the country to pay for foreign fabrics, to say nothing of the poor wretches, about three hundred in number, whom revenue-laws annually sent out of the world by the rope or the gallows. Such a point as this would appear to admit of no discussion in our own days of free trade; but at that time popular prejudice in favour of monopoly raised so strong an opposition-party that the battle proved doubtful and long. Not till 1759 did an edict of Louis XV. revoke the old laws, and authorize the manufacture of printed cotton fabrics.

Curiously enough, while England had owed the introduction of this branch of industry, sixty years before, to a Frenchman driven out of his country by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, the French stand indebted for the naturalization of an art which might seem indigenous to their soil, to a German Lutheran, Christopher Oberkampf by name. Christopher was a working calico-printer of the Rhine, a grave thoughtful youth, then about twenty, who had the year before (1758) made his way to Paris, his knapsack over his shoulder, with the intention of pushing on beyond the Pyrenees into Spain. On Oberkampf's arrival at the French capital, however, the important question then pending struck him at once, and, with the true instinct of a man born to make his fortune, he determined to stay where he was, and await the results. By the time it was decided in accordance with his hopes, the young calico-printer had formed his plans, and had also, by dint of hard work and self-denial, amassed a little capital of twenty-five louis. A younger brother came over to share his fortunes, a fellow-workman joined them, and the three set heartily to work to realize the ambitious project of establishing the first printing-ground in France. The preliminary step was to find a locality suited to their enterprise in the environs of Paris, and Oberkampf fixed at once upon the valley of the Bièvre. At a point, about three miles from Versailles, where the valley widens, the village of Jouy clustered round its

church on the river-bank. A double range of hills, wooded up to their summits, shut in the little hamlet from the world. At this spot, and up the windings of the valley, as far as the eye could reach, the river crept through marshes, unbroken save by a few dwarf trees, and scattered Lombardy poplars, which served as land-marks. The village was poor, almost ruinous, the landscape dreary and unpromising; but to Oberkampf it presented the great requisites, water, space, and low rentage. A cottage—or, rather, a hovel—with a piece of marshy land sloping down to the river, was to be let: the firm hired it, and forthwith commenced operations. A more primitive manufactory had hardly been set up, since the day when kelp and sea-sand were first fused into glass on the open beach. It was just as well that the future millionaire had no money wherewith to buy furniture, for his cottage would scarce suffice to hold the implements of trade. The dye-vat had to be set up out-of-doors, and boiled after the fashion of a gipsy's kettle. At night Christopher spread his mattress on the printing-table where he had toiled all day, and slept the sleep of hard work and honesty.

By the end of the first year, in spite of heavy drawbacks, and unaided by the mechanisms which have since so greatly facilitated calico-printing, Oberkampf had contrived to issue between three and four thousand pieces, and had established a reputation for the beauty of design and superior finish of his goods. Still, for some time, Fortune would hardly consent to smile upon the German's industry and perseverance. His first partner had brought him to the brink of bankruptcy: the second involved him in a law-suit. Then came an inundation, which well-nigh swept away the cottage. And, finally, when the increase of his trade had enabled him to import experienced Swiss and German workmen, the little industrial colony, with its chief, were denounced as suspicious persons and heretics, and, but for the protection of the seigneur of Jouy, a wise and liberal man, would have been driven from the place. Yet by dint of patient labour and indomitable resolution, Oberkampf surmounted every difficulty as it presented itself, and by the close of 1767 might fairly be said to have conquered fortune at last. In that year the calico-printer signalized the opening of a new factory he had lately built, by throwing into the market immense quantities of an entirely new description of prints. The ground was white, covered with a small running pattern of coloured flowers. Each province had its peculiar hue and style, so that, as the manufacturer proclaimed, every peasant woman in France might be able to choose a dress to suit her fancy. These prints were the celebrated Jouy mignonettes of which old French ladies still speak with affectionate regret. Their material



Phoca vitulina (Linn.)
The Common Seal or Grebe.
The fish is a *Merluccius* (Linn.)

was good, the colours fast, the name—no trifle in such a speculation, especially with our neighbours across the channel—highly attractive, and the price within the means of the humblest purchaser. The mignonettes of Jouy speedily became favourites both with high and low. Marie Antoinette and her ladies adopted them when they masqueraded as shepherdesses; songs were made in their honour; and the light tasteful fabrics soon brightened every village-dance, fête, and wedding throughout the country.

The rapid sale of these new cottons justified their projector's sagacity. He had made the capital discovery that—as many years afterwards he told the Emperor Napoleon—the secret of success lies in ministering to the tastes and requirements of the many. But at the date of their first issue Oberkampf would hardly have imagined that his mignonettes were destined one day to stand between himself and the guillotine. During the Reign of Terror, in 1794, when some enemy had denounced the German as a royalist and monopolist to the Committee of Public Safety, one of the chief arguments which saved him from a summons before the revolutionary tribunal—equivalent to an appearance on the scaffold—was, that his establishment, by supplying fabrics at once cheap and good, had been a public benefit to the people of France. That terrible magistracy not only dismissed the charge, but issued an order whereby they took the "citizen Oberkampf" under their especial protection.

Fortunately for the inhabitants of Jouy, at this epoch its municipal power was in the hands of "the patron," as Oberkampf—now recognized as a benefactor both by his neighbours and workpeople—was affectionately styled. Through his influence order was maintained in the community, and personal safety and security of property were guaranteed to its inmates. The hamlet, thus living peaceably from day to day, and held between its hills, as in the hollow of a kindly hand, from the storm of turmoil and anarchy which overswept France, offers one of those pictures upon which the mind delights to dwell. Surely, if ever the wisdom and energy of one man availed his fellow-creatures, it was when this noble-hearted foreigner, throughout that turbulent time, kept the little valley tranquil; kept its river unstained by human blood; kept his hundreds of dependants in a calm and wholesome round of daily task and daily duty. Nor was this work of a true philanthropist fulfilled without great personal sacrifice. For four years, dating from the close of 1792, commerce and manufactures were alike paralyzed in France. At the beginning of the crisis, Oberkampf called his people together, told them that they were not to him mere instruments of his prosperity, but fellow-labourers, and promised that, for so long as he kept to their employments, and he was able to pay their wages, the works should never be closed. And nobly he kept that promise. During those years the establishment paid its workmen in full, and only paid them in the depreciated paper-money of

the state when the panic of that terrible season had withdrawn metallic currency from circulation. Nor was the benevolence of its chief limited to his workpeople. Throughout that time of scarcity, he, with his family, lived as frugally as in the days of his poverty, that they might more effectually relieve the distress about them.

Towards the close of 1796 the long period of commercial stagnation had been fairly tided; but it left Oberkampf a poorer man by sixty-four thousand pounds. "Our money is not lost; it has been well laid out on the spot where it was earned," he remarked on this occasion. "We have saved a whole population from ruin!"

In the following year, as if to indemnify "the patron" for so serious a check to his fortunes, cylinder-printing was introduced into the manufactory of Jouy, and gave at once an immense impetus to its prosperity. Impressions from the cylinder proved clearer than those obtained by the old method, and one machine did the work of forty-two block-printers.* A chief source of our manufacturer's success was, that he identified his own career with that of scientific progress. He kept up a close intercourse with the scientific men of Paris, and every fresh appliance, whether in chemistry or mechanics, was adopted in his establishment. The chemical part of his business Oberkampf had deeply studied: and the manufactory was not without its laboratory, where his nephew, aided by the counsels of Gay Lussac, and other great chemists, made several important discoveries and improvements.

Under the Empire, the fortunes of Jouy reached their climax. Its veteran chief had lived to see his children's children rising about him, and was the head of a whole colony of relatives, whom he had summoned from time to time to share his success. The whole district smiled with a reflection of his prosperity. Its population had been nearly quadrupled, homesteads had risen in every direction, as if, so said the people, they had sprung from the soil, while its stretches of barren and unwholesome morass were transformed to the emerald and gold of corn-field and pasture-land. Oberkampf had, in these late years, successfully realized his gigantic scheme of taking the raw cotton, and bringing it, in his single establishment, through all the separate processes by which it becomes muslin or calico. From his factory, by far the largest in the Empire, the old man looked back with affection to the cottage on the borders of the Bièvre, where, half a century before, he had made his first essay. And that grain of mustard-seed, the tiny capital of five-and-twenty louis? The profits of the firm for 1805 were more than sixty-six thousand pounds!

* A Manchester cylinder of the present day, which requires only one man to regulate the rollers, and a boy to supply the colour-troughs, does the work of nearly two hundred block-printers.

A great day, and never to be forgotten in the annals of Jouy, was the 20th of June, 1806. On that morning a gendarme, booted and spurred, rode through the village, and up to the factory. Arrived there, he announced a message from St. Cloud, which he must deliver to M. Oberkampf in person. Before the gendarme rode back through the hamlet, his errand was spreading from house to house like wild-fire. "The Emperor was expected!" In half-an-hour Napoleon, accompanied by the Empress Josephine, arrived. He was conducted over all the buildings, inspected the different processes, after his usual rapid fashion, keeping up meanwhile a running fire of questions. Many of his queries show imperial acuteness, not a few betray imperial curiosity, and read uncommonly like some which Peter Pindar's George the Third put to Whitbread. One graceful tribute to the true greatness of the manufacturer Napoleon did not forget to pay. On taking leave, the Emperor, in the presence of the assembled work-people, and the village population which had gathered about the factory, unfasted the Cross of the Legion of Honour he himself wore, and bestowed it on Oberkampf, emphatically saying "There is no man in France more worthy to wear it." All Jouy felt itself decorated in the person of the "patron;" the people received this honour done to him with an enthusiasm which moved Josephine deeply, and the Imperial couple drove off amidst some of the heartiest blessings which ever greeted their ears.

The invasion which overspread France in 1814 put an end for a time to manufacturing industry at Jouy. Here the presence of a foreign army in the capital was so severely felt as to compel a stoppage of the works. Hardly had tranquillity been restored, when the battle of Waterloo in the following year brought the allies once more to Paris. Again labour stood still, but the manufactory was not deserted. Crowds of the poor, feeling comparatively safe under the protection of their patron, forsaking their homes, encamped with their little possessions in the spacious buildings, as in a caravansera. Then, after some houses in the neighbourhood had been destroyed, and there was hourly fear lest a

detachment of the enemy might set fire to the factory, the brave old man lost courage. His chief apprehension was not for himself and his family—their fortunes were secure—nor even lest he should experience the bitterness of seeing the work of his life-time perish before him. The sight of these fugitives and his own dependants unmanned Oberkampf. "This is more than I can bear," he cried repeatedly; "if they burn down the factory, what is to become of my poor people and their little ones?"

His fears were not realized, and peace soon restored things to their accustomed routine. But the shock had been too great for Oberkampf, his health visibly gave way, and he died in the autumn of the same year, at the good old age of seventy-seven. The rapid development and concentration of the same branch of industry in Mulhausen and other French towns sapped the life of the single establishment of Jouy, and after the founder's decease its prosperity declined. All the buildings, except the principal one, now converted into an India-rubber manufactory, have disappeared. Still Oberkampf is not forgotten; the main street of the village bears his name, a pillar marks the spot where he was decorated by the hands of Napoleon, and the old people of the place dwell fondly on "the good days of the patron!" Nor will his memory, as that of a benefactor, be suffered to die out. To perpetuate it, his family and friends have invested a sum, from which the poor receive liberal alms of food and clothing throughout the winter months. Many years since, one of his daughters bought the little cottage by the Bièvre, had it enlarged, and endowed it as a day-home, where orphan children, and such whose mothers are unable to give them due care, are collected, to be taken care of and taught. As the population is scattered, a children's omnibus, supplied by her charity, goes its round for the little creatures every morning, and takes them back at night to their friends. It was thought at once noble and feminine, and worthy of Oberkampf's daughter, thus to consecrate the scene of the infant fortunes of her house as a perpetual blessing for the little ones of Jouy.

MISS JENNY CAW, AND HER CHRISTMAS BOX.

CHAP. I.

It was Christmas Eve, in the year 1854, and Miss Jenny Caw sat in the dusk of the December twilight before her small bright fire, contemplating the glowing embers with a thoughtful countenance. The snow had been falling all the long dreary day, and lay thick on the shrubs and evergreens of her little front garden, weighing down the leafless branches of the gnarled apple-trees in the orchard adjoining, and making the grand old hollies into so many sheeted

ghosts. The steep, narrow path had been cleared from the cottage door to the garden-gate; but the lawn on either side was obstructed by great snow-drifts, that lay heaped up against the south hedge, driven there by the incessant railing of a keen north wind. Of "rude Boreas," however, and his "railing," Miss Jenny had heard almost nothing in her snug little parlour, sheltered by the gable of her neighbour's barn. So she had been sitting quietly by her fireside the whole afternoon, while the storm raged over the "wide, white world" without; and alternately

doing a little netting, and idly gazing on the fire, with her plump chubby hands folded lazily on her lap, she had by degrees fallen into a gloomy humour, very unusual with her.

"Miss Caw!" suddenly said a sharp voice at the door, while a small withered visage, much marked by the small-pox, and surrounded by the wide borders of a scrupulously clean cap, protruded itself through the half-open doorway; "Miss Caw! if you please, ma'am, you never rang for your tea; and I am sure 'tis time you had it, and candles too, ma'am."

Miss Jenny roused herself from her reverie with a sigh. "Very well, Martha," she quietly replied to her old and much-indulged servant. "Very well; bring in tea and candles whenever you like."

"Whenever I like! ma'am; but with all respect to you, it is whenever *you* like. And what would you fancy for tea, ma'am: an egg, or a bloater, or a bit of ham? The tea is already made, and standing on the hob; and you can have it in immediately."

"Thank you, Martha," replied Miss Caw, "I do not think I care much about anything. Pray give yourself no further trouble; but just bring in the tea, and a loaf and butter."

"Now, ma'am," said the old servant very earnestly, "I must say that is very unkind of you, not caring to have a good meal, when you had so long a walk this morning, and so poor a dinner after it. The truth is, you care about everyone else but yourself, ma'am."

Her mistress smiled faintly. "The truth is, Martha, I have had many sad thoughts that seem to take away my appetite this afternoon. I was thinking what a different Christmas I used to spend when my own dear mother and sisters, who are now angels in Heaven, and——" She broke off abruptly, and with her eyes fixed on the glowing embers, appeared to retire within the sanctuary of her own pure heart, where the beloved objects she had lost lay spiritually enshrined.

"Martha" she resumed, after a pause, "did you send that wine to the poor woman who had twins last week, and the elder-syrup to little Eliza Schofield, who has such a bad cough, and that nice bit of chicken and the old linen to Lucy Reade, and——"

"Yes, ma'am, I done it all," replied the servant moodily: "and it aggravates me the more that you forget to think of yourself this cold day, when you have done your best for others. But I forget that I am losing time all this while; and as you will not give any orders, I shall just have my own way."

So saying, the honest woman brought in candles on a waiter; and, having closed the shutters, and drawn the crimson moreen curtains, she made up the fire and departed. Speedily there entered a savoury odour from the little kitchen opposite; and in five minutes more the old servant re-appeared with a tray containing the teathings, a plate of buttered toast, and a small dish of delicate fried ham with a couple of newly-laid fried eggs in all

their white and golden glory. A tiny cut-glass beehive, containing amber-coloured honey, and a small plate of the same material, heaped with transparent jam, completed the repast, so fitted to tempt a languid appetite. Miss Jenny shook her head at her officious maid, but sat down nevertheless to the tray as if she meant to enjoy her meal; and Martha, after remaining a moment near the table, to watch her mistress begin to eat, much as if she had been an ailing child, quitted the room better satisfied.

The good little spinster, left to herself, sipped her tea, trifled with a slice of ham and an egg, tasted the jam, and then desisted, and gazed into the fire as before, sighing. It appeared to her as if she had some vague presentiment of approaching danger or annoyance. She pushed away the tea equipage, with the food almost untouched, and was just stretching forth her hand for her netting, that she might make a pretence of working as before, when she was startled by a light tapping at the outer-door.

There was no reason in the world why good Miss Jenny should start and tremble at this very common sound. She had no duns to fear—her simple dealings in that country place being all on the ready-money system; nor had she any fine-lady neighbours, to be horror-stricken at finding her in the act of drinking tea at half-past five o'clock in the afternoon. Neither was she in any general state of expectancy as to the arrival of a long-looked-for relative or friend from any distant part of the world. All these probabilities being non-existent, there was no rational cause whatever for her emotion, nor could she give any plausible reason for it herself. So she placed it all to the account of her "nerves." "Dear me!" she thought, "how nervous I am becoming, to be sure!"

Martha did not appear to have heard the summons that had thrown her mistress into so unusual a state of trepidation, yet it was not repeated; and Miss Jenny, who had risen from her chair, and was listening with most unaccountable anxiety, remained still in suspense. She thought of answering the door herself; and then, as the moments elapsed and no further sound was audible, she once more sank into her easy chair.

"What a foolish creature I am!" she exclaimed. "It was only a runaway knock, after all. A pretty idiot I should have appeared, opening the door this inclement evening, for some mischievous boy to laugh at, round the corner!"

But scarcely had she resumed her musings over the fire, than Common Sense whispered, "You are aware that your only near neighbour has no children, nor any inmate likely to play you a trick, and it is extremely improbable that any mischievous person from the village should come abroad on such a night as this, and take the trouble to grope his way across the bridge, and over the common, and all along that lonely lane among the snow-drifts, merely for the purpose of giving an undeserved fright to a harmless old maid like you. Besides, the knock had

nothing of the character of a runaway knock about it; it was hesitating, timid, and evidently achieved for a purpose. I am afraid, my good madam, I must trouble you to ascertain where your servant is, or to go to the door yourself, merely to see if any poor fainting creature be there, requiring your succour this dismal night. Come! rouse up! a little draught of air will do you good."

"Very well, I will go," replied Miss Jenny to her inward monitor. She dallied no longer with her dreamy indolence, but throwing a shawl over her shoulders, and taking up one of the candles, she stepped forth into the little lobby, and thence to the outer door. This she opened without further hesitation, and met a blast from the north-wind, that extinguished her candle. Thus consigned to almost utter darkness, she could nevertheless distinguish, on the top step of the narrow flight, rendered dimly perceptible by the whiteness of the snow that had drifted into the porch, what appeared to be a square box of tolerable size. Just then Martha began to bustle about in the kitchen.

"Come hither!" cried Miss Jenny to her tardy maid, "and bring the lantern with you," she added, stooping down and passing her hand over the square object on the step. "Now, just lift this box into the house—but stay: we might as well take a look down the path to see if we can discover any trace of the individual who brought it, and left it here in this strange way!"

And in fact, on throwing the light of the lantern as far along the pathway as possible, there was still visible a double row of footsteps—the marks of some one who had approached and returned, and which had not yet been effaced by the snow.

"It is of no use going down to the gate to look for them, ma'am," said Martha. "No one would linger about longer than they could help, such a night as this. It is a wonder anyone could be hired to deliver the box!"

"It certainly is," replied Miss Jenny. "Bring it into the parlour at once, Martha, and let us understand what it means."

It was not so easy to do this as Miss Jenny expected. On a closer inspection of the lid, a small card was discovered in one corner; and on this card were scrawled, in an almost illegible hand, the following lines—

*A Christmas Box
For the honoured
Miss Jenny Caw.*

"Well!" exclaimed Martha, "if this is not a comical way of making you a present ma'am! They might at least have stayed to see it safe in! I had just stepped out to the wood-shed for some fresh logs for the kitchen-fire, or I would have gone quick to the door when they knocked, and caught them. What sort of a knock was it, ma'am?"

"Light and gentle," replied her mistress. "Just so." And she gave a specimen of the mysterious summons with her dimpled knuckles

on the wainscoting. "But do not you think your best plan would be, Martha, instead of standing there lost in meditation, just to open the box and see what it contains? You perceive that it is only tied across and across, and that no nails have been used."

"And that is strange too, ma'am, and appears as if it contained nothing very valuable! And only look, ma'am, the lid is bored full of gimlet-holes!"

So saying, she applied her bony fingers to undo the string, when suddenly there arose a stifled cry within the mysterious package. The two women started and turned pale, and Martha lifted up her hands and eyes.

"Is it?"—whispered Jenny, in terrified accents, which testified that quite another idea had occurred to her than that to which she gave utterance—"is it a puppy?"

"A puppy!" replied the matter-of-fact Martha, somewhat disdainfully—"a child, more likely! Poor wee thing! poor deserted babe."

And she eagerly stripped off the cording and raised the lid; while Miss Jenny dropped into a chair that stood conveniently near, trembling all over. Martha lifted a double piece of flannel that lay beneath the lid, and beheld a fine child, about six weeks old, opening its tender mouth for another cry.

"The brute! the unnatural brute!" exclaimed the old servant, with a burst of honest indignation. "Gave it a dose of Godfrey's cordial, I suppose, and then packed it in here! The brute of a mother! the unnatural murderer!"

"But it is not dying, poor thing, is it?" feebly inquired Miss Jenny, who had not yet ventured to look into the box.

"No, ma'am, no: but a little drop more of the stuff, and it would not have been here now, save in the body, poor urchin!"

"I cannot say I wish it had been so," mildly remarked Miss Jenny. "Poor little dear! I always was so fond of infants. Put it on my knee, Martha, that I may have a good look at it!"

Martha raised the baby very gently, and placed it on her mistress's lap. "There, ma'am; 'tis a fine child, you see, and decently dressed, sweet, and clean. Oh! what a heart its mother must have had to part with it!"

"This is no common case of child-desertion, Martha, that you may depend upon, for observe how nicely she has kept it to the last. Poor creature! perhaps she could maintain it no longer. Let us examine its clothes and the articles in the box, that we may, if possible, discover some clue to the parents. Surely we shall find some marks or name."

But nothing of the kind could they discover; and as the infant appeared to be recovering its senses very fast, and began to cry with all the strength of a powerful pair of lungs, Martha hastened to set some milk on the fire to warm for it. When the milk was ready, and properly diluted with water, Miss Jenny, good soul! insisted on trying to feed the hungry babe herself; although, as she declared to Martha, she

had not touched an infant for more than twenty years. But she succeeded very well nevertheless; and the baby being so satisfied, fell into a tranquil slumber, its head resting on the shoulder of its kindly nurse.

"And now, ma'am," said Martha, placing herself right opposite her mistress, with her arms folded firmly across her chest, "what do you intend to do next?" There is no workhouse or foundling hospital in this out-of-the-way place."

"Do, Martha!—why keep the poor dear with me, to be sure," was Miss Jenny's calm and ready reply. "I have enough to live on, thanks to a merciful Providence; few relations, and none of them very near or dependent upon me, as you know, Martha. Therefore I will keep this infant, to be the treasure and may-be the prop of my old age, and God enable me to do my duty by it!"

The old servant knew her mistress well, and saw that no opposition would be of any avail. "Just like you, ma'am, never thinking of consequences," she remarked, gruffly. "But—but—what will—the-neighbours say?"

"What can they say, Martha?" You are at liberty to tell them all the facts of the case. I know they love a little gossip, and like to think evil rather than good; but I defy the most inventive of them all to make anything out of this against either you or me."

Miss Jenny, in her singleness of heart, was very confident; but quite mistaken, as we shall see hereafter.

On the same evening, while the foregoing scene was taking place in Miss Jenny's secluded cottage on the hill-side, there tottered into the little church of the village, half a mile off, a tall slight woman, attired in a black bonnet and veil and a large cloak, who could scarcely sustain herself on her trembling limbs. Divine service had already commenced, and several people raised their heads from their prayer-books to notice her feeble gait, as she walked slowly up the side-aisle. Being shown into a pew, she continued apparently absorbed in deep devotion during the remainder of the service. Those near her thought that they remarked stifled and almost inaudible sobs that shook her slender frame at many parts of the prayers; and when she raised her face after the final blessing, the front of the pew where she had leaned was wet with tears. She took a cheap lodging in the village for the night, and left early the next morning, having contrived to baffle the numerous attempts of her prying hostesses to learn something of her history. One who remarked her setting forth and her departure declared that she went up toward the hills, in the direction of Miss Caw's cottage; but it is certain that she visited no person in that neighbourhood. Nothing more was heard or seen of her, and she gradually faded away from the remembrance of the villagers.

It was far from being a singular or unprecedented circumstance, but it evidenced the power of prejudice in that most narrow-minded of little country places, that all Miss Jenny Caw's friends and acquaintances of the genteeler sort began to look shy upon her, as soon as it was ascertained that she had really taken in and adopted a foundling child that had been mysteriously left at her door. They shook their heads, and reminded one another of the frequent absences of the little spinster, on pretence of visiting her friends in Wales, where she occasionally spent months at a time. One of these visits she had only recently returned from, and they had fancied her looking slightly thin and anxious. All agreed that it was quite impossible that Miss Jenny would burden herself with the care of a young infant from motives of pure benevolence alone. We have said "all"; but there was one exception—a timid widow, who possessed rather more of the charity that "thinketh no evil." She faintly said that "she didn't know, but she was not quite sure that she would not have done the same, had a poor innocent baby been left at her door in such inclement weather." But this charitable person was soon talked down; and, although she continued to visit Miss Jenny for a time, she at length yielded to the general opinion; which was that Miss Jenny, if she had possessed a due regard for propriety, would have consulted with the vicar of the parish as to the disposal of the child; but that, having declined to do so, she was not exactly a proper person to be intimate with.

So poor Miss Jenny, greatly to her astonishment, and somewhat to her sorrow, found herself gradually left alone save with regard to her humble friends among the peasantry. These still welcomed her step at their doors; and thought her bright eyes and buxom figure one of the pleasantest sights they could see, those cold winter days. But Mrs. Warrington of Elm Villa, Miss Penelope Clisby of Ivy Cottage, and their circle of small gentility, passed Miss Jenny in the village street with averted heads, or bowed coolly from a distance, or with a petty emulation of the manners of their superiors in rank and fortune, contrived to be "not at home" whenever the innocent spinster, scarcely yet believing in her banishment to the northern Coventry, presumed to call upon them as formerly.

"I told you so, ma'am," Martha quietly observed, when her mistress complained to her of the altered manner of those whom she had once deemed her attached friends, "I always said it would be so, ma'am, if you remember."

"You did, Martha, and I did not believe it; for I could not have conceived that the good people about here could be so uncharitable. However, as it is so, I must bear it patiently, and endeavour to hold myself above caring for my neighbours' prejudices; for I certainly do not intend to abandon this unfortunate babe to the mercies of the world. My innocence will be declared in His own good time, in the sight of all."

"You are right, ma'am, as you always are," was the crabbed but sterling Martha's unexpected reply. The old servant wiped a tear from her eye, and gazed with a smile of unusual tenderness upon the infant lying in her lap, and cooing as it played with her bony fingers.

Now the truth was that this sweet little neglected bud of humanity, wafted as it were to their threshold by the wintry breeze of deepest poverty or maternal indifference, had grown to the hearts of both mistress and maid, until they would sooner have parted with any other treasured thing that was theirs than have consigned their protégé to the tender mercies of the parish conclave.

CHAP. II.

A golden atmosphere broods over a picturesque Eastern city, and gleams with reflected lustre through the windows of a large building in a narrow irregular Eastern street—a refuge for maimed and suffering gallantry, for brave enduring hearts fainting in mortal sickness, more fell than sword or musket, more devastating than bursting shell or ploughing cannon-ball. Through the loopholes and portals of this extensive building issue sounds and scents of agony and sore disease. Ever and anon, from beneath those low and gloomy portals come forth the silent dead, borne away in sorrowful though scanty procession to their solitary graves in alien soil, far from the fond hearts that beyond the tideless Mediterranean languish for tidings from the loved and lost.

Within the lugubrious building of which we speak, on narrow pallet-beds ranged in a double row down long rooms, recline a number of suffering beings, laid low by wounds, by fever, or by the lingering dysentery of neglect, exposure, or semi-starvation. It is the quiet hour of the afternoon. A few sleep; to some the nurses (Englishwomen, in many cases, of birth and breeding, and nurtured amid far other scenes) are gently ministering; others lie feebly gazing around, upon their companions in misfortune, or occasionally reading a few verses from the Sacred Record, or a page of a tract or book that the good ladies have given them. They are uncomplaining sufferers, yet many of their sufferings might have been avoided, and that the British public know by this time; and the British Lion is rousing up its great generous heart for the benefit and efficient assistance of these brave and faithful heroes.

At the extreme end of the second ward a sick soldier has been talking to another, who lies on the next pallet, of his wife, his affectionate wife, to whom he had only been united one short year before he was summoned with his regiment to the Crimea, to fight the war of justice in the East. He is a noble-looking fellow, though frightfully reduced by his wasting disease; and his dark hollow eyes beam with tenderness as he talks of his "Maggie."

"But I am very miserable about her just now," he says, stifling a sob. "I just heard that she and her babe were doing well, and that as soon as she could get about, she thought of going into service, and saving the money she was receiving on my account. Since then I have not had a single line from her, although I have written regularly. Poor thing! poor thing! —I cannot sleep for thinking of her. Her folks are all dead, and she frets night and day after me—I know she does; and there are times when I am sure she is dead, and the babe and all."

And here the poor fellow can hold out no longer, but fairly bursts into a shower of weak tears.

His comrade endeavours to comfort him.

"No news is good news, King; you know that. If your wife had been ill or dead, surely some kind body would have written to break to you the evil tidings."

King shakes his head despairingly, but endeavours to cease his crying, and dries his poor wet eyes on the sleeve of his shirt. At this moment one of the lady-nurses, who has just entered the ward, advances towards him with a pitying countenance; yet with a gleam of pleasure in it, as if she had something gratifying to impart. She is a woman past thirty, of noble presence, with a frank visage framed in thick curls of golden-brown hair, and a smile that appears to infuse new life into her patients. Sitting down by King's bedside, she gently inquires into the progress of his recovery, and then cautiously informs him that a friend from England is waiting to see him.

King opens wide his eyes in great astonishment, wondering who it can possibly be; for, as he says, none of his acquaintances at home could scrape together money for such a journey.

"Your friend has, however, come hither through all obstacles, to see and nurse you well again," replies the lady; smiling so significantly that poor King is quite puzzled. At length a thought darts through his mind; but no! it is too blissful to be true; and if his Maggie have arrived, oh! what hardships she must have passed through on her way thither! His head reels at the idea, and he turns so pale that the lady holds a bottle of smelling-salts to his nostrils.

"You are right, my poor fellow," she whispers in answer to his supposition. "A faithful wife will brave everything for a beloved husband. Your Margaret is here; and waits in my room until you can see her."

"God bless you, ma'am!" exclaims the warm-hearted soldier, venturing to wring the lady's small white hand, which is not withdrawn from his rough but manly grasp. "God bless you for ever, for all your kindness! It will do me more good than medicine to see her!"

The lady left his side, and proceeded quietly through the ward. The sick man strained his feeble gaze to look after her; for through that door by which she went out, she would soon return, accompanied by his Maggie. In a few moments she reappeared; and behind her, with

eager yet restrained step, came Margaret King. As they walked up the ward between the long double row of beds, the various inmates raised their heads to look with curiosity and interest on the new arrival; for a whisper had already circulated among them as to who and what she was. The wife saw nothing, cared for no curious glances; all timidity was dead within her, all native bashfulness extinct; she was searching for her poor sick husband. Arrived at length at the upper end of the long ward, her tearful regards fell upon him. The lady-nurse moved aside; the sick soldier stretched out his arms, speechless with joy. His wife fell into them, weeping and sobbing aloud, while there was not a dry eye through all the ward.

* * * * *

"But the baby, Maggie? You have never mentioned him—and I scarcely need ask——"

Maggie looked down, and became very pale, while tears suffused her deep blue eyes.

"You thought he was dead, did you, John?—and no wonder. But be satisfied; he is safe and well—or rather was, the last time I saw him; and he is with those who will take good care of him. Do not ask me any questions now; I will tell you all hereafter. Oh! John, what have I not endured to come to you!"

And the sorrowing mother burst into tears, which almost appeared, even to John's not over quick perception, to have a touch of remorse about them.

"Her heart smites her for leaving the child to come to me," he thought to himself.

"Come, come, Maggie," he said, aloud; "don't trouble yourself about anything. I am sure you have done nothing but what is right and good. And only think, Maggie, if you had not come, and I had never recovered!"

"That is the only thing that comforts me, John," she said, more cheerfully, "the thought that you will soon recover with my nursing; for no one could take care of you like your own wife. But now we must cease talking, for it is time for you to take your sleeping-draught."

And she rose from her seat, and reached down a small phial from the little shelf above the head of the bed.

"One question more, Maggie, and then I will be quiet. How is it that you are allowed to remain with me? It is quite against the rules."

"Why, John, don't you know that I have been admitted as nurse to this ward, and that I have therefore a right to stay with you and nurse you until you are well?"

"Thank God for that!"

And John took her hand between both of his, and held it in that position until he gradually sank into a tranquil slumber.

* * * * *

We now return from the city in the East, with its minarets and its tombs, its picturesque beauties, and its real squalor, and privation, and suffering of every kind, to the humble British cottage on the bleak hillside, where

Christian benevolence watched over and cherished sweet deserted babyhood.

Christmas passed away, with his drifting snows and sacred associations, and another year was born into the world—the year 1855. Then came a bitter period of frost and gloom; and then the breath of Spring loosened the fetters of all inanimate things. Leaves began to bud, and mountain-springs to gurgle sweetly from their fastnesses, and small flowers peeped out through the revived sward, and told their still encradled neighbours that old Winter had departed. The little birds trilled their morning hymn at dawn from every bush and tree; and then came the cuckoo, with his dusky wing and tuneful flight, making the dells and ravines reverberate with his bell-like monotonous. In the sunny nooks among the hills the hoary orchards knew his voice, and blossomed until they were sheeted as it were with summer snow, filling the air with delicate fragrance. The golden-flowering gorse strove in beauteous rivalry, loading the mountain gorges with orange-like odours; and the pale primrose and modest violet exhaled their delicious sighs on every bank and mossy knoll. And all this time the war-thunder never ceased its mutterings, bursting out occasionally into an infernal clamour that rent the very elements.

But of this last feature of the hurrying year, Miss Jenny Caw and her faithful maid heeded little or nothing, so absorbed and concentrated were their womanly hopes and cares on the plump, chubby, smiling infant, that grew every day more plump, smiling, and intelligent. Great were their mutual congratulations when at length this pretty human plaything could creep all over Miss Jenny's neat parlour; ecstatic their joy on the memorable day when he tottered with uncertain steps from the outstretched arms of the mistress to those of her maid. After that feat their pride and delight in him knew no bounds. Martha would ride to the market-town ten miles distant, and return home laden with toys and sugar-plums; and Miss Jenny would invent a shopping-errand to the same place, principally with the view of purchasing a new cap, or sash, or other piece of finery, for her darling Johnny; for she had named the little one after a favourite deceased brother. And so the time elapsed until England, in its remotest corners, experienced a brief delirium on hearing the tidings of the fall of Sebastopol. Little did Miss Jenny guess how this important national event would affect her small household in the person of her adopted child.

"There, Martha, the water is all right." And Miss Jenny withdrew the thermometer from the tub of warm water in which Master Johnny was to undergo his evening's ablution. "Now, pop him in. How plump and rosy the darling looks to-night! Did you ever see a child of his age grow such a beauty? It would do his poor mother's heart good to see him, if indeed she be yet alive."

"Oh! ma'am," snapped Martha, "I cannot bear to hear you mention her, the unnatural

creature! I do hope she will never come back for the little angel, that I do."

"So do I, Martha; for I do not know how I could make up my mind to part with my little cherub now. And yet if she does come and claim him, we must give him up to her, you know."

"Oh dear! ma'am," said Martha, "I wish to goodness you had not happened to speak of it. It is always dangerous. I feel now as if we might expect her anytime. Hush then, my honey! don't cry so, there's a man! Nice warm water! We will soon have done, my chucky! and then he shall have some sweet milk, and go to his pretty cot. There! there's a darling!" &c., &c.

So Martha went on, prattling to the child, who vigorously resisted the treatment to which he was subjected, kicking and screaming lustily. It was a pretty picture. A brilliant wood-fire burned in the ample grate, the small logs of fir and pine sending out jets of light that were reflected from the shining tins and polished brasses that adorned the high mantel-piece and white-washed walls of the little kitchen. Near the hearth sat Martha, on a low nursing-chair; scrupulously neat and clean in person and attire, her small sharp features were softened and rendered absolutely agreeable by the beaming kindness visible in every lineament, as she held the infant Hercules in the bath, laved the pure water over his dimpled limbs, and scrubbed his golden hair till it waved in close curls all over his handsome and well-poised head, revealing in their pure beauty his broad white brow, rosy cheeks, and red curved mouth, not materially disfigured even by the hearty bawl in which he was indulging. Opposite to this group stood Miss Jenny, in a tidy black silk gown and Quakerish cap, trimmed with pale pink ribbons, that harmonized admirably with her smooth clear complexion and bright dark eyes.

"What a deafening uproar the little urchin makes when he is washed!" she exclaimed. "Can you not reduce him to order, Martha? But hark! what is that?"

The noise alluded to was a loud knocking at the front-door, that was plainly distinguishable above the cries of the child, who immediately paused to listen to the somewhat unusual sound.

"Stay, Martha," said Miss Jenny to the old servant, who was preparing to answer the importunate summons. "Take the boy upon your knee, and rub him dry in your best style, while I go to the door. Who can it be, I wonder, at this hour of the evening?"

So saying, the cheery spinster bustled off, while the infant renewed his cries beneath the friction which his nurse inflicted upon him. The outer-door thrown open, there stood beneath the little porch, dimly distinguishable in the autumnal twilight, the figures of a tall, slender woman, and a man in regimentals, the latter of whom leaned heavily upon a stick. Miss Jenny had scarcely noted this much, when the woman uttered a piercing shriek; and pushing aside

our spinster with very little ceremony, begging her pardon at the same time in an agitated voice, rushed along the little passage and into the kitchen, directed thither as it appeared by the vociferous cries of the child.

Completely petrified by this very unusual proceeding, Miss Jenny remained in the doorway confronting the soldier, whom she regarded with somewhat of that awe that is inspired by a red-coat in the bosoms of the rustic inhabitants of a secluded parish like that of Sedgcombe. In Miss Jenny's case, this was mingled with the misgivings naturally felt in the presence of a sturdy beggar, who knocks servilely at your door one moment and appears inclined to make good his footing over your threshold the next. Had it been possible for a policeman to be within hearing, she would undoubtedly have hazarded a scream; but such aid being quite out of the question, she contented herself with barring all ingress as far as possible, without absolutely shutting the door in the face of her visitor, until she could ascertain the meaning of the woman's strange rudeness.

The soldier, for such he really was, perceived the trepidation of the little lady; and respectfully bowing, was apparently about to speak and endeavour to reassure her, when his wife came sobbing and laughing in a breath along the passage, holding the child close to her bosom, with her shawl folded round his rosy limbs.

"Oh! John, here he is; he is such a beauty!" were her first broken exclamations. Then kneeling at Miss Jenny's feet, who had turned wonderingly towards her, she seized her hands, and covered them with kisses. "Thank you, thank you, ma'am, for all your kindness to my precious babe! Oh! how shall I ever repay you?"

"So it was you," said Martha, who had followed closely from the kitchen, in some alarm at having her babe so unceremoniously snatched from her, "it was you who dosed the darling, and then left him in a box at the door to perish with the cold and hunger. Out upon you!"

"Come," said Miss Jenny, resuming her composure, for she now perceived how the matter stood—"come, Martha, reserve your indignant comments, and let us all go into the parlour, and explain ourselves to one another. I suppose, my friend, that is your husband, and that you are the mother of my precious little Johnny?"

"There! husband, there! did you hear that? his very name!" exclaimed the woman, who appeared quite unable to calm herself down to any degree of propriety. "No, I cannot bear to part with him yet," she continued wildly to Martha, who wished to take him from her for the purpose of putting on his night clothes. "You do not seem to know the feelings of a mother. Let me just go and sit on your chair, and rub his little feet before the fire, and I will be as quiet as a lamb, I promise you; oh! I do indeed!"

"Allow her to do as she will, Martha," said

Miss Jenny. "The poor thing hungers for her babe's caresses."

Martha appeared disposed to resent this intrusion upon her privileges, but she yielded to her mistress' determined tone; and changing their destination from parlour to kitchen, the party gathered round the bright wood fire, where the baby-boy soon fell fast asleep in his delighted mother's arms.

"He might really have remembered me," she said. "He has never been shy nor strange for one moment, the precious lamb!"

"I did not until this minute," remarked Miss Jenny, quietly. "I know you now—Margaret King. You were my neighbour at Abergavenny."

severely wounded at the attack upon the Redan, invalided, pensioned, and intending to reside in the parish.

"Then poor Miss Jenny will not lose sight of this baby that she is so mightily taken up with. You are sure it is true, Ann?"

"Oh yes! Aunt, they were all through the village yesterday, inquiring for a suitable cottage, the mother carrying her infant, and Miss Jenny herself along with them. She looked as pleased as could be. And, as for the man, he is as respectable a non-commissioned officer as I ever saw in my father's regiment. Poor fellow! he looks very weak and ill."

"But Mrs. Warrington of Elm Villa, Miss Penelope Clisby of Ivy Cottage, and the rest of them, will they not think it very odd and unlady-like of Miss Jenny to be so intimate with a serjeant of infantry and his wife, making quite friends of them, as it were? It will be as bad

an affair in their eyes as the founding business, Ann, you may depend upon it."

"Dear Aunt! but do let us call. I always liked Miss Jenny so much; and now that she is proved innocent, you know, I am sure that no one can seriously find fault with us for doing so."

The timid widow, whom we formerly alluded to as the only individual of Miss Caw's genteel acquaintances that did not suspect or condemn her for her conduct with respect to poor Maggie's baby, granted her niece's repeatedly urged request; and although their call was made with some embarrassment after so long a desertion, the forgiving Miss Jenny overlooked the widow's past coolness, and they are likely to become the best friends in the world.

John King and his family have settled themselves in the cottage with a green porch at the end of the village. Johnny is daily taken to visit his kind benefactress, who scarcely suffers him out of her sight, and has declared her intention to educate him and see to his advancement in the world. There is little doubt that the tiny urchin already occupies an important position in the good spinster's will.

Most of the respectable persons in the parish, following the example of the timid widow and her niece, have resumed their calling acquaintance with Miss Jenny Caw. But Mrs. Warrington of Elm Villa, Miss Penelope Clisby of Ivy Cottage, and one or two more of the genteel coterie, still hold aloof. They appear resolved never to forgive their benevolent neighbour for daring, on her own responsibility and without consulting them as to the proprieties of the case, to accept and shelter the precious human contents of her curious and unexpected "Christmas Box."

THE HALL-SPECTRE.

(A Legend of Hedgebury.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "PHOTOGRAPHER'S STORY," "VILLAGE PLAYERS," &c.

"Where two strong winds by hard compulsion blow,
Stroke answers stroke, and woe is piled on woe!"

Delphic Oracle.

CHAP. I.

THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.

Years and years ago Timothy Redman was the blacksmith of Hedgebury. His shop stood on the Barleston-road, just on the outskirts of that part of the little town which went by the name of Hall End, and not so far from the Park Pool but that at night, when he happened to be at work, the light from his forge, streaming through the open door, struck upon that sheet of water, which reflected it upwards, in a faint,

hazy glimmer, to the dark sky. From a distance this halo could be seen, even where the blacksmith's shop itself was hidden by the hill on which stood Hedgebury Church: and men, returning from their work on a winter's night, seeing this flush which throbbed visibly with every breath of the distant bellows, would say to each other, "Tim's at work; let's go and have a bit o' chat with him."

The blacksmith's shop is always a place of rendezvous for a village population. It is the 'Change of the rustics: it is the club where

they go to learn their news: it is, in some sort, a rival establishment to the village inn; and men have been known to stop half-way at the blacksmith's shop, and lingering there irresolute, at last to forego "the pint," for the imbibition of which they had expressly left their homes.

Hedgebury, a century and more ago, was scarcely more than a village. The coal-fields in that neighbourhood were as yet but little worked, and the population was, a large part of it, agricultural. Tim Redman's shop never lacked its loungers. In the daytime there were idle folks; there were also carters who brought a horse to be shod, or a plough to be mended, or a waggon whose wheel-tire wanted repairing: housewives brought up household ironwork to be set right; children played about the door. But, as the evening came on, the regular *habitués* of the place dropped in, one by one. Men, who had been working themselves all-day, seemed to find a soothing influence in seeing the blacksmith at work while they stood idle. On a winter's evening, especially, the shop had its attractions. The warmth and the light, and the rushing of the bellows and the clink of the hammers, produced a cheeriness comforting to the instincts of the slow-thoughted men who congregated there.

On one especial winter evening the blacksmith's shop was open. At the moment of the rising of our curtain Tim Redman was at the fire, blowing the bellows with one hand, while with the other he held the end of a bar of iron in the hot blaze. At an anvil on the other side of the fire stood Tim's man, beating out momentarily showers of sparks with the regularity of clock-work.

Tim himself was a small, thin man, with a red face and bright roguish eyes. He had a husky voice, which was very often swallowed up in a choking cough. Tim was never quite sober, and never quite drunk. He was constantly drinking; and I suppose for the very reason that he never allowed any intermission of his potations, he never suffered from the usual depressing effects of drink. Tim was always in high spirits. He laughed in spite of his cough, in spite of "the badness of his inside." Poor Tim confessed to suffering from that complaint which rustics then described by saying, "I be very bad in my inside," and which would now be recognized at once as a far advanced stage of consumption.

Tim's assistant, called Enoch, was an old man, a giant in proportions, but having as little flesh about him as a live man could possibly have. His tough, swollen muscles, and huge bones, seemed bound together by nothing but an integument of brown wrinkled skin. He stooped very much, and his scant hair and whiskers were grizzled so that they were almost of the same colour as his smut-begrimed face, and faded into that with no perceptible line of separation. Enoch seldom spoke. His silence was a joke against him among the *habitués* of the shop—not that fluent conversation was by any means a common talent with themselves. But

Enoch had a look about him which expressed wilful reticence. No one expected "Lumpy Ned" to close that ever-gaping mouth of his for purposes of articulation. When he spoke it was as much a miracle as if an ox had spoken. One would have as soon looked for "speculation" under the eyelids of a corpse, as in his filmy, light-blue, wandering eyeballs. But Enoch's thin, firm mouth was always obtrusively shut, and his keen eyes shot out sudden, quick glances from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, in a manner incomprehensible to the sluggish people about him. When he did speak, it was always something exactly to the purpose. Some village problem, which had been helplessly turned about and about for an hour's space by the rustic wisacres, and left in its original state, Enoch would solve by a monosyllable. Thus it came to pass that, while Lumpy Ned and all his kind did not strike the public opinion as by any means inarticulate animals, Enoch was thought a very good joke because of his silence.

Besides these high-priests of Vulcan, there were at least a dozen men congregated about the door of the shop. Some were smoking, some whistling in an under-tone. Conversation flagged in a way that would have been terrible in better society. No doubt the exchanging of ideas is a pleasant and useful process; but when one has no ideas at the moment to exchange, it is doubtful whether Lumpy Ned's plan of *sot* saying anything, is not as good, or better, than his master's plan of *saying* nothing. These people do not feel the necessity of talking. Conversation is not a habit with them—scarcely more a habit than it is with oxen; and they feel no shame in keeping silence.

The fire seemed to have very much more life in it than the group upon whose figures it played. Heraclitus, was it not, who taught that fire was the first principle? There seemed some vital essence in the glow of this forge-fire, which endued with life, for the moment, even the rough walls and the heaps of rusty iron which it lit up. It transformed every stone and blackened beam, giving each a different expression to that which it wore in the steady grey daylight. It was not only the warmth of colour and the intense shadows that wrought the change: but, in addition, there was the motion which was apparently imparted by the throbbing fire to everything on which it shone. The rough walls heaved as if with breath; the roof expanded upwards, and then contracted downwards, as if it were closing in upon the forge; here and there a glittering point glistened like a moving eye; and along the ground the shadows lengthened or shortened with a vermicular motion as the fire rose or fell. Out through the door into the darkness the warm light streamed, flashing in the air like summer-lightning, and glancing with a more brilliant and less fleeting brightness on the waters of the Park Pool below.

On the faces of the quiescent group about the door the fire wrought queer changes. The passive, demi-intelligence of the stolid features seemed overpowered by the active, nimble in-

fluence of the glow. A flashing light will wake up a marble statue into fitful life, making a wing-sandalled Mercury rise on tiptoe to his flight, or a Venus blush forth into breathing beauty. But upon the figures of our rustics the fire had something of an opposite effect. The lines of their faces grew coarser and more rigid; the stoop of their shoulders and the ungainly fall of their arms took a less human outline. They might have been men half-petrified. They might have been rudely-fashioned figures of the Promethean clay, waiting for the advent of the completing life-principle. The fluttering light played about them as if it longed to penetrate within.

There was a long silence, save for the clink of the hammer and the blowing of the bellows, as we have said. Nevertheless a subject had just been talked about, which, one would think, might have awakened some interest even in the minds of the Hedgebury labourers.

"Thee be'st a clever mon," little Tim Redman said, after the pause. "I suppose thee sometimes sees what isn't, to make up for being blind mostly to the things that lie close under thee nose. I tell'ee I was abed last night by nine o'clock; and, more nor that, the fire here was out, and cold by seven."

"I seed it, all the same, Tim," quoth the man addressed.

"Seed what?" Tim rejoined, sharply. "Can't thee tell a plain straightforrard tale, without keepin' on over and over again—I seed it?"

The man, Jim Sparrow by name, took his pipe out of his mouth, wiped the back of his hand across his lips, shook himself, and remained silent. He would have gone through precisely the same operations if he had been about to sing a song. I suppose it is some kind of mental screwing-up which is betokened by the above signs.

At last, when one would have concluded that he had given up the intention of speaking, he broke out suddenly, "I seed it with my own eyes! I says to Ned, 'There's Tim's forge alight at this time o' night'! We was on Hedgebury Hill, just afore you comes to the church. There was the light i' the sky, and I seed it with my own eyes, and Ned seed it too. It was exackerly twelve o'clock. The clock struck as we got to the top o' the hill. I'd been over to Barleston to our Tom's marryin', and Ned had been too, being as he keeps company with Letty's sister, and so was asked to the feast accordingly. And Ned and I was coming up Hedgebury Hill, and we both seed the light o' the forge in the sky—twelve o'clock it was by Hedgebury Church—I seed it, and Ned seed it!"

Jim resumed his pipe. He had looked at Lumpy Ned on ending his speech, as if with the wish of eliciting from that young gentleman a confirmation of the story; but Lumpy Ned remained with his mouth open, and said nothing.

After due pause and preparation, a very bright member of the community said, "I've heard

talk o' lights in the sky, of armies marching up there and flags flyin', and such-like; and I mind myself the big star, with the tail to 'un, fourteen years ago come Christmas. Some folks said as it would set us alight; but it didn't, though the women was mortal afeard, and took to prayin'!"

Tim, who had been in the meantime hammering the piece of iron he had before heated, again took up the conversation.

"Now, Master Sparrow," he said, "I'll tell thee just what I think about it. Thou hadst taken a sup too much o' the Barleston ya-el. People sees double then, or sees ghosts, or sees lights, or sees anything that isn't there to see. They talk about a ghost up at th'All—all the women-servants are leavin' for it. Myself, I put the ghost down to the strength o' the Squire's ya-el! They say the ghost trips 'em up upon the stairs! I know it's easy enough to trip up sometimes upon the stairs, without a ghost!"

"Thee knows that right well, Tim, I don't doubt," said the bright member of the community; "but as to the ghost, they say the Squire has seen it himself. They say it's the ghost of his old uncle. He was a wicked un, was the old Squire. They say he hated Muster Thorne mortally. If he could spite the Squire by it, he'd be safe enough to rise and haunt un!"

"But he left un the property," said another.

"Not he," said the blacksmith. "There wasn't a will, and so Squire Thorne came into it. Why, they're carryin' on about it in London to this day. The old Squire's madam was mighty fine when he died, and she claimed everything, and said he had willed it all to her. But no will was to be found. She wouldn't turn out till they made her, and then she kicked up a mighty rumpus about it. She swore there was a will; and the pa-ason upheld her, and so did a cousin of hers—she called him a cousin, and he used pretty near to live at th'All: but it's my belief the two tricked the old man. Well, the pa-ason and the cousin swore that they had put their names to the will, and seen the old man sign it, and that everything had been left to madam. And the lawyers took it up, and I believe it's a-carryin' on in London to this day."

"He was a bad un, the old Squire," put in someone.

"He was a bad un," said the blacksmith. "He wasn't a gentleman. He loved low-life, and demeaned himself to hob and nob with the common people. Gentlefolks may run a bit wild, and not much harm done, if they keep company with gentlefolks. We can respect a gentleman who keeps his place all the same, though his life mayn't be quite respectable. But the old Squire got to be hated, and laughed at too. You know who his madam was? She was the wife of Ford the tailor—him who kept Page's shop before Page. The Squire used to go and drink and play cards with Ford, and the end of it was that he took Ford's wife home to th'All, and Ford himself left this part of the

country. Then, at one time, there was my old master Jacob Jarrott—he was hail-fellow well-met with the Squire. Jacob had the finest game-cocks in the county, and he used to be up at th'All with the Squire, cock-fighting every-day from week's-end to week's-end. I had a hard time of it with him. I never heard such a man to swear: and didn't he wallop me? I never had a bone in my skin that didn't ache. And then, I and old Enoch did all the work—didn't us, Enoch? He was always with the old Squire at one time. To think of a born gentleman taking up with a blacksmith!"

"But they fell out; didn't they, Tim?" said an old man, who could well remember the time of which the blacksmith spoke.

"I should think they did fall out," cried Tim.

These reminiscences formed a story peculiarly the blacksmith's own. His present auditors had heard it many times, and they liked it all the better for knowing it by heart. It had gained a gravity and importance from being told again and again, and was listened to with attention, just as in Grecian times the well-worn story of the war of Troy, with all its stereotyped heroes, was eagerly listened to, when newer fables would excite no interest. To grasp anything unexpected and unfamiliar is an absolute pain to slow imaginations; but they are capable of experiencing a pleasure when the impression stamped upon them by repetition after repetition is again touched upon in all its familiar details. The audience knew their cues, and were expert in prompting the blacksmith by cunning questions or professions of ignorance in the right places.

"I should think they did fall out," said Tim: "that too was about cock-fighting. Jacob had a cock which none o' the Squire's, nor none of anybody else's, could match. Well, there was some foul play o' the Squire's with this cock. I don't quite know how it was, but I know that it got beaten and cut into ribbons. There was some foul play about it, and Jacob got cheated out of a sight o' money, which well-nigh ruined him. I remember, just as if it were yesterday, Jacob coming into the shop here, with the poor bird in his arms. He was all over blood from it. My word! how he did curse and swear! He swore he would take vengeance on the old man. I remember his laying the bird down on the bench there, and crying over it; for he was a bit drunk. And the bird died there, and there was the marks of blood upon the bench for many a day. And Jacob took the skin off the bird, and stuffed it with straw; but it looked but a poor scare-crow. After that Jacob never went up to th'All any more. He stuck to his business a little better, and was kinder to his wife, and didn't lay into me quite so often. But he hated the Squire bitterly. Whenever he looked at the stuffed bird he would break out cursing and swearing; and if ever he met the Squire, he would spit upon the ground. Not long before the Squire died, however, he sent for Jacob. I don't know what happened, but Jacob came back looking hugely pleased. And when

the Squire was buried, Jacob put on his black clothes and followed him to the grave with the rest. For though he had been a bad un, yet he was a born gentleman, and it was but decent duty to see the last o' him."

Tim's reminiscences had led the conversation away from the subject which originated the utterance of them. This subject, however, was again suddenly brought up. A man entered, dressed in a long thick drab coat, with his chin muffled in a red woollen comforter. The long-handed crook in his hand proclaimed him to be a shepherd.

"What was agate with ye last night then, Muster Redman?" asked the shepherd. "Are ye goin' to turn night into day? Were you making horse-shoes for witches' nags last night?"

"What do you mean?" asked Tim.

"Why was your fire burning at twelve o'clock last night? I saw the sparks flying out of your chimney at such a pace that it warmed me to look at 'em."

"I seed it with my own eyes," cried Jim Sparrow, rejoiced to have his story corroborated.

Lumpy Ned dropped his lower jaw, so as to make his mouth a little rounder than usual.

"I was abed at nine," the blacksmith said, doggedly. "Don't you come trying to gammon me. It's o' no use, I can tell you."

"Hoity-toity, mon," cried the shepherd, "if you want to keep secrets, you mustn't light up your forge-fire to do 'em by. I tell you I saw the sparks flying like mad from your chimney at twelve o'clock last night. I was sitting up with my lambing yoes in the Coppice straw-yard. It did my heart good to see the light. It was bitter cold, and when a mon isn't allowed to smoke a bit o' 'bacca, and can't afford a drop o' brandy, a blaze, even if it's a mile off, does his very heart good."

Just at this time the assemblage in the blacksmith's shop were interrupted by a new comer. The sound of a horse's hoofs was heard, and a moment afterwards, in the ruddy light that streamed through the door, a tall, good-looking gentleman appeared, leading his horse by the bridle.

"Tim," said the gentleman, "my horse has cast a shoe. Mind you come and see to it the first thing in the morning."

By the scraping of the rustics' shoes, and pulling of their forelocks, as well as by Tim's bow and hasty advance, and even Enoch's cessation from work, it was clear that the gentleman was a man of local authority. It was no other than Squire Thorne.

"What's the matter, shepherd?" said the Squire; for the shepherd had still been speaking loudly when he came within earshot.

"Nothing, master," said the shepherd, "only that the blacksmith here has taken to working at midnight. He means to get ahead of all us Hedgebury folk, and to make his fortune while we are snoring. He's a dark horse, Tim Redman is."

"What do you mean?" asked the Squire.

Then the shepherd explained more clearly. Jim Sparrow said "I seed it, and so did Ned." A shadow came over the Squire's face.

"Very strange!" said he; and then, after a pause, he said "Mind you come early in the morning!" And, so, led his horse from the door, and disappeared in the darkness.

The men in the blacksmith's shop continued to talk about the midnight fire, the blacksmith himself still vehemently denying the possibility of anyone having seen the same, since no fire had been there. Tim at length grew hot-tempered, and began to wrangle. Then Enoch, lifting himself from his anvil for a moment, said:

"There was a fire. I saw it myself."

CHAP. II.

THE HALL STAIRCASE.

"Very strange!" quoth the Squire to himself, as he led his horse along the frosty road. It was not far from the forge to his own stables, and he had not ceased thinking about the midnight fire when he reached them. Stabling his horse there, he walked under the dark plantation towards the house. There was scarcely any light under the thick trees, though there was an early moon in the sky, and the air had in it the keen, dry glitter of frost.

The Hall was as pleasant an old house as one would wish to see—picturesque without and comfortable within; more comfortable than our modern houses, with their lofty rooms and elaborate gildings and big window-panes; more picturesque, though it was a patched place that had come together at random during the course of a century or two, instead of being built by contract in a week. It looked well in the steady white light of the low crescent moon; many-gabled, parts coming forward sharp and distinct, parts dying away into black shadow. From a window that opened on to a low, balustered terrace, a light came forth through red curtains. The motion and the colour of this little square of light contrasted pleasantly with the still, colourless infinity of the faint moonlight. There was just that charm of humanity and domesticity in it, which motion and colour and definite form give, as contrasted with the abstractions of higher things. The mutability, the defect of pure light, the fetters of form—such imperfections are the very charms of human life.

Somewhat after this fashion my Squire moralized, I fancy, as he stood for a moment before he mounted the steps leading up to the balustered terrace. He was a man of much reading, and of a quiet, indolent life. Of course in those days such a man would be looked upon as a milksop. His late uncle, as next heir to whom he inherited the Hall, had hated him for these quiet habits. A man who did not make hunting the business of life, who thought bull-baiting and cock-fighting cruel, who did not swear and drink and bluster habitually, who took no interest in horse-racing or in the noble

science of the prise-ring, was a sort of animal for which the country squires of those days had little predilection. Our Squire had been bred at the University of Cambridge, and possessing at that period but narrow means, had lived a quiet life there, and laid up much store of learning. When by his uncle's death he unexpectedly became comparatively rich, his first thought was, not to set up a pack of hounds or a stud of horses, but to take to himself a wife and to settle down comfortably in the house which had become his. The Hall was soon cleansed from the Augean filth which yet clung to it from its last possessor. The new Squire, a little squeamish, caused the old place, foul with low orgies, to be scrupulously lustrated. A little luxurious, he refurnished with all the care that an indolent body and a dainty taste prompted. He carried down his books, and arranged them in the new cases of the quiet library. Then he carried home his wife, and installed her as mistress of as pleasant a dwelling-place as could easily be found in those days. So at the Hall our Squire had lived a most happy life for some years. Children had risen round him. He had had few disquiets; for the claim which the mistress of the late Squire had laid against the property had been so altogether futile as to cause him little uneasiness. So he had lived a most happy life until within a short time of the period of our story.

There are no ghosts now-a-days: even the spirits who manifest themselves by verberation, by lifting of tables and what not, are all under rule of scientific laws, and may be fully believed in without laying the believer open to a charge of superstition. The time of the old unscientific ghosts has long gone by. If we are haunted now, it is by other ghosts than those terribly material ones of ancient days. We all have our skeletons, which come to our sleepless pillows at midnight, which dog our steps, which spoil our pleasures and embitter our lives and turn our hair grey, and wrinkle our faces. These skeletons clank chains in our ears, and make us echo back their groans; sometimes, too, they reveal to us hidden treasures, or discover to us most foul and wicked murders, or open out before our eyes the yellow parchments of irrevocable acts and deeds; but they are not the old ghosts. Alas! we have not the simple belief of our forefathers.

I fear lest my readers should misunderstand me. I fear lest, when I write the honest word *ghost* here, they should search diligently for some under-meaning—some hidden interpretation of the mythos. I fear lest they should ignore the mother-sound, and listen for the echo; finding some more mysterious *bath-col* in the mystery of my ghost.

However, the truth must out. A great trouble had fallen upon my Squire recently: and the trouble was that the Hall—his home now endeared to him in a thousand ways—was *haunted*; haunted, if you please, in the simple, old sense. Remember that I am writing of a time when no one doubted the existence of ghosts. We must retroject ourselves, if you please, to that time. If

you can do so it is a sign of objectivity—and objectivity is very clever. Seventy years ago this story of the Hall spectre was thoroughly believed as having really happened, in the town of Hedgebury. I have it at first hand from the lips of an old lady, a native of Hedgebury, who heard the story when she was a child, and who half-believes it now.

Squire Thorne stood for a moment at the foot of the steps leading up to the terrace. I don't think he dashed his hand to his brow, or performed any outward act of desperation; but a feeling of great wretchedness came over him. This home, so lately the one happy spot in the whole world, was becoming a place accursed. His wife and his children and his books, and his warm rooms and his tasteful furniture—the sweetness was taken from all of them by the one bitter drop in his daily cup.

"I cannot stay in this place," was his thought, as he paused before entering. "I am driven away from it as inexorably as if that old harlot, my uncle's mistress, had got the will she lied about, and came with the constables to turn me out."

Then he thought of all that he must leave behind. This place was full of sweet recollections. There was the little morning room where he and his wife had sat together in the first days of their marriage—always together, keeping apart from the world in that sacred seclusion of first love; and there was the room where they had looked together at their first child in his cradle; and there was the room (ah me!) where this first child had died, and had lain white and cold, with wintry snowdrops in his tiny hands—a room kept religiously the same as on that sad day, only the child lacking. Then there were minor ties. For instance, what should he do with his books? What discomfort can equal that of a new book-room—all the old books put into new places, and nothing to be found at the moment it is wanted?

In sheer desperation he mounted the steps. He entered through the window. As he appeared from behind the red curtain his wife gave a little start and shudder.

"Ah! frightened?" he said, stooping to kiss her. "We shall be afraid of our own shadows soon. What are we to do, Meggy dear?"

"I can't tell," she answered, shaking her head hopelessly. "Mary has gone this evening; and Martha has had hysterics, and threatens to go to-morrow. The children, too, I am afraid, have learned something about it—the servants are so stupid and will not keep quiet. Little Edgar woke up crying, and would have it there was a man in the room. I saw nothing. He is asleep again now."

"What are we to do, Meggy?" asked Squire Thorne.

"Perhaps the clergyman....." said Mrs. Thorne. "I have heard of such—such things being laid in the Red Sea. Do you think it would do any good? We could but try."

"What!" said her husband, "the drunken, cock-fighting parson? He took the part of that

lying woman, and swore to her lies. He was a boon-companion of the—the—the ghost."

"Perhaps, my dear, he might have the more influence with him," said Mrs. Thorne simply.

The Squire flung himself into a chair by the fire, sighing heavily.

"I'll speak to it again to-night," quoth the Squire, quoting Hamlet unconsciously, but leaving out the redundant asseverations.

"Don't!" said his wife.

"It's very strange," continued the Squire (again quoting Hamlet); "but they were telling a story at the forge to-night, how the forge-fire was seen alight last midnight."

"You went to the forge then? Did you see anything?"

"No. But you remember what I told you last night?"

"Oh, yes. 'Go to the forge,' that was it."

Again the Squire sighed heavily. He turned from side to side in his chair, and at last took up a book which lay by him on the table. The book happened to be a Herodotus. The Squire was a scholar, as I told you before. He turned the leaves listlessly—not reading, but glancing down the pages. Suddenly a passage caught his eye.

"By Jove!" he cried. "You remember our trying our fates by the Bible, my dear, before we married, don't you? *Sortes Biblicæ* they call it. There are the *Sortes Virgilianæ* too, but you don't understand Latin. Now listen to this—

'Esti tis Arcadies Tegee leuro eni choro.'

Oh, I beg your pardon: I'll translate." And thereupon the Squire translated.

It is enough, however, for the narrator of this story to give the purport of the passage. It is to be found in Book I, chapter 67, of Herodotus. It is the Delphic oracle given to a certain people who had necessity for finding the body of the dead Orestes. The priestess prophesied that they should find this body

"Where two strong winds by hard compulsion blow,

Stroke answers stroke, and woe is piled on woe."

Buried under a forge the bones were at length discovered. The two winds were interpreted to be the blast of the smith's two bellows; the stroke against stroke the mutual blows of hammer and anvil; the woe on woe the destruction caused by the weapons forged by the smith.

"A manifest instance of the *Sortes*," said Squire Thorne. "I will speak to this ghost again to-night, and if it answers as before I will go to the forge."

"Oh, don't!" said his wife.

"What is the time?" asked the Squire.

"Too soon yet," said Mrs. Thorne. "Take off your boots; let me help you."

The Squire, however, had made up his mind, and would not have his boots taken off.

* * * * *

At eleven o'clock the Squire went to meet the

spectre. I can imagine but cannot describe the agitation in which his wife was left. She asked to go with him, but it was an understood matter that the spectre's communications were in confidence to him alone.

The front staircase of the hall was ten or twelve feet broad; it was of old black oak, and the balusters were massively carved. At every half-dozen steps there was a little landing, and at every dozen steps the staircase turned short round, so that, as it wound up, its outline was a square. The old builders must have thought going up-stairs a very arduous performance, which probably it was, in the days of heavy drinking. The shallowness of the steps; the frequent resting-places; the stout balusters, which would bear any amount of pressure; the great width, which would afford plenty of room for a couple of helpful footmen—showed the forethought and consideration of the old architects. I have heard of a modern architect (great men they are, who let Cathedral spires come down with a crash, and are then complimented for their cleverness) who, drawing the plan of a mansion, quite forgot to put in stairs of any kind back or front, and upon being asked how the upper storeys were to be reached, replied that that was not his affair, but he should suggest a ladder at the windows.

I am digressing. You see I hang back from the ghostly encounter, and joke feebly, and pretend to feel more comfortable than usual. Well, the hall staircase was an easy one to mount by a sober person. No architect, whether ancient or modern, could have contrived an easier staircase. And yet our poor Squire found great difficulty in bracing up his nerves to the ascent. There were no Alpine Clubs at that time, or perhaps his nerves would have been in better condition for climbing.

At eleven o'clock the Squire went to meet the spectre. Closing the door upon his wife, he passed through a passage which led by another door into the great hall. He debated for an instant whether he would shut this door. He did shut it; and crossed the hall, treading nervously on only the black squares of its checkered floor. Turning the corner of a projecting wall, he came upon the foot of the staircase.

Now this staircase was the portion of the house haunted by the spectre. At the top of the second flight of twelve steps—that is, on the first floor landing—there it confronted with its ghostly presence the people who ascended the stairs.

Our Squire was a brave man, but he felt that he was just two dozen steps from an inhabitant of the other world. People have been known, certainly, to have had one foot in the grave without exhibiting the slightest concern—but the cases are a little different.

There was no lamp burning either above or below. The servants would not venture near the great staircase after dark, under any consideration. So there was no light save that

which the Squire carried in a slightly tremulous hand.

He paused at the foot of the stairs, and listened. There was a very rush of sound in his over-attentive ears—it was simply ordinary silence, but at that moment it was like the roarings of the waves of a rough sea. He looked up into the darkness. A thousand prisms seemed to be scattering all their rays of many-coloured light up the broad staircase. It was simply ordinary darkness.

He was a brave man, but he muttered a prayer. Brave men have been known to pray in the moment of danger; while, I fear, other brave men have been known to swear. It depends much upon habit.

The Squire muttered a prayer, and dashed at the staircase. He was up the first six steps in two strides. Up the next six in two strides more. His light flickered—it was certainly gone—he held his breath—no; he just saved it. Then he gave himself a slight shake, and walked steadily up the remaining twelve stairs, gazing with steadfast eyes at the top.

Nothing was visible until he placed his foot on the last stair. Then, just like some figure which starts forth suddenly at the touching of a spring, the spectre was there, face to face, the eyes of the ghost glaring into his.

Now the appearance of the spectre was this: Picture to yourself the vices. You know what a cruel face is. You know what a lying face is. You know what a lewd face is. Imagine each vice inseparably blended with, or rather transformed into, torture. Here was an old wrinkled head, bald-crowned, grizzle-cheeked, in which every vice writhed in a distinct and separate pain. Fancy the word "adultery" stamped by red-hot letters upon hissing flesh; and then exchange the word for the idea and the flesh for the spirit, and you have precisely the notion which I see embodied in the spectre's face.

"Speak!" said the Squire, with a firm voice.

"To the forge!" quoth the ghost. "To the right hand—by the third beam, close under the thatch! Take the parchment, and burn it in the forge fire."

CHAP. III.

THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP AGAIN.

Old Enoch had seen the fire in the forge at twelve o'clock on the previous night. He was a light sleeper—if he ever slept at all. As to his habits and customs people knew absolutely nothing. I think the Hedgebury folks were a little surprised whenever he did anything according to the ordinary fashion. To see him eat, for instance, was a sight which struck them as curious. He was one of those men (there are such in all communities) who are a little beyond their fellows. The people among whom they live generally find something ridiculous in such men. Prophets have no honour in their own country. The little boys follow them with jeers,

and the adult wisecracks look down upon them with pity and contempt.

The Hedgebury folks, I say, were utterly ignorant of the manners and customs of Enoch; but that is no reason why I, who tell this story, should not have an intimate knowledge of the man. Lavater tells us that, given one feature, and not only the whole face, but the whole character of a man may be made out. Chinese doctors judge of the complaints of their moon-faced patients by studying a long-clawed little hand protruded through a lattice. I myself cannot help forming an opinion of the characters of my friends from their hands. If chambermaid Maria could read a meaning in the "dry hand" of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, surely in these later times a scribe may pretend to a little advance in this science of palmistry (or whatever it is to be called). A paleontologist will decide from a single bone whether the extinct animal was carnivorous or graminivorous. Any grazier or butcher will tell you at once on what food—oil-cake or whatever else—the beef or mutton has been reared.

Given certain data, and the rest follows easily. I possess sufficient data to discover how Enoch acted on the night of which I write, although he never confided the secret to a single soul. Perhaps I have dug up a bone of his, and so induced his diet—and here we enter upon another science. Sir Andrew Aguecheek was of opinion that "life consists of eating and drinking," and he illustrates this theory by an example viz., that a beef diet is inimical to the wits; porridge, too, is stated in "Every Man out of his Humour" to have a tendency to thicken the brain—but the theory may be seen more at large in Mr. Buckle's book.

I am digressing again. I state that Enoch was a light sleeper; and I intend in this chapter to relate solely what Enoch saw and did. I have painted his portrait before; and having that, I can, according to the physiognomists, deduce therefrom every smallest action of his life.

On the previous night, then, Enoch starting from his light sleep had seen with surprise a glare of light coming through the cracks of the shutter which served to keep out the cold wind from the place where he slept. His bed-chamber was in a small out-house adjoining the smithy. Enoch, seeing the light, turned out of his straw, and threw open the shutter, and perceived from thence that the light was streaming out of the open door of the blacksmith's shop. He slept in his day-clothes, so there was no necessity for putting himself into a dressing-gown and slippers. Snatching a bar which lay handy, he crept down the ladder in a moment, and stepped into the smithy just in time to see the bellows cease moving and the fire die away into sudden extinction.

"Come out o' that!" said Enoch, but there was no answer. He expected some one to rush by him out of the darkness, but there was no sound or movement.

Enoch groped about for a candle, and found one, and struck a light. He searched every

nook and cranny of the shop. No one was there; everything remained as it had been the evening before at locking up. He felt the ashes of the forge, and found them hot and still smouldering. Then he went to the door. He had put up the bar and locked the padlock himself on the previous evening. The padlock had been taken out, the bar removed, and the padlock replaced in the hasp. There it still hung unlocked and open. He felt in his pocket for the key, and drew it from thence and looked at it. Enoch shook his head and then scratched it.

"I couldn't ha' done it myself?" he thought: "I couldn't ha' got up in my sleep now, and done it, and turned in again? It's some lark. They're always a-running their rigs on me."

At last, closing the door from the inside, Enoch sat down upon the bench where the game-cock had died, blew out his candle, and dozed there till morning.

This is what had happened on the previous night.

Enoch said nothing, but ruminated on the strange occurrence all day. He did not like it at all. If such larks went on, the forge might be burnt down, which would have been the final destruction of Enoch's world. He determined to watch the next night. He had intended to keep silence about what he had seen, but when he found that others had seen the fire as well as himself, he altered his intention. To let them know that he who slept close on the spot had seen it, might prevent any further attempt.

So on the next night Enoch watched. He locked up the smithy as usual, and retired to his straw. Then, at ten o'clock when all the village was asleep, he crept down his ladder, opened the shop-door, carried the bar inside, and closed the door from within. He groped his way through the shop, and ensconced himself behind the forge chimney, taking in his hand a crowbar which he had placed in readiness on that evening.

It was not an uncomfortable berth. The chimney wall was warm from the fire. Enoch cared nothing for crickets—their chirruping seemed good company to him. He sat listening to them, and to the cracking which came from time to time from the forge. Now the wind rushed down the chimney—now an owl alighted hooting on the thatch. Once a cock, awakened perhaps by the scratching of some prowling fox—or, for what I know, it might be the wandering ghost of Jacob's game-cock—crowed shrilly in despite of the darkness. The time passed on. Enoch heard Hedgebury church-clock strike eleven.

Precisely at this moment the Squire was closing the parlour-door behind him, on his way to confront the ghost.

It might be a quarter past eleven—a minute or two more or less—when Enoch, in his hiding-place, heard the door of the shop swing suddenly open. At the same moment the bellows began to blow, and a blaze started up on the forge.

Enoch grasped his crowbar, and dashed out from his hiding-place. No one was in the shop but himself. The bellows were working as

hard as they could work; the fire roared louder and louder, and blazed till the whole shop was full of light, and the frosty road all the way down to the Park Pool was distinctly to be traced.

Again Enoch scratched his head. He determined to see it out.

He stood looking at the working bellows; and their automatic movement struck him as being so comical, that the nearest approach to a laugh he had ever made in his life he made now. Waggishly he moved his arm up and down, in mockery of the invisible arm which was toiling at the bellows, and then shook his head, and then scratched it interminably.

"It's very pretty fun," he thought; "but you'll be tired of it, my friend, at that pace, before long."

But the bellows worked faster than ever.

While Enoch still stood scratching his head he heard footsteps on the hard road. He listened for a moment, and then darted back into his hiding-place, peeping from thence to see what would happen next.

He was ready for anything. When the bellows, which he had worked for half a life, took to working of themselves, anything might happen.

He was not in the least surprised when he saw the Squire enter.

The Squire looked pale and dazed. The glare of the fire blinded him at first, after the darkness. He put his hand to his eyes. He was faint and sick and dizzy; he reeled, and then recovering himself gazed helplessly round the shop.

"To the right hand," the Squire muttered, and turned to the left, and then to the right, and then to the left again.

"By the third beam—close under the thatch." He looked up, and tried to count the beams, and could not. The roof was all one beam, or the number of beams was infinite.

He staggered up to the wall, and raised his arm. The top of the wall was too high to reach. What was to be done?

At this juncture a ladder which was leaning quietly in a remote corner of the shop was whisked from its place, and set down against the right-hand wall, just under the third beam. When the Squire had sufficiently grasped this new fact he began to mount the ladder.

Enoch's attention had been hitherto fixed on the Squire; but now he became conscious of another figure in the shop. He remembered the wicked old face well. Enoch had been a little disappointed at the entrance of only the live Squire; he felt an inward satisfaction when the ghost of the old Squire entered. The automatic movement of the bellows should prelude thus much at least.

The ghost was in a state of the greatest excitement. It rubbed and wrung its hands. It absolutely danced in its eagerness.

"You wicked old villain!" Enoch said to himself, and he shook his fist at it from behind the chimney.

Meanwhile the Squire was mounting the ladder. He fumbled with his hand about and about, along the top of the wall, and could find nothing.

The excitement of the ghost below was terrific. At last, as the Squire continued to feel to and fro under the thatch without success, the ghost mounted the ladder behind him. The ghost grasped the hand of the Squire, and guided it to a hole in the thatch.

The Squire gave one shriek, snatched his hand back, and fell from the ladder. As he fell a square parchment packet flew from his grasp. The packet alighted just in the middle of the forge fire. The bellows worked harder than ever; the flame mounted almost to the roof; the ghost danced before the forge in an ecstasy of delight.

The parchment crackled and blazed and smouldered down into nothing.

Then the ghost vanished, the bellows ceased to work, the fire died out; and Enoch and the Squire (the latter lying senseless on the floor) were left alone together.

* * * * *

The Squire had never any clear recollections of that night. How he got home he never knew. Enoch kept his own counsel.

On the very next morning some people came down from London by the Barleston coach. One of them was a lawyer dressed in seedy black: the other was the widow of Jacob Jarrot, Tim Redman's former master and predecessor at the forge. The widow came to see Tim, and asked his permission to search in a particular part of the thatch of the smithy. Permission was granted, but the widow found nothing.

Squire Thorne had a long illness; but when he recovered he found his house free of the spectre. Beyond this he never heard any more of the claims on the property made by his late Uncle's mistress.

CLOTILDA.

(*A Reminiscence of Ancient History.*)

BY MRS. ABDY.

Clotilda was of Christian faith, a Princess wise and fair,
Striving to win her husband in her pious hopes to share;
A chieftain of the Franks was he, a man of lawless life,
Who heeded not the counsels of his good and gentle wife.

Yet still Clotilda, day by day, with sweet persuasion, strove
To guide him to a gracious Lord—a Lord of peace and love;
The seed upon the barren rock and thorny ground was cast,
Yet hoped she it might flourish, and might bring forth fruit at last.

Anon, the chieftain hastened to the battle-field to go,
Eager to hurl defiance on the ruthless German foe;
But fatal were the fortunes that his hapless troops befell,
And deadly was that conflict on the banks of the Moselle.

Methinks his heart might well have quailed in weariness and fear,
Surrounded by a hostile band, no human succour near;
Yet, as with firm undaunted steps the battle-field he trod,
"Help," he exclaimed, in fervid tones—"help, from Clotilda's God!"

Behold! the German leader slain, in all his pride and might;
Behold! the chieftain of the Franks victorious in the fight.
Thenceforth, he failed not to implore the Lord's protecting care,
And loved Religion's sacred rites, and sought the House of Prayer.

Ye wives who, like Clotilda, may deplore in anxious love
A husband's cold indifference to the God who reigns above,
Like her, relax not in your zeal, nor let your efforts cease
Softly to draw him to the paths of pleasantness and peace.

He may not heed your precepts when the world looks bright and gay,
Yet may he call them to his mind in trouble and dismay,
And, with awakened faith, invoke, amid the storms of life,
The God beloved and worshipped by his dear and cherished wife!

"BETWEEN THE LINES."

Dull, our Human Story, flat, prosaic—
Common-places writ in common signs—
X and Y without an algebraic
Meaning; as we read the printed lines.

Large and clear and sharp and black the letter,
Wide and white the spotless paper shines,
And we rush along the text the better
For the spaces broad between the lines.

Children run and read, but still the story
Palleth; till at length the man inclines,
Long before he waxeth wise and hoary,
Towards suspicion of the printed lines.

Something lacking. As we turn the pages
More and more our confidence declines;
Meaningless the tedious ambages
Writ so largely in the printed lines!

Something lacking. Here we find a riddle
Asked, unanswered; manifest design—
Working whither?—broken in the middle.
Scraps and fragments all the printed lines.

Here we miss the very point of humour,
Here the pathos; till a thinker pines
For a fuller knowledge than the rumour
Told by hearsay in the printed lines.

Premises without their just conclusion;
Half a couplet here, which intertwines
Never with its sister-verse; confusion
Worse confounded in the printed lines!

Thus at last we come to learn the mystery—
How the value of the common signs,
How the context to our Human History
Hidden lies between the printed lines.

There the missing verse, the lost conclusion;
There completion of the halt designs;
There the wit, the pathos, the solution—
In the spaces blank between the lines.

How to read the sympathetic writing?
Who shall teach the talent that divines
Secrets of the Soul-of-the-World's inditing,
Open Secrets writ between the lines?

Reverently turn the pages mystic
Towards the altar-flame thy heart enshrines:
All the mysteries of the text phlogistic
Start to light between the printed lines.

J. A.

A SIMILE.

BY Z. Z.

Deep in the shade a little brook
Goes rippling on its way;
A fair-haired child in a mossy nook
Is close by its side at play.

A little fleet of acorn cups
She launches on the tide,
And clasps her hand in childish glee
As swiftly on they glide.

A little way, and mossy stones
The babbling brook divide;
Those tiny barks unconscious sail
Without a hand to guide.

They strike the rocks—rebound—and then,
All trembling from the shock,
Some slowly glide adown the stream,
Some sink beside the rock!

Just so our plans are mimic barks
Upon life's stormy sea,
And all who 'scape the treacherous rocks
Are help'd, O God, by Thee!

THE SCULPTOR OF VENICE.

ANTONIO CANOVA.

From out of that glorious galaxy of names which adorns the commencement of this century none shines forth more conspicuously than that of Antonio Canova. The world witnessed and admired the astute political wisdom of Pitt, it listened in wonder to the eloquence of Burke, the patriotism and death of Nelson drew a tear from every eye. Wellington, the nation's hope, steadied the tottering kingdom, and hurled from his proud summit Napoleon, who lightning-like conceived and executed most dazzling projects. But the fame of Canova burned with a steady flame, unmoved by the great events which shook empires to their base. It was no freak of fortune that raised the peasant-boy, no daring deed or chivalrous enterprize which placed him among the immortals in renown; but steady persevering industry which developed and kept in play his great talents, a constant feeling that he had not done enough, and a continual striving after some imaginary perfection which he was never able to realize—these were the moving powers which urged him to rank himself in the muster-roll of fame. From his earliest childhood he was conspicuous for the attention and application he displayed. In his grandfather's workshop never a day nor hour passed which he did not devote, in some measure, to improvement. That he had genius—aye, and a mighty genius too—there is no doubt; but had he not possessed the strength of will to persevere unremittingly, in all probability he would have remained a stone-cutter all his life, undistinguished from the ordinary workman. His is, indeed, a name

“To point a moral or adorn a tale.”

And well it is that such men do now and then cross the stage of life. They are the commencement of the new families which step into the place of old decayed houses when they become completely shattered by the vicissitudes of fortune. The fall of the Nevilles, the Buckinghams, the Stuarts, and the Albanys is sufficient evidence of the uncertainty of position. The founders of such families were, in by-gone centuries, men conspicuous for their military powers or political wisdom, who fought their way to eminence; and so now men make for themselves names and become the originators of families, the scions of which will, in lapse of time, rank among the patricians of the land. And a proud boast it is, to be the first great man of one's race.

In a low mud cabin in the Venetian village of Possagno, the wife of a poor stone-cutter, named Pietro, was brought to bed of a boy, on the 1st of November, 1757. This infant, which was a poor sickly thing, was called Antonio, and early

began to display signs of an inclination for drawing and sculpture. Pietro, the child's father, was a man of no great powers of mind or strength of character, inasmuch as he followed his occupation as assistant or partner of his father, having never been able to obtain an establishment of his own. However, soon after his son's birth he died, and, as his wife thought fit to enter again into the holy state of matrimony, the tender infant was left in charge of its paternal grandfather and his spouse. The old couple readily undertook the responsibility, and the dame did everything in her power to ensure the well-being of the child. She nursed it through the tender age of infancy with anxious solicitude, and endeavoured to train its mind for its intended occupation. She used also to entertain the boy with long legends, to hear which he would leave the clay on which he was employed, and catching hold of his grandmother's gown with his soiled fingers, would listen with breathless attention. We are afraid the only part to which the old lady objected were the spots of clay left by the young urchin on her best dress. Pasino Canova, the grandfather, was clever at his trade and a sort of genius in his way. There is little doubt that, had he possessed the advantages of education in his youth, he would have attained a respectable position among sculptors. As it was, he executed his work in the best manner, and was also capable of carving and designing for the great families which resided in his neighbourhood. He bestowed much care upon his young grandson, teaching him the rudiments of drawing, encouraging him in his earlier endeavours, and initiating him into the mysteries of his trade. Antonio passed many years as his grandfather's pupil.

The Venetian nobles are in the habit of leaving their stately palaces in Venice, and passing the summer at some rural retreat. During the fine months of the year the family of Faliero used to take up their residence near Possagno, for the purpose of enjoying the pure air and delightful scenery with which the locality abounds. The elder Canova was often employed in adorning their villa, and was held in great esteem by Signor Giovanni Faliero, whom he regarded in the light of a patron, and the young Antonio was accustomed to assist his father in these labours. His slight graceful figure, finely chiselled features, and intelligently expressive countenance, united with a modest diffidence and innate wish to please, won for him the notice and well-wishes of all. With him young Faliero, the son of the proprietor, formed an acquaintance which, while they were yet boys, ripened into sincere friendship, and which continued throughout life. The manner in which the latent talents

of Canova were first brought into notice is somewhat curious, and has been oft-times told.

Signor Faliero gave a grand feast to the Venetian nobility. The servants had neglected to provide a suitable dessert ornament, and did not, till too late, perceive the omission. In this emergency they applied to Pasino Canova, who, however, could suggest no remedy. The domestics were in despair. At last Antonio desired some butter to be brought, and speedily, from the shapeless mass, modelled a lion, which was placed in the centre of the table. The guests admired this masterpiece of culinary art: the master wondered whence it came. Enquiries were made, the truth came out, and the blushing Antonio was loaded with applause.

Soon after this event a slight change took place in the young Canova's life. There resided not far from Passagno an artist, by name Guiseppe Bernardi, more commonly known by the surname of Toretto. To him Signor Faliero introduced Antonio, now in his twelfth year, and settled him as his pupil. Here, in Bernardi's studio, he exhibited the most unceasing industry, every thought and every wish being directed to his furtherance in his profession. He directed his attention to gaining a complete mastery over the handicraft of his art, and does not appear to have given any proof of the high genius which was latent within him; indeed, his studies were confined to the mechanical part of the profession, the sole intention being to make him an expert and ingenious stone-cutter; consequently it was only after the usual hours of the workshop, after a day of severe toil and manual labour, that he could give any attention to the higher branches of sculpture. However, he did his best: he never flinched. He was not one of those wayward fitful geniuses who work only when necessity compels; but he possessed the organ of application, and where industry is combined with brilliant talents, the most tremendous obstacles present but small hindrance to the advancement of their possessor.

After remaining two years with Toretto, that artist died, and Antonio was on the point of again returning to his grandfather's workshop. He, however, possessed a good friend in young Faliero, who entreated his father to allow Canova to come to Venice, and pointed out to him the many indications of genius which he thought he had observed. The son prevailed, Signor Falier complied, and Antonio received an invitation to the City of the Sea, with an intimation that his expenses would be paid by his generous patron, and rooms prepared for him in his palace. We can imagine better than portray with what joy the young aspirant for honour received this letter, and how his heart beat high with the prospect of renown which opened to his gaze. He was but a boy of fifteen—self-confident and self-dependent—but still a boy, pale, slight, and intellectual. He had only his ingenuous modesty and his untiring perseverance with which to retain the favour of the great; but the inward feeling that one day his talents would repay all obligations

urged him on, and he went up to Venice a hopeful, daring, and aspiring boy.

On his arrival at this city of palaces his reception was hospitable in the extreme. His kind patron placed at his disposal every requisite of life. But Antonio, who considered his mechanical skill sufficiently good to be worthy of recompence, could not bear the thought of being altogether dependent on a stranger. Accordingly, while he gave the fore-part of the day to study in the higher branches of his art, he devoted the afternoon to serving under a master, from whom he received a small sum in payment. The amount we know was very small; for, says the artist himself, afterwards, in a letter: "I laboured for a mere pittance, but it was sufficient. It was the fruit of my own resolution, and, as I then flattered myself, the foretaste of more honourable rewards, for I never thought of wealth."

The man who could utter such noble thoughts as these, and not only utter them, but feel them, was pretty sure to push his way. From his first entrance into Venice, Canova divided his time methodically—as a man of business would. The mornings were passed in study at the Academy of Fine Arts, and the afternoon as before-mentioned. In Venice a fine and extensive range of observation was opened to him, and he did not fail to take advantage of everything calculated to be of use in his profession. It was his custom to visit the theatres, and other places of public assemblage, for the purpose of studying character. He delighted to look upon the multitude of faces, note the various expressions, the diversified attitudes, and fix in his mind any countenance that pleased his fancy. Another source of pleasure was sauntering along the quays, and observing the porters as they passed along, their colossal frames and fine muscular limbs presenting models to the artist which he never permitted himself to forget: indeed, whenever he was particularly struck with any turn of the limb or play of the muscles, he would hurry home, and, while the subject was fresh in his memory, reproduce it on paper. By such means as these did the greatest modern sculptor lay the foundations of his future excellence.

As Canova, in his youth, was essentially a moral man, a sober every-day liver, nothing adventurous, nothing foolhardy is left where-with his chroniclers may enliven their pages. Yet his was no common life. An ordinary man would soon have sunk under the difficulties which he surmounted. His heroism was not the heroism which startles by its brilliancy; but it was the heroism which, after overcoming one obstacle, is ready to cope with and overcome the next, throughout the whole battle-field of life. It was the desire to know everything which made him eager not only after the pursuit of art-knowledge, but also caused him to become well-versed in the general acquirements of the age. He applied himself to the study of Spanish and French, and became well acquainted with the literature of his own and other countries. Thus for seven long years the

student read and worked and copied nature, during which time he astonished and delighted the Venetians by his statue of Orpheus. This, the first work of any great merit executed by Canova, was exhibited in 1776. He had long panted for fame; but so great was his innate modesty, that he could only be persuaded by the utmost entreaties of his friends to present it to public view. The result was unbounded applause. The most prejudiced critics were forced to admire, and admit the excellence of the work. From this time the success of the artist continued to improve. He executed several works, among which we may mention the bust of the Doge of Venice; copy of the Orpheus; statues of Esculapius, Apollo, and Daphne; till, in his 22nd year, he gave forth to the world his greatest Venetian effort—the group of Dædalus and Icarus, in Carrara marble. The figures are the natural size, and a close imitation of Nature. There is no attempt at idealism. Nature was Canova's mistress: indeed, art had so degenerated before his time, that it was necessary he should go straight to the fountain-head, if he wished to cleanse the stream of vitiated taste. The statuary represents the father and son preparing for the journey. Dædalus is in the act of fitting to his son's shoulders the wings with which he himself should wend his way far from Cretan bondage. Icarus holds in his hand part of the materials, as if to assist his father, but seems chiefly engaged in watching with careless indifference the efforts of his sire. The attitudes are good, and when viewed as a whole the effect is pleasing. There is, however, a great want of elevation in the work. The figure of Dædalus is such as may be seen at any moment: indeed, there is a touch of vulgarity in it. However, the simplicity and faithfulness to nature displayed throughout fully compensate for the other defects. So true is the representation that many artists suspected the group had been chiselled from models formed from casts taken upon the human body in soft material.

The reputation of Canova having been by this work established at Venice, it was deemed expedient for him to repair to Rome to a more extended field of labour. Accordingly, at the entrance to manhood, at the budding of his renown, he packed up his chisels and tools, and turning his back upon the scene of his early struggles, wended his way to Rome. Here he met with a cordial reception from Cavaliere Zuliani, to whom he had letters of introduction. Rooms were accorded him in his palace, and he found at once a friend and patron in the ambassador.

At Rome the enthusiasm of Canova became, if possible, more excited. It had long been his earnest wish to produce some work from heroic subjects. The contemplation of the beauties of the statuary at Rome aroused within him a wish to do likewise. But the chains of poverty confined the aspirations of his genius; for without a commission he could not afford to purchase the marble from which to embody the noble forms of his heroes. At length he disclosed his views to Zuliani, and received from him an order

for a work, the subject being left to himself. His patron also offered to provide him the marble necessary for the undertaking. Canova, pleased beyond measure with the generous proposal, ardently commenced his task, choosing for his subject Theseus vanquishing the Minotaur. On this work he laboured with unceasing attention and assiduity. He worked in secret, being desirous that no one save the ambassador should be aware of what he had in hand until it was finished. His apartments in the Venetian palace he kept closed against all comers—partly because he was aware his style of sculpture differed from that then in vogue—partly because he did not wish to be subjected to the envious criticism of minor intellects—and partly because when a work was seen during its progress the effect at completion was lessened, and the artist was liable to have his own industry relaxed.

Canova knew that his fault was a deficiency in exalted grandeur, so he viewed and contemplated and studied the works of ancient masters; went home, thought over what he had seen, worked incessantly, and finally produced the crowning effort of his noviciate. The Theseus and Minotaur established his reputation at Rome. Everyone admired it. The similitude to nature was justly estimated, and the young artist felt he had achieved a triumph. The head of Theseus is quite a masterpiece. In it are expressed, as he bends over the fallen Minotaur on which he sits, those high and noble feelings which can only arise from the consciousness of having accomplished a mighty and glorious deed. The figure is in the antique, and is finely chiselled about the head and shoulders, while the bend of the back is a model of elegance and strength.

From this time fortune smiled upon the persevering student. Commissions poured in upon him: his acquaintance was eagerly sought by artists, men of letters, and by nobles.

There were many, indeed, who, envious of his success, sneered, and ridiculed, and wrote against him. These he answered with silent contempt, seeking quiet in his workshop, and never deigning to answer their attacks. But still the iron entered into his soul, and his modest and kindly heart was pained, that he who wished for nothing but the advancement of his art, should be exposed to the merciless jibes of ill-natured and ignorant critics. But his courage never faltered: he kept on his course, and that course soon carried him to a pinnacle at which not even the most pointed arrow of malignant envy could harm him.

In a sketch like this we cannot enter into details of all Canova's works, and must necessarily pass cursorily over a great part of his life. From the time when he executed the tombs of the Popes (Ganganelli and Pessionico), his life continued to be one unvaried course of success and hard work. It never changed; every day brought the same drudgery in the studio, even though he had workmen to execute the coarser parts. In this way he passed the next twenty-five years, honoured by nobles, princes, and all

celebrities. He was Napoleon's guest; George the Third presented him with a diamond snuff-box, and the Romans created him Marquis of Ischia, with a pension of three thousand crowns. We thus behold the poor peasant-boy raised to the highest rank by the force of his genius, in unison with assiduous application and unswerving integrity. But the industry which distinguished the earlier part of his career had undermined his health, and in the winter of 1821, his stomach being out of order, and his whole frame greatly debilitated, he determined to try the air of his native place—Possagno.

But, alas! though he roamed through the well-known spots of his infancy, and drank in the breeze which fanned his childhood's cheek, no health came to the over-wrought invalid. Despite, however, his precarious condition, he determined to retire to Venice before setting out for Rome. Here his illness could no longer be withstood, and he was obliged to take to his

bed. His stomach refused the slightest nourishment; and, though his pulse beat regularly, his danger was imminent. But so quiet and calm did he lay, so serene was the expression of his countenance, that his friends thought death far from his chamber. Crowds besieged the entrance to his house, all eager to inquire after him, so deeply was the city affected by the illness of Italy's greatest sculptor. However, despite all the skill and learning, all the care and attention bestowed upon him, he continued to grow worse, and, after having received the last ordinances of religion, sunk calmly to rest without a struggle, almost without a sigh. Thus, on the 13th Oct., 1821, the great master-mind of sculpture left its frail body, and, as says Zannini, "The angelic heart of Canova palpitated for the last time, and his celestial mind was closed for ever on its lofty conceptions."

He lies buried at Possagno, the scene of his early labours.

HARRINGTON GRANGE.

CHAP. VII.

What gave Philip Vere the right to hang so lovingly over the chair in the dim corner, where Amy sat with her friend beside her? What gave him the right to whisper, as he did now and then? to place a footstool? to hope she was not suffering? Above all, what gave him the right to whisper—as he did once, when he was leaving her, at Eleanor's command—"Mine own"?

This: In the morning, with the sun shining upon her cheerfully, Amy, leaning on the robust arm of Sir Thomas Harding, her host, took her first walk, since the memorable day of the picnic, in the pleasure-grounds. The party at Wilmore was thinning gradually; Miss Goddard was gone; and Mr. Mello the poet still lingered, to woo his coy Muse amongst the coming tints of autumn; to throw himself in rheumatic spots by gurgling streams, and struggle with the tough rhymes that would not adapt themselves. Miss Hartt—with a parting injunction to Amy to study the classics, and a promise to send a copy of her next work, "The Diluvian Traditions: how far they are reconcilable with the theory of the Universal Deluge"—had also bidden adieu to the shades and lawns of Wilmore; and though a few of the lesser stars still remained to shine feebly, hoping for more distinction now that their foils were set, no one troubled Amy, or came near to watch the progress of her first essay of the wounded foot. But what marvel that the portly Sir Thomas, active and strong, should weary a little of his

tender charge, and a good deal of her pace? What wonder that he should resign her willingly to Philip, when they met him casually at the door of a little summer-house where Amy had begged to rest? And the meeting was casual. Philip had gone there without any design or aim. Having made up his mind to venture all, he had been wandering about in a desultory manner, restless and excited, not knowing what to do with himself, when Sir Thomas seated Amy in the very summer-house to which his unquiet mind and restless steps had led him.

"Ah, Philip, this is fortunate. Then, if Miss Harrington will excuse me, I promised to see Harrel, the keeper, to-day; and I had forgotten it. Take care of her, Philip: no more ruins—eh? Upon my word, though," said the poor baronet, ruefully, "Lady Harding told me not to lose sight of her!"

"I daresay my aunt will accept me as proxy," said Philip, gravely. "I will be very careful!"

Opportunity thus suddenly thrust upon him, of course he tried first to congratulate Amy on being out of doors again, and of course failed, signally. There is no doubt that, for a sensible man and a genius, Philip Vere looked excessively foolish. More than that, the precious minutes were passing unflinchingly, and he knew it; and yet his heart was beating so fast, that he could not steady his voice for the words he meant to utter. And little Amy, tired as she was, and with the weak ankle aching, got up to go; but he stopped her then, imploringly. "One word he must speak to her: would she

not hear him? Ah, if she could know how he had longed for this opportunity—how he had been hoping and fearing, and how miserable he had been, when he thought, at times, that the hopes were all false, she would listen to him, would she not?"

There is no need for repetition. What could little Amy do but hear him? What could she say but tell him tremulously, to his repeated entreaties that she would answer him if it were only one word, how happy she was? What could she do, finally, but walk back with her hand on his arm, his promised wife, never feeling the pain in that stubborn foot, but thinking, poor little dreamer, that there never had been in all the world, and never would be, anyone so happy as she was?

Then Eleanor came to meet them, took her away from him, and led her into her own room, making her lie down, and telling her to keep quite quiet.

But there was no resisting little Amy's wistful look.

"I know how it is, my darling, I know it all!"

"Oh, Eleanor," said Amy, clinging to her, passionately, "it never can be intended that anyone should be so happy on earth. They call it a world of trouble!"

"The trouble will come time enough, little one. If happiness is sent to you, it must be right, you know."

"And you will love me—you are not vexed?"

"Vexed at gaining a little sister!"

"Ah, I never thought of that."

Eleanor bent her head for one moment till her face was hidden. In this new happiness she had been utterly forgotten!

"How foolish! how selfish!" thought Eleanor, "to expect anything else!"

"And now," said Amy, "I want to go home to papa; and no one must know—"

"Suppose my aunt knew already? No, don't look frightened! she only guesses, and no one will speak to you about it."

"But I must go home—to-morrow. It is right."

"Yes, said Eleanor, "it is right. And is Philip to go with you?"

"No, no. Not Philip at first—you."

CHAP. VIII.

HOPES AND FEARS.

And so little Amy was at home again.

Was that the same figure that peeped curiously behind the window-curtain at the sketchers? As she thought of that her face changed, and the shadow of the new life came over it. More old-fashioned and queer than ever the rooms looked, and yet dearer to her; the same yet changed. Even Meg's old eyes could discern a difference in her, without being able to define it. Formerly her cheerfulness was but the sunshine of an unclouded spirit,

now there was something deeper in it, and there hung about her at times an air of concentration, and a soberness in her contentment, which were new to Meg.

"After being five weeks away, Meg," said Amy, "he only just looked up and kissed me when I went in. I wonder what he is always writing about."

"Five weeks, Miss Amy! Two months you mean. And he was going to send for you back too," said Meg, mysteriously, "if you had not come."

"Was he? Then he did miss me. But, Meg, it cannot be two months."

"Do you see that chesnut, Miss Amy? When you went away it was as green as grass, and look now. Yes, it's two full months, but it wasn't that he missed you so much. You know he never misses anyone. Your cousin Robert is here."

"Here! Where?"

"Oh, off out somewhere now; but he'll be in directly."

"And why should I be sent for on his account?" was on Amy's lips, but she did not speak it.

She remembered Robert as a great ungainly schoolboy; and she remembered, and had a salutary dread of his sister, Janet, who used to come with him and stay such an unconscionable time; and who was always calling her a romp, and finding fault with her. But all was so different now, it would be hardly possible to dread or dislike anyone. Floss was on her lap as usual, and her hand stroked his silky coat; but she had forgotten to ask about his behaviour during her absence, and Meg, as she went back to her kitchen, thoughtfully muttered that she "couldn't make it out."

"Maybe," thought Meg, "all the grand-people, and the fine rooms, the liveried servants to wait on her, and all the grand things have put her out of conceit of the old place: and who can wonder at it? I'm sure it's dull enough for her, if the master would only think of it."

But Meg had seldom been further from the truth in her conjectures. In the great wealth of her new happiness, little Amy was thinking more tenderly than ever of the old Grange and its inmates, and all belonging to it: particularly of Walter Harrington in his solitary den. And if sometimes, looking round suddenly upon the well-known room, she could scarcely believe that the last few weeks were not a dream from which she had just waked, it needed but a glance at a certain glittering ornament on her finger to dispel the thought. But she hid that ring, jealously. No one must see it yet—till to-morrow.

To-morrow! What a time it seemed! She was uneasy 'till her father knew all; 'till he should see Philip, and wonder that he, with his genius and his good gifts, had chosen poor stupid little Amy Harrington. Her reverie was broken abruptly.

"Ah, my fair Cousin—at last!"

A A

And Robert Harrington, taking her hand—that hand bearing Philip's token—put it to his lips, and proceeded to offer a still more affectionate and cousinly salute. But, with her newborn dignity, Amy drew back.

"Shy, eh?" said Robert. "That used not to be the case when we jumped the sunk fence together, and drew down Janet's wrath. What a madcap you were then!"

"We were children then," said Amy, gravely. "And as a child, you had a welcome for me. As a man, though the cousinship remains, you have none! Is that the case?"

"I am very glad to see you."

"Oh, Amy, what a fib! Is that the way you show gladness? But you *must* give me a welcome, you know. I have a right to ask it."

Amy looked up in amazement. Perhaps she was as nearly angry at his tone as ever she had been in her life. He was uglier than ever she thought, and more ungainly; and there was a deep perpendicular wrinkle between the eyebrows, which, though it spoke of power, did not improve his personal appearance. But Amy must have been prejudiced, for Meg called him a "fine young fellow."

"Well, what do you think of me? The handsomest man you ever saw, eh?"

"No," said Amy, decidedly the reverse.

Robert laughed; but it was not a pleasant laugh. Let a man despise personal beauty ever so much, it does not please him to be told to his face that he is ugly.

"'Handsome is that handsome does,' you know; and you have beauty enough for both," he said, sitting down beside her, familiarly.

Again Amy was disagreeably impressed. He had no right, cousin though he was, to take these liberties. She thought involuntarily of Philip's gentle manner and his deference, and the comparison was not favourable to Robert. He began to amuse himself with pulling Flose's ears, and exciting him to growl and bark; which pugnacious symptoms he mimicked with much gravity and success, till Mr. Harrington came in to tea, when he rose to give him a chair, and to settle Amy in her place, with great apparent attention to her comfort.

"We have been talking of old times, sir," said Robert, looking straight before him at nothing, "when Amy and I used to be united in mischief."

"Ah, she is here again," said Mr. Harrington, as though he had only then become aware of Amy's return, "my little sunbeam! I used to wonder what was wrong about the table, but now I know. No one has run away with my sunbeam, Robert."

"Not yet, sir."

The tone was disagreeable—at least in Amy's opinion; but Mr. Harrington did not notice it.

"Is she glad to come back, or have they spoilt her at Wilmore?"

"They were very kind to me, papa," said Amy, slowly, and with a distressing consciousness that Robert's eye was upon her, "and I

have been very happy at Wilmore; but I am glad you missed me, and glad to come home."

"And to find an old playfellow here, too," said her father. "Make the most of him, Amy; he is tired of us already, and goes away to-morrow."

Robert was up in an instant, to open the door for his uncle, and to close it carefully after him; but Amy rose too, and, in spite of his reproaches for uncousinly conduct, left the room and went to her own. She could bear it no longer. Besides, she did not know whether, under the circumstances, it was quite proper she should; and his behaviour puzzled and disquieted her.

It would be all right to-morrow, Philip was coming, and all would be known; then, of course, her cousin would not dare to take liberties with her.

It was strange—thinking, as she did so constantly, of Philip and her father—that Meg's entreaty to her, not to mention the name of Vere, never recurred to her; but it did not.

To-morrow! How slowly the hours passed! Not that she wanted to see Philip again, of course, but she wanted it all known; she had felt like a hypocrite when her father said that no one had run away with his sunbeam; and she was not accustomed to have anything to conceal.

And the grin with which her disagreeable cousin received that remark! Amy had never disliked any one, but she began to feel that she might be quite capable of the sensation. To-morrow: well it came; as all to-morrows will, however wished for, or dreaded.

She rose from the breakfast-table, according to her plan the evening before, to go to her own room. Her heart was fluttering so, and her cheeks burning, she could not bear her cousin's eyes upon her.

He stopped her in the door-way: he said he was going that day, would she not give him a little of her society?

"She was very sorry; she could not."

"Not for auld acquaintance?"

"Not just then. She was very busy."

Robert could say nothing about the business; but she was very cruel, he knew. And when the door closed after her, he shook his fist at it, and muttered "that there should come a day of reckoning."

"I'm ugly, am I?" said Robert; standing before the glass, and squinting hideously. "I'll teach her that. I'll take lessons in pulling faces to torment her. I'm rude; am I? She shall have cause to say so some day. Comparing me with some of the grinning puppies at Wilmore—no doubt. I know I'm not handsome; but is that my fault? I've managed to come round the old miser pretty cleverly: I wonder how much he will leave her in those old boxes of his. It ought to be a good round sum. How he squeezed my hand and blessed me the other day for my care for his darling! She is pretty, though; deuced pretty."

Then, Mr. Robert Harrington turned away his pleasant face from the glass, and recommenced

his amusement of exciting Floss. While he was engaged upon this gentlemanly pastime he heard a knock at the door, and an altercation in the hall; and Meg's face, very white and anxious, protruded into the room.

"Eh! Well my pretty Peggy, what is it?"

Now Robert was no favourite of Meg's, although she had at first, in her pride for the Harrington's, pronounced him a fine young fellow; but she was in a sore strait and had no counsellor.

"Oh! Mr. Robert, he says he must see the master!"

"Does he? And who may *he* be: a lover for Meg, eh?"

"For shame, Mr. Robert," said Meg, indignantly, opening the door. "Walk in sir, if you please."

Mr. Robert condescended to stand upright, and desist from his occupation.

"My name is Philip Vere," said the stranger.

Mr. Robert bowed, and uttered a mental anathema against the puppies from Wilmore.

"I have called to see Mr. Harrington."

"My uncle is much engaged," said Robert, in sinuately. "Indeed, he seldom sees strangers. If it is anything in which I can spare him,"

"You are very kind. I am afraid, in this instance, it will be necessary that I should have a personal interview."

Robert, indulging furtively in a hideous grimace, turned to Meg, who was wringing her hands, and making other demonstrations of perplexity, and bade her show the gentleman into the study.

And Amy from her window has seen him again. Now there will be peace for her, and relief from the concealment which has lain so heavily upon her heart. She has imagined Meg's surprise at his request to see her master, and she feels that he is telling his tale to her father in the den. Not one doubt as to his reception crosses her mind; not one single misgiving; not the faintest idea of a possible objection.

Then she saw Philip go out again, cross the lawn, and disappear without a single look back, or a hesitating movement. His head was bent down, so that she could not see his face; but there certainly was a faint throb of disappointment that he should have gone away without seeing her, or looking towards the window where he would imagine her sitting. If he had, she knew he would not have seen her, but still she wished he had looked. And now, what would her father say to her, and when? There came no summons. He was thinking it over. But she must not be impatient: she half hoped he would invite Philip to stay; and now he was gone. What would he say to her?

What did he say to her?

Nothing. They met as usual at the dinner-table. Only he looked sterner, more careworn, and more absent, and Robert's face wore an expression of ill-concealed triumph. Every moment that fluttering heart of Amy's was growing heavier, every moment the choking sensation in her throat increased. Her father

went away without even speaking, without waiting till they had finished; and then her only thought was how she might get away too. Robert spoke to her; but she heard no words—only a senseless jumble: and he, too, rose from the table, and said he must go, or he should be too late for the train from Wilmore-station.

"Good-bye, my little Amy," said Robert. "Next time I come you will give me a warmer reception."

Amy looked at him absently.

"Won't she?" said Robert, turning to Meg, who was busy about the table.

"I don't know, Mr. Robert."

"You do; you know she must. Tell her why, if he won't. What's the use of all this hide-and-seek foolery? Tell her, I say. Good-bye, cousin."

"What is it? What does he mean?" asked Amy, in a bewildered tone.

"He means this, my darling," said Mr. Harrington, putting his hand upon the brown head, suddenly.

"Papa! I thought you were gone. Oh! papa, I must speak to you!"

"He means this—that he has asked me for my best earthly treasure, and I have given her to him!"

COCK-CROWING AT CHRISTMAS EVE.—It was formerly a belief that cocks crowed all Christmas Eve, which doubtless originated from the circumstance that the weather is then usually cloudy and dark, and cocks, during such weather, often crow nearly all day and all night. Shakespeare alludes to this superstition in "*Hamlet*":—

"Some say that ever 'gainst that hallowed season,
At which our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning croweth all night long.
The nights are wholesome, and no mildew falls;
No planet strikes, nor spirits walk abroad;
No fairy takes nor witch hath power to charm,
So gracious and so hallowed is the time."

The ancient Christians divided the night into four watches, called the evening, midnight, and two morning cock-crowings. Their connection with the belief in walking spirits will be remembered:—

"The cock crows, and the morn grows on,
When 'tis decreed I must begone."—**BUTLER.**

"The tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-opened grave; and strange to tell,
Evanishes at crowing of the cock."—**BLAIR.**

Who can ever forget the night-watches proclaimed by the cock in that scene in "*Comus*," where the two brothers, in search of their sister, are benighted in a forest?

"Might we but hear
The folded flocks, penned in their wattled cotes,
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering,
In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs."

Dr. Forster observes: "There is this remarkable circumstance about the crowing of cocks—they seem to keep night-watches, or to have general crowing-matches, at certain periods—as, soon after twelve, at two, and again at daybreak."

THE WORK-TABLE.

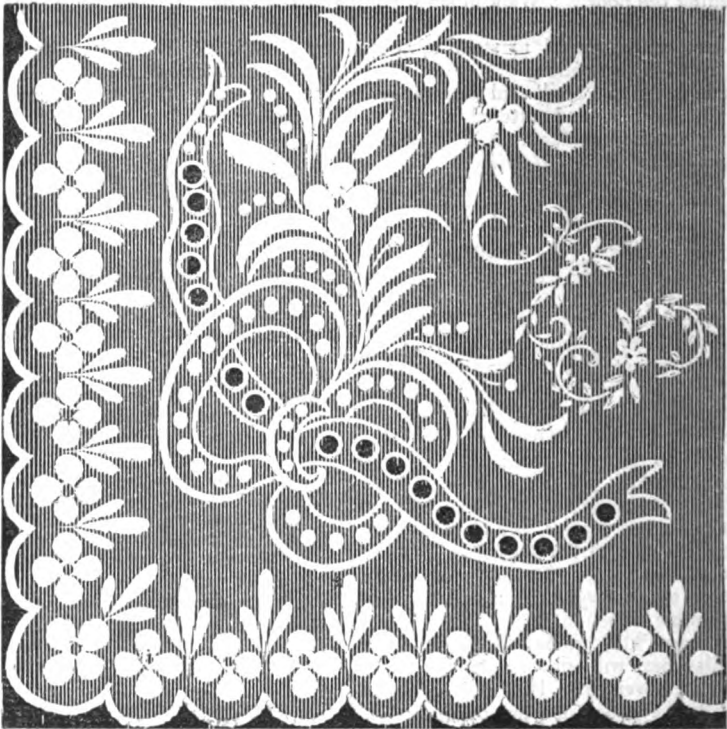
HANDKERCHIEF BORDER AND CORNER.

French cambric is of course the only material on which the dress-handkerchief is to be worked, and this ought to be of a clear texture. Care should be taken to select a soft fine embroidery-cotton* and a small delicate needle, as all the

* Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Embroidery Cotton, Nos. 50 or 60.

rest depends upon the dexterity of the execution. The spots in our design may be worked either as holes or solid spots in satin-stitch, according to taste.

If it should be wished to make the work deeper, this can easily be done by adding more rows of the holes or spots.



DRAWING-ROOM MAT, ON CANVAS,

IN BEADS AND BERLIN WOOL.

The size of this mat depending on the coarseness or fineness of the canvas makes it necessary that this should be selected according to the purpose for which the article is designed; only care must be taken that the beads employed should correspond in size, so that the threads of the canvas may be completely covered. The flower in the centre has the spot in the middle worked in gold beads, the four upper leaves being in transparent-white beads, and the four under-ones in chalk-white beads; the ground being in blue Berlin wool, enclosed within a ring of gold beads. The bands which interlace

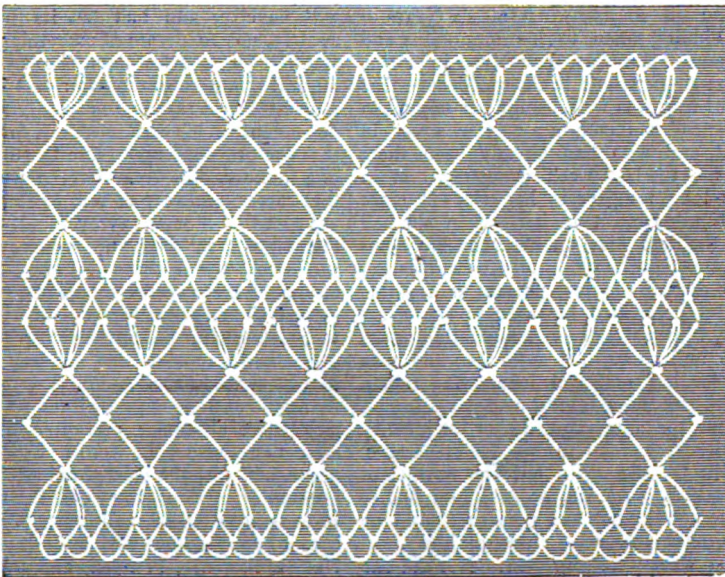
each other beyond this ring are worked the one in steel beads, the other in gold beads on a red ground. The four leaves which fill-in the corners of the mat are worked one-half in clear-white beads, the other half in chalk-white, with veins of steel beads, on a black ground. The outer border has the spots half in clear and half in chalk-white on a blue ground. When completed, the canvas must be stretched over a square of card-board and lined, a rather larger bead than those used in working the mat being taken at every stitch, so as to form a regular line of beads all round the mat.

[DRAWING-ROOM MAT, ON CANVAS.]



NETTING FOR WINDOW - CURTAINS, AND FIRE - GRATE VEIL.

MATERIALS :—The Boar's Head Crochet Cotton of Messrs. W. Evans and Co., Derby.



It is in the winter that works of this kind ought to be undertaken for the summer, so that they may be ready for use at their appropriate season. The pattern given in our illustration may be on a coarser scale if desired, but the proportions between the sizes of the two meshes

must be preserved. Commence by netting a row with the large mesh. On the return-line take three stitches on one, still using the large mesh. The next row is simple netting on the large mesh. The next, which is the last row of the division of the pattern on the large mesh, has three loops on one, which is done by passing the cotton three times round the fingers before putting the needle through, and drawing each

round of the cotton tight before drawing the knot. After this, two rows on the fine mesh are to be netted. This completes the pattern, which is then to be re-commenced at the first row which we have given. This pattern has a very pretty effect when worked, and it is a great improvement to an apartment in the summer-time to have the white window-curtains and the fire-grate veil to match.

LE PUY, HAUTE LOIRE.

CROSATIER—THE FOUNDER.

(Continued from page 240.)

We stood for some time gazing on the first home of the poor friendless boy who, from his own talent and energy, became the possessor of thousands, and of whom we had heard so much since our residence at Le Puy; for his name is cited on every occasion, so proud are the "ponots" of him: and so they ought, for in his prosperity he did not forget that most sacred of all ties, the native soil, and has generously proved his innate affection for it. On this spot, then, was Crosatier's early infancy spent. Here he first learnt to lispen the soft accents of his mountain "patois," the ancient "langue d'oc," still spoken by all in the Velay, and which is perfectly unintelligible to us, and which rendered the little Charles so to all but to his mother when, at six years of age, after bidding adieu to his mountains and to our Lady of Le Puy, he arrived in Paris, without one single friend in the world, save that loving heart that was waiting for her boy when the "diligence" stopped in a narrow street in the capital, and who had already been there every day for the last week expecting him in vain. Six long long years had elapsed since that heartrending morn to her, when she had impressed the last kiss on her baby-boy—not more than two months old; and after entrusting him to the care of the poor peasant at Aiguille, with a heavy heart had hastened to the great metropolis, whose streets her imagination paved with gold; and no sacrifice since then had been too great for her maternal love. She toiled, economized, and hoped, until at last realization arrived, and the sum requisite for his journey was speedily forwarded to his foster-parents, and the little Charles again felt the warmth of a mother's kiss. As she pressed him to her bosom, she vowed that every nerve should be exerted to make the world shine on him; and all her past woes were forgotten. Nor did she fail in her task, although at first poverty, alas! too frequently thwarted her sanguine hopes, and clouded her ambitious views for her treasure. She, however, succeeded in sending him to a

good school, where he proved to be a studious lad. But it was in the public school of design that at twelve years of age he rendered himself remarkable, and carried off the first prize. At thirteen years of age he commenced the career of a carver, and soon after was employed in finishing the ornaments for the toilet-table that the city of Paris offered to the Empress Marie Louise. Indeed, such was the skill that Crosatier displayed in carving and statuary, that the Emperor exempted him from the conscription on the demand of the professor in the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts. But his mother, although proud indeed of her son, had too sound a judgment to allow herself to be dazzled with prospects of fame. She had struggled too closely with poverty, and had felt its poignancy too acutely, not to dream of something more substantial for Charles than the too often chimerical phantom of renown: and she trembled at what might await the young artist entirely dependant on his own exertions for support; so that she prevailed upon him to embrace the art of a founder, knowing that he would excel in that career, and reap as well as sow.

From that moment every faculty was bent to the acquirement of the necessary science for his profession, and in three years he became master of almost every secret in his art, and was considered the cleverest foreman in Paris. Added to great talent, he possessed an iron will, and every leisure moment that his daily labours gave him he spent in the Louvre, examining and studying the antique master-pieces with which that rich palace abounds; and often, when at home, after these visits, he would try different experiments, with the view of imitating those sombre and mysterious tints that the hand of Time spreads over metal and marble. About this time a happy chance enabled him to visit Rome, Naples, Florence, Pompeii, and other towns in Italy—which was a treat he prized above every other. He carefully examined the antique statues that ravished his eyes in these ancestral halls of art, and upon his return to Paris he imi-

tated their antique appearance so well, that he succeeded in deceiving the greatest *connaisseurs* themselves.

A duke under Louis XVIII., who passed for a great antiquarian, was particularly fond of Crosatier's society. One day, while discussing the purity of a bronze statue Crosatier had just finished, the duke declared that modern art could never attain the perfection of the ancients; "and to convince you of the truth of my assertion," said he, "I will to-morrow bring you an admirable little statuette I lately purchased at Pompeii, in a mysterious way, and which I had for almost nothing. I saw it myself dug up, at a moment when the man employed in watching over the excavations had turned away, and the workman, hiding it under his clothes, whispered his address to me as I passed. I went at nightfall, and bore triumphantly away my beautiful little Neptune, of the finest Roman epoch, which you shall see."

Accordingly, the next day the duke brought his Neptune, of the finest Roman epoch, to Crosatier, exultingly exclaiming, "Now, my dear sir, pretend that modern art can equal that!"

Crosatier took it, and, after examining it minutely, "Pray," said he, how much did your grace pay for this?"

"Only 2,500 francs," replied the duke.

"Only!" answered Crosatier, with a smile; and, opening a trunk near him, he produced several fragments of an earthen model, and after joining them together, "There," said he, "there is the original. I moulded it in 1825, and sold two copies to two Neapolitan merchants, for which they paid me 150 francs each. I thank you, my lord duke, for your very flattering opinion of my counterfeit work!"

"The duke was mortified at being thus duped; but he kept the secret, and his Neptune is still the admiration of *connaisseurs*," said Crosatier, after relating the above anecdote.

But love of art did not exclude from our founder's heart softer affections. Naturally timid and reserved, his sympathizing soul longed in secret for a kindred spirit to blend with his: and the sweet image of a young girl he had often remarked at work at a window opposite his abode, haunted him, and presided over his most serious occupations, exciting him in his acquirement of reputation and fortune. Many very eligible matches had been proposed to him by different friends, but he refused them all: though how to make himself known even to the object of his desires he knew not.

One evening, after a day of toil and excitement, amid the burning furnaces and liquid metal which had hardened down into the Hercules in Windsor Castle, Crosatier hastened to his accustomed place at his window, whence he could perceive the beam of sunshine that penetrated his soul at every glance. It was a lovely evening, soft and balmy, even in a street in Paris when at the fifth story, and a gentle breeze wafts the exhaling breath of the lime-trees and

flowers from a garden near. The window opposite was opened, and he saw two fair eyes fixed on his window. They were hastily withdrawn at his approach, while a deep blush overspread the young girl's countenance, that soon disappeared, and the window closed.

Crosatier's heart danced within him; his intelligent face beamed with joy and love; while his eyes, as if fascinated, gazed on the window for some time; but the vision did not reappear, although fond fancy saw an almost imperceptible shadow behind the white blind that shut him out of paradise. That night fairies danced round his pillow, and lulled him to sleep with melody, and more affectionate than ever was the kiss and adieu he gave his beloved mother as he hastened to his foundry the next morning to recommence his occupations. Innumerable numbers of statues continued to proceed from his moulds. The equestrian statue of Louis XIV., in the great court of Versailles; the Napoleon on the column of Place Vendôme, in Paris; the Quadriga over the arch, Place Carrousel, in front of the Tuileries, all came from Crosatier's foundry.

After the inauguration of the Quadriga, Charles X., then king, sent for the sculptor Basio, and for Crosatier the founder, and after congratulating them on their different talents, he created the sculptor "Baron," and conferred the Cross of the Legion d'Honneur on Crosatier. This was a distinction to which Crosatier, in his modesty, had scarcely dared to aspire; and as he hastened home to display his red ribbon to the delighted eyes of his mother, another image sweetly mingled itself with hers before his eyes, and rendered his newly-won honour still dearer to him.

To describe the old lady's joy and pride would be impossible. "My poor abandoned child!" ejaculated she in her joy, "Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur!" And the tears flowed fast down her smiling face. "And now, my son," said she, wiping them hastily away, "one wish alone remains unaccomplished—one blessing more to make me the happiest of mothers. I am getting old, and would not leave you on earth alone, but would fain see you with a dear companion to partake your joys and cares. Several good matches have been proposed to you; why do you persist in refusing them all—you who are so calculated to make a woman happy, and loaded with honour and riches, too, as you are? Why not at least see whether the young girl F— mentioned to you would not suit you? You say her family is too grand, her fortune too considerable; but have you not self-gained honours and riches in abundance—enough for a princess?"

They were in the founder's room: at that moment Crosatier's brilliant eye was turned towards the modest little window above. There she was, the spirit of his dreams, working, her lips moving as if singing.

"Mother," said he, "you are right; I must marry, for youth is fast going, and my soul thirsts to think and feel with another. Look!"

and he pointed towards the face above, "and there is that other, or I am much mistaken. Go, ask her to be mine!"

And Crosatier married her who, during the rest of his life, proved his sweetest solace and greatest joy amid all the prosperity that still awaited him. His mother died happy in her son's felicity, and before even he had reached the zenith of his prosperity. One remarkable event once occurred to him during his career as a founder which, from its extraordinary coincidence, is worthy of relating. He was charged by Government, under the Restoration, to cast a colossal statue, twenty-two feet high, of the unfortunate monarch Louis XVI. For more than a week before the day appointed for the casting, Crosatier was in a state of agitation indescribable. He himself had arranged the mould, had minutely examined every detail: nothing had escaped him; and yet a something like a presentiment troubled his mind, and even prevented him sleeping. The momentous day, however, arrived, and a crowd of high personages flocked to the foundry, to enjoy the excitement that the casting of a statue ever produces. Crosatier had been there ever since day-break, and with feverish impatience he awaited the final moment, without being able to remain quiet one minute. A cry of surprise from the spectators soon, however, made the foundry echo again; and the foaming metal rushed from the furnace, falling in fiery torrents, and then slowly mounting the mould, and in a few instants the flames that poured forth from the top were totally extinguished, and the brazen metal ran over. The work was achieved. A burst of applause announced the event, and all hastened to congratulate Crosatier, who felt an immense weight removed from his bosom. Now he breathed freely, and thanked his visitors for the honour they paid him. The moment to open the mould soon arrived, and judge the horror of all present, the statue, perfect in every detail, was without a head! All were thunder-struck, and Crosatier was in despair, although he repaired the accident in a few hours, and in such a manner that detection was impossible. The poor Duchess of Angoulême, only surviving child of the unfortunate King, heard of the strange accident, and wept bitterly, it is said; and, in spite of its magnificence, she entreated the King to put it away, and not to allow it to be exposed to public view, which desire the monarch granted, and the statue never graced the place it was intended to occupy:

If I have only spoken of Crosatier as a founder since he embraced that career, it is because he is the most known in that capacity on account of the great riches he derived from it; but he has left many charming compositions of his own, and his talents as a sculptor would alone have sufficed for a good reputation. As Crosatier advanced in age an insurmountable desire to behold once more his native mountains seized him. He had ever manifested the greatest enthusiasm when speaking of their sublime beauty, which seemed to have made

an impression on his infantine mind, and one Sunday afternoon, a few summers ago, the old peasant that still inhabits that cottage to which I called your attention, in the commencement of my history, was standing at his door, smoking his short black pipe, and watching the young men in their Sunday clothes playing at nine pins, or at other rural games, as is the custom here, when a handsome, well-dressed stranger, after casting a look of recognition around, approached him, and, with tears in his eyes and his voice trembling with emotion, accosted the peasant in *patois*: "What, Tallobre," said he, "do you not know me—me, your foster-brother?" Nearly half a century had elapsed since the two children played together for the last time on the very spot where they were now standing. Tallobre's hoary head and scarred sunburnt face, spoke of hardships, of battles fought, and of Time's unsparing hand, although he was as poor as his parents had been before him. For some minutes Tallobre gazed with bewildered look, without seeming to comprehend whether it was he to whom the "gentleman" spoke, and it was long before he could thoroughly admit that the little Charles stood before him. Then, what delight, as the scenes of his youth were revived! Oh! if the old folks were alive, how pleased they would be! but they had long since fallen asleep, as had his brother last summer, leaving a widow and three little ones, poor things! to struggle through the world. For himself, he had fought in several actions, and after fourteen years of service he had returned home to his mountains; for, after all, there was no place like them, and he could not die happy elsewhere. Then was Crosatier obliged to relate all the vicissitudes of his life, to which Tallobre listened with transport, and sweet indeed was that sound to the old soldier and his foster-brother, as they stood together, after so many years' interval, watching the last golden rays gradually die away on the declivity, bespotted with *vignes* opposite them, or still fondly lingering on the little chapel at the top of *rock aiguille* (needle rock). "Nothing is changed here," said the grenadier, as he was called in the village, when he and Crosatier turned away from the scene that they had so often contemplated together in childhood, and that had left an indelible impression on the already poetic imagination of the artist. That was the last day of poverty for Tallobre, he and every child of his brother were generously provided for by the warm-hearted founder, and that for life.

In the meanwhile a missionary had been preaching at some *fête* in honour of Our Lady of Le Puy, and in his sermon had declared that a colossal bronze statue of the Virgin, raised on "rocher Corneille" would insure a regeneration of the Velay, and elevate Le Puy again to its former glory. The bishop immediately seized the idea, and Crosatier was written to on the subject. He was overjoyed at the thought, and lost not a moment in calculating what so gigantic an undertaking would cost; and, al-

though his heart sunk at the enormous sum requisite, which showed him that his whole fortune would not suffice, yet every nerve was exerted for the accomplishment of this stupendous enterprise, which he considered would be another glory to his native town. He repaired with an engineer to the spot, sounded the pedestal that he knew to be cracked in various parts, so much so that iron bars had been judged necessary to bind them together; and, although both he and the engineer returned, doubting whether so heavy a bulk would not crush down the rock altogether, yet he hoped still, and combined plan after plan for success. In the meanwhile, strange to say, the bishop opened a commission without further ado, and artists were begged to send in their designs for Our Lady of Le Puy. Crosatier received his order with the rest, and, without feeling wounded at such a proceeding, he set to work to obtain a victory, for which he himself would have paid. Of course his design was not chosen, "none is prophet in his own country." It was sent back to him under the pretence that it arrived too late, although the funds to pay for the work are not yet raised. The bishop has since received a promise from the Emperor that he will award him the canons conquered at Sebastopol. Crosatier died a few months after this, leaving money for a monumental fountain to be erected in the Place du Breuil, opposite the "Prefecture;" for which he has also left the design, and which they say will be magnificent. He also has left money for the museum, and to different charities in the town, and an endowment for a certain number of young men to be sent to Paris every year to learn sculpture or carving. Thus Crosatier's name is now so blended with that of Le Puy, that I trust to gain my reader's indulgence for so long a history—history which I myself found so interesting.

And now, if before we return to Place Martouret you will descend the mountain with us on this side midway between Aiguille and Le Puy, we will pass through the Faubourg St. Laurent, whose church—an antique pile—we visited, and there saw the tomb of the famous captain and high-constable of France, the Breton Du Guesclin, who, in the 14th century, fought against the English army, and drove us out of Normandy. He is said never to have been vanquished, but by the famous Chandos, the Black Prince's general, who made him twice a prisoner. He died not far from Le Puy, while besieging Château Neuf Randon in the neighbouring department. I was surprised at finding the tomb of an old enemy to England in this isolated place, and I saluted it with respect and awe. We thought it was the last resting-place of a compatriot, for he was a Briton, although a French one, and his patriotism against the invaders of his country proved him to have issued from that stock! We did not long linger in this edifice, a dreary-looking place, with nothing else of note in it. A great quantity of tapers, as usual, burnt round

an image of the Virgin, and, as we left the building, a poor woman entered, and dipping her fingers in the holy-water, then offered them to me to touch, in order to cross myself as well, which is a custom in most Roman churches in the country. Two or three juvenile beggars outside the door besieged us with "*La charité, s'il vous plaît,*" in the well-known piteous voice and look assumed for the occasion; and, as we returned home through the sinuous streets, with their proud names, we remarked here and there a public fountain—for no house has its private supply of water—all must go to the fountains, where the assembly of servants, with their earthen pitchers, which they carry on their heads, recalled to my imagination Rebecca at the well, and I fancied what a commotion the arrival of an Eleazar would have caused amongst them, particularly if he had made a display of bracelets and other jewels, for certes, the oriental women were not fonder of these articles of finery than the fair sex here, and the coarsest neck has its gold or gilt chain, to which are suspended an enormous cross and heart of the same metal; and, as for rings and ear-rings, my Madelaine even, who is very sober in her taste, would as soon think of going without her gown as her ear-rings. She told me the other day that she had bought them with her hair.

"With your hair!" cried I, very much surprised.

"Yes, madame. Oh! that is a very common custom here, particularly in the country."

"And where do you sell it?" enquired I.

"In the market, madame."

A day or two after she called my attention to the window, it being market day, and, pointing to a stall we could see opposite,

"There, Madame, do you not see that long tail of hair that is blowing about in the wind?" asked she. "That is a sign that the man there is a hair-merchant; and if you wait a moment you will see him buy."

My curiosity detained me, and I accordingly watched. Very soon two young peasant girls approached with jetty locks almost concealed under their little white caps surmounted with a low-crowned black hat, the head-dress here. These hats resemble men's hats, with a crown about two inches high. The girls removed both hat and cap, and their long tresses were let down. Then the merchant examined it, and there were a few words in bargaining, and the raven hair fell under the enormous scissors that the man held in his hands. One girl received a handkerchief; the other, a cap in return. I was truly indignant, and begged my maid never to be guilty of such barbarity while with me, saying that I would rather give her anything she might want. She stared with surprise at my indignation, and seemed to think that really English people are odder even than what they have the reputation of being, if that is possible. And I have no doubt but that she will soon require something if only to see whether I will put my promise into execution, and defend her hair.

MY MODEL.

(An Artist's Story.)

BY JOHN D. CARTWRIGHT.

"Do you want a model, sir?"

I started, and looked up at the questioner so abruptly that I frightened her. It was early morning, and the quiet street of Pimlico, down which I was passing, was almost empty. The sunlight was streaming over the tops of the opposite houses, and the housemaids were washing the doorsteps; and the milkmen, with their cans, were the only persons to be seen, except the slender girl who addressed me.

"You are an artist, sir?" she said, seeing my hesitation, and turning her eyes away from mine. I assented.

"And do you not want a model—a lady, sir, to paint from, such"—and she hesitated—"such I am?"

A rich crimson blush suffused itself over her face as she said this, and I looked another way that I might not add to her confusion. It was strange, at the moment when she put the question I was perplexed because I had been unable to obtain a model suitable to the pre-Raphaelite picture I was studying. With great disappointment I had seen one after another of the many beautiful women who sit for the academicians; but none of them answered my ideal; and here, in the street before me, was a lady, with the very expression of face I desired to paint, positively volunteering her services!

"I have been seeking for one," I replied, on recovering from my surprise; "but I certainly did not expect to find one here this morning."

"I should do, then?" she said, eagerly, lifting her eyes up to mine again.

"Perhaps so," I replied; "but—"

"I can anticipate what you would say, sir," she cried, interrupting me; "but let me walk a little way by your side, and explain how I knew that you wanted a model."

"Oh, certainly," I said, and turned toward Buckingham Palace. She had come from that direction, and I thought I could talk with her as she returned.

"No, not that way, please—any way but that!" She spoke hurriedly, and then blushing at this betrayal of her excitement, added, "It is so much quieter up here!"

I had no object other than that I have stated for walking toward the Palace, so I freely turned round again, and we proceeded up the street together.

It was some time before either spoke, and I occupied the interval in observing her more closely than I had hitherto done. If it were possible to present you with a photograph of her, that might describe her faithfully—words cannot. Her face was like a sweet flower of the spring, innocent and full of loveliness. Her figure was as graceful as the reed that grows by

the brook, and waves at every breath of wind. No one feature was exalted to the disparagement of the rest; nor was it to their regularity that the face owed its charm, but it was the simple sympathetic expression of the whole that made its way at once to the heart of the beholder.

"If I say that I was at Mrs. Dean's last night, sir," she said, on finding I did not break the silence, "you would understand how I knew that you wanted a model, and had sought for one at the Royal Academy in vain. I know the conditions, that whoever you choose must be prepared to accompany you into the country and stay through the autumn: and I am quite ready to do so if—if I shall do for your picture."

She paused, as if awaiting my answer; and, as I turned to look at her, I saw her eyes were charged with tears, and the blue semi-circle below them told that tears had not unfrequently ran down her beautiful cheeks. I did not like to act prematurely in accepting her services—she had come to me so strangely; yet it might all be explained; and I should certainly not find another model whose figure and face were so good, and so thoroughly adapted to my purpose.

"Sir," she said, "you hesitate, and I am afraid you think me very bold and unwomanly to come to you as I have done; but if I had not known you to be a gentleman I should not have dared. Oh dear! I am very miserable! I don't know what to do!"

"Will you tell me so much of your history as will explain why—why you wish to leave London?" I said.

"I really cannot, sir!" she said, drawing her veil over her face to hide the tears that began to flow; "but I am in a great deal of trouble, without a friend in London, and I must go away. Oh, if you will but trust me! All I want is to get away from some one who persecutes me, till my brother comes home from India; and then he will protect me, and reward you, and love you for your kindness to me."

I am never proof against a woman who appeals to me in trouble and tears; and after more talk—in all of which I failed to learn anything more than that she was in great trouble, and wanted a place of refuge, for which, if I would grant it, she was to repay me by a life of gratitude—I parted from her at the door of the home at which I was staying; and nothing but the sanction of my sister was wanting to conclude the arrangement for her to go with us on the morrow into Warwickshire.

"And you will come to see Miss Addison at five this afternoon?" I said, while her hand was locked in mine. "But I have forgotten to ask your name."

She took a card from her portmanteau, and wishing me good morning, hurried down the street. In the pause between the ring of the bell and the opening of the door I watched her retreating figure. A strange interest—almost a fascination—had taken possession of me, and it was not till she was out of sight that I looked at the card she had given me. On it was inscribed—

“MISS AMY ELSTON,”

My sister Edith and I had, from a very tender age, been the centre of each other's affection—as it does sometimes happen in a family that one brother and sister attach themselves peculiarly, to the prejudice of the others. So it was, at least, with us. Edith had entered into all my studies; Edith had accompanied me to Italy, read to me while I sketched on the banks of the Arno, and tended on me when I had the fever in Florence—as only a loving woman can do; and when we returned, and I set up an establishment of my own, Edith, still inseparable from all my doings, settled with me to keeping house. I had acquired a habit of leaving many questions for her to dispose of; and her clear judgment, as well as her affection, well entitled her to all my confidence, and to the power her opinion had in ruling my affairs. So it was nothing more than natural that I should, in this delicate question of the “model,” leave it to her decision.

“What a long walk you have had, Arthur!” she said, as I entered the room, with the card still in my hand.

“I have found a model, Edith, where I least expected. Just the face I wanted, and as beautiful as Raphael's ‘La Fornarina,’ in the ‘Uffizi;’”

Edith listened to my account of the strange way in which I had found—or rather the model had found me—with an interest scarcely less than my own, only smiling every now and then as I ran off into another and another eulogium on her beauty.

“Why I declare,” she said, as I finished my story, “it as romantic as a tale of chivalry! The beautiful maiden, throwing herself for protection upon the gallant knight, who seems ready and willing enough, for that matter, to do battle on her behalf. I suppose you will be presently falling in love, and after that asking me to hand over the keys!”

“Well, you see I shall have to ask you first, Edith; for I could not even engage this lady without consulting you.”

“And I should think not, indeed. When a strange woman is to come into the house and abide with us, I have a right to be consulted, and to know for myself that she is a lady.”

“Well, well, you will see this afternoon,” I said; “and I trust we shall go down to Ashowe to-morrow; for these bright days that are slipping away so fast are very precious.”

We spent the morning together, making little purchases, and calling upon some friends: but both looked toward the hour when Miss Elston

was to call with an interest neither exactly cared to confess.

“Edith, this is Miss Elston,” I said, as the door was thrown open, and the lady I had walked with in the morning entered. She was, in dress, appearance, and speech a most perfect lady. Her tearful face and modest bearing made their way at once to my sister's heart; and I saw, long before the interview was ended, that her admiration of Miss Elston was quite as great as my own. The hat had been replaced by a bonnet, that allowed the beauty of her eyes and brow to be seen more distinctly; and, contrary to my expectation, the second impression she made upon me was even more favourable than the first. If I had had the actual heroine of the story I was about to paint, I could not have been more fortunate. Her explanation to Edith was scarcely more clear than that she had given to me—She was persecuted and miserable from causes she could not divulge, and she sought for a refuge with us. If we did not grant it she would have to seek it elsewhere—on the continent, she said, or wherever would afford the best hiding-place for a time.

This was the substance of her story; and at its close my sister said, “I will not do you the injustice of believing that you are doing a wrong thing; and I will not further oppress you by trying to find out what you deem it best to hide; though, as you are to go with us into the country, and will necessarily be thrown into close companionship with me, I wish it had appeared best to you to trust your secret to our keeping: it would have given us confidence; and if the wrongs you seem to suffer under are redressable, you would, I am sure, have had my brother's best assistance, and both our sympathies.”

The sight of a beautiful face in sorrow and tears is not pleasant; and Edith's half-expressed wish that she would tell us how and by whom she was wronged, brought back to her face all the distress her early words had driven away.

“At Fallowfield House, Miss Elston,” I said, “you will be as quiet and retired as the throstle is at nesting-time. A score of houses and a church make up the entire village: and, except Mr. Withers, the rector, we have no visitor. Let me tell you, so you will not be deceived as to how monotonous an existence you will find there. We usually rise with the sun, and are seldom out of bed more than an hour after she sets. I paint from the early morning till four in the afternoon, when we dine; and after that we walk in the meadows by the Avon, or read till bedtime. The quiet, even life I require for my work, makes it imperative for me to live like a hermit; and so everything is managed, at Fallowfield, by one domestic and my sister, in the simplest way.”

“I shall like it the better, sir, for all this; and shall never, never forget your generosity in permitting me to share it with you.”

So it was arranged, and on the following morning she was waiting for us on the platform at the Euston Station, from whence we went to

Warwick, and on by the pleasant corn-fields of Ashowe to Fallowfield House.

* * * * *

Very few of the many occupations men have made for themselves are so exacting as the art of the painter; but still fewer have so pure and sweet a reward to bestow upon their followers, or offer half such inducements to the man who loves nature: for, to succeed in painting, it is not enough that you should have a correct knowledge of form, a clear eye to distinguish colour, and a ready conception of beauty; but you must also have sympathy with the thing you paint. Without this the faithful fidelity, the high poetry of art can never be rendered. You may paint a portrait, but you cannot make a picture: just as a man who cannot see all beauty, feel all misery, can never make a poet.

Few events worth recording marked the three weeks succeeding our return to Ashowe; the preliminary sketches for my picture and the details occupying me, and leaving Edith and Miss Elston very much together. They had become fond of each other's society; the quiet, gentle ways of Miss Elston just according with Edith's taste. I, too, found her society a great pleasure; and after the early reserve, so natural to the circumstances of our meeting, had worn away, we walked together many a sweet evening, when the sun was setting in all the grandeur and glory of an autumn evening. I have never, since, known autumn evenings so sweet as those. The voices of the reapers and gleaners, busy in the fields, the delight I had in contemplating my work, and, above all, the pleasure it was to interest Miss Elston, and make her forget her sorrow, whatever it might arise from, combined to complete my happiness. Perhaps I was not so disinterested in all the efforts I made to wean her from uneasy thoughts; for my greatest felicity was, in some measure, dependent upon her.

If I had had no greater reward than that which showed itself in her face, I should have been amply repaid. The blue semicircles gradually retired from under her eyes; her cheeks regained their colour, and the happiest change was evident in her whole being. Every day I felt more sure she was justified in what she had done; and my indignation against her (to me unknown) injurer increased in an exact ratio with my decreasing belief that I was doing wrong in giving her the home she had so earnestly pleaded for. Her nature was simple, affectionate, and as pure as the nature of a spring violet. It was impossible that she should do wrong; yet I wished she would tell me all—I longed so to be able to speak words of comfort to her; to assure her with my own tongue, if possible, that I thought she had done right, and to keep her from the thoughts that made her so despondent whenever she was much alone; and for this reason Edith or I contrived to be constantly with her. She had come to us like a little timid, trusting bird, that had been hunted by boys; and surely it was only the work of a true man and woman to ease her of her trouble

by winning her affection. She was, as I have said, all I could desire for my picture: a contrast to Edith (who was the only other figure), and yet a by no means violent one, that could offend the most critical eye. That picture was "Effie Deans" and her sister "Jeanie." Miss Elston—or "Effie," as we used after a little while to call her—was just a prototype of the beautiful trusting and erring heroine: while "Jeanie" was almost as faithfully represented by Edith; but, as she used to say, "she had na the brown een."

By the time the leaves were falling, my picture was far advanced, and every day that served for its advancement, served also to strengthen the friendship and affection that existed between us and My Model.

In the long evenings we occupied ourselves by reading aloud the beautiful tale from which my picture had its birth, so that I might keep its spirit well before my mind. But when Miss Elston read, my thoughts were more of her than of the tale and of the fancied likeness existing between her and Effie. I could look at her when she was reading, and not disturb her; and that was why I liked her to read: not that I did not know her face. I had looked at it as only an artist who looks to draw it and take its expression as well as the lines can know a face. It was in those quiet nights, while she was reading, that I first knew I loved her. The mysterious trouble in which she had come to me, her simple loving way and womanly grace, had won upon me so stealthily that the first time it came across me that I loved her I gave an involuntary start that made her stop in the middle of the sentence she was reading, and it was many days before I could allow myself to acknowledge that I really loved her, as the one woman whom of all the world I would like to make my wife.

Edith (a woman's eyes are always keenest in these matters) knew it long before me, and, by frequent allusion to my altered bearing, sought to draw the only secret I am conscious of ever having kept from her, from my tongue. It was a long time before she succeeded.

Miss Elston had written to her brother the first week after she came to Ashowe. There was one other correspondent—a lady, to whom she wrote, and from her every week brought a reply. The effect of these letters was very contrary: sometimes the result would be shown in an increase of friendliness and satisfaction; and, at others, I have seen a tear come into her eye as she has kissed Edith in bidding her good night. Sometimes I did not paint for days: that was when I was perplexing myself with questions about her past history, that I could never solve, but that kept me awake in bed many a night, in those early days of our acquaintance, before I could persuade myself to tell her of my love. It was the day following the receipt of one of these letters which had exercised a more gloomy influence over Miss Elston than any of its predecessors, that I found a fragment of a letter in my studio. I should not have noticed

it, but that it lay upon a sketch I wanted, and the words upon it struck me forcibly. I had often brought the letters from the village-school, which was also the post-office, and I knew it was the hand-writing of Miss Elston's correspondent. The words on it were: "*He is seeking you everywhere*—" They were underlined, and the paper was torn and ragged at the edge where the "here" had joined the "everyw" to make "everywhere." The whole of that, and many succeeding days and nights did those words haunt me, waking or asleep. I saw them in every description of hand-writing that has ever been written or printed, and the *HE* was always in larger capitals than the rest.

I think the first sane form in which I looked at the question, was in trying to discover how the fragment had got carried there. Was it possible that Miss Elston had discovered the attachment I only just knew of myself, and had taken this means—the gentlest—only means at her command of telling me not to encourage a passion that could only be attended with misery? At first this seemed probable—almost certain; but by-and-bye it was dismissed, and the real way in which it came to lie there was made clear to me. Miss Elston had read her letter in the garden behind the house, and there torn it into inches, one of which had been carried by the wind, and deposited where I found it. There seemed a kind of special Providence in this—warning me to dismiss all thoughts but those of friendship for "Effie" from my bosom; but that was impossible. I had not sought her: when she came I had not gone to work, and deliberately made myself love her. I had not gone to love, but love had come to me—taken possession of my whole being—supplanted the place my art had always held in my affections; and now love must go on to the end of the chapter. And who was *HE*? the *HE* who was searching everywhere for her? The first question was barely set at rest in my mind, when this took its place. Her youth, her conversation—ten thousand things rose up, to ease me of the terrible thought that it might be her husband. Who ever wished like I did to disbelieve a thing he could not find twenty grounds of untruth in? And, if not a husband, who then, and what was he? What claim had he upon that young and beautiful girl of almost childlike simplicity, who had been looking confidently up into my face for so many happy weeks? Happy weeks! Ah! they are all over now. This question echoed again and again in my mind, until the *HE* became a demon of gigantic proportions, whom I saw at every turning in my dreams, pouncing down upon my Effie.

And all this while, though I often sat before the canvas, I did no painting, and the change in my manner destroyed our happiness altogether. A hundred times I made up my mind to tell Effie of my love, and conjure her to tell me the history of her past. This was what I wanted first, for I felt I could not ask her for love, ignorant as I was of her a few months before,

and coming to me in the mysterious way she had done.

Tossed about by these harassing doubts and fears, the months went slowly by. At Christmas we made a faint attempt to be merry, but were not successful in the least degree; the only things in which I found my relief were novels and my meerschau. Perhaps the relief the former brought to me resulted from the habit into which Edith and Miss Elston had fallen, of sharing the reading; and I used to sit and smoke and dream away the while. But spring was coming, and there was yet much to do to the picture.

"You'll never get it done in time for the Academy," Edith said. "Be a man!"

And after that I worked as I had never worked before. In the tender sorrow of Effie and Jeanie I lost my own. While the daylight lasted, and I could paint, I was comparatively happy: but in the night, when we all gathered together, I could not talk freely, or be as I had been before I loved her.

Miss Elston was by no means an unmoved spectator of my passion, and all I had once done to gain her affection was now repaid by her tenfold: she knew where I laid my pipe, and would fetch it: she knew what passages I liked her to linger over best; but she did all these little loving-kindnesses in a strange, sad way. Her sadness, I thought, is all the better for my picture—all the worse for me.

At last my picture was done. I had never painted like that before—I have never painted like it since. It was done, and now I would tell Edith and Effie the secret that had so long borne me down.

"Now that it is finished, Edith, how do you like it?" I said. Effie had just gone out of the room.

"It is better than you have ever done before, Arthur. The same spirit that lived in Raffael, when he painted "*La Fornarina*," has lived in you while you were drawing Effie. Oh, Arthur!" she said, lowering her voice, and laying her hand upon my shoulder, "why have you tried to keep a secret—such a secret—from me? That face is almost divine, Arthur; but

'Tis not your work, but Love's. Love unperceived—
A more ideal artist he than all—
Came, drew your pencil from you, made those eyes
Darker than darkest pansies—"

and your love has been a burden to you, and you would not let me help to bear it."

Edith spoke passionately: she felt that I had wronged her by keeping my secret. She was right; but I had wronged myself more, for I had suffered many hours of misery in silence, that she would have made less heavy to bear. Standing there before the picture, I told her the story she had already divined, and that night I told Effie also.

It was a grey February evening; the wind was very cold, and rushing and moaning through the trees outside. Miss Elston and I were sitting

alone on the hearth, and the flickering flames from the fire were our only light.

"Have you any tidings of your brother yet, Effie?" I said.

"He will be in England to-morrow, and will come here to thank you for your noble generosity to me, the moment he arrives."

"I am very glad he is coming, Effie."

There was a pause. I broke it.

"Effie, I have been thinking of the many, many happy days we have had together here since you first came."

There was another awkward pause, for Effie did not speak. I broke it again, and this time I spoke to the purpose.

"Effie, dearest Effie," I said, rising from my chair and crossing the hearth to where she sat, "I love you."

"Don't, oh don't say so, Mr. Addison!" she cried, covering her face with her hands.

"Why should I not? I have been loving you more and more every day since you first came to me in sorrow. I have been yearning towards you, longing to know the cause of your misery, that I might comfort and console you with sympathy and manly tender love. Till I knew you I loved my art first, best of everything; now I love only you."

She uncovered her face, and got up from her seat.

"Dear Mr. Addison," she said, bursting into tears, "don't—don't pain me so."

"But why should it pain you, friendless and alone as you are, to hear that I love you, as the woman I would make my wife—that I would die for you if it were necessary to your happiness? Effie, do you love another?"

"I love none other," she answered, sinking into her chair; "but I am married."

Married! Married! My senses reeled, as I heard the words; and the hideous ~~HE~~ of the letter rose up like the ghost of a deadly antagonist whom I had slain in battle.

I could hear Miss Elton's low sobs, and my sister's footsteps on the stairs. She hesitated at the door; and I said, with an unnatural calmness that had succeeded the momentary storm, "You can come in, Edith," and then I sat down.

Edith, with a woman's penetration, saw at once our misery, and was silent. Oh the horror of those few silent moments, when no sound was to be heard but the moaning of the chill February wind, and when there was no hope in my future!

When I looked round again Effie was wiping the tears away, and when she had done she got up and came to where I sat. There was a stool near my feet, and she knelt down upon it; my hands were resting on my knees, and she clasped hers over them, resting her chin upon them, and, looking up into my face with a sad, pitying, beautiful glance, that was very hard to bear. The firelight shone out cheerfully on us, but that was the only cheerful thing in the whole room. She never looked more beautiful and loveable than then. She wore a dress I had once praised, that fitted tight to her neck and

wrists, where narrow bands of spotless linen folded back upon the stuff.

"Dear, dear friend," she said, "let me tell you, at last, the history I hoped never to have had to reveal to you, of my folly and another's guilt. But let me first obtain that which will be my only comfort, your pardon for the deception I have acted toward you, and the pain I have so unwillingly caused you, whom, of all the world, I most desired to please, and for whose happiness I would have sacrificed the dearest joy of my life.

"I will not linger over the history that has embittered my life, and that will have, from this hour, another deep regret attached to it; for I know it will lessen the remnant of good opinion you both have of me. Three years ago (when I was but seventeen), against the will of all my friends, I married. Unfortunately for me I was very rich, and my riches brought me many suitors, among them many worthy men, and not a few bad ones. Let it suffice to say I chose the worst."

The tears Miss Elton strove to repress arose and choked her utterance.

"I don't," she continued—"I really don't know how to tell you, Edith, what a fool I have been. It was infatuation—madness; but I loved him alone, and could no more help it than I could undo it now. I loved him, and believed he loved me too. I never doubted that his word was the truth, though I now know it to have been always false; for, unlike most men who do lie, he seemed to do it because he liked it best, and never spoke the truth even when it was easiest. My wilfulness—my disobedience perhaps merited punishment; but not the bitter, bitter misery I have undergone. Before a month was over he told me that he had married me only to pay his debts, and took no pains to hide from me his real character: and yet I loved him almost as much as ever I had done—loved him madly and blindly—while he heaped indignities upon me.

"When I went to my father's house, soon after my marriage, he refused to see me, so greatly had I displeased him. My mother was dead, Alfred was at sea, and I did not care to go to any of my old friends or more distant relations, who I knew would take pattern from my father and refuse to associate with me. My misery was complete. Sometimes a whole week went by, and he never came home; and when he did, it was only to abuse me and make me sign a paper for more money.

"I never objected to sign those papers—never even looked how much each one represented. I only tried to alter him—to make him love me as I loved him. But it was all in vain: he did not seem to have anything tender, anything manly in his nature, and his cruelty had made me almost cease to love him; when a great change came over him, and he came to live in the house regularly, like any other man; and I thought at last his heart was turned towards me, for he seemed gentler than he had ever done before, and more like the man who first won my

love, I did everything a woman could do to make his home attractive: I learned his games at cards, that I might play with him in the long winter nights: indeed, as I have said, I did everything. But it was all of no avail; for it was not long ere I discovered what he wanted and hoped to gain by this feigned affection and altered demeanour.

"In the two miserable years we had been married he had wasted all my money. How, I did not know at the time—though I do now. I thought he must have gambled it away; but he spent it in a worse way than that. And then he wanted me to rob my brother Alfred of his property. I don't know how it came to be so, but Alfred's money and mine were so mixed-up together that we never knew which was which, and either could have claimed it all. Poor Aunt Milner, when she left it us, never knew how much misery my share would cause me, or she would have made another use of it. It had been agreed between us, before Alfred went out the last time, that we should carry out the spirit of aunt's bequest, and each take an equal share, with mutual trust in each other. I did not know then that I could possibly get his, or he mine: and I only discovered it from a letter my father (who still refused to see me) sent just in time to prevent my giving the power over it to my husband.

"Oh Edith, I do not believe that I ever deserved my father should treat me as he did. I had refused to sign the paper, and my husband had, by a great effort, kept his temper down, and asked me to walk out with him, and he said I should think better of it by the morning, for he really must have the cash to pay a pressing debt with. It was not much he wanted, and he had been so altered, so kind, that I had scarcely the heart to refuse him.

"While we were out that evening we passed my father in the street, and he would not look at me. We did not speak of the money again that night, but I lay awake all through it, trying to frame an excuse; for I saw, if he once overcame me, that he would never rest till he had robbed my brother of every shilling. In the morning he began by entreating me to give it to him. I refused, and he flew into a passion. I shudder now, and think I hear his terrible voice, uttering taunts and imprecations such as he did then."

The wind had risen, and was howling round the chimneys. There did seem a voice mingling with it; but the misery of my hopeless love, and the pity inspired by Miss Elston's narrative, had heightened my fancy. It could be nothing more than imagination: still it seemed to be heard by all of us at once; for Edith started visibly, Miss Elston paused, and I looked round the dim room to see that we were alone.

"He taunted me," she continued, speaking hurriedly, "with my father's disregard; he cursed me because he had no child, and I know not what he threatened to do unless I did as he wanted me before the night. I was resolute: determined to bear anything, everything, rather

than betray my brother's trust. His conduct every day became more unbearable. Sometimes he would stay away for days and days, and then only come, half intoxicated, to heap curses upon me.

"Just at this time my father died, and, feeling more than ever the solitariness and misery of my position, I sought some of my old friends—and among them Mrs. Dean, a friend of my mother's. But I could not bring myself to tell even her what I am telling you; though I have written it in a letter to her since I came here, where I should never have been but for her kind thoughtfulness, for she suggested it to me.

"Though I had refused to give him my brother's money, I did not hesitate, when need came, to use some of it for myself. I had no other, and he would not have cared if I had starved; but when he knew that I did so he was wilder, harsher than ever, and sometimes I had to jump away from his heavy fist, aiming a blow at me. I bore it all as meekly as I could. If I sinned greatly in marrying him, surely my atonement has been great also; for the circumstances of my life were more utterly wretched than those awarded to the basest of criminals, and I had no sustaining love to aid me in bearing them—nothing but the consciousness of my own innocence to keep faith in me through it all.

"I was at Mrs. Dean's that night when you were there, and saw you, though I did not mingle with the visitors. My heart was very heavy, and I was then sorely tempted to commit a great crime, to end my misery with my life! For I had discovered that my husband was living with another woman, to enrich whose house and adorn whose person he would have stolen Alfred's money, as he had already done mine! I saw that woman in her house; she insulted me as none but the lowest, basest of women can insult another. And he—unnatural monster that he is—stood coolly by, and laughed in my face!—Hark!"

I had seen the tears glistening upon Miss Elston's cheeks by the light of the fire, as she knelt close to me, narrating this story. But at the utterance of that last word "Hark!" her voice was not that of a woman in sorrow, but of a maniac in her wildest moment. She started to her feet. There was a hoarse voice shouting in the garden, and my dog, aroused by it, was barking very fiercely. I got up from my seat, and she threw herself upon me, shrieking wildly, "It is he!—it is he!"

A moment later there was a long, loud rap, from a stick, upon the door. I placed Miss Elston in a chair, and moved toward it. Edith tried to assure her, to recall her to her senses.

"He shall not enter the house to harm you while I live!" I said, before I left her, calling Turk—a bold Newfoundland—to my side, as I approached the door, and the knock was repeated. I opened it as Edith lit the lamp.

"Mr. Addison!" said a gruff voice.

"Yes, sir, I said. "What is your business?"

He took two strides into the room; Turk growled, and kept his head against my hand,

ready to obey my slightest movement. Miss Elston rose from her chair, and put one hand on Edith's shoulder.

"What do you mean by entering my house unasked? What is your business?" I demanded, sternly.

"I come to claim my wife—and that's she!"

Miss Elston gave a loud, long shriek, and fell upon the floor.

"If you attempt to advance, sir," I said, with an unnatural coolness, "I shall stop you." I looked down at Turk as I spoke, and laid my hand upon his head. With him to aid me I should not have feared a vicious ox. "This woman is under my roof and my protection. She has been persecuted—she is terrified now, and I desire that you will at once quit my house, which you have violated by an unbidden entrance!"

He swore a terrible oath, that made me shudder, and put out his arm to move me from the path to his swooning wife. Turk growled again.

"One word of mine," I said, in the same calm voice as before, "will send my dog's teeth into your throat! Attempt to pass me and that word will be spoken. This is not the hour or the place in which to claim a wife you have brutally ill-treated; therefore begone from my house!"

Expostulation, threats, oaths followed; but I kept my place, and Turk kept his.

"Unless you leave this place," I said, passion taking the place of the unnatural calm I had at first experienced, "words will not avail you, and I shall treat you as I would a burglar in the night, and leave you to the mercy of this dog!"

With another fierce oath he left the room, and I made fast the door.

All night he lurked about the house, and all night long Turk kept watch and guard, passing

from room to room with an occasional low growl, just in keeping with the mournful, desolate sighing and moaning of the wind, to which, through that long night, we three sat listening before the fire. There was such a sense of mutual confidence in keeping close together, that we tacitly remained there; the pale and sorely-troubled Effie of my picture, with her head resting on my sister's shoulder, and seldom speaking. So we passed the night.

In the morning I sent to the village inn. He had been there before daylight, and waited till they arose; when he had drunk a great quantity of strong drink, and gone away. In the gloaming of the evening Miss Elston's brother came, and, after a sojourn with us of a few days, they left Ashowe together.

Twelve years have gone since that picture of "Effie in the prison" was seen on the walls of the Royal Academy. Twelve times the spring has blossomed into summer and ripened into mellow autumn since Miss Elston and her brother left Fallowfield-house. It is autumn now, and the sun is sinking below the hill, and the voice of the gleaner is loud in the field, and entering in at the open window of my studio, where this last scene I have to show is occurring.

Resting on my easel is a picture of two sisters in the cell of a prison, and before it stand my sister (still Edith Addison), my wife, and two dear children—a girl and a ruddy-faced boy.

"But, Ma," says the girl—who is, in fact, a miniature of the pale sister in the picture—"how pale and thin you were then."

"Yes, Effie dear," I take it upon myself to answer, "Ma was pale and thin and full of trouble thirteen years ago, when she first became MY MODEL."

LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

THE LIVING TOYS.

(From the German).

Once upon a time there lived a little boy—I wish there were more like him—who was so good-humoured, that his face was as bright and as pleasant as a sunbeam. Everything was right with him, everything pleased him; he laughed with everyone, and was universally beloved. If people did what he wished them to do, he was overjoyed; if they did not, he patiently submitted.

When our little friend—whom we will call Max—went out to take a walk in the town, he thought everything beautiful and grand, but more especially he liked the soldiers. As a regiment marched by, to the sound of fife and drum, Max would clap his hands for joy, beat time to the music, and march along with his little feet as stately and brave as the tall officers

with their gilded epaulettes and clanking swords. This being the case, it may easily be imagined that of all his numerous play-things none were so dear to Max as his three boxes of tin soldiers—artillery, cavalry, and infantry—which his uncle had given him on his birthday. He would sit for hours at his little table, setting them out in battalions, making them parade, march, and exercise. Still they sometimes appeared rather tiresome with their stiff unbending forms, looking with their noses straight before them, and with the same faces every day.

It happened one bright summer's morning that Max got up earlier than usual, went into the nursery, and remained there playing with his tin soldiers for several hours. When he was tired, he went out into the garden. There he admired and caressed the flowers—he was not allowed to gather them—jumped and sprang about, and played at leap-frog over the small

clumps of laurel on the lawn; always looking carefully about, that he might not tread on a worm, or injure a plant, or kick off the flower-buds with his heels. All at once he was met in an alley of the garden by a beautiful child, about his own age.

Max stared at the strange boy—and well he might; for the new comer was clothed in a robe whiter than the cherry-blossoms on the tree, and on each shoulder was a little golden wing that shone brighter than the sun. Our good-humoured friend was quite dazzled; nevertheless he remembered that his kind mamma had taught him to be polite to every one, and though his great blue eyes still remained wide open with astonishment, he mustered up courage to make a bow to the beautiful stranger, and said in a friendly tone, "Good morning!"

The child nodded and smiled, and said very graciously, "You are such a good boy, you may wish something. Let it be what it will, I will grant your request."

Max did not think very long about it. He fetched a deep breath, and then said, "Oh! if my tin soldiers would but get alive!"

Then the beautiful boy laughed, and nodded his head; he kissed Max on the middle of the forehead with his rosy lips, and flew up into the air as swiftly as a butterfly. Our little friend remained quite still, looking up, long after the wonderful child had disappeared; then suddenly recollecting himself, he gave a great jump for joy, laughed aloud in the delight of his heart, and ran straight into the house, and up-stairs into the nursery. There stood all his play-things on the round table, just as he had left them. There was a town with a broad street of painted houses; at one end stood the church, surrounded by trees; in the street marched the infantry, while the artillery with their cannons were ranged in a circle near the church. At one side of the town Max had built a bridge with bricks, and had placed a piece of silver paper under to represent the water. The cavalry officer was already on the bridge; and behind him came the trumpeter. The remaining soldiers followed after, three abreast. All these were as stiff and mute as when Max had quitted them to play in the garden. But now, as he stepped on tiptoe up to the table, what wonders happened! The wooden houses had got bright windows, and pretty little girls and women looked out here and

there. The church-doors opened wide, and through them could be seen pictures, and sculptures, and a little altar, and a beautifully carved screen; while in the tower a little peal of bells began to ring, so fine and fairy-like, that one must listen very intently to be able to hear them. The trees around the church had budded into leaf and blossom; and birds not much larger than a pin's head hopped and fluttered among their branches, and sang most beautifully. But suddenly their voices were rendered quite inaudible, for the tin trumpeters in the street began to blow their trumpets in splendid style, playing a grand new march; the officer raised his sword in the air, and called out in a small shrill voice, "March!" and all the infantry soldiers lifted their legs and marched round the table.

Our little boy stood dumb-founded before the table, and did not know what to say or how to look. All at once the artillery began to march out of their circle; the little horses with the leaden cannons neighed, ran, and trotted; the cannons rattled over the table with a deafening noise. As soon as they were fairly out of the town the artillery men took it into their heads to fire, and made such an uproar that all the birds in the trees rose up into the air with loud cries. At the same time there was a great clattering on the other side of the town, as if two dozen knitting-needles fell on the table all together. It was the cavalry galloping over the bridge. The silver paper had become real water; and a little black speck that had been upon it was changed into a boat. The brown horse of one of the tin riders turned restive, and fell splash over the parapet of the bridge into the water. Then the boatman came rowing along in his little bark, and fished out the man and the horse. But they proved too heavy for the boat; it turned over, and rider, horse, and boatman fell struggling into the stream. Then Max gave a loud scream and woke up! He had dreamed the whole history of the beautiful boy and the living toys, while he was fast asleep under the elder-bush in the garden.

At first our good-humoured boy felt rather sorry and disappointed, but he soon recovered himself, and displayed his usual merry face and bright smiles. He laughed with his mother about his funny dream, and took twice as much pleasure as before in his pretty tin soldiers.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MISS CORNELIA KNIGHT. LADY COMPANION TO THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE. (*W. H. Allen and Co., Leadenhall-street, London.*)—Without the gossip of Madame D'Arbly's Diary, or the chat-tiness of the Widow Delaney's Memoirs, the Autobiography of Miss Knight affords a valuable contribution to the future social and domestic history of the Georgian era. Her own story is soon told. The after "far-famed

Cornelia," as Mrs. Piozzi calls her, who figured amongst the literary ladies of the day, as the author of "*Dinarbas*," a sort of supplement to Dr. Johnson's "*Rasselas*;" "*Marcus Flaminius*," a classical novel, which had the honour of reaching a second edition; and "*A Description of Latium*; or, *Il Campagne di Roma*," with etchings by her own hands; was the daughter of Admiral Sir Joseph Knight, an officer, we are told, of a well-deserved reputa-

tion. Miss Knight was born in 1757. Her childish days were spent in London, where, under the superintendence of her mother, she received an excellent education; and, as a girl, made the acquaintance of Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other celebrities of the day. In 1775 her father, Sir Joseph Knight, died at Harwich, where he had gone for sea-bathing. His last meal was a little fruit and a glass of wine, which his daughter handed him, and which the loyal gentleman drank to the health of the King, "wishing him out of his troubles." "After this he begged my mother to read to him 'The Sermon on the Mount,' a part of Scripture which he particularly loved." While she was reading he expired. After this sad epoch in the life of wife and daughter, Lady Knight, finding herself in straitened circumstances, and failing to obtain a pension from the Crown, left England, and, after travelling through France, finally fixed her residence in Italy. For some twenty years after their departure from England we find the mother and daughter oscillating between Rome and Naples, mixing in the best society, and seeing much of the political and prelatial sides of Italian life. But, in spite of these surroundings, Cornelia Knight remained faithful to her creed and country, nourished a hatred of jacobinical and revolutionary tendencies, and (in the language of the editor of her autobiography) was in every pulse of her heart a Tory and a Bourbonite. At Naples, Lady Knight and her daughter became the intimate friends of Sir William and Lady Hamilton; and when, after the battle of the Nile, the British fleet, followed by their French prizes, sailed into the beautiful bay, Miss Knight's telescope was one of the first that descried the blue ensign of the Hero. A few days later Nelson's own ship arrived, and a jubilant scene of welcome and congratulation ensued; the smooth bay, covered with boats, resounded with the strains of "God save the King," "Rule Britannia," and "See the Conquering Hero comes," airs which no English man or woman can hear unmoved in a foreign land. No wonder that the English Admiral's daughter shared in the general enthusiasm, and that when brought into personal intimacy with the victor of the Nile, who made the English Ambassador's his home, she, too, should yield to hero-worship, and exhibit her cleverness and her patriotism at the same time by celebrating his victories in verse. By the officers of the fleet she was styled "Nelson's charming Poet Laureate." An ode, descriptive of the blowing up of L'Orient, was set to music by Haydn, who, on one occasion when Lady Hamilton sang it, accompanied her on the pianoforte, and the effect, we are assured, "was grand." To such laudatory strains, Lady Morgan tells us, the hero listened with ingenuous pleasure, and would even encore Lady Hamilton when she sang them. Of these encores Miss Knight says nothing; indeed she is very wisely reticent on the subject of the unfortunate intimacy of the great Admiral and the frail Lady Emma, whose moral character she

briefly states to have been a strange mixture of right and wrong. When, however, on the return of the whole party to England, the scandal became patent, Miss Knight, though with some compunctious visitings, lest her doing so should appear ungrateful, abjured her association with the Hamilton party, emphatically asserting that, at the time of her intimacy with them at Naples—for, from the period of her mother's death, she had continued to reside with them till their return to England—"there was certainly no impropriety in living under Lady Hamilton's roof; her house was the resort of the best company of all nations, and the attention paid to Lord Nelson seemed perfectly natural." On the homeward-bound voyage from Palermo the Admiral touched at Leghorn, to land the Queen of Naples and her family; and here Miss Knight passed a day with the Countess of Albany and Count Alfieri, who was very near jeopardizing the fair Cornelia, by intrusting his "Miso-Gallo" to her care, in order to have it published in England. The risk she ran of falling into the hands of the French, with his bitter satire in her possession, having occurred to him, he retracted his intention, and subsequently refused to let her have it. From Ancona, their next landing-place, the whole party visited Vienna; and here it was where Miss Knight met Haydn, who was staying with the magnificent Prince Esterhazy. At Hamburgh, amongst other celebrated persons, the fair voyager made the acquaintance of the German poet Klopstock, and his wife—a pleasing-featured, fat, fair woman, much younger than himself, and a good musician. While there the door opened, and a grave-looking personage, in full canonicals, entered the room with a Bible in his hand. He walked up to Lord Nelson, and asked him to write his name on a blank page of the book. With this request Nelson willingly complied, and the clergyman gave him his blessing and withdrew. This was the German pastor of whom Southey tells us, who, between 70 and 80 years of age, travelled forty miles, with the Bible of his parish church, to obtain the autograph of Nelson on the first leaf of it. Arrived at length in town, "Sir William and Lady Hamilton went with Lord Nelson to dine with his father and Lady Nelson;" while Miss Knight and Mrs. Cadogan—the mother of Lady Emma—put up at an hotel in Albemarle-street. That same evening Sir Thomas Troubridge, an old friend of her father, calls on Cornelia, and advises her to go to her friend, Mrs. Napéans, the Secretary of the Admiralty's wife, who herself calls the next day and relieves Mrs. Cadogan of her charge. Miss Knight's impression of her country men and women, after so long a residence abroad, is not flattering. Mr. Windham and Lord Castlereagh appear to her the two most agreeable statesmen in society. Some of the official gentlemen seemed to her conceited and coldly satirical; and she observes—

That in morning visits it was not only the same style of dress, but that nearly the same topic of

conversation, the same time of staying, and the same expressions would be used by almost every lady who made her appearance.

These conventionalities, after the natural and unaffected manners of the southern Italians, rendered it at first impossible for the long-alienated Englishwoman to feel at home. Furthermore, she found the nation full of poverty and distress. It was, in fact, a year of famine, and of great financial embarrassment; moreover, the darkness and shortness of the days seemed strange to her, as to Andrea Plaudi, an old Italian friend, of whom she one day asked how he liked London. "I dare say, madam," he answered, "that I shall think it a very fine city when it comes to be daylight." Subsequently, the kind treatment she receives from many who had known her in her early youth reconciles her even to the dull days and the strange hours, "dining about the time when I had been used to see supper served up." Miss Knight had left England when about eighteen years of age; she returned to it a mature woman of forty-two. She enjoyed a reputation for extensive learning and many accomplishments; she had had the advantage of the best continental society; had written several books in the stately classic style, then fashionable, though long since consigned to dusty closets and the upper shelves, if indeed they exist at all. Moreover, "she was a person of high principle, of a blameless life, and altogether a gentlewoman," and, having intellectual gifts and influential friends, it was not strange that she should have been recommended, or have recommended herself, to the notice of the Royal family. Besides, she had the good words of the "Heaven-born Minister," and altogether it was not singular that Miss Knight, who, observes her editor, had been marked out for Court life, should become one of the attachées of the Court of Queen Charlotte, and take up her residence at Windsor. She had previously been presented at Court, and received very graciously; she was acquainted with Lady Lonsdale, a great favourite with everybody; she had also been introduced to Lord Aberdeen, and Dr. Hawley, whom Madame D'Arblay tells us, from his personal appearance, was known as "the Beauty of Holiness." She reckoned Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, the translator of Epictetus, amongst her acquaintance, who remarked with respect to women: "It is thought that the men have all the advantages over us in the world; but I think we have one invaluable advantage over them—we are not obliged to be politicians." This lady dined out every day with different friends while in London—a fact that speaks volumes not only for the number of her friends, but for the excellence of her digestion. She was then far advanced in years. In 1805 Miss Knight enters upon her sinecure at Windsor—no particular employment, for which she is to receive £300 a-year, a house rent-free, and a maid in the service of her Majesty. Her duty apparently is to be present at the Queen's evening-parties when invited, and always on Sundays and red-

letter days. At this period the Princess of Wales is nine years of age, the King fast losing his eyesight, and his favourite daughter, Amelia, in delicate health. At Christmas, Miss Knight takes up her residence in the Castle, and we get occasional glimpses of the daily life of the Royal family. The Queen has her ladies, Lady Aylesbury, and the Dowager Lady Ilchester, and the ladies of the princesses, to dine with her. The King, who dines early, comes in at the dessert. Frogmore—then, as now, a pleasant place—was a favourite spot with Her Majesty. In spring and summer she liked to pass her mornings there, and to read aloud from French and English authors, while Miss Knight worked. The Queen kept a good collection of books at Frogmore, and lent Miss Knight a key; for Miss Knight was then a decided favourite with Her Majesty. Here it was that the Queen kept the birthdays of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. At Old Windsor the Princess Elizabeth (the Princess Royal), and after-Queen of Wurtemberg, had a pretty cottage and garden, where she gave little *fêtes* in summer. At this point the autobiography breaks off abruptly, and a blank occurs in the rough diaries. The former does not commence again till 1809, and the entries are devoid of interest till the end of May, 1810—a year fraught with melancholy to the Royal family. The mysterious attempt to assassinate the Duke of Cumberland takes place. The Duke is attacked in his bed. There is no light. The page, an Irishman, who should have been within call, is absent; but the valet, Sallis, a Piedmontese, is discovered with his throat cut; a pair of old slippers of his are found in a closet in the Duke's room, and thereupon an inquest is held, and the dead valet is adjudged to be the assassin and a *felo de se*. The people, making a short cut from Hungerford Market to Parliament-street, pass over his grave daily; for he was buried in the high-road in Scotland-Yard. But for all this there were circumstances to throw a doubt upon his guilt: Sallis was a left-handed man, whereas his throat was cut from right to left. Sallis, as we have said, was a Piedmontese, but his name in the slippers was written in French. The page who had neglected his duty is discharged with a pension, and his brother, who had a good appointment and a family at Windsor Castle, resigns and goes away. In the meantime the Duke has been removed to Carlton House, where the Prince of Wales attends to him with assiduous tenderness, and "It was the fashion," Miss Knight tells us, "to go and see the Duke's apartments," which were left in the same state as when he removed; and visitors discovered marks of blood on the walls, and all the other evidences of a murderous struggle. But we are glad to write that the courtly Cornelia "did not join the crowd to the horrid scene." The Princess Amelia, pale and emaciated, but still retaining her beauty, sinks day by day; Hanover is lost, and the King's malady is increasing. The Princess died on the birthday of her brother, the Duke of Kent. When the King saw his beloved child the

last time, she said to him "Remember me, but do not grieve for me." She had previously given him a ring, with her hair under a crystal, and her name, with the words "Remember me!" engraved within it—a gift which is said to have, even then, aggravated his mental indisposition. Her illness and death, added to the loss of Hanover, so preyed upon him that, very shortly after, he was no longer master of himself. The last time Miss Knight saw him was on the anniversary of his accession. On this occasion the whole family, with the exception of the Queen of Wurtemberg, and Princess Amelia, were present. He entered the room, the Queen holding his arm, while his countenance betrayed his excitement. It was the custom for everyone in the circle to address him as he approached, that he might recognize them by their voices, as he could no longer distinguish persons. Miss Knight could not remember what she had said to him, but "still harping on his daughter," the much-afflicted King bade her not to be uneasy for Amelia, who was well and in Hanover, where she would never grow old. I think a more pathetic scene was never penned of Royalty than is summed up to the mind of the reflective reader in the short paragraph in which Miss Knight thus outlines this last appearance which she witnessed of George III. At the end of seven years, Miss Knight was appointed Lady Companion to the Princess Charlotte, who was then growing into womanhood. For some cause or another this appointment was disagreeable to the Queen, who thwarted it by every means in her power, and never forgave Miss Knight's acceptance of it: and from this period she treated her quondam *protégée* with absolute indignity, not desiring her to sit in her presence, forgetting to invite her to dine, and always ignoring the stately appellation of "lady companion" in the very second-rate one of sub-governess; so that poor Miss Knight has quite a hard time of it with her offended Majesty, and a constant contest to maintain her position. Her description of Warwick House, which adjoined Carlton House, is not cheerful; and the life of the poor young Princess immured therein, dreary indeed. After a time, her Royal Highness is deprived of the pleasure of dining once a fortnight with her mother at Kensington Palace, and is left entirely dependent for companionship and amusement on the two ladies of her household, Dr. Short (her sub-preceptor), and her old music-master, whom she used to send for sometimes of an evening. Very limited concerts, proverbs, and small plays written for her by Miss Knight, appear to have been her only relaxations. The Princess had high spirits: all the more exuberant, probably, for the seclusion and restraints by which she was surrounded. She even exhibits a predilection for flirting; and Miss Knight is enjoined by her Royal papa to check it: especially the too frequent visits of the young and handsome Duke of Devonshire, whose picture hangs in the Princess's room, are to be prevented. An old but intimate friend, Miss Mercer Elphin-

stone, with whom the young Princess has been for some time forbidden to correspond, is still suspected to be in communication with her; for, being nearly seventeen years of age, she has the temerity to write to Lord Liverpool, requesting to have an establishment of her own, with ladies-in-waiting, &c.; &c.—a requisition which it is supposed could never have occurred to her, but for the prompting of some bolder spirit outside the almost conventual solemnity and shadows of Warwick House. Her mother is suspected to have been the means of communication; and the stated dinners (at which Miss Knight is commanded never to leave the child alone with the Princess of Wales) are forbidden, and the aspirations of the Princess are severely checked by Lord Eldon, who is sent to explain the law of England to her upon the subject. The indignity to which the Princess is subjected—scolded by the Prince, her father, in the presence of her lady companion, and lectured by the Chancellor (who, when the Regent inquired what he, as a father, would have done, replied that he "would have locked her up")—threw the Princess into a low nervous fever. Shortly after the Princess's first ball (at which she wore feathers for the first time, and looked beautiful in white and silver) the Orange marriage came to be talked about; against which the Princess for some time demurred, but at length came to think the picture of the hereditary Prince "not ugly," and in the end consented to be engaged to him: upon which we have a *tableau* of the Regent papa joining the hands of the young people, in the drawing-room at Carlton House. But when the arrangements about residence, &c., came to be made, the Princess, finding that she would be expected to live in Holland (whereas she was bent on residing at least a part of the year in England), broke off the affair; and her father, with equal peremptoriness, broke up her establishment at a moment's notice, and resolved on having her under his own roof. Whereupon, the Princess, believing herself about to be made a State-prisoner, fled to her mother's; making her escape, bonnet in hand, down the back stairs, and in a hackney-coach: and was only brought back, at dawn of day, by the wise and kindly counsel of Lord Brougham, her mother's friend, under the protection of her uncle, the Duke of York. The picture Miss Knight affords us, of the pale boyish-looking Prince of Orange, who had a bad cook and gave dull dinners; whose manners, frank and good-natured, savoured more of the mess-room than the court, and whom the young English *aide-des-camps* slapped on the back, to the great astonishment of the officers, is rather more amusing than impressive. And when we hear that his after-conduct as a husband was not the most worthy, we are by no means sorry at the defeat of his wooing. In the meanwhile the Princess, whose "lady companion" has been treated with as little ceremony as a fourth-rate governess in a tradesman's house, is sent to ruminate upon her indiscretion in the heart of Windsor

Forest, and the close vicinity of her grandmother. Very soon after this, Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg—a gentleman who is said to have only £200 a-year, which it is calculated will buy him two coats and a dozen of shirts, and who has once previously called at Warwick House, and has been seen riding in the Park, beside the carriage of the Princess, when out airing—appears as a suitor. This possible German alliance is evidently satisfactory to the Queen, who shows more affection than she has ever done for her grand-daughter; and the marriage, to avoid which Miss Knight, with a proper sense of what is due to herself, and keenly sensible of the injustice with which her services and self-sacrifice have been treated by the Prince Regent, returns to the continent. Later in the autobiography we find her visiting at Camelford House; but Hayter (to whom the Princess is sitting for her miniature) is in the room all the time. The sequel to the story of the Royal Princess is too well known to need recital. Miss Knight throws no new light upon it: indeed, throughout the whole autobiography we find prudence restraining the expressions of this lady's feelings to a degree which impoverishes considerably the interest of the work; which is, nevertheless (as we have elsewhere said), a valuable and highly amusing one. Our space will not permit of our following the "ex-lady companion" in her wanderings and visits to continental courts, nor can we allow ourselves to extract any of the numerous anecdotes with which she stores her journal and note-books. This accomplished lady appears to have enjoyed life to the last: she did not quit it till eighty-one years of age. C. A. W.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S JOURNAL. (19, Langham Place, Regent Street; W. Kent and Co., Paternoster-row).—A very pleasant number, with rather more variety than usual. Miss Cornelia Knight's Autobiography occupies a considerable portion of the first sheet. "The Colonies and their requirements," another instalment of the papers read at the Meeting of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science, held in Dublin, August, 1861, contains the hopeful information that in the two islands of which alone the Society possess statistical accounts, New Zealand and Australia, there is a deficiency of women amounting in the total to 155,636. "What would be the proportions" observes the writer,

If we could include Natal, Canada, and Columbia in the reckoning? Of the fearful reverse of this picture, as exhibited in England, it would be superfluous to speak; and if the vice and immorality on either side of the Atlantic is ever to be uprooted, it must be by some further extension of emigration, by the steady departure from these shores of our superfluous workers, and by an influx into the colonies of a body of women, infinitely superior by birth, by education, and by taste to the hordes of wild uneducated creatures we have hitherto sent abroad.

Two modes of sending out this class of emigrants

are suggested: First, by payment of the whole of the passage-money on the part of the lady or her friends; and, secondly, by loan, the society advancing the entire amount, to be paid at the end of two years and four months without interest—simply requiring a good security that the money would be repaid at the end of the stipulated time. Caroline Chisholm, if we remember aright, advanced the passage-money upon the promise of her clients to repay it; and she publicly stated, that only in a very few instances was this promise dishonoured by the "wild uneducated creatures" on whose behalf her philanthropy was exercised. Miss Rye with more faith in monied friends than experience sometimes warrants on the part of many solitary, self-dependent women, observes: "We consider the signature of this bond rather a test of character, feeling sure that there must be some radical error in that woman's life who can have attained mature age without having secured one respectable friend." Is not this conclusion rather arbitrary? One may have many friends, respectable, even in the sense of Miss Rye's phrase, to whom the very mention of a bond would be abhorrent; and there are some women, too, who would rather endure any amount of personal deprivation, than risk the refusal of a favour that is proverbially supposed to weaken friendship. It would be a fairer test of personal character, we think, if the original scheme, transposed by the Association for the Benefit of a higher Grade of Society, were to be carried out in its integrity. Surely, educated women should have a higher sense of honour and honesty than their illiterate sisters. Might not the certificate of the Society (dependent on the rigid performance of their contract) also serve as a testimonial in obtaining re-engagements for these ladies? There is another difficulty in the way of this important scheme, besides the £20 or £25 passage-money required. At present, there are no persons appointed to receive these ladies on their arrival at the Colonies; before sending any out, this should be remedied; and it is only natural to suppose that the colonists themselves will gladly respond to the efforts of the Society. A very pleasantly written paper by Miss B. M. Parkes, "Mustapha's House," appears in the November number, and "Rose Cheri" is the subject of an interesting article.

MAGNET STORIES: HOPE DEFERRED. By Sarah Wood. (London: Groombridge and Sons).—Another instalment to the pretty juvenile library accumulating at the hands of Messrs. Groombridge. "Hope Deferred" is a simple sea-side story, with very pretty bits of description here and there. Take, for instance, that of the old port of Scarborough, before its fine bay and grand cliffs and salt breezes came into fashion, and when the steep and narrow streets under the hill, on which stands the ruins of the Old Castle, were inhabited only by fishermen and the masters and crews of the colliers, and a few larger craft trading to Holland. The plot turns upon the supposed loss of a young sailor, the only son of his mother, and she a widow, and

the lingering, long deferred hopes of his sister, who never quite despairs of his return, though she knows (what has been carefully hidden from her invalid mother) that "Jim" had been washed overboard one stormy night, and that he counts no longer amongst the crew of the "Bonny Jean." I am not going to tell this pretty story to my young readers, but strongly recommend it to their notice.

THE RELIQUARY. Edited by Llewellyn Jewitt. (*London: Smith, Soho-square.*)—The "Reliquary" for October contains an interesting description of a Roman villa, recently discovered on the estate of Wm. Angerstein, Esq.,—at Walesby, near Market Rasen—of which a ground-plan, and woodcuts of various relics discovered in making the excavations, are given. An account of Dieulacresse Abbey, near Leek, Staffordshire, is highly interesting, and so are the "Observations on Celtic Pottery," which Mr. Jewitt's woodcuts cleverly illustrate. "Silverpen" contributes a Derbyshire legend of "St. Benedict's in the Holme;" and Mr. Henry Brockette, a paper on the singular custom of "Purse Cutting," at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where this opprobrious act was imposed by the Corporation, as a penalty on masters of ships who had been proved to have cast ballast at sea within certain distances and depths of water. Worse than all, the culprit found the money (generally £5), which, being hung up in a leather purse in the council-chamber, he was compelled to cut; thereby acknowledging himself as vile as an ordinary cutpurse. The custom led to malpractices on the part of the Newcastle Corporation—false witnesses were subpoenaed, innocent men punished, and it was only put an end to by the publication of "England's

Grievance discovered in Relation to the Coal Trade," a work written by Ralph Gardin, of Chirton (co. Northumberland), Gent., which exposed and condemned the whole system. In 1778 two cutpurses remained hanging in the Town Chamber of Newcastle, and were subsequently presented to the local Antiquarian Society. Several pages of the number are devoted to a memoir of the late Thomas Bateman, Esq., well known as a collector of local antiquities, and an intelligent contributor to various archaeological works. His museum, at Lombordale House, Derbyshire, attests to his antiquarian research and industry.

THE LAWS OF THE LAND. (No. 1, BANKRUPTCY.) Edited by W. R. Buchanan, Solicitor to the Court of Bankruptcy. (*London: Howlston and Wright, Paternoster-row.*) This publication actually marks an epoch in our civilization, for hitherto we have been content to live under laws, which, originating in very ancient times, have been continually added to, altered, and amended, till the whole has (except to the initiated) become so complex and mysterious that even intelligent and thinking men have had difficulty in acquiring a knowledge of them. Thanks to the appearance of the present work, which proposes to give a popular explanation and epitome of the enactments affecting property and persons in simple English, specially designed for non-professional readers, we have latent hopes that even a man clear may comprehend all that is essential in the laws by which society is ruled and held together. The present number contains a clear explanation of the New Bankruptcy Act 1861. We shall watch the development of the work with interest.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

DRURY LANE

Has had great attractions for the lovers of the stage, in Mr. Brooke and Miss Avonia Jones. These distinguished artistes are seen to perfection in the play of "Love's Sacrifice," in which Mr. Brooke, as the remorseful and agonized *Elmore*, is very impressive; while Miss Jones, as *Margaret*, keeps the interest of the house at the highest pitch. Gifted with talent, a musical voice, and intellectual face, this young *tragédienne* is a valuable acquisition. Mr. Brooke's voice and impressive and powerful style are sufficiently praiseworthy, and we strenuously advise our readers to visit the national theatre, sure that they will be repaid. At

THE PRINCESS'S,

Mr. Fechter's *Othello* has been the great attraction, and, in accordance with our promise, we will endeavour to express a detailed opinion on it. To speak, then, as compendiously as we can, the impersonation is too dramatic as dis-

tinguished from tragic. Until the third act Mr. Fechter's acting is nothing particularly worthy of remark, but in that act, as *Iago* arouses his suspicions, the actor's genius shows itself. His start on catching himself telling *Iago* to let his wife watch and spy on *Desdemona* is one of the finest indications of self-reproach and shame possible. In the fiercer scenes, however, he does not express the wild frenzy of passion and despair as others have done, and is decidedly too tame. Admiring, too, his performance in many things, we utterly disapprove of all the new stage-business he has introduced. His glancing at the mirror, when he comes to the line

"It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,"

is, in our opinion, a thoroughly false, and even childish reading. Mr. Ryder (as *Iago*), and Miss C. Leclercq (as *Desdemona*), are respectively admirable exponents of their parts. At

THE ADELPHI

A new drama, by Mr. Boucicault, entitled the "Octoroon," has been produced, with, in the



opinion of most, a very doubtful success, and it cannot be hoped two pieces following will have a run like the "Colleen Bawn." We shall examine the piece more in *extenso* in our next.

THE HAYMARKET

Has been filled by large and laughing audiences attracted by the play, "Our American Cousin," in which Mr. Sothorn (a new actor on our stage) portrays the character of a titled exquisite in so excellent and original a way as to produce, in the play-bill phrase, "roars of laughter." At

THE LYCEUM

Mr. Falconer has introduced a new Irish drama, called "Peep-o'-day," intended, we suppose, to emulate the fame of the famous prototype, and it is founded on a tale of the O'Hara family. The most striking scene is the *foel dhair*, or dark valley, where *Kathleen Kavanagh* (Mrs. Bowers) is decoyed by a forged letter, and only escapes assassination by her brother *Harry* (Mr.

H. Vasin) throwing himself among the branches of a tree, and so descending a precipice to her aid. The great scene, perhaps, is the faction fight at the fair, which simulates reality very strongly. The play, however, is much too diffuse in dialogue. At

THE OLYMPIC

Mr. Robson has been delighting his admirers in a new farce, "A Legal Impediment," and excites unusual risibility by his ludicrous "business." At

THE STRAND

A new comic drama, "Is it the King?" has been the vehicle for Miss Ada Swanborough's *début*. At

SADLER'S WELLS

Mr. Phelps has been playing various characters with his usual genius, which especially shone in his portraiture of *Othello*. W. R.

T H E T O I L E T.

(Specialty from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—Dress of maroon silk; on the skirt one deep flounce, headed and ornamented with knots of gimp. Body high, and open, with waistband. Sleeves wide at the bottom, bordered with a flounce, and decorated at the seam and on the flounce with gimp bows, to match the trimming on the body and skirt. Muslin collar and under-sleeves; the latter ornamented with plaitings of the material. Empress cravat. Rosière cap of black *tulle*, with long *barbes* and red roses ornamenting it.

SECOND FIGURE.—Dress of a grey tissue, decorated with *mauve* cord and silk buttons. Body high, ending in two points. Sleeves open on the arm, and finished with deep cuff trimming to match. Muslin collar and under-sleeves. Bonnet of pansy silk and velvet; crown of spotted white *tulle*. For ornament, pansy-flowers and black lace. Inside the front three white roses. Blond down the cheeks. Strings very wide.

With winter naturally returns the reign of velvet bonnets; the colours most in favour, azure-blue, *pensée*, emerald, and olive-green, black being, as a matter of course, always in favour. The strings are again worn very wide; and the prevailing ornaments are blond, velvet-flowers, or tufts of feathers. The *coiffures* *Maintenon* of Chantilly, coquettishly mounted on a garland, is exceedingly pretty; as is also *la coiffure Pompadour*—a wreath of China blue velvet and white blond, with bouquets *jardinière*, placed in tufts on the summit and back of the *coiffure*.

For ball dress white *tulle* and white muslin are at present favourite materials. They are frequently ornamented with pinked silk trimming, of a bright colour, placed over or on flounces of the material. One very pretty robe is trimmed with a deep flounce of the material, edged and headed by a narrow frill of pink silk. The *bertha* is formed by rows of pink cut silk, with *entre-deux* of the same fabric as the dress. The waist is round, with a waistband, finished with long ends and bows behind.

The *fichu Marie Antoinette* is replaced by a pelerine composed of insertion and rows of *guipure*. It is very short, with sleeves to match, made expressly for low *corsages*. The hair is worn *crêpes*, or rolled back with a comb, and plaits, or sometimes a bunch of curls behind. A tuft of flowers on the front of the head, and also at the back, is a pretty style of ornament.

I have nothing new to tell you of winter envelopes, which have not, as yet, materially changed in form. Muslin under-sleeves, for walking and home-dress, are all made with wristbands; the collars are very small.

I have just space to say a word of children's toilets and the *Chemise Garibaldi*, than which nothing can be prettier for either sex, at five or six years of age. They are made in flannel or *cachemire* of bright colours, Solferino blue or red being the favourite shades. Boys wear them with a short *jupe*, set in great plaits under a waistband. The *jupe* is often of a grey stuff, which accords well with the jacket.

PASSING EVENTS RE-EDITED.

A French chymist has just discovered a mode of rendering muslin, lace, and all kinds of light stuffs, incombustible. He makes no secret of the means. It is merely necessary to mix the starch used in making them up, with half its own weight of carbonate of lime, commonly called "Spanish white," or "Spanish chalk." The muslin, or other fabric, is then ironed as usual, the chalk thus used making no perceptible difference in its appearance; neither does it injure the substance of the article, nor take from its whiteness.

A Miss Powell, in America, has taken up the subject of "dress for out-door work," and, after alluding to the decline of healthy constitutions among American women, which is generally attributed to inherent delicacy arising from the wear-and-tear of nerve and brain which every American parent undergoes, and which, it is acknowledged, may be greatly obviated by out-of-door exercise, sensibly suggests that women are often hindered in this by unsuitable clothing. "Embroidered skirts," she remarks, "open wrappers, and dressing slippers, are not particularly suited to morning exercise or work in the garden. The case is still worse in the afternoon: a heavy *rep* or nice silk in winter, and the delicate *organdi* and *barège* in summer, are not improved by treading on wet gravel-paths, or sloppy pavements, or by the dust of country roads, or catching on the stiles in summer. So we stay at home to take care of our "good clothes, instead of going out to take care of ourselves." "Every city woman," continues Miss Powell, who has, at least, good sense on her side, "should have a walking dress—every country lady a working dress. The walking-dress should be of stiff stout

enough for all pedestrian accidents, clearing the ground as to length, with a neat dark petticoat, and kid or kid-dressed walking boots. The full-dress saunter, in a dress that has to be carried in both hands, is of little use; it is the brisk, unimpeded walk that sets the blood coursing through the veins, and brings the flush of health to the cheeks." For in-door work this advocate for healthy innovation in women's costume suggests a dress, the waist of which should give entire freedom to every muscle. The skirt, for a woman of ordinary height, twenty-five inches in length, with plain or Turkish trousers of the same material. Every woman acknowledges the benefit of such a modification of dress, and in the actress, the skater, and the gymnast, society respects and approves of it; why, then, should it not be adopted for all industrial pursuits and out-of-door work? A gentleman present at the meeting—a sort of local Social Congress, at which Miss Powell read her sensible paper—proposed that the Empress Eugenie be memorialized to adopt a style of dress which should embody all the physiological benefits and advantages desired. We feel that the serviceable, every-day garments, that would prove a real blessing to those engaged in industrial pursuits, and to pedestrians generally, must not look to Courts for their sanction and approval, but to the practical common-sense and resolution of those who daily feel the want of some such modification in dress as Miss Powell aims at.

We are pleased to hear that the American sculptress, Miss Harriet Hosmer, will be represented in the Great Exhibition of next year by her statue of Zenobia, the "Captive Queen."
C. A. W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—On the first of January will appear the commencing chapters of a new novel, by the author of "Rutson Morley."

AMATEUR WRITERS.—Several amateurs having addressed us on the subject of original tales, essays, &c., we beg to say that if forwarded to us, we will give them our best attention, and, when possessing sufficient merit, the advantage of publication. Rejected manuscripts shall be sent, on the first day of each month, to the care of Mr. ALGER, 246, Strand, who will return them to the owners when called for, or by post if stamps are forwarded for the purpose. But the Editor must not be expected to give her written reasons for their rejection. All contributors will please to accept this rule.

POETRY accepted, with thanks.—"Words;" "Silent Friends;" "The Confession."

"A. L.," *Lancashire*.—The verses sent are so redolent of pathos and true feeling that we regret the versification is not sufficiently finished to enable us to make use of them. This answer will also apply to "Tinto," *Willenhall*.

Vanbury Fields, Blackheath.—The first three lines of our correspondent's poem (which, by the way, is on a very hacknied subject) require elucidation. We do not know whether the plural pronoun belongs to the stars or to the world, or to both of them; in which case stellar "cares" are new to us. The remaining lines are so prettily descriptive that we shall hope for an amended copy in time for January.

"Senex" is thanked for the offered verses, which are not up to the required standard. "Pair" and "there," we must remind him, are not rhymes; neither are "research" and "march," "case" and "face," "works" and "jerks," still less "sea" and "way." "Baby the Fifth," both in measure and treatment, unpleasantly reminds us of "Baby May"—a gem that absorbs into itself every grace and loveliness of babyhood.

PUBLISHERS, AUTHORS, &c., are invited to send their works for notice.

All correspondents requiring private answers must enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.



